# FRASER'S

# MAGAZINE

FOR

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

## VOL. VII.

*JANUARY TO JUNE*, 1833.

LONDON:

JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT STREET;

WAUGH AND INNES, EDINBURGH,
AND GRANT & CO. DUBLIN.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSMEN
IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

LONDON.
J. MOYES, CASTLE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

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## New Year's Day

### ADDRESS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND READERS.

BY OLIVER YORKE

—— "Nil magis generatur *ipsi*,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.

Fraser's Magazine being confessedly at the head of periodical literature, and the best work of its kind extant, we have determined, on this the first day of *Anno Domini* 1833, to say a few words regarding ourselves, and that potent body, our Contributors and Readers. To attempt proving that Regina is superior to any periodical that ever existed, would be about as needless—we were going to say absurd—as to demonstrate that the Andes are higher than Richmond Hill, the Atlantic deeper than the Devil's Punch Bowl, or Lakes Erie, Michigan, and Superior, more extensive than those of Cumberland. Magazine literature, in London, was at a low ebb when we appeared, sapling in hand, to astound the public. Works of this description—witness the *New Monthly*—were mere recipients for the ingenious puffs of extensive bookselling establishments. Their tales were silly and sentimental—their verse puling and namby-pamby—their criticisms hireling and worthless. Not but that there were exceptions, and honourable ones too, to this rule; for splendid tales, noble poems, admirable criticisms, did at times appear, even in the most prosing, lackadaisical, and venal of these works—but their general character was, as we have described it, worse than indifferent. The reviews of books, in particular, were such as brought the critic-trade into contempt, and made that avocation, in which Aristotle, Longinus, and the Schlegels gained their renown, superlatively ridiculous. Nor was this vile system confined to the Magazines; for such of the weekly prints as dabbled in criticism, like so many puppies in the wake of "dogs of a larger breed," kept yelping to the same disgraceful tune, till, in the worse than Babylonish clamour incessantly kept up, right and wrong were inextricably confounded; and the public, bamboozled by the confident and simultaneous barking of the venal pack, was utterly at a loss, and knew not what to make of the matter. Falsehood, when reiterated with confidence, and from fifty different quarters, looks mightily like truth; and people, in despite of the evidence of their reason, began to put faith in the asseverations of such oracles, believing their opinions on literature to be as good as Gospel, their affirmations "strong as holy writ." Even in the better class of periodicals,—in the *Edinburgh Review*, for instance,—what stuff has not been put forth in

name of criticism, and worshipped as such by the multitude who bent the knee at the shrine of King Jeffrey! Look at the small wit sported by this Prince of Critics," as his admirers dubbed him, against Wordsworth, Southey, Byron, and twenty others, as superior to himself in genius as the noonday July sun to the midnight gloom of December! Yet all this passed, with the devotees of the critic-monarch, for genuine inspiration. But such days are now gone by: the mask has been withdrawn from pretenders; and the bolts shot with such effect from the bow of his critical majesty would now scarcely hurt a pound of butter. To inflict damage on true men would require the arrows of Robin Hood and the bow of Ulysses; and, Heaven knows! Frank was neither "Sherwood's merry outlaw," nor the monarch of Ithaca. If such a work as the *Edinburgh Review* was deficient in this particular, infinitely more so were the minor periodical stars. Jeffrey's publication cut up or praised works not so much because they were brought out by this or that publisher, as because they were written by a particular author, or took a certain view of political questions, but the inferior lights did then, and to a great degree do still, devote themselves to the godless purpose of puffing the wares (sorry ones at best) of a coterie of booksellers, and selling their reputation—if they ever had any to dispose of—to the bibliopolic majesty of the Colburns and other literary Mæcenases of the modern Babylon.

Seeing the degraded state into which Magazine literature had fallen in the metropolis—seeing that even the stomachs of Cockneys began to sicken at the spoon-meat monthly doled out to them—we took the field, resolved, as far as possible, to annihilate the existing system, and introduce a new and healthier one in its place. Accordingly, uprose REGINA, like the MORNING STAR, upon the nations. No prodigies, like those which preceded the birth of Cæsar or the "Macedonian madman," heralded her coming. She appeared when least expected, without either sound of trumpet or beat of drum. Her avatar was most unlike that of Brama or Vishnu. Her sober suit of gray, and unpretending demeanour promised but little; and it was only when she opened her mouth in the Temple that the people knew there was the soul of a goddess within her—that a sibyl more potent than that of Delphi stood before them—and that henceforth all the mock oracles which affected to give responses to the GREAT CITY were to lose their credit for ever,—

"REGINA ——————————
Funus et imperio parabat."

Has REGINA disappointed the expectations formed by her first public appearance? No! On the contrary, we answer that she has exceeded them. Till *she* appeared, sound, wholesome, honest criticism was a thing almost unknown in the periodical literature of London. Quackery and pretension occupied its place; and candour was about as much in vogue among our reviewers as honesty among thieves, or knee buckles among the Highlanders before the *Forty-five*. If we have not been able to put an end to this crying evil, we have, at least, taken care to expose it in all its deformity. Wherever we found pretension or imbecility, we have unveiled it with an unflinching hand. Some would-be giants we have reduced to the dimensions of pigmies (their proper size): a few monarchs among the reviewers we have taken the liberty of dethroning; besides hermetically sealing the mouths of some scores of literary pretenders, and writing them down asses to all eternity.

Who has accomplished these miracles, who brought about this marvellous change in the aspect of metropolitan periodical literature? We, OLIVER YORKE,

Editor of REGINA. Let no one suppose, however, that our work has been an easy one, or unaccompanied with grievances. Not that we care one rushlight for the nests of wasps and hornets we have raised about our ears, or that we value a tinker's pipe-stopper the impure herd of servile scribblers, mortified rivals, and castigated *littérateurs*, to whose carcasses we have found it necessary to apply the knout. Alas, no! our cares, our sorrows, our perplexities, have arisen from you, and on your account, our well-beloved CONTRIBUTORS.

Those who have never enjoyed the felicity of wielding the editorial sceptre can have but little idea of the hard work such monarchs have in keeping their subjects in order—humouring the whimsical, soothing the thin-skinned, and coercing the turbulent. Of a truth, an editor's crown, though more glorious than that of Solomon or the Queen of Sheba, sits not lightly on the head of its wearer; for we can declare safely, that neither Carlists nor Charbs, Carbonari nor Janissaries, were ever such an unruly set of cattle to the respective governments which enjoy the happiness of having them for lieges, as are many of the Contributors to REGINA. Even WE, who have performed our functions gently, and worn our blushing honours with mildness unsurpassable—WE, who are neither Sultan, Bashaw, nor Autocrat—whose heart dissolves into sorrow at any thing bordering on distress, even as the summer mists melt into rain—WE, the just, the generous, and the good—WE, OLIVER YORKE, the Sovereign of REGINA, and the envy of editors over the face of the globe,—are not exempted from the curse which seems inseparably attached to our dignified office. Little more than two years have elapsed since we entered on the management of the best of Magazines, and if we were to *slump*, as our good friends and neighbours the Scotch say, all the vexations we have encountered during that period into one mass, it would far exceed in bulk all that we have encountered in the previous portion of our existence. Nor is it fools alone who give us such annoyance; for clever men—or what is better, men of talent—or better still, men of genius—as if inspired with the most diabolical designs against our peace, have in many cases leagued themselves with the blockheads, resolved, as it were, to drive us mad, or render our situation so irksome as to make us give it up in a fit of disgust. Now, this is too bad. Is it not sufficient that we peruse every month, with a patient perseverance which Eldon or Job himself could not have surpassed, hundreds of communications, good, bad, and indifferent? Is it not enough that we judge according to the best of our capacity, surveying what comes before us with impartial eyes—retaining with delight what seemeth to us excellent in its kind, and rejecting with bitterness of heart, and most unwillingly, whatsoever appeareth to our judgment unworthy of being embalmed in the pages of that work (immortal as the undying amaranth) over which we so unworthily preside. Yet all our good intentions, all our impartiality, industry, honest zeal, and desire to be just unto all men, avail us nothing. Contributors are continually rising up in rebellion against our decisions, the soundness of which they dispute with a pertinacity of purpose truly alarming; and no sooner do we succeed in extinguishing the conflagration in one part, than out breaks another equally appalling and difficult to subdue.

Passing by, as unworthy of notice, that incorrigible and not small body of correspondents, who, unhappily for themselves, and still more so for us, come under the denomination of BLOCKHEADS, we shall say a word to the more reasonable portion of our friends—to those who have a sufficiency of good sense and correct feeling to be satisfied that no affront or wrong of any kind is offered to them, when it is our painful duty to return their communications. Unpleasant this duty always is, and certainly the most unpleasant connected

with the editorial profession—but with all its manifold disagreeablenesses (to coin a word), it must be grappled with boldly, else a Magazine, instead of being a receptacle of what is excellent in writing, becomes a repository of all manner of dulness, absurdity, and trash. The editor must not only know what is good in itself, but act boldly up to his knowledge, rejecting whatever deserves such a fate with Rhadamanthian sternness of purpose, regardless of all personal feelings towards the author, however distinguished he may be in the republic of letters. We say *however distinguished*, for the ablest men often do the most stupid things; and we can declare with a safe conscience, that from some of our best writers we have received articles which, for worthlessness, might dispute the palm with the lucubrations of any third-rate scribbler of the Modern Athens, or penny-a-line man in the whole empire of Cockney-land—articles which might draw forth tears, not from the eyes of angels alone, but from the optics of asses—and which, did we not know from whence they came, we should lay to the door of some incorrigible blockhead, smitten with an incurable *cacoethes scribendi*, and worthless far than even the dullest of the dull to figure as prime hero in the heroics of the *Dunciad*. Often have we sighed and wondered, and sighed again, at the articles sometimes sent us by some of our first-rate men of genius. Confound it! if we do not think the knaves are playing upon us, and trying how far they can cram arrant stupidity down our throat, and make it pass for inspiration. Instead of their wonted champagne, they try to deluge us with stale small-beer; and when we begin to kick at this new and most contemptible beverage, why, they affect to fume and fret, abusing us up hill and down dale, and swearing, after the manner of Peter in the *Tale of a Tub*, that what they have sent us is excellent liquor, and must on all account be bolted off by ourselves and readers. After all, however, these men are not the worst to manage. Let them write, at times, as badly as possible, yet they cannot for their souls write themselves down blockheads. They are still lions, clothed for a while in the skins of asses; and though the *roar* is temporarily suspended in the *bray*, we never doubt that in a short time it will growl forth in magnificent thunder, and shew the energies of the glorious animal from whence it came. Dull, stupid, drowsy articles, sent us by men of genius, we never, therefore, hesitate in returning to their authors. To be sure, we seldom do this without encountering a hurricane worse than those which swamped Palinurus, and sent to the bottom the biscuits, ham, and butter, as recorded in *Don Juan*—a tempest as if the spheres were falling together, and all the Gods of Olympus engaged in immortal combat. But on the back of this storm comes a calm; and floating on the breast of the calm, as floats the majestic swan on the Lake of Geneva, straightway appears, with all its bravery on, A SPLENDID ARTICLE for the pages of REGINA. Indeed, we are always rejoiced when a man of sterling talent sends us an article very bad, or even just bad enough to insure its rejection; because we know, to a dead certainty, that it is the forerunner of a splendid one, as the dull thunder-laden cloud is frequently the harbinger of an auspicious day. On the contrary, we are always annoyed when we receive from such a man a succession of merely respectable, or goodish, articles—such as we can just admit, and no more. In this case, we sometimes reject a communication, although not in itself to be sneezed at—and which would have been perfectly acceptable under different circumstances—for the purpose of putting our friend upon his mettle, and making him do something to astonish the world, and turn all other periodicals yellow with envy. We thus succeed in getting the golden thoughts that drop from his pen, the genuine mintage of his brain; and have, perhaps, in a month or two, the pleasure of seeing some highly respectable papers, rejected by us on the above sagacious

principle, figuring away in the pages of *Blackwood*, the *New Monthly*, the *Metropolitan*,—or perhaps in *Tait's Edinburgh*—or even as far north as the *Aberdeen*. Since we commenced our work, we have seen at least half a score of good tales, and twice as many pieces of not indifferent poetry, sent us by men of genius, and refused as above, adorning the pages of the *Keepsake* and *Literary Souvenir*, to the no small renown of these annual offspring of Frederic Mansell Reynolds and Alaric Attila Watts—first flunkey in the lower world of literature, as Lord Byron dubbed that stupidest of Goths.

The genuine blockhead is much harder to manage than the man of talent, full as the latter is of all manner of remarole irritability and whim. For *his* choler we have a safety-valve in the splendid article elicited by the rejection of the dull one, but for the blockhead the case is utterly hopeless. Reject him as you may, and he still sticks in the mud. The power of dulness is so omnipotent over his "pericranium of lead," that all the powers of castigation, whether by nettles, cat-o'-nine-tails, or knout, will not dislodge it from its abode. The poor devil is utterly and incurably dull and stupid;—yet, with all this, his ambition is large. He would fain climb Parnassus, and squat his contemned corporation upon the summit of the glorious mount; but, fancying we stand in his way by refusing him a footing on the shoulders of REGINA, he forthwith adds to the stupidity of the ass the poison of the viper. His unmeaning eyes are animated with malicious fire; he shews a set of teeth, though luckily none of the sharpest, and all the disposition in the world, but fortunately without the power of inflicting much damage, to bite the heels, not only of OLIVER YORKE, but of all men who are elevated by intellect above himself. On this account, a rejected contributor, if an ass, is the most malignant creature in existence. With something of the sublime absurdity, but without the honest heroism, of Bombastes Furioso, who declared war against the whole human race, he commences a small-beer nibbling hostility against all that portion of it distinguished for genius—a portion not large in point of numbers, but formidable for reputation and influence All men of real talent become the butts of this poorest of God's creatures to direct his bootless shafts against. Seeing himself excluded for ever from works into which ability is the only passport, he commences, or connects himself with, some petty publication, and endeavours to hold up his superiors in intellectual eminence to all manner of ridicule. Perhaps, in the pages of some newspaper of political principles opposed to the work which rejected him, he gets permission to indite a critique on the latter, which, poor idiot, he tries to cut up in his own small way, and with about as much success as would reward the endeavours of the mouse, were that industrious little vermin to set about eating its way through the chain cable of a ship of the line. We have known people of this sort —such is the enormity of their self-conceit—affect to hold cheap the talents of Sir Walter Scott, and sneer at the legal learning of Eldon, or the magnificent eloquence of Burke.

Contributors are a testy race, as we have often proved to our cost. Indeed, so pestered, vexed, harassed and provoked have we frequently been by their incessant clamours, that we have at times pondered seriously upon resigning our editorial sceptre, and letting REGINA go the way of all flesh. Dom Miguel and Louis Philippe have an easy game to play compared with ours, whose bed is, too often, neither one of down nor of roses, but a couch of thorns and thistles. We wonder under what luckless star we first saw the light when fortune, or rather mishap, elevated us to the most splendid of editorial thrones, and made us the detestation at once and the envy of all rival editors, from Christopher North and Ned Bulwer, downwards to the bright spirits who control the destinies of the

penny periodicals—those farthing candles, which shine like so many glow-worms beside the stronger and more ambitious blaze of quarterlies, monthlies, and annuals. Sometimes we have determined to stop REGINA, all at once, in the plenitude of her power, and thus extinguish her, like the sun in an eclipse. At others, we have resolved to publish all manner of trash, to ransack our *Balaam-Box*, give the blockheads a carnival, shut the mouths of the dunces by printing their trumpery, and thus writing them down asses for ever. By this *Tait*-like process, we conceive that in the course of six months we could contrive to starve our Magazine to death, and thus get rid of all care on her account. But to neither of these plans, harassed as we are, can we reconcile our consciences. A sudden and continued eclipse of REGINA would be as disastrous to the nations as one of the sun; and as to *Taitifying* her, we could never muster courage to carry such a nefarious design into execution.

But a truce to complaining. Another glass, John, and make it stiffer than the last:—now we are all right, and shall try to bring our rigmarole to a conclusion. Contributors! ye who are honest fellows, and have souls to be saved, don't think that the world is at an end, that the funding system is exploded, and national bankruptcy about to ensue, when your communications are rejected. It will take the rejection of a very good article, indeed, to bring about such terrific consummations. Blackwood had the good taste to refuse the *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*, when tendered for the use of *Maga;* yet, to the best of our knowledge, little De Quincey still survives to chew the poisonous drug, and write another *Klosterheim* — no bad book, by the by, nor unworthy of his genius; nor have we heard that the Modern Athens (pish!)—the intellectual city (fudge!)—suffered the shock of an earthquake on account of the Bailie's sagacity in so rejecting the splendid phantasmas of De Quincey's mystified yet powerful imagination. So keep yourselves easy on this score. Don't fancy that the sun is coming down about your ears, or that the Man of the Moon will drink himself to death in gin-twist, because OLIVER YORKE, in a fit of the blues, sends your article a-packing. If there is good stuff in you, you will be all the better for his peevishness, for you will then shame the devil, and send him something else which, by the powers! he *must* print, and thus emblazon you in the heraldry of fame—in other words, in the pages of REGINA. If, on the other hand, you are a bit of a spoon, or a *sumph*—a term infinitely characteristic—why, the sooner you are demolished the better, both for yourself, your friends, and society in general.

"But who," we fancy we hear some one saying, "are our contributors?"—those pestifero-beneficial spirits, those nondescript compounds of good and evil, who have enabled us to speak so oracularly, and throw all other periodicals into the shade? Go search the uttermost ends of the earth, and some of them will be found even there. Like unto Scots and rats they are every where, and their name is LEGION. No continent, island, peninsula, or isthmus in the civilised globe, is so utterly dead to the interests of literature not to have produced a champion willing, if not able, to buckle on his armour in our cause. In Ireland we are particularly formidable. Scores of Paddies—"randy, bandy, rollocking jigs of Irishmen"—have started from the sod, like devils incarnate, at the touch of O'Doherty's wand. Is not the BARONET himself a true Hibernian, and the *facile princeps* of the whole of his race? Look at his effusions, and those of his compatriots—melting ones they are—in REGINA. They all smack of the brogue, broad, pure, and unadulterated, as on the green hills of Connaught; while the blarney that runs through them out-flavours the eloquence of Cicero, Chatham, and Demosthenes, to say nothing of the pure Milesian of Shiel, O'Connell, or

O'Gorman Mahon—that triumvirate of modern orators and perspicacious statesmen. Nor are our thanks less due to the land of cakes, of *feelosophy*, and the SCOTCH FIDDLE. Yes! gaunt, grim, bare-legged, fiddle-playing Scotland, some of REGINA's best gems have been produced from thy multitudinous, wonder-working brain! Our Galts, our Cunninghams, our Hoggs, our Deltas, our bean-eschewing Pythagoreans, *cum multis aliis*, are Sawneys, every mother's son of them; and good, rattling, original-minded, whiskey-drinking Sawneys they are—fellows all game to the back-bone, with strength enough in their sinews to entitle any one of them to encounter, single-handed, half-a-score of Cockney *littérateurs*, though led on by the *Two Toms* in person, or the redoubtable Bulwer himself. America has furnished our ranks with long-headed, long-legged, guessing fellows, from the woods of Ohio and Susquehanna, and the classic purlieus of Boston, Baltimore, and New York. Learned pundits from Calcutta, imauns equally learned from the court of Ispahan, have joined the streaming banners of REGINA. Is not the whole European continent up in arms on our behalf? Are we not receiving monthly, weekly, daily communications from witty Frenchmen, chattering Italians, grave Spaniards, boorish Russians, and the solemn and indefatigable sons of *Allemania*, as the Bard of Hope is pleased to dub the adust Germans? Have we not ruined all other periodicals? Have not the best of them "paled their ineffectual fires" before the splendour of our meridian sun? Have we not sucked the blood from the very bones of the *Monthly*, *New Monthly*, and *Metropolitan*? Have we not stripped the *Northern Comet* of her tail, and drawn off to ourselves the best part of her "starry host?" Yes, we have rumped *Ebony*, and left *Maga*, like the mare of Tam O'Shanter, with scarcely a stump to bless herself. After such triumphs, will any one presume to say WE are not the MAGNUS APOLLO of literature, the GREAT NAPOLEON of the world of letters? Contrasted with ours, the sceptre of Tamerlane or Nadir Schah was a worthless reed; nor can the Macedonian conqueror's crown be compared for one moment in glory to that which adorns the brows of OLIVER YORKE.

We do not care how great may be
Those mighty coves stupendous,
We're greater than the greatest *he*,
Or eke the most redoubted *she*,
That ever deluged earth and sea
With floods of gore tremendous.
Tol, lol, lol.

So much for our contributors—now for our readers.

The principle, dear readers, on which REGINA has been conducted, is one of perfect independence. She is the mouth-piece of no party in the state, of no party in religion, of no party in the *trade*. All sorts of humbug, empiricism, and puffery, whether in politics, religion, or literature, have by her been opposed with a steady and unshrinking step. Have we lost by our honesty? No! but have gained largely, are gaining, and, doubtless, will continue to gain; while some of our fair-weather contemporaries, who try to sail with the stream, to tack to this point or that, as the tide or wind of the prevailing opinion may guide them, have got themselves stranded among quicksands, or swamped in gulfs, as fatal as those of Maelström or Charybdis. How different has been the career of REGINA! Directed by a strong and unvacillating hand, onward she moves magnificently, breasting the foam like a gallant three-decker in a hard gale, and reaching in safety—not an inch of her cordage or canvass strained or tattered—the haven of repose. It is true we sometimes get merry over our cups, and play

a few pranks; but when fools, knaves, or quacks are our game, where, pray, is the mischief? The two latter we generally kill outright, much as the dog Billy killed the rats—a pestilent vermin, whether in the shape of quadruped or biped, especially the latter.* As for the fools, we only tar and feather them, and occasionally, when we are in the mood, administer a taste of the knout. In the case of knaves and quacks (we mean literary and political quacks), killing is held to be no murder; and as for the tarring and feathering process performed upon the fools, why, honest men only rub their hands and laugh heartily at the capering and ridiculous gambols of our stultified victims.

A word on politics. The Whigs are now jogging along in the saddle of the Tories, and find it prudent to imitate their predecessors in every thing relating to place and pension. Patriotism, economy, retrenchment, are now a drug to their high mightinesses. "O no! they never mention them," but leave the Radicals to take up the old tune, and play it as they best can. Lord Brougham, with a laudable contempt for cash, has got his salary fixed at 14,000*l.* a-year, and his retiring pension at 5000*l*; the latter being only 1000*l.* more than that of Lyndhurst, or the money-loving, long-serving, much-doubting octogenarian Tory-chancellor Eldon. Grey, whose *amor patriæ* no one will dispute, any more than his *amor familiæ*, is satisfied with 120,000*l.* annually for self and relations. Shall we mention Plunkett, who has feathered his nest to the tune of some 28,000*l.* per annum? or Dominie Mustard, whose finger-snapping,† mock-heroic embassy to the czar, will cost the country a cool 50,000*l.* at least? or—but no, no; the thing is absurd, the subject sickening. Their innumerable peccadilloes will in no long time bring the Whigs to their marrow-bones; the Radicals will pound them to mummy, that they may depend upon, and compel them either to act up to their avowed principles of economy, or cease to guide the helm of the state. Yes, their quondam friends and allies will do the business for them, in double-quick time. Already symptoms of defalcation among their supporters are beginning to manifest themselves. Some of the Whig newspapers are revolting, and making common cause with their antagonists; and, to crown the whole, Mr. Tait has actually threatened to remove the lord-chancellor's head from — the cover of his magazine!! Whether Toryism or Radicalism is for the future to be in the ascendant, one thing is clear, that the Whigs are dished: they want the first principle of public confidence — honesty. Grasping selfishness, incapability, vacillation, trimming, tyranny towards the weak, meanness to the strong, have ever been their characteristics as a body. But the Radicals will bring them to their senses. The Whigs soared into power upon the wings of the mobocracy, and when that support is withdrawn, down they must come from their high places; and away go patronage and pension. We shall, therefore, leave them in the hands of the Radicals, who will tackle them in a way they little calculated upon, when they invoked the aid of these gemmen to crush the Tory faction and lift themselves into power.

Are we Saints — are we Revolutionists — are we Whigs — are we Infidels? We are neither; but plain, downright, uncompromising disciples of that political system which would uphold the religion, the honour, and the institutions of our father-land. From our commencement, we have never flinched from that cause in which our armour was first buckled on; but have marched steadily forward to

* "Que esta es," to use the words of La Mancha's heroic knight, "buena guerra, y es gran servicio de Dios quitar tan mala simiente de sobre la faz de la tierra."

† Lord Durham snapped his fingers in the face of the Emperor. So said, exultingly, the Whig prints.

the goal of our high calling, regardless of every obstacle which stood in the way. It has been too much the custom of late years for works of the same *avowed* principles as ours, to truckle to the enemy, to surrender point after point of their political creed, and, by an unmanly spirit of compromise, to throw themselves at the feet of their antagonists. Whatever errors REGINA may have committed, *she*, at least, has avoided this meanness. Neither the hollow pretensions of Whiggery, the violence of Radicalism, nor the disgraceful pusillanimity and desertion by the Tories of their own principles, have been able to drive us from the position we at first took up, and on which we now stand. Faithful to our cause—like Abdiel,

"Among the faithless only faithful found,"

in the midst of those public disasters and changes which most deeply try the virtue of men, and which have shaken the integrity of less steady adherents, we remain as true as ever, and, we hope, as able to defend both friends and principles from assault. If our enemies or rivals entertain a different idea of our capabilities, and possess sufficient importance to entitle them to notice at our hands, let them try the experiment of assailing us, either in the person of REGINA, or her Contributors; and we may perhaps convince them to their cost, that they might with the same safety have leapt into a forest of bayonets as encountered the loving-kindnesses and tender mercies of OLIVER YORKE. As the Scotch thistle is part of the wreath which blooms on the cover of REGINA, so let the motto of Caledonia be hers; and let her bear recorded on her front the foe-daunting "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" of the Land of Cakes. The time has now come when honest men, instead of lurking in holes and corners, should stand forth in the strength of their integrity, and meet the foe—whether political or personal—face to face; when servility must be exploded, impostors broken on the wheel, and literary quacks scourged till they bawl out *peccavi*, and promise to sin no more.

Some blockheads may deem we are boasting,
Because of our parlance so big,
But a touch of the knout, or a roasting,
Will alter the tune of each prig.
If they don't like the rack, we shall fit them
(For we are politely genteel)
With a berth in the stocks, or permit them
To pick out a place on the wheel.

Once more, Johnny! Fill up, while we tell the reader of our wonderful progress in foreign lands. Scribes in every quarter of the habitable globe are busy transmuting, into their respective tongues, the pure well of REGINA'S English undefiled. In Iceland we are pretty extensively read—the Rev. Olaus Stromeyer having been appointed by the synod of Skaalholt to render the Magazine into his native language. Professor Dickebauch, at the command of his Austrian majesty (communicated through Baron von Bücherwurm, secretary to the Imperial Bibliotek), performs regularly to her the same service in German; and it gives us great pleasure to state, that throughout the Germanic confederation, especially in Prussia, Hanover, Saxony, and the Protestant districts generally, our principles and talents are held in great admiration. We are prodigious favourites in France—in proof of which, consult Messrs. Galignani, Rue Vivienne, Paris; while in Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, our fame is, to all appearance, built upon a foundation as eternal as that of the Scandinavian rocks. We regret to state, however, that the Autocrat of all the Russias, Nicholas I., thought

fit to fire an ukase against REGINA, when we attempted to introduce her into his dominions; in consequence of which, the benighted Muscovites must be contented still to walk in the dark, till it pleases his imperial majesty to *undouse their glims* — poor devils! — and give them a glimpse of day-light, to enable them to see their way. Our excellent friend, Mahmoud II., sultan of the Ottoman empire, and defender of the Mahometan faith, whose fleet we, in conjunction with France and Russia, found it convenient to destroy at Navarino, has behaved in a very different manner, having not only commanded his chief dragoman, Ali Mustapha, to translate REGINA into the Turkish language, but issued a firman, enjoining the daily perusal of the same by all the pashas, whether of one, two, or three tails, in the empire; besides issuing similar firmans to the grand vizier, for the purpose of being communicated to the divan; and to the mufti, for promulgation among the ulemas. Hail to thee, sage Mahmoud II.! worthy descendant of the prophet, brother to the sun and moon, shadow of God, dispenser of crowns, slayer of the janissaries, conqueror of the Wahabees, abrogator of turbans, shawls, and mustaches! mayest thou for this coerce thy turbulent vassal, the Pasha of Egypt, and pound to powder the churlish Muscovites, should they again attempt to pass the Balkan! Nor must we speak in less magnificent terms of the present illustrious and immortal ruler of the Celestial Empire, in whose person the wisdom of Tching-tsou, the splendour of Tsin-chi-hoang, the majesty of Kang-hi, and the goodness of Fum, are concentrated into one blaze of steady and overwhelming glory. Yes, reader! Canton, Pekin, and Nankin — to say nothing of the unpronounceable cities of Lou-ngan-tcheou, King-te-tching, and many others equally jaw-breaking — acknowledge the magical influence of REGINA, and feel the power of her spell. The philosophy of YORKE threatens to dethrone that of Confucius; his humour has overcome the gravity of mandarins, whether of the order of *tsong-tou* or *hiun-fu*. Many laugh now who never laughed before; ladies, young and old, are all in love with Hogg; and the solemn sedateness, and stolidity of purpose and manner, characteristic of the sons and daughters of China since the foundation of the Celestial Empire, have given way to irrepressible gaiety, obstreperous cachinnations, and all manner of blarney, slack-jaw, fudge, and gossip. Such are the tremendous effects of REGINA! such the influence of OLIVER YORKE! Nay, if we can believe our correspondent in Pekin, the Chinese are fast banishing their former uncouth figures of small-footed damsels, bald-headed priests, solemn mandarins, fantastic pagodas, &c. from their porcelain, and in their place are substituting the likenesses which, month after month, appear in this Magazine; nor will they exclude — so great, we are assured, is their laudable impartiality and desire to preserve the whole series — such portraits as those of Sam Rogers, dancing Trueba, and that august tonsor and incomparable novelist Edward Lytton Bulwer. But why need we go on? Having pierced the snows of Iceland, forced our way into the forests of Scandinavia, invaded the plains of Germany, penetrated France, stormed the inmost recesses of the seraglio and divan, and, to crown all, revolutionised China, its monarch, its mandarins, its maidens, and its porcelain, what now remains for us but to weep aloud with "Philip's warlike son," that there is nothing more to accomplish — no other worlds remaining for us to subdue?

There is no accounting for the "lights and shadows" of our mind. Sometimes we are all honey and oil, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, weeping at sorrow, and lamenting, in a mood more lachrymose than that of Niobe, the existence of misfortune and wickedness. At other times, our disposition undergoes a baleful change; and, like Ate, "hot from hell," we roam the earth, seeking whom we may devour. We are then more fell than

Tisiphone, more vindictive than the infernal Nemesis, more outrageous than the fiendish and snake-encircled Medusa. To encounter us in such awful moods would baffle the sword of Perseus himself. In vain do hosts of knaves, blockheads, and pretenders combine against us, and attempt to fetter our ungovernable wrath. We break through their chains as the beetle forces its way through the spider's web, or as Sampson tore asunder the withs of the Philistines. Nor are we alone subject to these holy paroxysms of rage against the knaves who disgrace literature, make a trade of politics, and sell their souls at the shrine of infidelity; for sundry other good staunch Tories have been often smit with the same Pythian furor, and bent their avenging bows against the godless ranks of the enemy. Need we mention Wilson, who, by the power of his multifarious genius, has done much to squabash the unholy gang; or Southey, the voluminous; or Gifford, the defunct; or Lockhart, the learned, the satirical, the acute? Others could we name, but REGINA is in herself a host; and while OLIVER YORKE officiates as her prime minister, no man, *worth punishing*, shall unpunished play the political charlatan, the obtrusive infidel, the malicious critic, or literary quack. The critic-trade must be restored to its pristine dignity, and the shade of Aristotle reinstated in that throne from which it was driven in disgust by the machinations of reckless rogues, who presumed to seat themselves in the sacred chair, and utter their unmeaning gabble with as much confidence as if it were the dicta of the Stagyrite himself.

Yes, by jingo! Aristotle
Must resume his good arm-chair,
And, with paw terrific, throttle
Each vile knave that squatted there;
Then discuss a hearty bottle,
To expel the fiend of care.

Nothing amuses us so much as the absurd clamour raised, by even sensible people, about our *personality*. Bless their simple souls! REGINA is the best-behaved Magazine, and OLIVER YORKE the most orderly gentleman, in existence. Personality,—what stuff! the very idea is enough to make a horse die with laughter, and throw a pig into convulsions. Is it personality to bray asses in the mortar, to crucify puppies, break sinners on the wheel, or administer the rope-end to the posteriors of illustrious jackasses and knaves? If we asserted that Satan Montgomery was equal in poetic genius to his namesake the saint,—that Ned Bulwer was a second Smollett,—Haynes Bayly a revivification of Burns,—Lady Morgan a match for De Staël,—or Campbell, Moore, and Co. fit to enter the editorial lists with OLIVER YORKE,—then, indeed, we should be guilty of a personality, for which neither braying, crucifixion, flogging, or the rack, were adequate punishments; but to none of the above charges can we plead guilty. On the contrary, we have all along declared honestly, that Bob and James Montgomery are different persons,—that Bulwer is not identical with Smollett, Haynes Bayly with Burns, Lady Morgan with De Staël, or the Two Toms with OLIVER YORKE. Away then with this idle nonsense about personality, scurrility, and so-forth! In the proper and legitimate sense of the terms, REGINA was never guilty of one offence or the other. Urged on by a pious desire to purify the Augean stable, and restore literature to its palmy state, though we have, it is true, been compelled to go to work not always in the mildest or most gracious mood imaginable, yet have we never jostled any one aside who did not obtrusively stand in the way, and impudently cross our path; nor have we ever given a rap over the knuckles where it was not fully warranted. PERSONALITY! Yes, we have read the charge in grave periodical and smart newspaper notices of

Regina; we have heard it from sober middle-aged gentlemen, and elderly maiden ladies smitten with the vapours; it has saluted our ears from the mouths of boarding-school misses, incipient rhymsters, learned black-letters, sensitive Whigs, surly Radicals, moon-struck sentimentalists, namby-pamby song writers, enthusiastic blues, and fashionable novel-mongers; and yet, in despite of such a mass of proof that we are personal, of such an astounding load of evidence that we are intensely scurrilous, we deny the charge *in toto;* and affirm, that if a Magazine exists distinguished for amenity and *bonhommie*, and a total absence of personal allusion, that Magazine is Regina; and that, of all men in existence, the last to hurt the feelings of the sensitive, extort groans from the unhappy, or enjoy the pangs of another's wo, is Oliver Yorke.

Nor is personality the only crime laid to our charge; for we have often been accused by our enemies of displaying egregious vanity and self-conceit, and we plead guilty to the charge, if any degree of guilt can be attached to the proud consciousness of possessing unrivalled genius, of receiving the admiring homage of the wise and the good in every land, and of swaying with golden and benignant sceptre the whole literature of a mighty empire. The enjoyment of all these honours and advantages would dazzle the eyes, and turn the heads of wiser men than Oliver Yorke, if such can be supposed to exist. Vanity is only ridiculous when out of place and out of proportion; and who, pray, is so stupid, or so malicious, as to assert, that any degree of praise, whether from ourselves, or from others, is beyond our deserts? But were the editors of other periodicals,—the *New Monthly*, or *Metropolitan*, for instance,—so blinded by self-esteem, as to assume our oracular, egotistical, and self-laudatory tone, they would be overwhelmed with laughter and derision.

Our enemies also accuse us of affecting singularity in all our actions; but this charge, on a close examination, will be found just as puerile as any of the others. The truth is, that in bringing such accusations against us, they proceed on the supposition, that we are, like themselves, mere ordinary men, and must square our conduct according to the usual rules of life; but this standard, as applied to us, is so utterly inappropriate, that no man who feels—as we do—that he is far elevated above the vulgar mass of humanity, will for one moment submit to it. We fairly allow, that the occasional *bizarreries* of our conduct would be altogether preposterous, if practised by ordinary individuals; but it by no means happens that they are so, when indulged in by us. *That* mental absence, for example, which became so well the mighty intellect of Newton, would appear ridiculous, if sported by such philosophers as Macculloch or Dionish Lardner; and the pomposity and thunder of Sam Johnson would sit ill, we suspect, upon the shoulders of Jeffrey. How absurd would it be in any of our present Greek professors to ape the shabby toggery, and the immoderate eating, tippling, smoking, and beastly coarseness of the redoubted Porson! for any of our small-beer poets to assume the desperate recklessness of the gifted vagabond Savage! or even for Hunt, Carlile, or the Devil's Chaplain, to vie in blackguardism with the notorious Johnny Wilkes! It was the eminence of Newton which entitled him to be *absent*,—of Johnson which gave him a just claim to as much pomposity as he pleased,—of Porson which enabled him to exist in all the glories of tag-rag, guzzling, and jollification,—and of Wilkes which guaranteed him the patent right of being the most finished blackguard of the age. In like manner, it is the eminence of Oliver Yorke which entitles him to possess unchallenged the glorious privilege of singularity.

Something must be done to refine the taste of the day as respects the matter of poetry. The only *truly great* poet whom people now read is Byron: all

others seem to be entirely forgotten, while the cantiñg tomes of Bob Montgomery are devoured with keenness by at least a large portion of the public. Wordsworth, whose genius is inferior to none which more modern times have produced, is known only by name to the great mass of the community. The wild and wonderful muse of Coleridge has never found an echo in the public breast; and, if we mistake not, his works have never paid the expenses of publication. Some of Southey's poems were popular, to a certain extent, at the time of their appearance; but who, except among literary men, or poetical readers, remembers a line of *Roderic*, *Madoc*, *Thalaba*, or *Kehama*? Wilson's poems are in the same, or rather in a worse, predicament. They are perfectly unknown to the public, except by name; and, for any thing that general readers care about the matter, those fine efforts of genius, the *City of the Plague* and *Isle of Palms*, might have remained till this day in MS. For the sterling efforts of the muse there is absolutely no demand — not even for the soul-stirring, poetical romances of the mighty Scott.

This is New-Year's Day — the happy, the merry, the best of all annuals — full of laughing faces, light hearts, and lighter heads — the season of roasted turkey, plum-pudding, incomparable *pâtés*, kissing, laughing, jollifying, guzzling, present-making, Regina-reading, and fun, farce, frolic, and foolery.

> "Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
> Pulsanda tellus."

Readers and Contributors, adieu! Our eyes are distilling tears of joy, our mouth is watering, our stomach clamorous, our ideas beautiful. Moralists and Methodists will tell you to weep and be melancholy — Oliver Yorke advises you to be merry, to turn up your little fingers in a reasonable way, and send your cares a-packing to the cave of Trophonius. What saith the old stave?

> "Care to our coffins adds a nail no doubt,
> While every song so merry draws one out."

Such being the case, we shall favour you with a capital new song, laudatory of Regina; and yet, capital as it is, we should not be surprised to hear some one bawling out that it is personal.

> In Cockaigne or in China,
> In Turkey or Edina,
> I'm sure there's not so fine a
> Magazine as Regina.
> She despiseth the bam
> Of the twaddling *Twa Tam* —
> She deigneth not to spit on
> The trash of Ned Lytton;
> And old Christopher North,
> Who in glory went forth,
> And with his good crutch laid about him —
> Who made the Cockneys sprawl,
> And the vile Whiglings bawl,
> As he savagely hastened to knout 'em —
> Is now frail and worn out,
> With asthma and the gout,
> And his enemies jeer and flout him.
> But sage Oliver Yorke,
> With heart light as cork,

And a host of young Tories around him,
With their thrusts and their blows
Will scatter their foes,
And for ever and ever confound 'em!

From Tiree, the Isle of Swine,
To the regions of the vine,
There is nothing half so fine
As FRASER'S MAGAZINE.
She cares not for the hate
Of Bœotian *Tait*,
Nor the envy of *Blackwood*,
Who fain her attack would;
For old mother *Maga*
Has got the lumbago,
And no longer "*incedit* REGINA."
And *Ebony*, poor fellow!
With envy is yellow,
That the peerless young Sheba should shine a-
S Queen of the Ascendant;
Whose glories resplendent
Have filled with desire all the kings of the earth,
And gathered round her throne
The heroes of renown —
Men of valour, wit, wisdom, and worth:
O'Doherty and Hogg
(Both amateurs of grog),
And others the choicest that ever had birth.

From Shoreditch to Medina,
From Cork to Carolina,
There isn't half so fine a
Magazine as REGINA.
She's an enemy to cant,
Methodistical rant,
And the sickening flummery
Of holy Bob 'Gomery.
She fiercely attacks
All literary quacks,
Political and pious impostors.
The Cockneys she flails,
And the Whiglings impales;
But talent and genius she fosters,
With munificent hand,
Throughout every land,
Where learning, wit, science, and virtue reside.
Her spell, like cannon-shot,
Drives Ignorance to pot;
Who long sat, like an incubus, astride
On the benighted world,
With her standard black unfurled,
And Superstition and Fraud by her side.

Thus you see that in China,
Cockaigne, or Edina,
There isn't half so fine a
Magazine as REGINA.
We'll back her at long odds
'Gainst all the heathen gods—
'Gainst Gog and Magog,
And the huge king Og—
'Gainst Goliath the grim,
And Don Quixote the slim,
Dan Lambert the fat,
And stout "Bell the Cat."
Not the flummery,
Nor mummery,
Nor priggery
Of Whiggery,
Shall cause to knock under
The conqueror of Lytton,
Or silence the thunder
Whose dread bolts have smitten
The loins of old *Maga*
With wasting lumbago,
And squabashed all the bam
Of the twaddling *Twa-Tam*.

'Tis plain then, you see,
As plain as can be,
Sure as Rothschild shuns pork,
That OLIVER YORKE
(The marvellous sage,
The pride of his age,
Assisted by lots
Of Frenchmen and Scots—
To say nothing of such men
As Spaniards and Dutchmen,
Yankee-Doodles stupendous,
And Germans tremendous,
With Indians erratic,
And Bramins ecstatic,
Poles, Pagans, and Turks, sir),
Has produced the best work, sir,
For learning and wit,
That ever was writ;
And proved that so fine a
Magazine as REGINA,
Exists not in China,
Cockaigne, or Edina!

OLIVER YORKE.

## No. VI.

### JAMES HOGG, ESQ. TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

DEAR YORKE,

I have just received a letter from Sir David Brewster, which I think it would be right of you to print in your next Number, as it clears up a little mistake into which I had fallen, from believing, no doubt too readily, the small gossip of the booksellers' backshops in Auld Reekie. I am sorry, in fact, to find that what I said about Allerly's want of the gift of the gab has done him a damage in his present canvass for the chair of Natural Philosophy, vacant by the bursting of that awful human tumour commonly called Jock Leslie. If the Doctor does not succeed, it will be owing to the base personal animosity of a few worthies, who were concerned in the property of the *Encyclopædia*, and who are now trying to make out Brewster a Radical, whereas he has only, like most folk, deserted the Tories on the solitary affair of the Reform-bill, and will now be again, as before that he always had been, a sound Tory in Church and State.

We have had horrid weather hereabouts these three weeks--scarcely such a thing as stirring out, except among us poor shepherds, who must face the devil himself habitually. In-doors, however, no want

"of wine and wax, of game and glee;"

*alias*, of whisky-toddy, pipes, and Canaster, and the other "compliments of the season."

I am on a new poem in twelve books; it is to be called "The Boread," and will put you all in a splutter.

You will be glad to hear that our friend Cluny is buckled at last.

Ever yours in the faith,

*Altrive, Dec. 6, 1832.* JAMES HOGG.

### SIR DAVID BREWSTER, THE PHILOSOPHER, TO JAMES HOGG, ESQ., THE SHEPHERD.

MY DEAR HOGG,

It was only a few days ago that I saw your notice of me in FRASER'S MAGAZINE. Knowing the kindness of heart in which it was written, I should never have thought of correcting any little inaccuracy, or of turning into prose the romance with which you poets are accustomed to gild even your sober compositions. But there is one mistake, which I am sure you will excuse me for wishing to correct at the present moment.

With the view of paying a compliment to my scientific labours, you have stated that I stopped in my first sermon, and never again entered the pulpit. The very reverse of this is the truth. I delivered my first discourse in the West Church, the largest in Edinburgh; and I frequently preached in almost every church, both in the city and its vicinity. On no one occasion did I ever pause, or hesitate, even for a moment; and there are thousands to testify that, neither in the matter nor in the manner of my discourses, was there any indication of the fear of man.

I quitted the church not from any dislike to its duties, and still less from any incapacity to discharge them, but because they were incompatible with the labours of editing the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, which I had undertaken before any church preferment was within my reach.

Although you have expressed the opinion, which once might have flattered me, that science has gained by this change in my professional views; yet, I assure you that I would willingly exchange the little credit which my scientific pursuits may have acquired, for the much higher honour of having been a faithful minister of the Gospel. I am, my dear Hogg,

Ever most faithfully yours,

*Allerly, Dec. 3, 1832.* D. BREWSTER.

P.S.—I send you herewith the fattest turkey in the lady's *aught;* a quarter of beef—our own *mart;* and three dozen of Samuel Anderson's best Madeira. Much good may they do you. D. B.

## THE PERSIANS: FROM ÆSCHYLUS.

### Dramatis Personæ.

ATOSSA.
XERXES.
*The Spirit of* DARIUS.
*Messenger.*
*Chorus of Persian Elders.*

*The Scene is laid in the Courtyard of the Palace at Susa. On one side is the Tomb of* DARIUS.

CHORUS.

BEHOLD — These are the Elders of the Persians
Gone forth to conquer Hellas! here we stand,
The guardians of this glorious seat of empire,
Its treasures and its wealth. Us our great sovereign,
King Xerxes, of Darius born, elected,
In age revered, in honour tried, to be
His faithful senators: but now my soul
Is ominous of evil, and foresees
Calamities to our lord and his proud host,
And strangely doubts of their return. With him
Is the whole strength of Asia. She demands
Her youth, and more and more her murmurs rise.
Nor messenger, nor horseman of the crowds
That have abandon'd Susa, Ecbatana,
And ivy-tower'd Cissa, yet appears.
A mighty fleet, and countless multitudes
Of infantry and cavalry, present
A triple front of battle: — Subject kings,
And leaders of the Persians, join'd their arms
To our great king — Amistris, Artafrenes,
And Megabazes, and Araspes, famed
For darts death-dealing, horsemen of renown,
Fearful to view, and terrible in fight,
Inflexible of courage; and with them
Artembares, steed-exulting, and Masistres,
Farandaces and Imæus, archers bold —
And Sosthenes, a dauntless charioteer.
Others the broad and much-engendering Nile
Sent from its fertile soil — Susiscanes,
Pegastagon, descendant of Egyptus,
The great Arsames, prince of high exploit,
From sacred Memphis, Ariomardus brave,
The lord of ancient Thebes, who with him brought
Innumerable subjects from that land
Of marshes, lusty at the oar; a troop
Followed of the soft Lydian tribes, and all
The people of that continent, whose chiefs
Are good Arceus and Metragates.
Next opulent Sardis shews her warrior train,
In many a chariot drawn by four, and six —
A formidable pomp. The dwellers near
The sacred Tmolus menace with the yoke
The sons of Greece; and Arybis, and Mardon,
Invulnerably mail'd; and a strong force
Of Mysian slingers: Babylon sends forth
Sailors and archers, in promiscuous bands.
Last, all that are of age to wear the sword,

Of every nation, every country, swell
War's terrible array, and range themselves
Beneath the Persian banner. All are gone —
The flower of Asia is gone out; and parents
And wives, with hearts that throb with many a fear,
Count anxiously the days of their long absence.

CHORUS. — *Strophe.*

Lo! where our royal city's pride
Pours forth its overwhelming band,
Vain Athamantid Elle's tide,
They bridge the sea, land join to land.
Ship to ship is bound
With cables round,
Is girt about
With cables stout;
And the Bosphorus flows between in vain:
They gird her waist with a heavy chain,
And put a yoke on the neck of the main.

*Antistrophe.*

Vain is that ocean's barrier force;
Another and a deeper tide,
A double stream of foot and horse,
Pours forth its billows far and wide.
I see them stand
Upon her strand;
Each chief may boast
Himself a host,
For their leader cannot fear or flee;
Like to the immortal gods is he,
Of the golden race of Danaë.

*Epode.*

As some dark dragon, terrible in his ire,
He from his bloodshot eye-balls flashing fire,
As though he were the lord of war,
Borne onward in his Syrian car,
Against the lifters of the spear to fight
Leads on the benders of the bow
Resistlessly — and who shall save?
What can withstand the coming foe,
Or stem the torrent's headlong course,
The rushing of the multitude in their might?
For overwhelming is the Persian force;
Her sons too many, and too brave.
Yet all, alas! that mortal power
Or valour can achieve, must fail
Against the treacherous deities; in that hour
What strength or wisdom can avail,
To leap the net for man's destruction spread?
Till lured at length, and tangled in the snare,
All hopes of human succour fled,
The victim falls, and writhes, and perishes in despair.

*Strophe I.*

Kind Fate, by heaven's almighty will,
Has taught our troops invincible
Nobly in arms to dare.

The charge in which the steeds delight,
The march by day, the watch by night,
The lingering siege to bear.

*Antistrophe I.*

To view the sea-plains with the gale
Whitening, nor grow with terror pale,
Nor tremble as it raves;
And trusting to the slender sail
To seek, in vessels light and frail,
A pathway o'er the waves.

*Strophe II.*

Hence does keen anguish gnaw my breast —
A vision comes to break my rest —
A nightly voice in harrowing tones I hear.
All Persia soon shall hear that sound,
And our great city, slumber-bound,
Start at the summons dread, awake, and rise in fear.

*Antistrophe II.*

Cissa, and all the country round,
Shall hear, and echo back a sound
Of wail, and lamentation, and despair:
Her maids and matrons — a sad crowd —
Shall rend their veils, and shriek aloud,
And wander through our streets with loose dishevell'd hair.

*Epode.*

Nor, since like bees around their king,
That swarm with death in every sting,
Our warlike lord, his mighty force
Of ships, and countless hosts in foot and horse,
To danger led,
Over that sea-way on the deep,
Have ever they enjoy'd sweet sleep;
The mother's bosom throbs with fear;
The widow'd bride bedews with many a tear
Her lonely bed.

CHOREGUS.

But we, who hold this honourable seat,
Wait anxiously to hear of our great king,
And if the arrow or the lance prevails.
But one approaches, from whose radiant brow
Ethereal light, as from some deity's eyes,
Beams with reflected lustre; of my lord
The mother, and my queen, to whom I bend
In lowly reverence, offering, as most due,
My humblest salutations. So do ye.

CHORUS. ATOSSA.

CHOREGUS.

Hail, queen! of women golden-zoned the first
And greatest Persia boasts — wife of Darius,
Mother of Xerxes — both immortals, one
Reigning below, and one a god on earth;
If no adversity, no evil chance,
Betide his subject-hosts.

ATOSSA.

Such doubts and fears,
Not without cause, forced me betimes to leave
My golden chamber, and the nuptial couch
Which once his father shared; fears, that alone
I cannot combat, weigh upon my heart.
I tremble, lest our glory should be strewn
Like dust beneath our feet — lest this proud state,
Darius, not without the aid of some
Beneficent deity, raised to this height
Of mortal greatness, some untoward reverse
Should utterly overthrow. A double care,
Inexplicable, tells me that the light
Shall shine no more on us — the light of wealth,
The splendour of our populous cities, throng'd
With radiant multitudes. Many treasures yet
Are Susa's, but she wants her eyes, I mean
The presence of her king, to make her glad.
To you I will confide my thoughts, my hopes
Repose in you, your wisdom, and experience,
Tried friends, and trusty counsellors of this realm.

CHOREGUS.

'Tis yours to speak and be obey'd, great queen!
In word, or deed, as much as in us lies:
You may command your friends and counsellors,
Since by those names you deign to honour us.

ATOSSA.

Oh, never since that hour when to the shores
Of Greece my son led his invading hosts,
Have I had peace by day, or rest in sleep,
For then do visions come in crowds, to shake
And harrow up my soul; but none so clear,
So like reality, as this which now
I will relate to you. Last night, two forms,
Two female forms, before me stood; one veil'd
In guise of Persia's maids, and one enwrapp'd
In Doric folds, in beauty matchless both,
In shape and lineaments most like twin sisters;
Nor less they seem'd than queens, who had by lot
Obtain'd the sovereign rule in their own lands.
And as I gazed upon their loveliness,
A cloud passed o'er their brows, as of some feud
Or rivalry, which to compose, my son
Between them stept, and yoked them to his car,
And threw, methought, his trammels o'er their necks.
Then might I mark the difference of their bearing.
One champed the bit, like some proud courser tamed,
Exulting in her bondage: not thus looked
The other, in the fire of her fierce eyes
Flash'd scorn and indignation; with the force
Of her free spirit, as an unbroke steed's,
One effort, and she stood without a rein —
The heavy yoke was snapp'd in twain; the car
Dash'd to the ground, and with it fell my son.
And there was one beside him: who was he,
With pity in his looks? Xerxes upraised
His eyes, and when he saw his father, tore
His robes from off his shoulders in despair.

And with the dawn I rose, and sought the fount,
And dipp'd my hands in the pure running stream;
And at the shrine stood, hoping, by libations,
To charm away the bodings of my spirit,
And soothe the anger of the offended Gods;
When o'er my head, in rapid flight, an eagle
Darted, and settled on Apollo's altar.
Soon speechless terrors seized me, for a hawk
Dash'd down upon that sovereign of the air,
And pounced upon his head; nor did he quit
His grasp, till, torn with his fell beak, the foe
Lay fluttering, helpless, on the ground.—For me
Dreadful to view, nor less for you to hear,
Who know—should fortune smile upon my son,
Favour his enterprise, and bless his arms—
He will return rejoicing, to bestow
Joy on his people;—if his lot be evil....
Ah! if he fail—e'en then—should Xerxes live—
Bound by no laws, he still shall rule the land.

CHOREGUS.

Mother of Xerxes! it is not for us
To aggravate your terrors, or to breathe
A courage in your heart we do not feel.
Prostrate before the altars of the Gods,
Address yourself to them; for they alone
Can drive away these phantasms of the night,
And with auspicious augury make glad
Yourself, your son, your subjects, and your friends.
Next with lustrations due, invoking Earth,
And those infernal powers that rule the dead,
Call on that partner of your throne whom late
You saw in dreams, that from the shades of hell
He will again appear, revisiting
The light, and bringing to your son and you
Propitious destinies, first chaining fast
The adverse ones in Tartarus. You hear
What our presaging minds see best, and thus,
I think, all yet may prosper.

ATOSSA.

Kindly thus
Interpreted my dream: may it portend
This good you augur to our house, and me,
And to my son! Returning to the palace,
As soon I will, shall be perform'd to earth's
All-ruling powers, and to those shades beloved,
The sacrifice desired. But first, my friends,
I wish to learn where Athens lies: point out
Beneath what part of heaven.

CHOREGUS.

Far in the west,
Where dies the sun.

ATOSSA.

There all his hopes were set.
Too much he long'd to make that land his own.

CHOREGUS.

Nor room for wonder: Athens his, all Greece
Had own'd his sway.

ATOSSA.

Is hers such force in arms?

CHOREGUS.

And would you ask? the Medes and all their hosts
Confess'd it.

ATOSSA.

Has she mines, or are her sons
Her only wealth?

CHOREGUS.

She has a silver fount,
Hid in the bowels of the earth; but they,
Beyond all treasures, prize their native land.

ATOSSA.

And are their arrows keen and deadly?

CHOREGUS.

Shields,
And spears in rest, are all the arms they boast.

ATOSSA.

Who reigns in Athens? who commands her subjects?

CHOREGUS.

To none they bow, and spurn the name.

ATOSSA.

How, then,
Do they make front against their foes, repulse
The onset of the foe?

CHOREGUS.

Ask of the brave,
The innumerable bands Darius led.

ATOSSA.

Your words sound harshly on a mother's ear,
And waken sad and painful thoughts.

CHOREGUS.

At length
A messenger, and by his garb a Persian;
His news must be of import, from his haste;
Or bad or good, we soon shall know the truth.

MESSENGER. CHORUS. ATOSSA.

MESSENGER.

Wo to the land of Asia and her cities!
Wo to the city of our lord, the throne
Of glory, and the port of wealth!—her streets
Are desolate, her joy is turn'd to sorrow!
The flower of all the land has been cut off—
And wither'd. Hateful office his who comes
The messenger of evils: but the tale

Must needs be told. Know, Persians! in one word,
That of our armies not a man remains.

CHORUS.

Unheard of — unimagined — unbelieved —
And irremediable calamity!
Weep, Persia, for this day!

MESSENGER.

Weep on! one fate,
One indiscriminate fate, has fallen on her.
And I — ah! why do I survive? — am left,
Beyond all hope, to see the light!

CHORUS.

And we
Have seen the light too long. Were these grey hairs
Given us for this — to overlive the loss
Of all that made old age a blessing?

MESSENGER.

Hear
The tale from one who witnessed what he tells.
I would that I had heard it from another —
Ah, were there room for doubt!

CHORUS.

And were they vain,
The congregated myriads, and the array
Of many nations, various-armed, that poured
From all the East, against that single land,
The sacred land of Greece?

MESSENGER.

The rocky shores
Of Salamis, and all the neighbouring coast,
Are heap'd with putrid carcasses — they lie
Unburied on her beach.

CHORUS.

Mourn for our friends,
Sunk in the depths of the remorseless deep,
Or floating on the blood-stained billows, shrouded
In ocean's winding-sheets!

MESSENGER.

Vain were their arrows,
Little avail'd their bows, against the might
Of the beaked ships.

CHORUS.

Set up a howl of wo!
All, all the miseries that could fall on mortals
Have overwhelm'd them in that narrow strait!

MESSENGER.

For ever cursed the names of Salamis
And Athens! — never shall I cease to weep,
Remembering you.

CHORUS.

Through all the land of Asia,
Our innocent widows and orphans shall set up
One loud and general wail at the dread name
Of Athens.

ATOSSA.

Do not marvel at my silence.
Calamities so great, so passing strange,
So full of horrid meaning, struck me dumb:
Nor know I even now, or what to say,
Or what to ask; yet mortals must perforce
Endure those ills the Gods inflict. And you—
Do you too weep? What has befallen our friends?
Who of the chiefs are yet alive? for which
Must we lament? I question but of them,
For with their princes ever fall the people.

MESSENGER.

Your son yet lives—Xerxes yet drinks the light.

ATOSSA.

Your words are like the breaking of the dawn,
When the white beams of day scatter the darkness.

MESSENGER.

Artembares was the first who sunk to night;
He came commander of ten thousand horse,
And now lies crush'd upon the jagged points
Of the Silennian crags; the chiliarch
Dadaces, from the lofty vessel's deck
Sprang overboard, the stout lance in his side.
The Bactrian hero, Tenagon, was cast
Upon the wave-resounding isle of Ajax;
Lileus, and Arsames, and Agrestes,
Struck on the shingly beach their sculls; Arcteus,
A dweller near the fountains of the Nile,
Feressenes, and Adeves, fell together
From the same ship: like victim was Farnuchus.
Him long outlived not the Crisean chief,
Metallus, who ten thousand infantry
Had led to war; and — every charger black —
A mighty troop of thirty thousand horse;
And where he lay, his face and yellow beard
Were crimson-dyed and matted thick with gore.
The Magian hero Aratus, and Artames
The Bactrian, sleep on the same shelf of rocks.
Amistris, and Amphistrius of the lance,
And the bold Ariomardus, with his arrows
Wing'd with swift grief and sables to his host;
Sisarces, Mysian prince, and Tharibis,
Who came with five times forty galleys, died
An undistinguish'd, miserable death.
But the Cilician leader, Syennesis,
Fell gloriously wrestling with his foes,
The first of all our champions. Of these princes
Have I made record; but how small a part
Were they of losses without end or number!

ATOSSA.

You have filled up a universe of woes;

And what remains to us but scorn and shame?
Yet still resume your story. Say, how strong
The Grecian navy, that they dared attack
Our armament.

MESSENGER.

'Tis certain that in ships
Our navy far outnumbered theirs; — they had
Three hundred, and for the commanders ten.
Xerxes might count a thousand, and two hundred
And seven fast-sailing galleys: seems it we
Unequally were match'd, or wanted force?
But some maleficent god destroy'd our strength,
And weigh'd the fatal balance down against us.

ATOSSA.

The Deities preserve the city of Pallas.

CHOREGUS.

She is unconquer'd, and unconquerable;
Her walls are citizens, her ramparts men:
She never can be shaken!

ATOSSA.

Of the fleets,
What was the first encounter? Tell me, who
Began the fight — the Greeks? Or did my son,
Too confident in the number of his ships?

MESSENGER.

Of all our ills, the fount and source was some
Malignant genius — some foul demon, sprung
I know not how, or whence. One of our enemies,
And from the Athenian camp, came to your son,
And told him, that, ere morning, not a man
Or vessel would be left; that all prepared
Clandestine flight, and, trusting to their oars,
Would purchase thus their safety. Xerxes heard,
And, unsuspicious of the fraud, unheeding
The malice of the Gods, commanded straight
The captains of his fleet, soon as the sun
Had ceased to dart his hot rays on the earth,
And darkness fill'd the temple of the sky,
That they should form their ships in triple file,
Thus to obstruct the passage of the foe:
To guard each creek and outlet of the bay,
And its wave-beaten shores, others were bid
To form a girdle round the isle of Ajax,
That not a Grecian vessel might escape.
But should they let one bark make good its flight,
The order was that they should lose their heads.
Ah! little thought our prince — when, with a heart
All confidence, he gloried in the thought
Of most assured success — of what the Gods
Devised. All with alacrity prepare
Their evening meal, each rower to his bank
Lashing his oar; and when the sun went down,
And shades of twilight fell upon the sea,
The masters of the oars, and every chief
Of spearsmen goes on board: one squadron hail'd
Another, to collect its scatter'd consorts

And form in file: and thus the whole moved on,
And took their stations as assign'd. Meantime
The night advanced, yet not the more the foe
Fled, or prepared to fly; and scarce had Day,
On his white coursers, fill'd the earth with light,
When on the air the din of many voices,
But mingled into one, rose from the Greeks;
And echo from each island-cliff sent back
And multiplied the shout. Amaze, be sure,
And terror fell upon the Persian host:
No shriek of panic or of flight that sound;
But 'twas a battle-hymn, to fire the souls
Of warriors; and the spirit-stirring trump
Breathed shrill defiance in all hearts. At one
Command, with one accord, their oars keep time,
And lash the sea that foams beneath their strokes;—
One instant, and the fleet appears to view.
In order first disposed the right wing came,
And nigh at hand the rest — one heart, one voice,
Was in her crews. "On, Greeks! on, brothers, on!
Your country calls you; free your wives, your children,
The temples of your gods, your fathers' tombs:
This day we fight for all." Then, too, from us
A clamour rose of Persian tongues; nor was
There scarcely time for more delay, for straight
A dreadful crash ensues; lo! ship meets ship
With brazen-beaked prow, and first a Greek
Struck a Phœnician galley, shattering all
Her figure-head; — in irresistible shock,
A second drives its furious course. Awhile
Our stream of barks sustain'd the assault, but soon
So many in that narrow sea were wedged,
One could not aid another; they ran foul,
And clashing with their spikes of iron, split
Each other's banks of oars, and thus became
Unmanageable: whilst round and round the enemy
Safely broke through our hulls, upsetting, sinking,
On every side. No longer could be seen
The ocean, it was covered o'er with wrecks —
The rocks were full of carcasses — the shores
Were strewn with dead. The remnant of our navy,
With shatter'd masts and splinter'd oars, dragged on
A shameful and disorder'd flight; whilst theirs,
As ravening fish of prey some timorous shoal,
Pursued in savage chase, and soon o'ertook,
Devouring and destroying. One long shriek,
One general howl arose from all our crews,
Till mantling darkness closed the work of death.
Scarce could I count the losses of that day,
Had I ten days to tell them in; enough
For you to know, that never in one day —
A single day — so many mortals perish'd.

ATOSSA.

Disastrous day! — a stormy sea of ills
Then made a wreck of all our hopes, engulfed
All Asia and her sons.

MESSENGER.

You have not heard
Half of our ills, which overbalanced those
I have already pictured.

ATOSSA.

What worse ills
Could fortune have in store for us? Repeat
This other and this heavier chance.

MESSENGER.

Know, then,
All most renown'd in strength, in heart most valiant,
Most noble in descent, in loyalty
Most tried and faithful, perish'd miserably,
Obscurely, and ignobly.

ATOSSA.

Ah! of what death?

MESSENGER.

Fronting the coast of Salamis, there lies
A little isle, of treacherous anchorage,
Where Pan oft leads his gambols on the beach:
There Xerxes laid an ambush of his men,
To rescue from the fury of the waves
Some drowning mariner; or rather, when
The foe was worsted in the naval fight,
And sought a landing there, that he might fall
Into our hands an unresisting prey.
But fortune favour'd not that enterprise,
As proved the event; for scarcely had the God
Given to the Greeks the glory of the sea-fight,
When clad in complete mail, the self-same day,
They nimbly leap on shore, and climb the cliff,
And gird that islet round on every side,
To cut off all retreat. Where could our troops
Seek safety then, or succour? Many fell,
Crush'd by vast fragments of the rocks hurl'd down
On their defenceless heads; and more transfix'd
By showers of darts. At length their savage foes,
With one accord, charge on our hapless cohorts,
Cut them in pieces, tear them limb from limb,
Till not a man was left alive. Your son,
Who from a rock that overhangs the sea
Review'd his armament, when he beheld
This wreck of every hope, gave one deep groan,
One long and piercing shriek, and tore his robes,
And sent an order for retreat — himself
Fled in dismay: a like confusion reign'd
Through all our host. Weep for this second stroke
Of evil fate, scarce lighter than the first.

ATOSSA.

Dire fortune! how hast thou betray'd the hopes
Of Persia's sons! How did my son deserve
That thou shouldst wreak thy malice upon him
For Athens? Her renown at Marathon
Was seal'd with the best blood of all our land;
And did not that suffice to sate thy wrath,
That thou must frustrate all his plans of vengeance,
By crowding ills on ills? Yet, tell me where
The vessels that escaped took refuge; say!
Where didst thou leave them? Know'st thou of their fate

MESSENGER.

Disorder reign'd through all the scatter'd fleet;
The pilots kept no given course — they steer'd
As the wind served. But of the routed army,
Part fell in Bœotia, o'ercome with toil
And worn with hunger: many at the springs
Died as they slaked their burning thirst. A part
Passed into Phocis, and the Dorian fields,
And to the gulf of Melias, where the Sperchius
With gentle waters flows into the plains;
Thence to Achaia, and the cities of Thessaly,
They turn'd in quest of food, and numbers there
Perish'd of thirst and famine — either had
Their victims. Onward, then, in our retreat,
Magnesia's land received us; and the country
Of Macedonia. Fording Axius' streams,
And Bolbe's reedy marshes, we arrived
By high Pangeus at Edonia.
That night great Jove sent an untimely frost,
That iced the current of the silver Strymon
Into one crystal mass; that was an hour
For all, who had not pray'd the gods before,
To bend the suppliant knee to earth and heaven.
Their Deities with fervent prayers address,
We trusted to the glassy surface; they
Whose chance it was to gain the other shore
Ere the sun's orb began to mount on high,
Were saved; — nor many these, for soon he pour'd
His hot rays on the stream, that in the midst
Oped for itself a path, and all were plunged,
One on another down, and found a grave
In the deep waters. Happy those who thus
Breathed at a single gasp their lives away;
For such as fortune spared, in extreme want,
And flight disastrous, had to traverse Thrace,
And few — how few! — reach'd their own native land.
Ah! well may Susa weep for her lost youth!
Light of her eyes, alas! beloved in vain.
Too true my tale, yet much remains untold;
For many more, nor less, the woes that heaven
Inflicted on the Persians.

CHOREGUS.

Cruel Fate!
How hast thou trod our armies under foot,
And crush'd them!

ATOSSA.

Misery! misery! O dream,
O vision of the night! how clear, how true
Thy revelations of our coming woes,
Which you too ill interpreted! and yet
I must approve your wisdom, deem it best,
First to invoke the Gods, then offer up
To Earth, and spirits of the dead, libations —
These will I hasten to prepare within;
Useless I know they are against the past —
But if in future Fate should be more kind ....
In these misfortunes, faithful friends, from you
I look for faithful councils; should my son
Appear ere my return, see you console

And send him to the palace straight, that no
New train of evils follow on the old.

CHORUS. — *Strophe I.*

Jove! sovereign lord of every state,
Hear me! Oh, hear! Say! why didst thou delight
Our armies glorious, proud, and great,
All, all to plunge into the shades of night?
Why wrapt Ecbatana in a cloud?
Why cover'd Susa with a shroud?
Why start our daughters from their sleep, and tear
With delicate hands their veils, and in a crowd
Young widows, with dishevell'd hair,
Who will no solace bear,
Weep for love's brief delights, in speechless wo?
Their loss is grievous e'en to me,
Who mourn for others' misery;
What must they feel who lose their all below!

*Antistrophe I.*

Asia, deserted, groans aloud:
Through all her streets I hear a voice of wail —
Her matrons, in a mourning crowd,
Are sorrow-tost, like vessels in a gale:
Restore, they cry, our men of might —
Our husbands to our longing sight,
By thee betray'd and murder'd, Xerxes! say,
Why hast thou buried all we loved in night?
We call on thee — where, where are they?
To the wild waves a prey!
Home from the wars thy sire his subjects led —
Darius was his people's pride,
Their friend, their father, and their guide;
But what art thou? Give back — give back our dead!

*Strophe II.*

The mightiest force, by land and sea,
That ever met in battle's proud array —
Fleets, armies, all are lost! and he —
Was he who led
Among the dead?
Ah, fatal ships! On Thrace's rocks and strands —
And men as wild as they —
He flies, and scarce shall 'scape the fierce Ionians' hands.

*Antistrophe II.*

The first who fell were doom'd to die
An evil death; upon Cenchrea's shore,
Unburied, unavenged, they lie.
Up — up, and weep!
All ye who sleep,
To sleep no more: let life-consuming care
Eat into your heart's core,
And groans and lengthen'd howlings witness your despair.

*Strophe III.*

Some wrestling with the sea and spray,
Were among eddying whirlpools suck'd and drown'd,
To ocean's offspring mute a prey.

What accents drear
Are those I hear?
No house but mourns for husband, sire, or son.
Whence was that harrowing sound?
'Twas of some frenzied wretch, some hopeless, childless one.

*Antistrophe III.*

Where now the Persian's boasted sway,
Who ruled o'er half the world? Oh, never more
Shall Asia willing homage pay;
Or tribute bring
To her great king;
Or prostrate at his feet confess his power,
And worship and adore.
Her empire is o'erthrown — lost in a single hour!

*Monostrophe.*

No fitting curb shall more restrain
Licentious thoughts, and language free and bold;
But Anarchy shall loose her rein.
The mighty yoke
Of power was broke
When on that island fell the great and good.
Ah! that one grave must hold
Of Persia's noblest-born the bones, and nerves, and blood!

ATOSSA. CHORUS.

ATOSSA.

He who has sail'd upon a sea of troubles,
Whose life has been a voyage of cares, knows well
And fears the dangers of the storm; but one
On whom benignant Fate has ever smiled
Trusts in the favouring breeze. To me, alas!
The tempest and the calm are both alike —
All things are full of terror: I behold
The Gods forsake our land, and in my ears
Ring sounds, but none of music or delight.
The memory of past calamities
Fills me with dread of those which are to come.
Whence I, in haste, unmindful of my car
And custom'd state, return alone, and bring
Such presents as may soothe the dead, and prove
Propitiations for the son. New milk,
Sweet to the taste, from the pure heifer drawn —
The bright dew that the bee sucks from the flower —
Crystalline water from the untroubled spring —
The exhilarating juice of the aged vine,
That daughter of a hardy soil — the fruit
Of the ever-verdant odorous olive — and flowers,
Woven into wreaths, the lovely family
Of an all-bearing and affectionate mother: —
All these libations to the infernal powers
Will I present. Meantime, my friends, do you
Accompany my gifts with hymns, and call
Upon the spirit of Darius.

CHORUS.

Queen!

The pride of Persia! pour your offerings forth,
And may they to earth's lowest seats descend!
Whilst we, by potent charms and incantations,
And by the magic of our verse, compel
The powers below, who render up the shades
Of the departed souls, to prove propitious.

*Monostrophe.*

Earth! Mercury! and ye subterranean gods
Who rule the dead! O let my prayer
Go down to your abodes,
And send a spirit back to upper air,
Without whose aid divine we perish in despair.

*Strophe I.*

What, silent! — silent still! — O hear!
Hear me, great king! in your own tongue complain,
And pour, in accents strange, and wild, and drear,
A sad unmodulated strain.
Swell high, and higher still, my notes of wo:
Art thou not listening yet? Do they not reach below?

*Antistrophe I.*

Earth! and ye subterranean gods
Who rule the dead! listen, in realms of night!
Let this my prayer go down to your abodes,
And bring a spirit back to light:
Restore our king, our god to upper air,
Without whose aid divine we perish in despair.

*Strophe II.*

And must we call again,
Beloved sire? in vain
Adjure thee, and invoke — scarce less beloved — thy tomb,
That hides from mortal eye
Virtues that cannot die!
Great Pluto! let our king his former self resume.

*Antistrophe II.*

In battle's stern alarms,
And in the shock of arms,
Thy dauntless spirit lit a soul-awakening flame.
And Prudence, too, was thine;
The counsellor divine
All Persia hail'd her king, and worshipp'd by that name.

*Strophe III.*

Sire! first of sovereigns! haste thee! come,
In form as wont our longing gaze to meet,
Upon the pinnacle of thy tomb
Appear, and fill thy throne, thy judgment-seat!
Return, once more, to pardon or condemn —
A god in an adoring people's eyes;
With crimson sandals, and with many a gem
Glittering the imperial diadem:
In all thy pomp, awake! — appear! — arise!

*Antistrophe III.*

God of the Persians, reappear!
Come forth! let us behold once more
Our father face to face, and he shall hear
Of woes unheard, by tongue untold before.
The dark wave of the impassable Stygian tide
Has closed us round about; eternal night
And Dis and Erebus have open'd wide
The gates of death on every side.
Thou best of kings and men, return to us and light!

*Epode.*

Return! return! return!
Ne'er shall we cease to pine
And mourn for thee; but now, alas! we mourn
As those who hope not. Come! declare! oh say,
Why has this land, which late was thine,
Been fated all extremes of ill to bear?
Why must thy kingdom pass away?
Have pity on us, lord! in our despair!
Our vessels one and all have perish'd — they
Were wreck'd — lost — overwhelm'd — and in a single day!

THE GHOST OF DARIUS. ATOSSA. CHORUS.

DARIUS.

My countrymen and faithful friends, and late
Companions of my early days, declare
What tempests, big with fate, rage over Susa.
I felt the earth quake with the stamp of feet,
And groan as though it would have oped; and now
Tremble, as I perceive beside my tomb
My queen, whose offerings I received below
With willing mind: and round my sepulchre
You stand, lamenting loud, with shrieks of might
To raise the dead. Nor easy is the escape
From Tartarus; for the subterranean powers
Are readier far to seize than yield their prey.
Yet not the less that power which there I held
Has not been exercised in vain; and thus
I hasten'd at your bidding, that you might
Find no delay to blame in me. Say, then!
What new and heavy woes have fallen on Persia?

CHORUS.

I dread you in the form you wear —
I tremble as your voice I hear —
To answer thee, I fear, I fear!

DARIUS.

Then why invoke me — drag me to the light?
Why did I hear your prayers? Speak briefly, that
My stay may not be long; but speak! Fear not.

CHORUS.

I tremble to behold thee near —
I shudder as your voice I hear —
To tell our woes, I fear, I fear!

DARIUS.

If, then, some sacred awe palsies your tongue,
Do thou, the ancient consort of my bed,
Illustrious woman! cease your tears and wails,
And freely speak. What is the lot of man
But misery? — 'tis the heirship of his birth;
And life, the longer it endures, the more
Is it beset with ills by sea and land.

ATOSSA.

O thou! beyond the race of mortals blest;
O ever blest! whose life was like a God's
While thou didst see the sun, so that mankind
Beholding envied thee; as yet do I,
That thou hast died, and thus been spared the sight
Of that abyss which has engulfed thy country.
One sentence will sum up our miseries —
Persia is fallen! her kingdom is no more.

DARIUS.

How? wherefore? — by some stroke of pestilence,
Or rising of the people?

ATOSSA.

Athens! Athens!
Our army perish'd utterly before Athens!

DARIUS.

Which of my sons led forth the troops against her?

ATOSSA.

The adventurous Xerxes, emptying all the land.

DARIUS.

By sea, or land, did he attempt so vain,
So madly-rash an enterprise?

ATOSSA.

By land
And sea — he led a double force, display'd
A double front of war.

DARIUS.

Invading Greece,
How did so great an army pass the Strait?

ATOSSA.

They cross'd the Hellespont on chains made fast.

DARIUS.

And had he the audacity to shut
The mighty Bosphorus?

ATOSSA.

Doubtless some God
Inspired that insane act.

DARIUS.

God! ay, some God,
Who blinded but to drag him to destruction.

ATOSSA.

It now remains to see what ills he brought
On Persia.

DARIUS.

What mischance do you lament
Above the rest?

ATOSSA.

The ruin of his fleet
Involved the army.

DARIUS.

Was the camp destroy'd?
His army routed — slaughter'd?

ATOSSA.

So destroy'd
That Susa is a solitude.

DARIUS.

Didst thou say
That all the army was destroy'd? All?

ATOSSA.

All
The Bactrians perish'd to a man; nor one
But in the prime of years.

DARIUS.

I pity them;
The young, the brave, the beautiful.

ATOSSA.

'Tis said,
That only Xerxes and a few....

CHORUS.

How? what
Of him — my son . . . does he survive?

ATOSSA.

He fled,
Escaping by the floating way that joins
Each continent.

DARIUS.

And landed on the coast
Of Asia? Is this true?

ATOSSA.

So says report;
And still the public voice confirms the tale.

DARIUS.

How surely do presaging thoughts divine
Those ills that Heaven intends! — the prophecy
Has been accomplish'd in my son. I trusted
That this our empire would have long endured;
But if man hastens down the precipice,
Second his speed the Gods. Behold the fount
Of all our woes: my son has dared to pass
The boundary forbidden! Vain, rash youth,
And had he the impiety to chain
The sacred Hellespont? — fetter, like a slave,
The divine current of the Bosphorus,
To make sea land — with anvill'd bonds of iron
To knit a linked way for all his hosts?
Short-sighted mortal! did he deem the Gods —
Not Neptune's self alone — would brook his pride,
And leave it unavenged? And was not this
The madness of the mind? Oh! much I fear
My hard-earned treasures will become the prey
Of the first lawless plunderer.

ATOSSA.

This comes
Of evil counsellors and treacherous friends.
These taunted Xerxes, saying, that you with arms
Had gain'd a mighty empire for your sons,
Whilst he, unlike his sire, passed all his days
Within the palace, in unmanly sloth —
Only in dress a soldier, adding nought
To his paternal heritage. Oft such reproaches
Fill'd him with shame; and then he plann'd this bridge —
This double war on Greece.

DARIUS.

They were, indeed,
The cause of a misfortune greater, heavier,
And far more memorable, than all that has
Befallen our city, since it pleased great Jove
To give the sovereign sway of the rich land
Of Asia to a single man. The first,
A Mede who gain'd these realms; and next, his son
Secured the throne — for godlike wisdom ruled
His mind and actions! Cyrus reign'd the third:
He left in peace his wide-extended realm;
He conquer'd Lydia and the Phrygian tribes,
And made Ionia his by force of arms;
The Gods upholding all his enterprizes,
For he was wise and valiant. Him succeeded
Cambyses. But the fifth — disgrace and shame
Of his paternal soil, and of his throne —
Mardus, fell justly by a treacherous hand,
And those of trusty friends, within his palace.
The sixth was Marafis: seventh, Artaphrenes;
And then the wish'd-for lot devolved on me.
I took the field with numerous forces, met
With one reverse — but not like this. And he,
A boy in years, who has a youthful mind
In a young form, disdaining all my precepts,
Has in a single hour .... Ah! well you know,
Coeval friends, satraps, and comrades old,
That all, as many as have govern'd here,
Have not been authors of such ills as Xerxes.

CHOREGUS.

Say on, O king! Thus prostrate in the dust,
How will the Persian nation rise again
Out of her tomb?

DARIUS.

By never carrying war
Into the land of Greece; and were our power,
Our armies, even mightier than they are,
The very Earth would fight for her.

CHOREGUS.

Her earth?

DARIUS.

Destroying those who insolently dare
Invade her soil, with famine.

CHOREGUS.

Should we send
Another and a choicer force?

DARIUS.

Talk not
Of others, till the force already there
Reach safe their homes.

CHOREGUS.

Speak you of those who crost
The Strait?

DARIUS.

Few of so many shall return,
If judging from the past we rest our faith
In the to-come. The prophecy in part
Has been consummated, and partly yet
Is unfulfill'd. Hence, trusting in false hopes,
Xerxes a phalanx of his choicest troops
Has left, where the Asopus irrigates,
With fertilising stream, Bœotia's fields:
And there a heavier and more crushing vengeance
Must overtake their insolence. Impious men!
Did they not fear, setting their feet in Greece,
To mutilate the statues of her Gods,
To fire her sacred fanes, to overthrow
Her altars, and to root from their foundations
Her divine temples? Sacrilege like this
Fit punishment awaits, and must await.
Nor is the measure of their woes complete;
But ills shall gender other ills to them.
Beneath the Doric lance, Platea's plains
Shall be a sea of blood; and heaps of bones,
To the third generation, with their silence
Shall shew mankind this truth — Too much ambition
Is little fit for mortal. Arrogance
Upon its flowering stalk bears crimes, whence reap'd
A piteous crop of tears: looking to which,
And to this heavy retribution, keep
For ever in your minds Athens and Greece.
Let no one, thankless for his present fortune,

Covet another's, losing that he has.
There is a power rules all things from on high;
Jove knows the hidden thoughts of men, and frustrates
The imaginations of proud hearts. 'Tis yours,
With prudent councils to admonish him
Wanting in prudence, so that he offend not
Henceforth by his perversity and pride.
And, mother of my Xerxes! from the palace
Choose thou a royal mantle, and go out
To meet your son, whose robes, torn in his grief,
Hang sodden on his shoulders, and with words
Quiet his spirit. He to you alone
Will listen. I return to the dank air
Under the ground. Farewell, mine aged friends!
In the adversities of this life remember —
And be it a daily source of consolation —
That all earth's treasures to the dead are vain.

ATOSSA. CHORUS.

CHOREGUS.

Alas! I know not which to weep for most,
Our present or our coming miseries.

ATOSSA.

Both — both I mourn alike. O God! my heart
Is breaking — most it tortures me to think
Of the vile rags that hang about my son,
And his unseemly state. I will go in,
Seek an imperial robe, and try to meet him;
For ill would it become me to desert,
In his affliction, one so dear as Xerxes.

CHORUS. — *Strophe.*

Above all mortals blest were we,
Great and invincible, when he,
All soul, all mind, our deity,
King, sire, Darius reigned.

*Antistrophe.*

Our arms in glory's beams shone bright —
Just laws were towers of strength and right;
The warrior hail'd with new delight
His home, the victory gain'd.

*Monostrophe.*

What countries, without crossing Haly's strand,
Or his own palace-gates,
Darius added to his father's states!
The cities bordering Strymon's silver sand,
And all the line of coast where dwell
The sons of Thrace, his warlike prowess tell;
And many a city, with its towers
Far from the restless waves
That girdle Helle's straits,
All the Propontis laves,
And to its gulf the portal seen to stand,
Owned his imperial sway. And ours

Were other little worlds that lie
The shores of Asia nigh,
Round which the Egean flows;
The clustering Cyclades,
Begirt with many an olive-grove;
And fairer isles than these,
Gemming those dark-blue seas;
With Cyprus, that abode of love,
Whose Salamis — an omen drear —
Is now a name denoting endless fear,
Daughter of her the cause of all our woes.
Thus, if the sons of populous Greece
Had leagued against us in Ionian lands,
What mighty warriors in resistless bands,
Their force in arms allied, had vanquish'd Fate!
But she, grown envious of our godlike state,
Has turn'd our strength to weakness. Wail! for we
Are victims all to the remorseless sea.

XERXES. CHORUS.

XERXES.

And am I then return'd? But how return'd!
Where are my men of might? Where are my friends,
My warriors? Dead! destroy'd! — and do I live,
And breathe, and bear this weight of wo, this worst
Of destinies? Wretch! wretch! my heart, my knees
Fail me, to look on these old men. Ah why
Great Jove! didst thou not cover me with the night
Of the same death in which you shrouded all?

CHORUS.

Weep for our king! weep for his slaughter'd hosts!
Weep for the light of Persia, and her glory!
Weep for the splendour of her arms, her fame
Among the nations! Weep for our own land!
Weep for her children! Weep for her young men,
Mowed down, trod under foot, and sent before
Their time to people Erebus! The flower
Of all the East, the benders of the bow,
Heaped countlessly together lie, and throng
Those dismal realms of night.

XERXES.

O valiant crowd!

CHORUS.

Then Asia, like a vast colossus, fell,
With mighty crash, in ruins.

XERXES.

I, alas! —
Curse to my race, and to my native land —
Wretch that I was, destroy'd her!

CHORUS.

Greeting fit
For thy return, set up a cry of wail:

For welcome, set ye up a dolorous strain,
A melancholy ditty, sad as notes
Of Mariandine music.

XERXES.

Be it full
Of trouble and complaining; a long howl,
Piteous, inspiring pity for my fate!

CHORUS.

Rather, a shrill wild shriek of agony
Would better suit the darkness and despair
Of a great city, when some earthquake comes,
Confounding earth and ocean.

XERXES.

Nor less dread
Than such a pestilence the Greeks; nor less
Fatal that naval war, which whelm'd our power,
And sent so many souls to the dark sea,
The gloomy shore of Tartarus . . . Shriek aloud!
And 'mid the pauses question me!

CHORUS.

I ask,
Where are our trusty friends, your champions,
Your satraps? Where the incomparable heroes,
Pharandaces and Susas, Agabates,
And Pelagon, and Dotamas, and Psammis?
And where Susiscanes, from Ecbatana,
That followed you?

XERXES.

Upon the rugged beach
Of Salamis I left them, soulless, breathless.
They had no sepulchre, no other tomb,
When they fell headlong from the Tyrian ships.

CHORUS.

Alas! and what is brave Pharnucus now —
Ariomardus, and king Sebalces —
And that illustrious pair, Lileus and Memphis?
And Tharybis — ah! where is he? Masistres,
Artembares, and Hystecme — tell me where
And how you left them?

XERXES.

Stretch'd upon the ground,
In death's last agonies; as they fell, they turn'd
Towards Athens . . . their last look was fixed on Athens.

CHORUS.

Abhorred sight! and with them haply too
You lost that eye and splendour of your realms,
The son of Batanocus, who beneath
His banner led so many thousand thousands.
Speak of the son of Sesames, Alpistus;
And of Megabates: tell me of the fate
Of Œbares and Parthus.

XERXES.

Ask our foes!

CHORUS.

Your answer has declared it.

XERXES.

At the names
Of such a band of heroes you revive
The bitter memory of their loss, and ope
Again the wounds of my torn heart.

CHORUS.

Nor less
I wish to hear of Xanthus — him who brought
Ten thousand Mardians; and of the brave Ancar.
And tell me of Arsaces, and Diexis.
Say, where Lytimne, and Cigdagates,
And Tolmus, peerless warriors?

XERXES.

Buried! buried!
Not with the fitting pomp of veiled cars,
And bands of mourning followers; those chiefs
Of all the people met a common fate —
An obscure death.

CHORUS.

You have brought down on us
Immeasurable ills, and greater far
Than ever Ate poured upon a land.

XERXES.

True! all were victims.

CHORUS.

To an evil lot.
In evil hour they met the Grecian fleet —
Ill-fated hour to Persia!

XERXES.

Day of fate
And vengeance!

CHORUS.

All destroy'd — lost — overwhelm'd!

XERXES.

Seest thou these rags?

CHORUS.

I see! I see!

XERXES.

And this
Quiver?

CHORUS.

Is that your all?

XERXES.

No treasure else
Is left.

CHORUS.

Poor relics!

XERXES.

Sad remains!

CHORUS.

You found
The Greeks were brave — they fly not.

XERXES.

Too, too brave.
I lived to witness what surpass'd belief.

CHORUS.

Naval defeat, and ignominious flight.

XERXES.

I saw, and rent my robes.

CHORUS.

Infinite wo!

XERXES.

Too vast for words!

CHORUS.

An hundred fold!

XERXES.

. . . To us
Despair, joy to our enemies!

CHORUS.

We stand
Like trees lopped of their branches.

XERXES.

I am leafless —
Bared — stripp'd of my companions!

CHORUS.

True; they perish'd,
Sunk in the depths of ocean.

XERXES.

Mourn for them.

CHORUS.

Together let us mourn. Begin the dirge.

XERXES.

To my deep lamentations echo thine.

CHORUS.

Poor tribute for affliction such as mine.

XERXES.

Weep with me now.

CHORUS.

Our tears in torrents flow.

XERXES.

Strike, too, your brow.

CHORUS.

We strike with heavy blow.

XERXES.

To my deep groans a mournful response keep.

CHORUS.

Do I not groan? Our wounds are full as deep.

XERXES.

Raise high, and higher still, your notes of wo.

CHORUS.

Responsive to the beating of my brow
My groans keep time.

XERXES.

Beat, too, your breast, and cry
In Mysian measure, Misery!

CHORUS.

Misery!

XERXES.

Pluck from your flowing beard the silver hair.

CHORUS.

With all our might we pluck them — there! look there!

XERXES.

Shriek out aloud.

CHORUS.

We loudly shriek.

XERXES.

Now tear
Your robes.

CHORUS.

Behold!

XERXES.

Your locks!

CHORUS.

In our despair
For our lost friends, in thinking of the foe.

XERXES.

Shed fast your tears.

CHORUS.

Ours will for ever flow.

XERXES.

To my shrill shrieks alternate echo thine.

CHORUS.

Well may I shriek, as bitter pangs are mine.

XERXES.

Move slowly onward in a mourning band,
At every step exclaiming as you go.

CHORUS.

O Persia! much to be lamented land!

XERXES.

O Susa! much to be deplored!

CHORUS.

Wo! wo!

XERXES.

Move slowly onward in a mourning band,
At every step repeating as you go.

CHORUS.

O Persia! much to be lamented land!

XERXES.

Lost navy! much to be deplored!

CHORUS.

Wo! wo!

THOMAS MEDWIN.

## "MY CONTEMPORARIES."

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A RETIRED BARRISTER.

(*Continued from p. 431, vol. vi.*)

### LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

The elevation of Lord Ellenborough to the Bench afforded great and general satisfaction to the Bar. His appointment immediately followed the death of Lord Kenyon, and took place in April of the year 1802. He possessed a manliness of character which promised to banish from the court the practice of peevish incivility to which it had been so long subjected. In their expectations of a change in the mode in which the business of the Court would be in future conducted, the Bar were not disappointed. One of the first declarations made by Lord Ellenborough, after he had taken his seat, was, that as his feelings as a Barrister had been so often outraged by the conduct of Lord Kenyon to him,—and he remembered how deeply he felt it,—no one, while he sat on the Bench, should ever experience what he had been compelled to submit to — indignity, without the power of repelling or punishing it. He scrupulously adhered to that resolution. His conduct to the Bar was uniformly marked by courtesy and attention.

The forbearance shewn by Lord Ellenborough to the repeated insults of Lord Kenyon, was always a matter of great surprise to the Bar, as he was wanting neither in firmness nor in spirit; and as at the same time he held a high office, that made them more pointed, and more keenly felt. But it was found, that he subdued his resentment from a proud feeling for the dignity of the Court, which he thought would be lowered in the eyes of the people by a personal altercation taking place between a Judge on the bench and a member of the Bar.

But that he was not insensible of them, may be collected from the following anecdote, which, though I am aware that it is not new in the world, is too nearly connected with my present subject to pass it over without notice. The opportunity presented itself, and he availed himself of it, to convey, in an elegant classical quotation, the truth of those feelings which he had so long unwillingly suppressed. He was opposed to Erskine in a case before the Court, in which the latter deeply interested himself, and spoke with considerable warmth, in language not wholly free from personal allusion. Erskine was always favourably heard by Lord Kenyon, and on this occasion even with partiality. By two happy lines from Virgil, he shewed how little he dreaded the power of his adversary, and how much the hostility of the Judge. Turning to Erskine, he broke out in his usual manly tone,—

> "Non me tua fervida terrent
> Dicta, ferox! Dii me terrent et Jupiter hostis."

He paused at the word *ferox*, with his eyes fixed on Lord Kenyon, and his right hand stretched towards the Bench. He pronounced with the strongest emphasis *Dii me terrent et Jupiter hostis.*

Lord Ellenborough was a man of great mind; of the most solid judgment, and boldest conceptions: these he embodied in a language original, powerful, and convincing. His mode of expression was of a peculiar character; his sentences were composed of words not in common use, but chosen and arranged with the most appropriate felicity: they came from him with the fluency of a style formed without the appearance of study, but drawn from the purest sources of classical learning. His language was the strong and nervous style of Dr. Johnson, but divested of pedantry or appearance of research after laboured expressions or far-fetched allusions. He was an eloquent man, and a powerful speaker, from the weight of his observations, and the force and energy with which they were delivered.

It was not among the least of Lord Ellenborough's merits, that he was a highly constitutional judge. On one occasion an application was made to the Court to dispense, under very particular circumstances, with the immediate return to an *habeas corpus*. I remember with what force and emphasis

of expression, he pronounced his refusal of the application. "I dare not do it," were the words of that learned Judge.

When any matter occurred which called for censure, his reprehension of it was in language the most pointed and overwhelming. Cast in a different mould from his predecessor, he was never personal or peevish. His observations possessed a singular quaintness of stern expression peculiarly his own. A Quaker came up to be examined as a witness in a cause before him. His dress gave no indication of his religious persuasion, the singularity of which distinguishes that sect, and cannot be mistaken. The crier put the book into his hand, and was about to administer the oath but he refused to be *sworn*, and required that he should be examined on his *affirmation*. The crier having a difficulty how to act, appealed to the Chief-Justice, who asked the witness if he was a Quaker? He answered in the affirmative. "Do you mean, sir, to impose on the Court," said Lord Ellenborough, "by appearing here in the disguise of a reasonable being?"

On the Bench, his deportment to the Bar was distinguished by good feeling and good temper. But he hated pedantry, and the assumption of important gravity. Of these he was inflexibly intolerant; but his hostility visited them only with ridicule or ludicrous remark, in which personal asperity had no share. ✗ ✗ ✗ ✗

A Mr. P——, a conveyancer, used to come occasionally into the King's Bench, to argue cases on real property. He was a man of sage and sober carriage, and of slow and solemn delivery. In the branch of the Profession to which he had applied himself, he was considered to be an able lawyer. His modesty would not suffer him to question his title to that character; he cordially joined in that opinion, and felt convinced that the world barely did him justice. He possessed a considerable share of legal knowledge; but an extravagance of self-opinion shrouded his merits, and the display of it provoked ridicule where it might have deserved praise. He took the most favourable view of his own talents, and bestowed the most flattering judgment on the merits of his own arguments. He thought that a display of the first must be delightful to those who had the good fortune to hear him; and that from the information which they conveyed, his arguments could never be too long. In these opinions he, however, unfortunately stood alone. The judges and the Bar of the King's Bench wanted taste to feel the beauties of his arguments, or the graces of his delivery. They were ill-natured enough to bestow on the latter the uncourteous title of prosing, and to pronounce of his arguments, that they fatigued, without informing. With dire solemnity of countenance, he pronounced truisms, to which, by slow and measured delivery, he sought to give weight. When he rose to speak, his unwelcome reception was announced by a simultaneous desertion of their seats by all the Bar who surrounded him, and the beauties of his argument were wasted on empty benches. He judged too favourably of his own merits to attribute this to any other cause than their want of taste, or the shallowness of their legal knowledge of the subject which he had come prepared to argue. He gave them credit for both, graciously pitied them, and went on. The same want of a due appreciation of his merits he imputed to the Judges themselves, and ascribed it to the same causes.

To the lassitude of the Judges, which they took no pains to conceal, he therefore shewed no mercy. He felt admonished by no symptom of weariness which they exhibited; nor could the broadest hint divert him from his purpose, of forcing information upon those who neither wanted nor wished for it.

This prodigality of useless and unsought-for knowledge,—this gratuitous bounty of unnecessary information, though delivered with the most serious dignity, failed to produce the effect which he seemed to expect,—an acknowledged superiority of his legal attainments. His arguments were delivered in a style of the highest self-gratification. He seemed to be fully satisfied with his own approbation, which he did not find it difficult to obtain. The reception which they met with in Westminster Hall, the following anecdotes,* which were the current talk of the day, though for their

* The late Lord Chief Baron Thompson was a man of singular good nature, great courtesy of manners, and of exemplary patience—but it could not, as the story

accuracy I cannot answer further, will shew. It was said, that on one occasion he began his argument with this interesting piece of information. "My Lords, an estate in fee-simple is the highest known in the law." "Stop, Mr. P——," said Lord Ellenborough, with affected solemnity, "let me take that down," pretending to do so, and affecting to write. "You tell us news, Mr. P——," added the Chief-Justice. The grave nothingness of this sentence of his argument, and the ironical acknowledgment of Lord Ellenborough of the information which it conveyed, was not lost on the Bar. They had at the same period felt the pains and penalties of hearing long and drowsy speeches from some of the members of another Court, who occasionally took their seats in the King's Bench, and who laboured under the same infirmity of prosing, with Mr. P——. That duplicate infliction gave birth to the following epigram, which was handed about the Court at the time:

"Goddess of Dulness, hear our prayer!
And save the court from Sergeant F——,
And all his learned prosing;
But P—— *si lubentius audis*,*
Our wigs to night-caps change, O goddess!
He'll give us perfect dosing."

On another occasion, Mr. P—— having occupied the time of the Court for the greater part of the day, until it was on the usual hour of its rising, not having then finished his argument, he addressed the court to know "when it would be their pleasure to hear the conclusion of it." "Mr. P——," said Lord Ellenborough, "if you think that your argument gives any pleasure to the Court, you are much mistaken. We are bound to hear you, and shall do so on Friday."

In person, Lord Ellenborough was ungraceful, and his walk singularly awkward and unmanly. He moved with a kind of semi-rotatory step, and his path to the place to which he was going was the section of a parabola. He was a member of the Lincoln's Inn Corps, to which I also belonged. It was a joke of the day against him, that the sergeant who was employed to drill us said, "Mr. Law was the only person he could never teach to march, and that he would never make a soldier." The sergeant was a fellow of some humour, and was not unsparing of his remarks on his recruits, nor did Mr. Law engross the whole of his comments on their merits. There were other members of the awkward squad, who afterwards rose to eminence at the Bar, but who, as soldiers, could never rise above the ranks. He used to say that he could never make Mr. Mitford† hold up his head, nor Mr. Gibbs‡ turn out his toes. The justice of which remarks, those who remember these learned persons will fully allow. ✕ ✕ ✕

That corps was formed when ranks of the people were arming, from the alarms of invasion and of domestic revolution. The members of the legal Profession were not the last to enrol themselves for military service. The Corps was, however, not wholly composed of members of the Bar or attorneys, but admitted into its ranks every description of respectable persons who were in any way connected with the Profession. Of this description were the officers of the Court, and the stationers and their clerks employed in professional business in the neighbourhood of the Inns of court. Sir William Grant, then Master of the Rolls, was chosen to command us. He was selected for that honourable post, it being understood that he had been Attorney-general of Lower Canada, and carried arms at the siege of Quebec, when it was invested by the American General Montgomery. He took the title of Major-commandant; and our other officers were the Hon. Henry Legge, Templeman, and Pitcairn. We mustered about seventy, and numbered

went, stand the test of Mr. P——'s perseverance. He had argued a case in the Court of Exchequer, and his argument had lasted for some hours, when, producing a large bag stuffed with books, "Now, my lords," says he, "I will proceed to read the authorities, the abstracts of which I have given in my argument." The Chief Baron, it was reported, was roused from the doze into which the argument had thrown him by this alarming intimation, and was heard distinctly by the whole court to utter this lamentable ejaculation, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" looking dolefully on Mr. P.'s folios. He seemed to consider it as expressive of grateful surprise at his supernatural learning, and added another hour to his argument, for the gratification of the learned judge.

* "—— seu Jane lubentius audis."—Hor. lib. ii. sat. vi. lin. 20.

† Afterwards Lord Redesdale. ‡ Afterwards Sir Vicary Gibbs.

among us Lord Redesdale, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice Sir Vicary Gibbs, Mr. Justice Dampier; and the heir-apparent of Lord Kenyon deigned to fall into the ranks. We were all military aspirants, but not with equal claims. The martial spirit of the times was found to supply the place of the corporal deficiency, arising either from old age or unwieldiness of person, which too full a habit of body had occasioned.

The members of the Bar usually formed the front rank, though neither the best-looking soldiers, nor best-drilled recruits. Dampier was always the right-hand file of the line. His figure fully entitled him to that place; and his appearance realised Homer's description of his hero who was

*Ἔξοχος ἀνδρῶων κεφαλην και ὶσχεας ὠμους.*

He stood, to use a soldier's phrase, six feet two or three in his stocking-feet; his tread in marching was ponderous, and conveyed the full idea of Sergeant Kite's panegyric on the recruit whom he wished to enlist, "that he stepped like a castle." Lord Redesdale was always my left-hand file, and was one of the most regular at the drill of any of the company. The front rank graduated down from six feet two to five feet three or four—from Dampier to the Hon. Mr. Kenyon and Sir Vicary Gibbs. These were often put by the sergeant into the rear rank, on account of their mean and unsoldierly appearance; and as they were always paired off together, Dauncey gave them the whimsical names, from the *Recruiting Officer*, of Thomas Appletree and Costar Pearmain; but he could not apply Farquhar's character of them to Sir Vicary Gibbs, "that two honester and *simpler* lads" were not in the Company.

The two best recruits of our Corps were Dauncey, afterwards a King's counsel, and Stebbing, then a commissioner of bankrupts. They were nearly of the same height; both remarkably dapper in their persons, and spruce in their accoutrements. Dauncey was a good soldier, and was raised to the rank of corporal in the Law Association, when the Lincoln's Inn Corps was disbanded. But Stebbing deserted us from a curious cause. He usually wore a cocked hat; and when he sat as a commissioner of bankrupts, he assumed no small share of importance. On these occasions, he invariably appeared at the commissioners' table in the cocked hat, to which he was so peculiarly attached, that during the sitting it was never moved from his crown. The hats of the Lincoln's Inn Corps were round, surmounted with black bearskin across the crown. A tall red and white feather, composed of the hackles of a cock, rose in the front of it, and presented a martial and grenadier-like appearance. But all that military gaiety had no charms for Stebbing; he could not be reconciled to a round hat, and pined for his pinch. He never came to the parade that he omitted his malediction against the bad taste of Sir Wm. Grant and the martial ornament with which he had chosen to ornament his head, which was contrasted with the more becoming beauty of that which he wore. He sighed for the resumption of his cocked hat; his regrets became insupportable, and he quitted the Corps.

Among others who carried firelocks in this memorable service, was a very excellent man, but a very bad soldier, Card, the head clerk of the Rules Office. He was very short in stature, and in circumference nearly as broad as he was long. That rotundity of shape materially interfered with the performance of his military exercises. When about to fire, and the order is given to make ready, the firelock is to be thrown from the left hand into the right, across the stomach. To the performance of this manœuvre Card's shape was peculiarly unfavourable. In throwing the firelock round, before it had performed half of its evolution, it fell on the toes of Card himself, and his bayonet either stuck in the head or knocked off the hat of the man in the front of him, as Card was always in the rear rank.

Our parade was in Lincoln's Inn garden. There we marched and countermarched, from the iron rails in the new square to the front of the stone buildings, and from the stone buildings to the iron rails, and formed in eschallons, with the pump on our left. It must, however, be admitted that our tactics were not always the most military, nor our evolutions performed in the best manner. When ordered, at the end of the parade, to halt, most of the front rank were slipshod, the rear rank having trod down the heels of their shoes; and when ordered to *stand at ease*, they usually *sat down* on

the grass to enable them to pull them up. Notwithstanding, however, the talents of our commanding officer, and the rank of many of the privates, our military character was not splendid; and we merged into the Law Association commanded by Lord Erskine.

The depth of Lord Ellenborough's legal learning, and the extent of his information, will best be collected from a reference to the several judgments of the court pronounced by him while he was Chief Justice, and which are reported in the *Term Reports* of the several authors of that period. They are clothed in a language of unexampled strength, and were delivered with a force of observation to which his style was peculiarly adapted. In them will be found, equally displayed, legal research, depth of thinking, and the soundest reasoning. These will go down to posterity in the Reports of that time; and his decisions will be acknowledged to rank with the most able and learned ever pronounced from the Bench at any period of our legal history.

His *Nisi prius* decisions, reported partly by me, but principally by Mr. Campbell, afford equal proofs of discernment, extent of knowledge, and promptness in the application of it. He was as indefatigable as he was able in the discharge of that duty; and though the number of Causes to be tried before him multiplied considerably in his time, few were left to stand over to the succeeding term.

He was not inattentive to the parade and style of public appearance expected from his station; unlike in that respect the sordid parsimony which disgraced it in the time of his predecessor, his appointments were such as were worthy of the Chief Justice of England, and his establishment was suited to his rank.

In this review of the character and conduct of Lord Ellenborough, to the Bar and others, in the administration of justice, I am under the influence of no private feeling. I never had the honour of ranking among his personal friends; I was known to him only as a member of the Bar, practising in that Court over which he presided. In that character I was however enabled, during the whole of the time that he was Chief Justice, to form a decided opinion as to his character, and a perfect estimate of his merits, as a man, a gentleman, and a Judge. From my long observation of others who have filled the highest seats of judicial authority, I dare to pronounce, that a more upright, learned, and able Chief Justice than Lord Ellenborough never filled that high official appointment.

### SERGEANT COCKELL.

To the northern Circuit the Bar has owed some of its ablest lawyers, and most learned of its Judges. Lord Eldon, Lord Ellenborough, and Lord Chief Justice Macdonald, Mr. Justice Chambre, and Baron Wood, were among those who had belonged to it during the period that I practised at the Bar, and were raised from it to the Bench. Sergeant Cockell was also a member of it; and, on Lord Ellenborough's appointment to the Chief Justiceship of the Court of King's Bench, attained on it a considerable lead. A great accession of business in Westminster Hall necessarily followed it; and he ranked in extent of it there among the first men of his day. His pretensions were, however, confined to the lead of causes in the *Nisi prius* court, where he was well qualified to hold the first place, and for which his talents were of the foremost order.

Of the many qualifications necessary to constitute an able leader at *Nisi prius*, some of the most valuable will be found to be—to possess a fund of humour—to make a vain or self-sufficient witness ridiculous, by an affected recognition of his assumed consequence—to embellish a plain tale with ludicrous comment—and an addiction to punning on an adversary's answer where there is an opening. This last accomplishment was rated so highly, that a great leader of his time being asked by a young member of the Bar, then about to go the Circuit, what books he should bring with him, he told him that by far the best was *Joe Miller's Jests.** In the two first, Sergeant Cockell was unequalled.

* This was given to Lord Eldon, whose abilities in a court of law were not excelled by the exercise of them in the Court of Chancery.

His figure conveyed the idea which we annex to that of a well-fed Abbot or Prior of former days. His person was round and of ample dimensions: his countenance presented the full bloom of jollity and good humour, and his temper and manners were in the most perfect harmony with his appearance. He excelled in burlesque, and in pointing it so as to take off the effect of the testimony of an adverse witness, by holding him up to ridicule. The following anecdote will afford some idea of his manner.

An Action was brought in the Court of Common Pleas, by a carpenter and builder from Sussex, to recover the amount of his bill for building a house for the defendant at Battle. In actions of that description, Surveyors always form part of the witnesses necessary to prove the case. Those who are in the habit of frequenting Courts of Justice are well acquainted with the disgusting consequence which they assume, and with the pompous affectation with which they give their evidence. The cause came on to be tried at Guildhall, and one of this self-important fraternity was called as a witness to prove the value of the work done. He gave his testimony with the accustomed dignity of his Profession. Sergeant Cockell cross-examined him, and worked him up to the highest pitch of burlesque consequence. This was done by an affected deference to his opinion, and a mock affectation of respect to it, which was seen by every person in court but himself. He was requested by the Sergeant to produce the original estimate, which had been made by him, of the value of the work charged, for his perusal. This was put into his hand. It set out the names of the plaintiff and of the defendant, and the several items which composed the charge, and concluded, "I value at the sum of 350*l.* the above work, done at Battle, in the county of Sussex." As that stands written, I think it would seem to be a difficult matter to extract from it a *Nisi prius* joke; but the Sergeant found no difficulty in it. He had, by his cross-examination of the witness, made an exhibition of his self-sufficiency, and possessed the jury with the ridiculous features of his character. When he came to address the jury: "Gentlemen," says he, "a Surveyor is an anomalous kind of animal; he can neither think, nor speak, nor write like a common person. His perfect conviction of his own importance is shewn in every word he utters, and in every sentence he writes, even to the making out of a carpenter's bill. This Sussex surveyor is not content with giving his estimate in plain language, and signed with his name; he must assume the style of an ambassador, and subscribe as an envoy would a treaty of peace. Look at his estimate and bill:—He sets out the particulars of the charge, which he pronounces to be of the value of 350*l.*, for carpenter's work — that is plain English; but how does it conclude?—in the dignified language of diplomacy, 'Done at Battle, in the county of Sussex;' signed as our ambassador at Paris would sign a treaty of peace for Great Britain." The manner in which he read this was inimitable. The word *done* had begun a line in the surveyor's estimate, and being spelt with a large D, suggested to him the whimsical observation.

Sergeant Cockell's fame originated at the quarter sessions—I think it was at those of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and at Manchester. It is a kind of practice which requires no great extent of legal learning; but powers of humour are a valuable talent, and of it the Sergeant's fund was inexhaustible. It was therefore from his ample possession of that gift, that the Court of Quarter Sessions was the stage on which the Sergeant shewed to most advantage; for it must be admitted that his reading was limited, his knowledge of law superficial, and his acquaintance with pleading nothing. He used to say, that the general issue was the only plea worth a farthing; he never wished to see any other. If he had a brief in a cause in which the pleadings ran to any length, if his Junior happened not to be in court when the cause was about to be called on, he looked round for him in evident dismay, alarmed lest some point should be raised, or objection taken to the Pleadings, which he was sensible he was wholly incompetent to answer; but with his favourite plea of the general issue, no man wielded it with more effect in the defence of his client.

A settlement case has no Pleadings to encumber it, and a traverse is a mere matter of evidence. These form the important business of the Quarter Sessions. In these the Sergeant shone,

unperplexed by legal difficulties, or hampered in the toils of special pleading. His fame and high local character may be collected from the following anecdote, which I heard from Lord Eldon, who went the same circuit with the learned Sergeant.

A person who had a cause to try on that circuit, attended the consultation of his Counsel: he heard all that passed, and the favourable view which they took of his case. It appeared to make no impression on him, and he seemed to suffer great depression of spirits. He, however, at last broke out: "I thank you, Gentlemen, for your attention to my case; but I am afraid all will not do—the almighty is against me." The leader stared: "What, man, has God Almighty to do with your cause?" "I don't mean God Almighty," replied the sorrowful client, "but Mr. Cockell: "he is their counsellor on the other side." By which name of Almighty the learned Sergeant was designated in that part of the kingdom where he practised.

His talents were not, however, equal to the lead of an important cause; in the conduct of those of an opposite description, no one excelled him. When his opponent happened to be Sergeant Leblanc, who had addressed the jury with his habitual coldness of manner and starch precision, Sergeant Cockell turned it into a laugh, and gained a verdict by a joke, at the expense of his more grave brother Sergeant.

He cross-examined a witness with great dexterity and singular address. It was not his habit to browbeat witnesses,—a course which oftener offends the jury than benefits the client. He conciliated them by uniform good humour, and by that means often drew from them admissions favourable to his case. With the jury he gained credit for sincerity by a well-assumed confidence of self-conviction, and the impression was confirmed by his earnest mode of delivery. In cross-examining, he had a significant manner of pronouncing the monosyllable *Eh*, with one eye closed and the other fixed on the witness. His manner conveyed to the Jury the most intelligible expression of his own incredulity of what the witness was stating, and raised in their minds corresponding doubts of his credit.

He possessed great convivial powers. These are gifts not to be coveted by those who are to rely on their profession as the source of their fortunes. The pleasures of society are not easily exchanged for the retirement of chambers, nor the cheerful converse of mirth for their silence and seclusion. The effect of extreme addiction to the pleasures of the table, is a total disrelish for study, and a perfect unfitness for business. This was the rock on which the excellent and worthy Sergeant split, and was the wreck of his fortune. He became so much addicted to the bottle, that I have often attended him at consultations when he has been in a high state of intoxication. He then knew nothing of the cause on which we were to consult, and nonsense rolled in volumes from his lips. His clients soon perceived that he had rendered himself incapable of doing business; they, of course, forsook him. There ended his professional, and soon after his mortal life, to the sincere and genuine regret of the bar.

### LORD CHIEF BARON MACDONALD.

Lord Chief Baron Macdonald was one of the judges who went the Home Circuit for many years almost in succession. To the members of it he was unassumingly attentive and invariably kind. He was not distinguished for legal knowledge of any extent; but, as far as it went, it was accurate, and given with precision and correctness. When he sat on the civil side on the Circuit, the course which he adopted in trying causes, was admirably calculated for the despatch of business. He never interrupted the Counsel who addressed him on any point which arose in the course of a Cause, by the too common mode of colloquial interrogatory, or by the expression of an opinion hastily formed and prematurely delivered. He heard every thing addressed to him in argument with patient attention, on any question started or point raised at the trial. He delivered his opinion, without any comment on the arguments which had been addressed to him by the Counsel, either as answering their objections or combating their validity, in the firm and perspicuous language of perfect decision. As he never interrupted Counsel in their

address to him, he exacted from the bar the same courtesy in return,—not to be interrogated or interrupted while delivering his opinion. This prevented the not infrequent altercation which takes place between the Judge and the Counsel in the cause, which has the effect either of lowering the Judge in the public opinion, for descending from the dignity of his office, or exposes the Counsel to the censure of absence of courtesy or want of good breeding. In this respect Sir Archibald Macdonald was peremptory without being offensive, and decisive without being assuming.

His voice was wholly wanting in flexibility, and void of all harmony of tones. His delivery was rapid and singularly monotonous; nor could the division of his sentences be discovered until he wholly paused. In summing up the evidence to a jury, he was not deficient in discrimination or accuracy of observation; and the language in which it was delivered was plain, unaffected, and suited to the scale of intellect of those whom it was intended to inform; but it lost much of its effect from the rapidity with which it was given, and from the total absence of emphasis on the important points of it.

He was remarkable for his attachment to his snuff-box, of the contents of which he made an immeasurable use. It was never out of his hand; and the interval between every pinch was employed in the operation of incessantly tapping on the lid—an operation not unattended with some noise. This gave rise to a singular complaint of Baron (afterwards Lord Chief Baron) Thompson, who was then second Baron of the Exchequer, of which Sir Archibald was chief. His seat was between the chief and the third baron of the Court. Baron Thompson was a man of great gravity, and of profound taciturnity. The latter he seemed to consider as a necessary appendage to the judicial character, and an important ingredient in its dignity. The third Baron of that time was not disposed to follow his example in that respect, nor to consider himself bound to preserve unnecessary silence; when a case came before the Court which appeared to him to call for observation, he was not sparing of it. The frequency of this was, however, annoying to Baron Thompson, particularly when accompanied by the unceasing response from the lid of the Lord Chief Baron's snuff-box. This double firing from the right and left Baron Thompson bore with a sort of good-humoured impatience, as it equally broke in upon the solemnity of silence, and that judicial gravity which he held ought to be displayed and preserved in the hearing of causes in a court of Justice. It was attended, too, with some personal annoyance, by breaking in upon his own meditations. But he was a man of excellent temper, and jocularly expressed his grievances, "That what with snuff-box on one side, and chatter-box on the other, he could not take a note." Who the third baron was that thus fell under his censure,—I have no recollection; but there was nothing splenetic in the observation; nor was more meant by it than a joke at the expense of his more talkative brother baron.

Possessed of an unruffled suavity of temper, and of singular urbanity of manners, they were insufficient of themselves to promote the ends or to add to the enjoyment of general society. The style of his conversation wanted that from which it alone derives its pleasure, the interchange of thoughts and reciprocity of sentiments, conveyed in colloquial language. These enjoyments were denied to those who were obliged to associate with the Chief Baron; no alternation of thought or sentiment ever took place where he was of the party. He was an unceasing talker, an indefatigable story-teller, and a living register of stale jokes, worn-out witticisms, and thread-bare jests. When we met at the different towns on the Circuit, he seemed to have employed the intervals of the time between them in laying in a fresh stock of jokes, bon-mots, and choice sayings, gleaned from the depôts of scattered wit, collected in publications from the days of Joe Miller to the last edition of the *Encyclopædia of Wit*. With these he came charged to the Circuit-table, and the removal of the cloth was the signal when they were to be let off. From that time until the toast which was to set us at liberty, "Prosperity to the Home Circuit," was given, with unabated vigour and unwearied perseverance jest followed jest, and bon-mot trod on the heels of pun, without the interval of a moment. The giving of that toast was considered by

'us as a gaol delivery, and was hailed most joyfully.

While he was once indulging in the profuse narrative of jocose and unrivalled amenity as he thought; I took the liberty of saying to him, "I don't know, my lord, how it happens, but among the very many pleasant anecdotes with which you have so frequently entertained the Circuit, I have never heard you favour us with one from that part of the world whence I come, and which has furnished some of the most laughable stories." "Very true, Mr. F——," says he; "but I thought Fielding engrossed them all. However, I will tell you one which I heard a short time since, and you shall decide on its merits. The priest of a parish in Ireland kept a horse for the purpose of visiting his parishioners and collecting his dues. He had no land on which to feed him, but was a free-commoner on all the open land in the parish. He had returned one night from paying his daily visits, and having alighted from his horse, 'Dan,' says he to his servant, 'turn the horse out on the common, and be sure to commend him to the care of St. Antony.' The horse was turned out, but the next morning it was discovered that he had been stolen. 'Och, Dan, Dan!' says he, 'my beast is gone; I hope you did not forget to commend him to the care of St. Antony?' 'Troth, sir,' said Dan, 'when I was turning him loose, I saw no reason for recommending him to one saint more than to another, and so I recommended him to the care of all the saints.' 'There it is, you spalpeen!'* replied the indignant priest; 'you gave him in charge to *all the saints*. What's every body's business, is no body's business; and so my beast is lost among them!'"

As long as his stories were new, they were tolerable; but he had gone the Circuit so often, that his stock became exhausted, and we were doomed not to the twice, but to the ten-times-told tale to the dull ears of drowsy men, and whom he had made so. He seemed, however, to be perfectly insensible to the somnolent effects which his unvarying narratives produced, nor to feel that, as no man could rise from the Circuit-table until liberated by the toast, he was enforcing a compulsory hearing. He attributed this unwillingly bestowed attention to the excellence of his jokes, and the more excellent manner with which he gave them. When he had finished his tale, he looked round for applause, and received the small tribute of an enforced laugh with evident satisfaction, while his countenance displayed a kind of mental compliment to his own facetious talent, that

> "Nullum jocandi genus quod non tetigit,
> Nullum tetigit quod non ornavit."

But there was no sympathy of mirth between him and his hearers.

It had been the custom for the members of the Bar, on the day they dined with the Judges, to appear in the full costume of gown and wig. In the summer circuits it was singularly uncomfortable. He was the first judge to dispense with that custom, and to break through a most inconvenient and idle ceremony.

He had been educated at Westminster School; and he told me, that while there he had performed the part of Mysis in the *Andrea* of Terence, in the Westminster play. That circumstance seemed to have attached him to the drama, and to that most absurd exhibition of theatrical performance in which he had borne a part. I never was at the Westminster play but once, and nothing could equal my disappointment at the little attention paid to the delivery of the dialogue, and the still less to the dresses appropriate to the characters. It required the aid of powerful imagination to believe that it was an exhibition of a play of Terence, and not a Latin translation of one of an English author, as the characters were dressed in full-trimmed coats, and naval and military uniforms. The play which I had the good fortune to see was the *Andrea* of Terence. In this play Davus is a leading character, a slave and the attire in which the Westminster Davus figured was the uniform of a lieutenant in the navy, and his head was ornamented with a large and fashionable opera cocked-hat. Simo was dressed in drapery equally appropriate,—a full-trimmed suit of cut velvet. The whole performance, with the exception of Davus, was without spirit; but it was not possible to refrain from laughter at the manner of his delivery of the words *Davus sum*,

* *Anglicè*, vagabond.

*non Œdipus;* these he pronounced with the most polished address, by taking off his hat by the corner. and making a profound bow to Simo in the best manner of the French school.

Sometime after I had partaken of that classical entertainment, I met the Chief Baron in Gray's Inn Hall, where, in Trinity term, the benchers entertain the Barons of the Exchequer. I recollected having seen him at the same play at the time when I was present, and called to his memory his having told me that he had performed the part of Mysis. I reminded him of the circumstance of the performance of Davus in such an inappropriate garb for an Athenian slave, and, in fact, laughed at its absurdity, as totally destroying the illusion of the performance. "I can't say," said Sir Archibald, "that they are quite as great actors as John Kemble; but it gratifies me to revisit the place where the early scenes of my own acting were exhibited; and I never miss the Westminster play. It is pleasant to think of what *was*, though past and gone; and at my time of life there is not much pleasure to be derived from thinking of what *is*." I suggested to him, as a matter to perpetuate his memory and his attachment to the theatrical pursuits of the school in which he had been educated, to leave a legacy to purchase a wardrobe suitable to the characters of the performers, and the place in which the plot of the play they represented was laid. He did not, however, adopt my suggestion.

Sir Archibald Macdonald had held the offices of Attorney and Solicitor-General previous to his appointment to that of Chief Baron. That took place in the year 1799. Nothing occurred during the period of his filling those offices which afforded him an opportunity of displaying either industry or talents. He discharged the duties of them as equally unentitled to praise as exempt from censure for his public services.

In the year 1813 he retired from the bench, and was succeeded by Baron Thompson. He lived for many years after his retirement, and preserved the appearance of sound health to a late day, which seemed to proceed from an equanimity of mind and a serenity of temper which never forsook him. He always professed great good will to the Home Circuit, which he had gone for so many years, and when we happened to meet him always received the most cordial recognition. It was more than repaid by the grateful recollection and deep-felt respect for him of every member who belonged to it.

[*To be continued.*]

## THE SACRISTAN.

FROM THE NORMAN OF WACE, "LE ROMAN DE ROU."

In days of old, when good Duke Richard sway'd
The Norman sceptre — he who dared defy
The powers of hell in deadliest league array'd,
And forced grim Lucifer himself to fly —
Strong in his virtue, firm and undismay'd,
Still courting danger with a lover's eye —
Wise in the closet, dauntless in the fight,
A saint in prayer, a giant in his might —

There lived — so legends tell — a Sacristan
Devout and holy. When the vesper-bell
Or matin toll'd, the exemplary man
Was ever at his post, and fill'd it well.
His praise from mouth to mouth continuous ran,
And of his virtues every tongue could tell:
So pure in life, in credit so untainted,
Many a one less worthy has been sainted.

But 'tis a truth — a melancholy truth!
Each day but adds new props and bulwarks to it —
The more your praise is sung, in very sooth
The devil becomes more anxious to undo it.
If undisturb'd by Slander's venom'd tooth,
Loved by the world, you hold a straight course through it,
Still for your soul he angles night and day,
And bobs and dibbles till he hooks his prey.

So fell it with our friend the Sacristan:
Long had he spurn'd the captivating snare —
He knew and foil'd the arch deceiver's plan,
And kept his footsteps with redoubled care:
Temptations cross'd him, still his course he ran,
Shunning each danger like a timid hare;
But, ah! the Sacristan had one weak part —
The devil saw and triumph'd — 'twas his heart!

One fatal day — 'twas thine, thou amorous saint
Whom stationers and foolish girls adore,
Who mak'st such waste of paper and of paint
As Greek-loan Hume with reason might deplore —
With fasting and exertion tired and faint,
The Sacristan was standing at the door,
When, 'mid the crowd that pass'd unheeded by,
A form — it was a female's — met his eye.

Fair as the image of a sculptor's dream,
Or love-lorn poet's, was that heav'nly maid!
'Twas but a glance, yet like a sun-born gleam
A deep and deadly wound that glance convey'd.
Quick he forgot each well-resisted scheme,
And all the crafty tricks by Satan play'd,
And he became a perfect amoroso —
O man! O man! thou art at best but so-so!

The crowd gone by, she stopp'd and smil'd — and then
He fell upon his knees, and vow'd and swore,
And said as much as nine degenerate men
In these our days could easily run o'er:
I know not what he said — O Muses! when —
I wish I ne'er had heard the tale before;
He talk'd much nonsense, I have little doubt,
But very patiently she heard him out.

He made some bold request, and then she frown'd —
He promised much, she look'd as if she doubted —
He press'd her hand, she look'd upon the ground —
He drew away his hand, and then she pouted;
He felt a little guilty, and look'd round —
He didn't think she altogether flouted —
He grew more urgent, she began to yield —
He press'd his suit — and Satan won the field!

It was agreed by each contending power
(Alas! no longer so), that when the tongue
Of midnight should proclaim th' appointed hour,
The monk should steal his silent course along
Swift Robec's stream, and seek the maiden's bow'r:
(I can't help thinking it was rather "young"
To fix a place so far from home at night —
'Twas his affair, and he perhaps was right.)

Slow pass'd the lingering hours; at length it came —
That hour of triumph to his enemy!
All were asleep save he — the guilty flame
Of love forbidden glitter'd in his eye;
Virtue put in a very gentle claim
For hesitation, but 'twas soon thrown by:
Silent he pass'd — passion his headstrong guide —
And reach'd in safety Robec's foaming tide.

The river must be cross'd — a single plank
That bends beneath his footsteps is thrown o'er;
Can he but reach in safety yonder bank,
Danger will shew his awful front no more.
But, ah! his guilty heart with terror sank
As his last footstep linger'd on the shore;
Cautious he treads and slow — vain, vain his care!
He falls — I hear his death-cry of despair!

The wave has closed around him — hark! again
A cry is raised, but 'tis a fearful yell!
Again, "Ha! ha!" — 'tis not the voice of men —
'Tis the war-whoop of victory in hell!
From rock to rock it flies along the glen,
And on the wave the dying echoes dwell.
His stiffening corpse the rising waters hide,
The guilty soul hangs trembling o'er the tide.

The devil was not slow to seize his prize,
And bore it off with self-complacent grin;
But, lo! a rival darting through the skies
Question'd his title: says the prince of sin,
'Tis mine! whoe'er in evil courses dies
Is mine by right, and I will ne'er give in;
I don't wish to be rude, sir, or uncivil —
This soul in law is mine." So spake the devil.

"Hold!" cries the angel (who, I must confess,
Was somewhat fond, at times, of special pleading);
"That I deny! the monk did not transgress:
What says the holy book he used to read in?
'Every good *work*' — now mind, it lays the stress
On *works* perform'd, and not *intentions* leading —
'Every good work shall be rewarded — he
Who *sins* shall perish everlastingly.'

"Suppose, while o'er the slippery plank he cross'd,
All his good feelings had at once made head,
And placed before him all the actual cost
That must attend the dangerous path he led —
His name, his character, for ever lost —
His hopes of heav'n for ever forfeited —
Had he that instant fled the way he came,
Would you, sir, then have dared to urge a claim?

"But be assured, my honourable friend
(For such I hope you'll let me call you), I
Have not the least intention to offend,
I think the soul is mine in equity;
But you think otherwise. To make an end
Of litigation, let us both apply
To good Duke Richard — and let him decree
Whether the soul belongs to you or me.

"So shall we costs, and time, and friendship save,
And for his judgment will I stake my credit;
Learned he is, and wise — he never gave
A false decree — at least I never read it:
So farther argument at once we'll waive —
I'll not flinch from my word when once I've said it."
"I've no objection to that course," cries Nick —
"I'll leave the case most willingly to Dick."

So off they went, but never once lost sight
Of the monk's soul. The duke was just in bed;
He at once knew them by the taper's light,
But not a thought of fear disturb'd his head.
"What business brings ye at this hour of night,
Or why come ye at all to me?" he said.
"You are an angel, sir, I think?" "The same."
"And he in black — I need not ask his name.

"But now to business." It was quickly told,
How the poor monk fell desperately in love —
How he was once as pure as thrice-tried gold,
Till the soft passion 'gainst his reason strove —
How, in his sensual appetites grown bold,
He fell into the toils which Satan wove —
And how, ere actual sin his scheme had crown'd,
He slipp'd into the water and was drown'd.

Soon as the case was heard, the duke replied,
With brow contracted and judicial face,
"On equitable grounds I thus decide: —
In the monk's body speedily replace
The soul each claims, and let it then be tried,
On the substantial merits of the case,
Whether, if he had lived (for there's the doubt),
His stock of virtue would have help'd him out.

"Place him upon the bridge from whence he fell,
On the same spot — if he advance a foot,
Why then his soul is forfeited to hell;
If he recede, he then shall reap the fruit
Of his repentance — he deserves it well;
Let him go unmolested. Thus your suit
Will be determined on just grounds of right."
Each cries "Content," and bids a kind "Good night."

Back to the bridge impatiently they hied,
Each strong in hopes, nor doubting of success,
Snatch'd the cold body from the foaming tide,
Though neither wrote himself "F. R.S.;"
And as it lay upon the river's side,
A lifeless mass, senseless and motionless,
Restored the soul, all wondering their intent
In this most whimsical experiment.

The monk was soon replaced upon the spot
From whence he fell — the claimants both stood by,
Anxious for the conclusion of the plot.
His reverence just cast round a timid eye,
And, finding where he was, quick as a shot,
Sprang from the bridge, nor bade his friends "Good-by" —
Kept till he died his soul unstain'd by evil,
And fled a woman "*as he did the devil.*"

## ERRORS OF THE REFORMATION.*

Almost all the evils with which the state of England has been for nearly three centuries afflicted, originated in the acknowledged incompleteness of the Reformation. Like most revolutions, the Reformation demolished more than it established. The cry was, Overturn, overturn, overturn! rather than rebuild. This was particularly the case with Wickliffe—it was his peculiar work. For this was he appointed,—the matter being, doubtless, by the decree of the Watchers, and at the command of the Holy Ones. Wickliffe was desirous of making a clear stage, not only of the abuses, but of the things (however good) out of which abuses grew,—an unwise proceeding, because they are ever the best things which are most liable to be abused. Let him, however, receive high praise, for well was it deserved by him. Of what good was he not the forerunner,—the bright and morning star! And there is not, as is beautifully observed by Milton, "any thing more worthy to take up the whole passion of pity on one side, and joy on the other, than to consider first the foul and sudden corruption, and then, after many a tedious age, the long-deferred, but much more wonderful and happy Reformation in the Church in these latter days. When I," continues this majestic penman, "recall to mind at last, after so many dark ages, wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the Church; how the bright and blissful Reformation (by Divine power) struck through the black and settled night of ignorance and anti-Christian tyranny, methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears, and the secret odour of the returning gospel imbathe his soul with the fragrancy of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it, the schools opened, divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues, the princes and cities trooping apace to the new-erected banner of salvation; the martyrs, with the unresistible might of weakness, shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon."

Language elevated like this makes the heart beat as with the sound of a trumpet; that it was possible to write such, was primarily owing to Wickliffe. Much must be forgiven him, if his zeal was too uncompromising—too impetuous—too daring,—on account of the manifold occasions calculated to vex and goad a sincere believer, a faithful churchman, and a learned scholar. Had he not to encounter practices by which the religion of Christ was scandalised? men who usurped priestly offices, and encroached on the rights and privileges of universities! ignorance monastic, even in the seats of learning, and in the midst of libraries, where, however, the lazy drones cared not to gather of the tree of knowledge the fruit which they preserved for others? Wickliffe also was a subject of the King of England, and was decidedly opposed to the existence of a divided allegiance in the Church of the realm. Let these things plead his excuse, if one be needed. Milton expresses his surprise and regret "how it should come to pass that England (having had this grace and honour from God, to be the first that should set up a standard for the recovery of lost truth, and blow the first evangelic trumpet to the nations, holding up, as from a hill, the new lamp of saving light to all Christendom) should now be last, and most unsettled in the enjoyment of that peace whereof she taught the way to others." Wickliffe's preaching, he adds, "at which all the succeeding reformers most effectually lighted their tapers, was to his countrymen but a short blaze, soon damped and stifled by the pope and prelates for six or seven kings' reigns." It was appropriate to the party in the Church (we use the word in its most enlarged sense) to which Milton belonged, to give thus the pre-eminence to Wickliffe, and to raise the lament for the

* Essays, Moral and Political. By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. Poet Laureate, &c.: now first collected. 2 vols. London, 1832.

Sketch of the Reformation in England. By the Rev. I. J. Blunt, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London, 1832.

practical short-coming of the great reformer's speculative improvements,—for to the extreme opinions of Wickliffe, and to his more revolutionary acts, may be attributed the subsequent prevalence of Puritanism, and those sectarian divisions which were so fatally developed as the sad causes, and in the more grievous consequences of civil war. Mournful it is, when holy men "turn insurrection to religion;" more mournful still, when religion itself turns to insurrection; and that "same word, rebellion," which would else "divide the actions of men's bodies from their souls," and "freeze up" the latter, is so taught to no unwilling pupils, as if were indeed

> "Derived from Heaven *its* quarrel and *its* cause."

The peculiarities of Wickliffe's conduct and character which rank under the category of "puritanical," are indicated in his favourite arguments for inferring the vitiation of ministerial acts from the wickedness of the priest,—for maintaining tithes to be of the nature of alms, which he affirms parishioners have a right to withhold in case of provocation, and upon their own judgment,—and for the resumption of church endowments in perpetuity by the patron or king. There can be no doubt such principles are utterly subversive of any church whatever; at any rate, it is quite clear that a monarchical government and an episcopal church cannot co-exist with a creed so unmitigated. But, as a balance and a set-off to all these evils, this great man conferred a blessing altogether inestimable alike on his country and on Christendom; he translated the Scriptures into the mother tongue. This unmixed good, Wickliffe was permitted by a righteous Providence to confer, and by the mercy of God he was prevented from bringing about the immediate evil which his more equivocal purposes, had he been able to carry them into full effect, might have wrought.

In the fulfilment of these purposes, however, it must be acknowledged, some of the loftiest minds—"burning and shining lights", kindled by the Father of such to illuminate and warm this "dim spot, which men call earth,"—have seen that full completion and perfect accomplishment of the Reformation which the wisest men among us still desire. Milton was of such. "The precedency which God gave this island to be the first restorer of buried truth, should," he thought, "have been followed with more happy success, and sooner attained perfection; in which, as yet," he complained, "we are among the last; for, albeit in purity of doctrine we agree," he continues, "with our brethren; yet in discipline, which is the execution and applying of doctrine home, and laying the salve to the very orifice of the wound, yea, tenting and searching to the core, without which pulpit preaching is but shooting at rovers; in this we are no better than a schism from all the Reformation, and a sore scandal to them." But it was to higher matters than these, that He whose ways are not as our ways had all the while respect. O, was it not a great and a wonderful thing, that *in purity of doctrine* we should agree, seeing from what a mass of error it had been lately released and defeated? Nor had the Supreme Disposer of events been less mindful of what his Church needed in the way of discipline. To this end he raised up Cranmer, whose patient, gentle spirit was calculated to succeed better than a bolder and more enthusiastic, under all the circumstances of the time. Called by a providential conjunction and concurrence of incidents to the counsels of his sovereign, he received from his dying hand, as a bequest, the restoration of a Church then almost a ruin and a wreck,—shorn of its revenues, divided against itself even to fearful falling, unsettled in doctrine, and absolved from the laws which, having become obsolete, seemed no longer adapted for its government, or were even impracticable, from the great change which had come over all its relations and in all its parts. He set about the task of reconstruction neither unwisely nor unlovingly. Pleasant, moreover, it is to reflect how well he was supported by the young monarch whom he served so faithfully—"the godly and royal child," as Milton pathetically calls him. Nor is it possible to conceive aught so beautiful as that sweet fellowship and communion in which the sixth Edward and the archbishop wrought affectionately together for the right ordering of the holy services which regenerated man willingly and with a grateful heart renders to the Majesty on high—the homage

of a devout and pious soul, the free-gift offering of a meek and contrite spirit which trembles at the word of God.

The sentiments which we have just expressed will not permit us to concede to the accuracy of Sir James Mackintosh's opinion, expressed in his History of England, that "the panegyrics on Edward are a good example of the folly of excessive praise. He was, in truth," says the historian, "a diligent, docile, gentle, sprightly boy, whose proficiency in every branch of study was remarkable, and who shewed a more than ordinary promise of capacity. Sycophants, declaimers, enthusiasts, lovers of the marvellous, almost drowned in a flood of panegyric his agreeable and amiable qualities. The manuscripts still extant, either essays or letters, might have been corrected or dictated by his preceptors. It is not probable that 'the diary of his life,' which is the most interesting of them, should be copied from the production of another hand; neither does it indicate the interposition of a corrector. It is, perhaps, somewhat brief and dry for so young an author; but the adoption of such a plan, and the accuracy with which it is written, bear marks of an untainted taste and of a considerate mind." This praise is all too cold for us. We would rather adopt the language of Mr. Southey, who says of Edward, that his "life, short as it was, was honourable to human nature; and that his accession ought to have been made a red-letter day in the English calendar, and set apart for pious and grateful commemoration, as long as the blessings which we have derived from it shall endure. *Monstrificus puellus* Cardan calls him, for his attainments; and a Protestant, without superstition, may be allowed to call him 'blessed King Edward,' for his virtues. Edward's early death," adds Mr. Southey, "was probably the greatest misfortune that England ever sustained. Elizabeth effected the work of reformation rather in the spirit of a politician, than with that sincere, and conscientious, and enlightened piety which directed and sanctified his conduct."*

In his own day, Edward the Sixth was commonly called the Josiah of his country, and justly. By him was the Reformation reanimated; but he intended to lay the roots of it deeper than they were ultimately set. It was in the manners and morals of the people at large that he intended it to be radicated; hence he wished to provide for the good education of the people. "He reckoned it," says Mr. Southey, "first among the medicines which must cure the sores of the commonweal: he reckoned it 'first in order, as first in dignity and degree. Men,' said he, 'keep longest the savour of their first bringing up; wherefore, seeing that it seemeth so necessary a thing, we will shew our device herein.' Every thing," continues the same authority, "indeed, which a good and judicious mind could desire as tending most surely to the improvement of his country and his kind, seems to have been contemplated by this extraordinary youth. 1, good education; 2, devising of good laws; 3, executing the laws justly, without respect of persons; 4, example of rulers; 5, punishing of vagabonds and idle persons; 6, encouraging the good; 7, ordering well the customers; 8, engendering friendship in all parts of the commonwealth. These be the chief points that tend to order well the whole commonwealth. 'Nevertheless,' he says, 'when all these laws be made, established, and enacted, they serve to no purpose except they be fully and duly executed. By whom? By those that have authority to execute; that is to say, the noblemen and the justices of the peace. Wherefore I would wish that, after this parliament were ended, those noblemen, except a few that should be with me, went to their counties, and there should see the statutes fully and duly executed; and that those men should be put from being justices of the peace that be touched or blotted with those vices that be against these new laws to be established; for no man that is in fault himself can punish another for the same offence.' With due allowance for the little which is not applicable to our present state of society, every thing is here noted which is required for a thorough reformation of the people;—sound instruction for all, wholesome chastisement for the dissolute, wholesome encouragement for the well-disposed, and the watchful execution of those minor laws, upon the proper observance of which the general weal is

* Essays, Moral and Political, vol. i. pp. 101, 2.

not less dependent than domestic comfort and happiness are upon the minor morals. Time passes on, manners and customs change, institutions are modified; some ripen in the course of age, and others fall to decay; but the great principles of politics and ethics, of public and private morality, are fixed and immutable,—fixed as the order of the universe, immutable as its Creator."

Such is the platform of the Reformation designed by Edward VI. What was the edifice completed therefrom? Cranmer set about the work in good earnest, seconded as he was by a prince so accomplished. It is well observed by the Rev. I. J. Blunt, in his admirable *Sketch of the Reformation in England*, that "the pains which were taken to render him in all things an accomplished prince may be seen in the questions (eighty-four in number) submitted to him by the clerk of the council, probably at the desire of the Protector Somerset; and which were intended as food for his private speculations and debates with his friends. They are such as embrace nearly all those principles of government upon which he would be afterwards called upon to act:—'Whether is better for the commonwealth that the power be in the nobility or the people?' 'How easily a weak prince with good order may long be maintained; and how soon a mighty prince with little disorder may be destroyed?' 'What causeth an inheritor king to lose his realm?' 'Whether religion, besides the honour of God, be not also the greatest stay of civil order?' 'How dangerous it is to be the author of a new matter?' With many other problems, well worth the attention of those to whom the education of a sovereign is confided. His heart was as good as his head; and as it is with the latter that we believe, but with the former that we believe unto righteousness, so did its natural dictates rise in arms against those more subtle principles according to which Cranmer had conscientiously persuaded himself, and endeavoured to persuade the king, that the death of Joan of Kent was a duty; and happy would it have been for the memory of that otherwise almost unspotted character, had he submitted his more mature but more sophisticated judgment to the righteous tears of this gifted boy."

Instances of the sort last mentioned they were which caused Milton (not a little unjustly) to stigmatise Cranmer and Ridley as "halting and time-serving prelates." He speaks, indeed, as might have been expected, with little reverence of the bishops, whom he describes as "suffering themselves to be common stales, to countenance with their prostituted gravities every politic fetch that was then on foot, as often as the potent statists pleased to employ them. Never do we read," indignantly exclaims the prejudiced sectarian, "that they made use of their authority and high place of access, to bring the jarring nobility to Christian peace, or to withstand their disloyal projects: but if a toleration for mass were to be begged of the king for his sister Mary, lest Charles V. should be angry, who but the grave prelates Cranmer and Ridley must be sent to extort it from the young king? But out of the mouth of that godly and royal child, Christ himself returned such an awful repulse to those time-serving prelates, that after much bold importunity, they went their way, not without shame and tears." The prelacy, however, may easily be defended from a charge so sweeping; and the character of Cranmer requires here no other apology than an account of what he did and suffered for the good cause in which he had engaged a life born to no common trials, and in times of no ordinary trouble. One of Cranmer's plans for restoring the national Church was by the publication of books intended for the edification of the public faith. He set up, for instance, in every parish church, *Erasmus's Paraphrase of the New Testament*, and put forth a volume of *Homilies*, twelve in number, in both which good works he met with insane opposition from Gardiner. In the year 1548 was published *Cranmer's Catechism*, as it was called, though not composed by him, having been rendered from a German original, undertaken probably in imitation of Luther's own, first into Latin, and then into English, under Cranmer's direction. It is a work which shews the state of transition in which Cranmer's mind was at the time, retaining at first several Romish errors, which, in successive editions, were modified or removed, as, in the progress of his spiritual development, Cranmer changed from Catholic to Lutheran, and from Lutheran to Zuinglian. In a similar spirit, the good archbishop sent out

also, in the same year, *The Office of the Communion*, to which nearly the same remarks apply. To Cranmer too we owe the *Articles* of the Church of England; a favourite though difficult project of this good man's, which he long thought about before he executed. His design was, however, much more magnificent than what he was enabled ultimately to accomplish. He wished to bring to a settlement the conflicting opinions which the Reformation set afloat, and which, by the abuse of private judgment, led to evils whereof the end is not even yet, in our day and generation. His purpose was to get drawn up, by a congress of learned men of all nations, a general creed,—a scheme which Melancthon concurred in, or rather urged upon Cranmer, who entered into a correspondence upon the subject with some of the leading foreign Protestants; among the rest Calvin. Discovering the impracticability of the scheme, Cranmer contracted his views, and confined himself to the preparation of articles for the Church of England only.

Such were the means taken for the restoration of the Church of England, and so far they were successful. Why they were not able to do more, let Milton, their enemy, tell the reason. "In Edward the Sixth's days, why a complete reformation was not effected, to any considerate man may appear. First, he no sooner entered into this kingdom, but into a war with Scotland; from whence the Protector, returning with victory, had but newly put his hand to repeal the six articles and throw the images out of churches, but rebellions on all sides, stirred up by obdurate Papists, and other tumults, with a plain war in Norfolk, holding tack against two of the king's generals, made them of force content themselves with what they have already done. Hereupon followed ambitious contentions among the peers, which ceased not but with the Protector's death, who was the most zealous in this point; and then Northumberland was he that could do most in England, who, little minding religion (as his apostacy well shewed at his death) bent all his wit how to bring the right of the crown into his own line." Wherefore did not the great man whose words we have quoted, propose these circumstances as an apology for the bishops why they did no more, allowing they did what they could? No: in the inveteracy of sectarian hatred, ill as it sat on the poetic dignity of Milton, he preferred to twit them with their "non-resistance of Northumberland," concealing the fact how reluctantly they performed a task which they could not evade. Neither will he allow their martyrdom to plead in proof of their sincerity. "What then?" says he—"though every true Christian will be a martyr when he is called to it; not presently does it follow, that every one suffering for religion is without exception. St. Paul writes, that *a man may give his body to be burnt* (meaning for religion), and yet not have *charity*: he is not, therefore, above all possibility of erring, because he burns for some points of truth." Singular enough, the text here quoted by Milton was that adopted by Dr. Smith, one of those who had recanted in Edward's time, and was therefore the more zealous in the day of persecution, when he preached before Latimer and Ridley, previous to their being bound to the stake at which they were baptised with fire. Milton, however, doubtless employed the text with better feelings; and, indeed, at this place he breaks out into a sublime apostrophe in witness to the purity of his intention. "And here," he writes, "I invoke the Immortal Deity, revealer and judge of secrets, that wherever I have in this book plainly and roundly (though worthily and truly) laid open the faults and blemishes of fathers, martyrs, or Christian emperors, or have otherwise inveighed against error and superstition with vehement expressions, I have done it neither out of malice, nor list to speak evil, nor any vain glory, but of mere necessity to vindicate the spotless truth from an ignominious bondage, whose native worth is now become of such a low esteem, that she is like to find small credit with us for what she can say, unless she can bring a ticket from Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley—or prove herself a retainer to Constantine, and wear his badge. More tolerable it were for the Church of God, that all these names were utterly abolished, like the brazen serpent, than that men's fond opinion should thus idolise them, and the heavenly truth be thus captivated." We are bound to believe a solemn appeal like this; it at the same time points out the source of the appellant's errors—namely, *that* indiscrimi-

late resistance to all authority in matters of opinion, which would, under the name of idolatry, destroy even that veneration which is undoubtedly due to the great and good of every age and country. Of all the abuses of the principles of the Reformation, this is one of the worst. Nevertheless, let it not be forgotten that the principle itself is to be reverenced, though not its abuse.

Soon after the accession of Elizabeth, the Reformation was again triumphant; but her majesty proceeded with extreme caution. Her injunctions, however, were expressed, so far as the case admitted, in the very same words as those of Edward, twelve years before. The progress of opinion had caused some changes, the Roman Catholic religion had come to be treated with more respect, and the conquests of Puritanism had corrected many popular disorders, such as Sabbath-breaking, &c. Elizabeth found it necessary, also, not only to forbid unlicensed preachers from admission into a pulpit, as Edward had done, but to prohibit even licensed preachers to officiate out of their own parishes. Itinerancy, doubtless, had commenced, and speculative heresies had clearly come to such a stage of growth as to require restriction. Symptoms, moreover, of the want of *discipline* in which the Church had been left were apparent in the liability of disturbance to which the congregation was subject in the time of sermon, from a brawling hearer who would presume to dispute the preacher's positions. For the clergy, likewise, was wanted a code of ecclesiastical law; and one, indeed, was drawn up by Cranmer, consisting of fifty-one articles, with an appendix, after the manner of the digest of Justinian; but it fell to the ground, and though several times revived, it never succeeded. Another instance, also, in which the incompleteness of the Reformation manifests itself, is the want of adequate provision for the lower orders of the clergy. But we have to treat of graver and more general matter — even matter of immediate bearing on all classes of society.

In vain, from the wreck of the religious houses, was the endeavour at reconstruction equal to the ruin which had been made, although six new bishoprics were founded out of the spoils of the monasteries. It was the wish of Cranmer that the cathedrals should be converted into theological colleges; that readers of divinity, of Hebrew, and of Greek, should be attached to them; that a body of students should be maintained in them, out of whom the bishops might always find clerical recruits duly qualified for the pastoral office; that here, in short, should be realised (to adopt the language of the Rev. I. J. Blunt), "a second time, the institution which Samuel, the great reformer of his own church, established throughout all the land of Israel, 'schools of the prophets;' and that thus might be filled up most effectually the gap which had been occasioned in the system of public instruction by the extinction of the religious orders."

It is very probable, we think, that such establishments would have prevented the spread, by superseding the necessity, of Puritanism. We say, the necessity of Puritanism; for it were impiety to suppose that the Almighty permits any thing in the Church but what will ultimately tend for its greater advantage than its prohibition would. Accordingly, wherever the established religion of the state has left the instruction of the populace unprovided for, there has God prepared a way for sectarian intrusion. Wherever, also, the clergy of the establishment have been ignorant or inert, there has an effectual opposition been raised up in order to their awakening. The parochial clergy in the first ages of the Reformation were scandalously ignorant, and their lives, says Mr. Southey, "but too often as little edifying as their doctrine." The necessity of the times might perhaps have compelled the admission of young men into the Church, who, though unable to deal with a cunning Jesuit or priest, were willing to enlist under the banners of the Reformation. It was important that the posts should be occupied, though with raw recruits, while no better were to be had. But such establishments as Cranmer proposed might have provided good soldiers for the next generation, by whom the subsequent schisms and separations would doubtless have been averted; the coarse and unlearned preachers of Puritanism could scarcely have procured attention in opposition to such an orthodox clergy, which would have been thus set in almost every district as guards and guides; great hearts in whom the common people would have put unreserved confidence.

But it has been apprehended, that,

although such a regular theological education, comprising a sound knowledge of Hebrew, of the fathers, and of whatever else might conduce to the formation of the instructed scribe, might probably have increased the harvest of great divines in the established Church, it would also, from its cheapness, have afforded opportunities for youths of promise amongst the poorer classes to emerge from obscurity, and to enter a profession for which Nature had fitted them, but accident had shut the door,—to the great gain of the Church, by the additional talent which would thus have been called forth in her service, when the "yeomen's sons," by whom, according to Latimer, "the faith in Christ had hitherto been maintained chiefly," and "the husbandman's children," who are often endowed (as Cranmer strenuously argues upon this very subject) with singular gifts, would have sent in their contribution to the public stock;—notwithstanding these obvious advantages, it has, we say, been apprehended, on the other hand, that such institutions might have withdrawn the clergy too much from all secular intercourse, and prevented those connexions of private friendship or private tuition from being formed, to which our schools and universities give occasion; and that as the alliance between Church and State is principally continued by such interlacements, it would be greatly weakened by their disruption. In corroboration of this view, it is stated that the provision which our cathedrals (on their present footing) offer to the younger sons of our powerful families (as the monasteries once did), pledges those families more deeply to the maintenance of the establishments; and that the rewards which they enable the Church occasionally to confer on those who have done her good service as men of letters, may contribute to create a learned clergy, by furnishing the means of learned leisure.

However this may be, we all know that the Gospel is emphatically preached to the poor; and we all ought to know, that it is not to the rich that it can ultimately look for support, but to the large masses of society. If an establishment provides not for the preaching of the Gospel to the poor, God will. In the Roman Catholic Church, he raised up the friars for this purpose; and it is admitted that the same cause of attachment which bound the common people to the friars, and, through them, to the Church itself, namely, the feeling that they had a personal interest and relationship in many of its ministers, might have been, by the cheap mode of education proposed by Cranmer, more effectually perpetuated. This is the class for which a Church should first provide; and it may be added, that though by building on the rich first, the poor may be lost, if the masses be secured, the rich will be sure to supervene. This truth the early progress of Christianity demonstrates beyond all contradiction. The Gospel rule is a safe one for all times; let it be preached, therefore, to the poor—let it be founded in the affections of the poor—let the Church of England henceforth provide for the completion of the Reformation, by becoming identified, through the medium of express institutions for the purpose, with all the beatings of the great heart of society, and the wants of its meanest members.

With the Restoration ended some of the evil which the deficiency of such institutions permitted to spread; but that was not an age, says Mr. Southey very justly, "in which any means were likely to be taken for the moral and religious instruction of the people. The subsequent danger of the Protestant establishment, under James, produced nothing but good to the Church, as well as to the State; it occasioned a demand among the clergy for learning and talent, which was abundantly supplied. Being forced into the field of controversy, they learnt the use of their weapons, and remained masters of them. From that time to the present, the character of the parochial clergy has continued to improve, and it has probably never been so respectable, in any age or in any country, as it is in England at this day."

This great writer has devoted considerable attention to the present subject, and complains that "the want of a general system of parochial education has never been supplied. The funds with which it should have been established were scandalously dissipated at the beginning, when men were literally bribed to support the new establishment by the plunder of the old. A warfare of opinions and a state of religious anarchy, for a hundred and thirty years, was the price which we paid for a religious revolution. This

evil has been abundantly overbalanced, but its effects have not yet ceased;—the attachment of the peasantry to their roods and puppetries was broken, but no wiser attachment was substituted for it. The Romanists impressed their imaginations;—the reformed clergy failed to impress their understandings; they plucked up the tares, but they were not equally diligent in sowing the good seed. In Catholic countries, the people are passionately attached to the faith of their fathers; while the higher classes, if they have any degree of knowledge, are either unbelievers, or at least indifferents. In England there is a great spirit of religion in the higher ranks, but the body of the people care little for the national Church, and are easily won from it. This difference between the two Churches is striking, and as strikingly exemplifies the superior policy of the one as it does the truth of the other."

Such, then, have been the errors of the past time. Our modern Reformers, however, it would seem, are not the men to profit by experience. The projectors of the recent Reform-bill have proceeded upon an express principle of excluding the poor from the state, exceeding in this way the errors of the Romish Church, who instituted no such principle, either expressed or implied; the evil which resulted in their case being entirely accidental, and which they would have remedied if they had possessed the temporal means. Surely an error which has operated so much evil in the Church cannot be productive of good in the State. But, of a truth, on this subject there are many popular errors which ought to be exploded. These errors are, unfortunately, common to individuals of all parties.

These fatal mistakes are, however, more prevalent among the Whigs than with any other of the political sects. The Radicals are loud enough in their demands for an indiscriminate extension of the franchise—but they cry out somewhat late. In a far more honest spirit, the Tories pointed out the defect while the bill was in progress—but obtained no credit from the deluded public. It has now come to be apparent, and will daily become more so, that the preponderance which has been given to the middle classes, is not more inconvenient to the higher than it is injurious to the inferior castes of society. The upper they may annoy, but the lower they will oppress, as they have always done, and which they have now increased opportunities of doing. But such is the policy of the Whigs! What care they for the poor?—the haughty antagonists of duty in every form, and the unprincipled asserters of alleged rights, unaccompanied with obligation of any kind! In their projected Reform of the Church, it is to be hoped that both Tory and Radical will combine in seeing that the poor are duly cared for.

Let not any party think that such oppression can be persevered in with impunity. Of a truth, there is a God in heaven; and even in this very kind is He making his being and attributes felt in this time and clime. Already rich men weep and howl, for their riches are corrupted and their garments are moth-eaten; their gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them is a witness against them, and eats into their flesh as it were fire. And why? because "the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." These, with our soldiers and sailors, have been cut off from citizenship with the state; but as they are all eligible for heaven, beware—beware how ye disfranchise them of their denizenship in the Church!

These are Whig doings; and shall not He who hears the ravens when they cry, take vengeance on such a faction as this?

## THE CONTESTED ELECTION.

"More politics!" methinks I hear all the fair, and many bearded readers of this article exclaim on glancing at its hackneyed superscription. But not one word on the subject with which—*usque ad nauseam*—even patriotism has been surfeited, shall they find lurking beneath its suspicious-looking ti

Elections serve more purposes than political ones. Like wine, they lay bare the obscurest recesses of the labyrinth within; and the moralist may weep, and the satirist laugh his fill, at the incongruities their "open, sesame" can develope.

Not only—as has been admitted by natives, and re-echoed by foreigners, till the truism has become almost too stale for repetition—does one paroxysm of insanity, varying only in its minor details, periodically convulse our usually phlegmatic population;—not only does one engrossing subject from every mind, both young and old, "wipe out all saws" of the past, and suspend all projects for the future;—not only do misers grow munificent, and churls hospitable, and exclusives affable, and exquisites entertaining,—but epicures forget or postpone their dinner—physicians reprieve, or at least respite, their patients—young ladies barter smiles for votes, not vows—and all the softest speeches of Love's vocabulary are transferred from "ears polite" to the dowlass Dulcineas of the farm-yard and back shop.

Whoever has been at Rome must recollect, among the fashionable, nay, indispensable, revolutions of the antiquarian tread-mill to which all vagrants, classical and non-classical, are alike subjected, that torch-light inspection of the statue-gallery in the Vatican, in the course of which, merely by shifting the position of the flambeaux, such new and striking varieties of expression are imparted to the marble features of the divinities of Paganism. Well; to this, and to this alone, can I compare the altered aspect of many a Christian virtue, when viewed beneath the "lights and shadows" of an election-contest.

Gratitude, for instance—the prominent, nay, almost only figure in the group, while the torch is yet brandished by Hope—soon sinks into the shade, as a sordid plebeian affair of barter, when some side-wind of Interest "puffs out the rushlight" of Memory. Consistency—which stands out in such bold relief from the favourable background of a clear, unencumbered estate—becomes worse than infidel neglect in "providing for one's own household," in the eyes of the harassed parent of half-a-dozen portionless girls and as many professionless boys. Family interest shews beautifully when tricked in the garb of family affection; and Integrity never looms larger or more imposing than when bolstered out by envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. Malice stalks about with a tinder-box, looking for all the world like public spirit. And the devil's favourite vice of

"Pride that apes humility"

never plays the mimic more successfully than at a contested election.

People, too—real subjects of flesh and blood—partake in the same mutation as these abstract qualities; and, seen in the *camera lucida* of party symbols, the "bore" of yesterday becomes the pet lion of to-day. Ladies, and young ones too, waste their sweetness on the deafest ear of the deaf old nabob, and the blind side of the gouty justice—swallow complacently the apothecary's election witticisms—and, in a paroxysm of public (*alias* party) spirit, well nigh embrace the attorney. Nor is it on elderly men alone that such metamorphoses are accomplished. Exquisites become "frights" when viewed in the mirror of opposition; and I have lived to hear the terms "horrid" and "creature" applied to the young, han and *unmarried* owner of the finest in ——shire.

But this, it mus confessed, was rare and unsuppo heresy; and when the "horrid ture" aforesaid announced himself as candidate for the representation of native county (on which side I purpo forbear to mention), I verily believe, could a shew of *fair* hands alone have decided his success, it would not long have remained doubtful.

But if many hands would have waved in *his* favour, he had, unluckily, but one to bestow; the tender of which to some favoured individual would, it was tacitly understood, shortly follow that of his parliamen-

ıry services to the community at large.

How far this *on dit* was to be classed among the election rumours — with which, as with flights of locusts, earth and air septennially teem — the event alone could decide; but that it answered its purpose, in the mean time, no one can doubt who knows the influence, passive and active, of daughters — their dead-weight while hopelessly on hand, or mercurial activity when set in motion by a magnet of some hundred thousand pounds.

Sir Charles S—— had, indeed, the Englishman's requisite of "a clear field and no favour"— at least none against him; for a more ill-favoured adversary never entered the lists, since some presumptuous dwarf of romance ventured to break lance with Amadis or Tristrem. Mr. D——, the opposing candidate, was a recluse, partly from inclination, and still more from unpopularity. He was no bachelor — no, nor even widower—to enlist on his forlorn hope the lingerers on the bourne of celibacy. He had (alas for *them!*) a wife somewhere; and it was therefore useless to waste sympathy on a cynical Bluebeard, whose wayward humours, if not downright cruelty, had probably frightened away the loves and graces from his threshold.

And well, indeed, might they take fright at the mere inventory of his external qualifications; for much as I esteemed — ay, in my heart loved Mr. D——, truth obliges me to confess that he limped a little, squinted a good deal, wore a scratch-wig and a high-heeled shoe, mounted green spectacles, and sported a snuff-brown coat and a waistcoat with yellow buttons. How could such a man ever think of standing for a county? — one famous, too, for its redundance of female population?

There are reasons, however, for most things; and Mr. D——'s for braving a contested election were of fully average weight and solidity. In the first place, he had the largest fortune in the county — not *rental*, perhaps, but disposable income; and of this income four-fifths were expended steadily and unostentatiously in acts of public and private munificence. His lame leg was an honourable relic of youthful services in the cause of his country; the straightforward clearness of his mental vision made rich amends for the obliquity of his external optics; and his brown scratch-wig covered a head fitter to govern an empire than to represent a county.

So thought and knew those who proposed and those who supported him — many on public grounds, and more from motives of the most well-founded esteem and gratitude. He was one who, cruelly defrauded in his domestic affections, had, in default of progeny, adopted the whole human race; and if a young man with a decent share of indispensable acquirements, or even one spark of laudable ambition, could get introduced to Mr. D——, his access to one of Fortune's many tempting pathways was no longer doubtful. Yet, round all this excellence was wrapt so uncouth and repulsive a shell of peculiarity and misanthropy, that while the candid praised and the judicious admired its owner, it is not to be wondered if, with the unthinking multitude, he was D—— the oddity— and with the giddy young (his numerous *protégés*, it is to be hoped, excepted) D—— the fright.

I wish you could have been, as I was, behind the curtain (or before it, rather, for I am no eaves'-dropper) when the two rival candidates came to pay their electioneering visits, as it sometimes happened, on the same day — the distanced and out-manœuvred one now tardily lumbering in the other's wake — now, by some dextrous cross-country bit of jockeyship, regaining the start, and with it (in the rare case of a few actually unbiassed individuals) the advantage.

The contrast was not greater between the smart britchka and four smoking greys of the youthful aspirant, and his rival's old chariot, sober and snuff-brown, like all about him, than between their deportment when launched into a room full of curious expectants, all on tiptoe to remark and report on the "sayings and doings" of the rival kings of Brentford. Mr. D—— looked uniformly and unequivocally as he felt, very miserable, and longing to be in any place but the one where the tyranny of custom had sent him. His eloquence, which could shake senates with its rarely-awakened thunders, totally deserted him in a drawing-room; his halt became a hobble under unwonted fatigue; his squint grew inveterate from a multiplicity of distracting objects; the sense of interested motive

chilled the flow of benevolence; the modesty of conscious worth shrunk from the task of solicitation; shyness writhed beneath remark and interrogation: in short, after a brief interval of torture, painful to friends, and prolific of mirth to foes and coxcombs, Mr. D—— generally made his exit amid a chorus of quizzing and tittering, which all papa's grave eulogiums on the talents and virtues of his favourite candidate were insufficient altogether to silence.

Sir Charles, meanwhile, had but to appear to create universal sensation, and that generally favourable, even with those whom principle or party had ranked on the other side. He was, by the admission of his stanchest opponents, "a promising young man;" in the eyes of his youthful supporters he was "absolute perfection." Tall, handsome, graceful, gentlemanlike (but *not* melancholy—on the contrary, extremely good-humoured), with bright eyes, fine teeth, and well-curled mustachios, what *could* he require to recommend him to *boudoir* politicians?—what but a large estate, fine house, old family, and declared determination to marry? And these his insinuating smile seemed to say were his, and at the service of one or all of the fair damsels who smiled graciously on him in return.

But do not suppose him blunderingly confining his election smiles to daughters, or even more sagaciously to mothers, in families notorious for petticoat supremacy. No! though politics, he acknowledged (*to them*), were at best a bore, and his visit one of the purest neighbourly good-will, the unfledged orator could let fall on the entranced ear of the yet wavering squire such scraps of senatorial wisdom and eloquence—the tail of his eye all the time in full converse with the smirking group at the work-table—that, *presto!* an incipient foe was conjured into an enthusiastic champion, and votes and hearts carried by one simultaneous *coup de main*.

Thus it was in houses by the dozen, where I, a lounger by profession, had the fate to behold him, like Cæsar, "come, see, and conquer." But it was not so every where; and while hall and castle owned his sway, a cottage first taught him he could and might be resisted.

It was a cottage *ornée*, however, I must premise—no sentimental, mud-walled, thatched abode of poverty; for I am writing not a romance, but a history; and my heroine is a young lady, not a "*paysanne parvenue*." Besides, in the northern region, where all this happened, none but persons of competent fortune and liberal education have (or *had*) the privilege of electing representatives.

Now, Captain V——, a very worthy man, of precisely the moderate independence entitling him to do so, was, probably from the dignified obscurity in which he lived, among the last to receive personal attentions from the youthful candidate; nor was it, till by unforeseen defections the contest had come to be well nigh suspended on his single vote, that his cottage (in a remote quarter of the county) was hastily stormed, at an unfashionably early hour, by the now anxious though lately confident baronet.

This intrusion on the breakfast-table of a retired invalid was apologised for, and excused with equal grace; for in its presiding nymph (the daughter of his host), attired at that early hour with evidently habitual neatness, Sir Charles beheld with surprise by far the most elegant girl he had met with in his late extensive peregrinations.

Her father, a veteran officer in the last stage of bodily and mental debility, had little to oppose to the florid eloquence of his young besieger, save such general regrets and alleged obligations to the adverse party as Sir Charles had seen yield a thousand times before the spell of present importunity and unlimited promises of future patronage. Captain V—— was not rich; he had one foot in the grave, a son in the army, and a daughter unprovided for. Here were materials for a candidate to work upon, such as he could have most desired in the proprietor of a nearly decisive casting vote.

But in the daughter herself he never doubted to find a more potent auxiliary than all his own tact or eloquence, or even the whispers of self-interest and parental anxiety could furnish; and to her he appealed with the smile of mingled triumph and insinuation which had never failed to inthrall, even when not (as at present) fraught with a yet more prevailing charm, by more than incipient admiration.

Ellen V——, whose "eloquent blood" had mantled in and deserted

her cheek more than once during her infirm father's irresolution, cast down her long dark eyelashes in distressed avoidance of the young petitioner's mute appeal. A gentle shake of the head, and heightened colour, marked her sweet reluctance when more directly urged to interfere. But when, at length, reiterated importunities wrung from her a single word, decisive (so Sir Charles was content to consider it) of his fate, it was with unfaltering voice, and nerves strung to painful effort by unflinching sense of duty and gratitude, that she pronounced the simple ominous name of "William."

This word—which, by recalling the thought of his only son, sent out in life under the auspices of Mr. D——, turned at once into their legitimate channel the old man's dormant sensibilities—was indeed decisive of the fate of Sir Charles. It cost him Captain V——'s vote and his seat in parliament, and a fit of very pardonable ill-humour. But since, when this subsided, he unaccountably chose to hang his destiny once more on the fiat of Ellen V——, it is to be presumed he saw something in the only head he could not turn, and heart he could not take by storm, to console him for the disappointment.

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## AN AULD WIFE'S DREAM.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

NOVEMBER wind had toutit loud,
An' tirled the wan leaves frae the tree;
The cauld hues o' the winter cloud
Were ghaistly fearsome-like to see:
When auld John Græme, o' Goudie-lee,
Gat up ae morn frae 'mang the claes,
An' buff'd the blankets wi' his knee,
To fley away the greedy flaes.

"Lie still, John Græme—lie still, John Græme,
I hae some awsome things to say—
For I hae dream'd a dreadfu' dream
Will haunt me till my dying day!"
"O, my auld wife! I darena stay—
I always hear your dreams wi' dread;
'Tis never gude, but ill, they spae—
An' weel I ken they'll soon be read."

"I thought I wander'd a' my lane
By Yarrow, through the gloaming gray,
An' heard a wee bird make a maen
In a right wild mysterious way.
I turn'd me round an' round again,
An' glowr'd at bush an' braken shaw,
But a' my glowring was in vain,
For feint a bird was there ava.

"Thinks I there is some glaumry here,
An' I had better speed me hame;
For some wee spirit o' the air
Is singing things I darena name.
Now mind, gudeman, I'm no to blame
If some wee fairy o' the glen
Thought meet at midnight to proclaim
The names an' wicked deeds o' men."

"O, my auld wife! I pray gie ower;
Ye'll put me daft wi' what I dree;—

Fu' weel I ken ye hae the power
O' seeing things which nane can see:
Ye keep me in a quandarye
Frae month to month, an' year to year;—
'Tis best the evil day should be
All unforeseen, though it be near."

"Gudeman, 'tis best to be prepared.
I'll tell you, an' I'll tell you true,
The plain but awfu' words I heard,
Though we the tale should dearly rue.
The note was like the redbreast's whew:
But then it sang in words sae plain,
I thought the elfin's voice I knew—
An' ay it sung them ower again:

"'Thou bonny dame o' Goudie-lee,'
That was the first note that it sung—"
"Now, my auld wife, I beg you'll be
A little dooce, an' had your tongue;
Though bonny aince when ye were young,
An' bonny, bonny still to me,
Ye canna trow an auld gray rung
Is lovely to a fairy's ee."

"'Thou bonny dame o' Goudie-lee,'
I heard it say, I heard it sing;
'Your kindly heart—'tis kind to me—
Loes weel your country an' your king;
Then list to me—for I maun sing
A sang o' fearfu' tendencye;
But dinna let my tidings bring
Your hopes to dark despondency.

"'Then, bonny dame, 'tis meet ye ken
The curse o' Heaven hangs o'er this land—
Nae tongue can speak, nae hand can pen,
The miseries that are nigh at hand—
The wrath of God who can withstand?
And all who are not blind may see
That he has lighted up the brand
Of Britain's rueful destinye.

"'When he in vengeance sees it meet
A guilty people to destroy,
That they may have no last retreat
From their great enemy's decoy,
He first sends rulers to annoy
The very fount of wisdom's spring,
To stop the ear and blind the eye,
And all the soul's sweet chords unstring.

"'Those men are sent like frosts in May,
That o'er the flowers destruction shed;
The rose of England's in decay—
The thistle hangs her burly head;
And, O the harp! old Erin's mead,
Is sadly, sadly out of tune!
A mildew's on our lands indeed—
Our day of grace is past the noon.

"'While truth and reason thus are fled,
The pestilence approaches nigh,

To lay its thousands with the dead,
And all the skill of men defy:
Soon shall the poor and wretched lie
In heaps unhallowed, old and young;
No hand to close the dying eye,
No requiem o'er their couches sung.

"'But, lovely dame, ye maunna take—'"
"Now, my auld wife, that winna do;
I really wish, for gudeness sake,
Ye wadna try to gar ane trow
A fairy wad sing sae to you;
Else it has been in mockrife way.
Indeed the hale, I tell ye true,
Is nought like what a burd wad say."

"Gudeman, I've ae remark to make,
An' ye may take it as you see;
I really wish ye wadna take
Sic liberties o' speech wi' me.
When did I ever tell a lee,
Or say what did not wife beseem?
Then what for jibe sae saucilye?
Remember it was all a dream."

"My leel auld woman, I forgot,
An' winna say the like again;—
Say what you like—but dinna pout,
Nor look at me wi' your disdain;
Ye ken I wadna gie you pain,
Or bring a scowl upon your brow,
For a' that I can ca' my ain,
The head an' guide o' which is you.

"Say out your dream, be't right or wrang;
But have a care; for when 'tis done,
That Hogg may turn it to a sang:
And there are despots looking on—
For Grey, an' Brougham, an' Palmerston,
Are tyrants to the last extreme;
And if they can, by *pro* or *con*,
They'll punish you—even for a dream."

"But, my auld man, I scarce dare say
The names I heard that burdie sing;
Not only *thae*, but mony mae,
It jabber'd over in a string.
An' then it sang a right queer thing—
I'll tell it, though they should avenge them—
That Heaven had sent our laws and king,
But the de'il had sent us men to change them.

"But I the very words maun take—
The very words it sang to me,
Like plaintive redbreast of the brake:
'The warst of a' is yet to be—
A sword—a bloody sword—I see
O'er this devoted land suspended—
The sword of civil enmitye,
The heaviest curse of Heaven offended.

"'For seven days the Thames shall flow
With bloated tides of sanguine hue;

The Humber an' the Tyne shall glow
In crimson to the ocean blue.
O Britain long the day shall rue,
That turn'd the tail above the head!
And her dread curses aye pursue
The sordid hearts that did the deed.

"'But, brand them not—unblest, unshriven,
Unhouselled, tainted, though they be—
The scourges in the hand of Heaven
Are like a plague or leprosye,
Sent for mankind's calamitye.
With hearts and spirits bent on ill—
Yet brand them not—for certainlye
Their baleful ends they must fulfil.

"'As well may you arraign the pest
That sweeps its thousands in a day,
Or typhus fevers that infest
Our shores to sicken, wrack, and slay,
As blame poor Russell, Brougham, or Grey;
For all are of the same degree—
All sent by God to work deray,
And execute his high decree.'"

"O, my auld wife! I really fear
That little burd has been the de'il;
For sic a sang man ne'er did hear
Frae burd sae gentle an' sae leel.
'Tis true—an' that ye ken fu' weel—
I boded little good to be;
But Heaven forefend that we should feel
So sore an' sad a destiny!"

"I canna help it, my auld man;
The words of truth to you I tell:
But whence the message you may scan—
Whether from heaven or from hell.
But on my sleeping ear it fell
Like chime of melting melodye;
An' I too surely can foretell
That soon fulfill'd the words shall be.

"It said, the pestilence shall come—
It said, the sword shall follow near;
When these their thousands have o'ercome,
Then famine shall bring up the rear
(The worst and dreadfullest to bear),
An' harl its wretched myriads hence;
Till all is waste—a forest drear,
By famine, sword, and pestilence.

"O it was dreadful! Then I saw
Poor women trailing out the way,
No house to reek, nor cock to craw,
Nor bed their heads whereon to lay;—
No shepherd's pipe nor shepherd's lay,
Nor maiden at the ewe-bught sung;
The ewes were bleating on the brae,
And dogs a-worrying of their young.

"The kie were lying at the stake
Cauld dead, an' a' their tongues hung out;

The cocks an' hens had ta'en the brake,
The calvies gaed an' moo'd about;
An' a' the famish'd land throughout
The horses lay dead in the sta'.
Cold desolation in and out,
An' cobwebs hang on ilka wa'.

"'O wae the day! O wae the day!'
Quo' that wee viewless burd again;
'O wae the day! O wae the day!
The glory o' our land is gane!
The lograthim o' number ane
Is our gude king wha us commands;
A moon that's wearin' to the wane—
An honest man in shamefu' hands.

"'O wae the day! O wae the day!
Our tide of sorrow has set in—
The tide of democratic sway
Is rolling o'er us for our sin.
Brothers at brothers flout and grin—
Fathers and sons are set at strife;
An' wale o' villains only win.
But, blame them not, auld weirdly wife.

"'The curse of God! the curse of God!
Has aye with selfish knaves begun;
But who can sway the mighty rod
That rules all things below the sun?
Now see the people madly run
To that which is their deadliest bane.
We canna help it—all is done—
The glory o' our land is gane!'"

"O my auld wife! forsooth I say,
That little bird has been the de'il;
There's downright treason in its lay—
The Whigs are honest men and leel:
The SCOTSMAN says 't, an' he kens weel,
Better than either you or me.
But keep this frae the SHEPHERD chiel,
Or ruined, ruined we shall be."*

JAMES HOGG.

*Altrive Lake,*
*November* 22, 1832.

* When old Mrs. Graham related this dream to me last year about this very time, I thought it such a farrago of wild prophetic nonsense, that I only took a note of it, although her husband assured me that it would be fulfilled. But some late symptomatic movements have induced me to put it into metre, to draw the attention of those who wish to be prepared for the worst.

## MAGIANA; OR, THE MYSTERIES OF NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL MAGIC.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, when astrology and magic were occupations of the wisest men of the age, a love of genuine science had begun to display itself among some of the younger aspirants after fame. Baptista Porta, a Neapolitan youth of remarkable genius, had invented the *camera obscura* before he was *fourteen* years of age; and being passionately addicted to the study of medicine and natural philosophy, he devoted his fortune and his time to the collection of curious facts and experiments connected with these branches of knowledge. With this view, he not only travelled into different countries in pursuit of knowledge, but he endeavoured to combine in the same cause the exertions of his friends and acquaintances. He established an *Academy of Secrets*, which met at his house, and which numbered among its members all the ingenious persons in Naples; and it was one of the rules of this association, that each individual should contribute to the general stock of knowledge some fact which might be useful to mankind, or some information which was not generally known to the members. In this way Baptista Porta obtained possession of an immense number of curious facts and experiments, many of which had constituted the stock of the trading conjuror; and he published a detailed account of them, in a learned volume, entitled *Magia Naturalis*, or *Natural Magic*, which appeared about the year 1560, and before he was *fifteen* years of age.

The publication of this volume excited a great sensation throughout the Christian as well as the philosophical world. It was translated into French, Italian, Spanish, and Arabic. It was every where read with avidity and delight, and its only enemies were conjurors and Roman Catholics. Had Baptista Porta been an infidel or a heretic, it would be easy to understand, and not difficult to find some justification of, the conduct of the church of Rome; but it is well ascertained that he was himself attached to the Catholic faith; and we must therefore ascribe the hostility of the church to a dread of the diffusion of knowledge, and to a fear, not unfounded, that a scientific development of the mysteries of nature and art might lead to a disclosure of the frauds and false miracles by which she had so long subjugated the human mind.

But though the spiritual tyrants of the age possessed and exercised the power of shutting the doors of the Neapolitan academy; yet the spirit of inquiry had gone forth from its walls, and new explorers of mysteries, and new academies of secrets, appeared in every part of the world.

It is a curious circumstance, that the work of Baptista Porta was never translated into the English language, and that scarcely any books have been published in Great Britain, in which the wonders of nature and of art have been specially brought forward for the amusement and instruction of general readers. The only volume, indeed, which has for a long time appeared upon this subject, is one in the Family Library,* entitled *Letters on Natural Magic*, addressed to Sir Walter Scott, by Sir David Brewster; in which the scientific portion is accommodated to the capacities of the most ordinary reader, and from which it is obvious that much instruction and amusement may be gained by those who would never think of opening any other work of a scientific character.

In a series of papers, which we propose to submit to our readers, we shall enter upon many topics which are not touched upon in the work now referred to, and pursue many popular objects with a minuteness of illustration which the author of a volume of limited length was prevented from doing.

### No. I.—*On the singular transmission of needles, pins, and other metallic substances, through the solid parts of the human body.*

When we learn, for the first time, that a sharp metallic substance, like a needle, often enters the human body

* The Family Library, No. XXXIII. Sir Walter Scott, by Sir David Brewster. Letters on Natural Magic; addressed to 1 vol. Murray, 1832.

unperceived, traverses a great part of it, frequently without giving pain, and at last discharges itself through the skin by a local suppuration; it is not probable that our credulity will permit us to place any confidence in so marvellous a narration.

The writer of this article was some years ago thrown into this state of scepticism, when he was told by a lady, who sat beside him at dinner, that a needle had entered her foot, without her knowing any thing of the matter; and that it became necessary to extract it, by a deep incision, in consequence of its having afterwards produced considerable pain. A gentleman, on my other hand, who happened to hear my expression of astonishment, assured me that his own sister had no fewer than *eleven* needles cut out of different parts of her body; and that if I would call upon him next day, at his barracks, he would shew me a case where a needle was in the very act of emerging from the *head* of a young girl, the daughter of the tailor of his regiment. I of course did not fail to keep so interesting an appointment; and I had the satisfaction of adding another to the many instances, in which I have been compelled to believe, not only what I could not understand, but what I had conceived to be almost impossible. The girl appeared to be about fourteen years of age, and seemingly not in good health. In the part of the head behind the ear, there was a slight local inflammation, and the point of a needle, which I felt with my own hand, protruded, like a thorn, through the suppurated part of the skin. It was capable of being moved, as if it lay in soft flesh; and it was evident, from the small quantity of integument which is on that part of the skull, and from the direction of the point of the needle, that it was emerging from the solid bone. I learned afterwards, that the needle gradually advanced, and was at length taken out

I dare scarcely venture to record another instance of a still more markable ; but I received my information good authority; and, though the patient and my informant are both dead, I believe there are many persons who can vouch for the truth of the story, incredible as it may ar. A gentleman of wealth and sideration felt a very acute pain in his left arm, above the wrist. He immediately sent for his medical frie who, after examining the place, c discover no cause to which it coul attributed. The pain, however, co tinued to increase, and in a fe da a small inflamed spot appeared on the arm. The inflamed portion gradually extended, and the point of a sharp substance soon shewed itself in its centre. Having made an incision round the point, and seized the sharp body with a pair of pincers, he drew it out, and found it to be a needle. The head of the needle, however, appeared unwilling to quit its hiding-place, and seemed as if it were still attached by some fibre to the wound; but upon applying a still greater force, the doctor and his patient were confounded at the appearance of a long silk thread, which had faithfully clung to its companion.

It was supposed that the tailor had left the needle and thread in the sleeve of the patient's coat, and that the needle had gradually insinuated itself into the arm; but though this is quite intelligible, in so far as the needle is concern —for its rapid entrance might have n accelerated by the working or motion of the arm, or by an accidental blow, or a continued pressure upon the spot,—yet we cannot conceive how the thread should disappear so quickly, and make its way through the shirt-sleeve before the patient had taken off his coat.

My curiosity having been excited by these facts, I was led to inquire into the history of similar cases; and I found that they were more numerous than could have been believed, and that some of them had been faithfully recorded. In some instances the pins had been swallowed; and, instead of finding the shortest road to the open air, they had penetrated the stomach itself, and taken different routes through the body. In other cases they had stuck in the throat, and gradually found an exit at some other part of the body; while in a still greater number of examples they were introduced from the shoe or from the carpet, or were gradually transferred to the skin from some part of the dress.

One of the earliest recorded cases is that of Mary Howell, of Oswestry, in Shropshire, who, on March 3, 1732, had stuck a small needle in the sleeve of her gown. Having accidentally run against a door, the needle, with the

thread attached to it, was driven into her left arm, about six inches below the shoulder. In this situation, she called in the aid of a young woman, who, in the awkwardness of her attempt to extract the needle, broke off the eye, and left the needle buried in her arm. A surgeon was immediately sent for, who endeavoured to extract it; but he failed in the attempt, as he was not permitted to lay the arm open for the purpose. About a month after the accident, she felt a gnawing pain above the place where the needle entered, and extending up to her *left* shoulder. This pain continued three or four days, and returned at irregular intervals. Seven years had passed away, without any farther indication of the presence of this troublesome inmate; but one day she felt a gnawing pain at her stomach, which was accompanied with sickness and retchings. This affection continued to annoy her for nearly *seventeen* weeks, particularly in the morning. At last she experienced a sensation in the lower part of her *right* breast, which made her suppose that a pin was somewhere lodged in it. Being now in London, she directed a surgeon, in Fetter Lane, to make an opening at the place affected, and he succeeded in extracting the same needle, with the broken eye, which had entered her arm seven years before. The remarkable peculiarity in this case is, that the needle had advanced from the *left* shoulder to the *right* breast, without producing any pain in any part of its journey, except at its commencement and termination; for in crossing the left breast, as it probably did, it was likely to encounter the same structure, and consequently the same obstruction which at last brought it to the surface.

Another very interesting case occurred at Gloucester, in 1765. Eleanor Raylock, a healthy girl, about twenty-two years of age, happened to have three pins in her mouth when she was skimming a pot on the kitchen fire. A quantity of steam from the boiling liquid having entered her mouth, she was compelled to perform the action of swallowing, and the three pins at the same instant entered her throat. Although various methods were employed to extract them, yet they continued in the same place for eight weeks, till they were forced down by the whalebone instrument employed for that purpose by the surgeon. Previous to this removal of the pins from the throat, the adjacent parts swelled and inflamed; a hoarseness difficulty of breathing came on; from being incapable of taking any other nourishment than liquids, she was reduced to so weak a condition as to be unable to quit her bed. After the pins, however, had been pushed down, she could take solid food, and soon afterwards went into service. Severe work or extraordinary motion occasionally brought back her complaints, and she was attacked with violent convulsions, which sometimes continued eight or nine hours. In this state she came to the Gloucester Infirmary, on the 29th of May, 1766, three quarters of a year after she had swallowed the pins. Her complexion was ruddy; she appeared full of flesh, and, with the exception of a pain in her side, she was in perfect health. This pain was seated below the false ribs, and became very severe when she lifted her right arm, or moved forwards her body round towards the left. A violent cough and spitting of blood often came on; and the violence of the pain, three different times, produced convulsive fits, which occasioned such spasmodic affections in her eyes, as to deprive her of sight.

These symptoms continued till the beginning of August, when a small painful tumour, the size of a man's thumb, appeared in the *right* shoulder; but, without coming to a suppuration, it disappeared in a week. Some time afterwards, *another similar tumour* appeared in the left shoulder, which was opened on the 20th of August. The discharge was copious, and upon removing the dressings, one of the pins came out. The surgeon endeavoured to discover the other two by a probe; but he failed in the attempt: they were, however, both discharged on the following day from the same wound. The three pins were all of the same length, and 1¼ inches long. Dr. Lysons, who has narrated this remarkable case, supposes that the pins were forced through the substance of the œsophagus into the muscles of the neck and shoulder, and passed from thence to the superior part of the scapula, where they were discharged. It seems to us, however, more probable, that they were thrust down into the stomach, and were carried from it into the shoulder.

The motion of a needle through the solid parts of the body is much more easily understood than that of a pin,

which must meet with constant obstruction from its head; and in the case which we have above described, it seems quite extraordinary that such an obstructed motion, either from the throat, or from the stomach to the shoulder, should have been unattended with any local pain.

A number of curious cases of the progress of musket-balls from the place where they were first lodged, have been observed by military surgeons. We have heard of a very remarkable case where the musket-ball struck the forehead above the nose, and having divided into two halves; one half went round beneath the skin, on the right side, and the other on the left, advancing in contact with the skull. We do not ask our readers to believe the poetical edition of this fact, that the two half bullets met again behind, after having performed the circuit of the head in opposite directions, and, advancing with a slightly-diminished force, united, and killed an unfortunate man who stood in their way; but the fact of the splitting of the bullet, and the advance of each half in opposite directions, is unquestionable.

The singular progress of a musket ball from the forehead to the throat, has been recorded by Dr. Fielding. At the first battle of Newbury, in the time of the civil wars, a medical gentleman was shot near the right eye. The skull was fractured at the place; but though the surgeon could see the pulsation of the brain beneath the wound, yet the bullet had turned to one side, and could not be discovered. Various bones were discharged from the wound, the mouth, and the nostrils. At the time of the second battle of Newbury the wound healed, and could not be kept open; but about twelve years afterwards, when the doctor was riding in a cold dark night, he felt a pain on the left side of his head, about the "almonds of the ear," which occasioned a partial deafness. Having stopped his ear with wool, he was surprised one day, in March 1670, by a sudden puff or click in his ear, when all that side of his cheek hung loose as if it had been paralytic, and a hard knot was felt under the ear. Various tumours now appeared about the throat, and in August 1672 the bullet was taken out of the throat near the *pomum Adami*.

No. II.—*Account of the feats of an American sailor who swallowed clasp knives.*

If the power of the human frame to carry off, through its solid fabric, extraneous substances which have been accidentally introduced into it, excites our astonishment, how much more must we admire the extraordinary self-preserving powers of the stomach, and the other viscera, in enabling an individual to live for many years, who had been in the habit of swallowing great numbers of clasp knives and other metallic substances.

The case which we are about to describe is so extraordinary, that it could scarcely obtain credit, were it not supported by ocular and undoubted testimony. We have no hesitation in believing the feats of a Spaniard who swallowed perforated silver balls, filled with particular substances, in order that the physiologist who employed him might study the action and powers of the gastric juice; but it almost surpasses belief, that a man could be found who would voluntarily introduce into his stomach bodies of such a size, of such a shape, and of such indigestible materials, as to endanger his life both at their entrance and their exit, as well as during their residence in that bourne from which such travellers seldom return.

An American sailor, of the name of John Cummings, about twenty-three years of age, happened to touch at a port on the French coast, about two miles from Havre de Grace, in the month of June 1799. Observing, in a distant field, a tent with a crowd of people around it, the curiosity of himself and of his comrades prompted them to "steer their course" in that direction. Upon their arrival, they learned that a play was acting in the tent; and having collected a livre each, and obtained admission, they were surprised at the sight of the play-actors, who were entertaining an admiring audience with the feat of swallowing clasp knives. When the sailors returned to their ship, one of the party gave an account of the wonders which they had seen; and Cummings, who had been drinking freely, boasted that he could swallow knives as well as the Frenchman. His comrades took him at his word, and challenged him to perform the feat. Though, as he himself candidly acknowledged, in his own account of the matter, he was "not particularly

anxious to take the job in hand, yet he did not like to go against his word; and having a good supply of grog inwardly," he took out his own pocket-knife, and upon trying to swallow it, "it slipped down his throat with great ease, and by the assistance of some drink, and the weight of the knife," it descended into his stomach. Successful as this performance was, his companions were not satisfied with seeing it only once; and having asked him "if he could swallow more," he exultingly replied, "All the knives on shipboard." A fresh supply having been procured, he swallowed *three* of them in the same manner as he had done the first; and, to use his own mode of expression, "by this bold attempt of a drunken man, the company was well entertained for that night." On the following day one of the knives, and on the day after other two, *descended* to their owners; but the fourth was never more heard of, having either cast anchor in some corner of the stomach, or, what is more likely, having been dissolved by the action of the gastric juice, for he never experienced the slightest inconvenience from it.

Our knife-swallower, though highly favoured by his good fortune, as well as by the extraordinary powers of his inner man, abandoned the practice of his art for the space of six years; but on the 13th of March, 1805, his vanity again tempted him to repeat the hazardous experiment. While drinking with a party of sailors at Boston, in America, he began to boast of his former exploit; and in consequence of the discredit which was cast upon his his story, he was highly affronted, and declared that he was the same man still, and was ready to prove to them the truth of his assertions. A small knife having been instantly produced, he swallowed it in a moment. *Five* other knives followed it in the same evening; and the fame of his doings having rapidly spread through Boston, he was beset next morning by crowds of visitors, and was induced in the course of that day to swallow *eight* more, making *fourteen* in all.

On this occasion he did not escape so easily as he did before from the consequences of his folly. He was attacked next day with such cons vomiting, and a pain in his stom that it became necessary to carry him to Charleston hospital; where, as he expresses it, between that period and the 28th of April, "he was safely delivered of his cargo," and all the knives which were thus unshipped are preserved in the infirmary of that city.

On the 29th of April, Cummings sailed for France in a brig, and having parted from it, he went on board another vessel, the Betty of Philadelphia, to return to America. This vessel, however, which was probably engaged in some contraband trade, was captured by his majesty's ship the Isis, of fifty guns, and carried into St. John's, Newfoundland, where she was condemned, and Cummings pressed and sent to England on board the Isis. At Spithead, where the ship touched, and where, as Cummings observes, "it took in plenty of spirituous liquors," he was again induced, under the influence of drink, to relate to his new comrades the marvels of his digestive powers. None of his shipmates would believe his statement; and the argument which ensued was cut short by one of them offering him a knife for trial. "Disdaining," as he says, "to be worse than his word, he proceeded immediately to perform his part of the business;" and on the same evening (that of the 4th of December) he swallowed *five* knives. On the following morning, the ship's company having expressed a great anxiety to witness a repetition of the performance, he readily yielded to their request, and "by the encouragement of the people, and the assistance of good grog," he swallowed that day *nine* clasp knives, some of which were very large. He was afterwards informed by the spectators that he had swallowed *four* more; but he declares that he knew nothing about this additional shipment, as he was probably too much intoxicated to have any recollection of what then passed.

This was the last feat which Cummings performed. He had now swallowed in all *thirty-five* knives, at different times, and it was this last effort that put an end to his life, in March 1809, nearly four years afterwards.

Dr. Lara, the surgeon of the Isis, to whom he was obliged to apply for dical aid, would not at first believe that Cummings' illness was owing to having swallowed knives; but having satisfied himself of its truth by a strict examination of the principal eye-witnesses, he paid great attention to the case, without, however, having obtained much relief for his patient.

But in about three months, having taken a quantity of oil, Cummings "felt ten knives dropping down the channel;" and though none of them ever got to sea, yet he enjoyed the benefit of a perfect calm till the 4th of June, 1806, when he vomited one side of the handle of a knife, which had "*Wm. Cunningham*" cut in the horn, and which was recognised by its owner, who had given it to be swallowed. In the course of the next six months, blades and handles and other fragments of knives were discharged in different directions; and in consequence of his having quitted his ship as incurable, he became a patient of Dr. Babington's, in Guy's Hospital. His story, however, seemed so incredible, that he was discharged in a few days; but was readmitted in the month of August 1807, owing to his health having become much worse. On the 28th of October he left the hospital in an improved state; and he did not again present himself till September 1808, after an interval of nearly a year. At this time he came under the management of Dr. Curry; "under whose care," as Dr. Marcet observes, "he remained, gradually and miserably sinking under his sufferings, till March 1809, when he died in a state of extreme emaciation."

The stomach of Cummings, in its external aspect, exhibited evident proofs of an altered structure. It was opened in the presence of Sir Astley Cooper, when a great number of fragments of knife-blades, knife-springs, and handles, were found in it, and were carefully collected for the anatomical museum of Guy's Hospital; in which they are now deposited. There are no fewer than between thirty and forty of these fragments; *thirteen* or *fourteen* of them were clearly the remains of blades, some of which were remarkably corroded and prodigiously reduced in size, while others were in a wonderful state of preservation. Minute drawings of all these fragments have been engraven for Dr. Marcet's interesting account of this case, and occupy a large folding plate, with *forty* figures. The most remarkable object is a large blade, which has suffered almost no corrosion, and bears the words "*cast-steel*," and the cutler's name, "*Bateman*." Another of the figures represents a horse-lancet; another a lieutenant's uniform-button; and other ten figures exhibit what appear to have been the silver oval buttons which sometimes ornament the handles of knives.

It is impossible to read the preceding statements, without receiving from them a deep impression of the singular wisdom and unfathomable skill with which the Almighty has adapted the human frame to resist the destructive action of extraneous bodies. We are all sufficiently disposed to admire the wonders of creation, but these wonders are in general so often presented to us, that their influence over the mind is gradually enfeebled; and though we utter the words, and often feel the sentiment of strong admiration, yet the heart has made no real acquisition, no new principle of love has been implanted, no spring has been opened from which we can draw, in the absence of new excitements to wonder. When such extraordinary facts, however, as those before us come under our notice, we ought to ponder them in our minds, and elicit from them every spark of piety which they are fitted to yield. Were the ablest physiologist asked the question, What would be the influence on the human frame of a large sharp pin, or needle, taken into the stomach? he would no doubt answer, that if it remained there it would torment the patient with insufferable pain; and after producing inflammation, might terminate in gangrene, and carry off the sufferer. Nothing, indeed, but a knowledge of the fact, could induce him to believe that this sharp body is often carried through the coat of the stomach, and will find its way to the surface of the body, contrary even to the action of gravity, avoiding carefully all the vital parts, and at last making an opening for its escape by an inflammatory action of the surface. Still less could he believe that a patient might enjoy tolerable health for years, while his stomach was filled with more than twenty blades and handles of clasp-knives, some of which were actually sticking in, and lying across the lower intestine. Analogous to this singular power of the living principle is the action of the gizzards of birds, which, by their power of trituration, &c. are able to pulverise solid glass, and even to flatten bullets and cylinders of metal taken into the stomach.

## TO A. B., WITH A GUITAR.*

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Ariel to Miranda.—Take
This slave of music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee,
And teach it all the harmony.
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turned to pain;
For, by permission, and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of love, that never can be spoken.
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,
From life to life, must still pursue
Your happiness;—for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own.
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples, he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent moon,†
In her interlunar swoon,
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel.
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen star of birth,
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run,
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has track'd your steps, and served your will:
Now, in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remember'd not;
And now, alas! the poor sprite is
Imprison'd, for some fault of his,
In a body like a grave;—
From you he only dares to crave,
For his service and his sorrow,
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

* A. B., the lady to whom these agreeable and melodious verses are addressed, is still alive. We therefore withhold her name.

† "And silent as the moon,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."
*Samson Agonistes.*

## No. XXXII.

### PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND.

THERE is old Talleyrand reposing after the thousand-and-one rogueries of the day. He has just come home from the Traveller's; and his dreams, in all probability, relate to some feats of diplomacy, in which, perhaps, his slumbering fancy depicts to him Palmerston turned into a jackass, but by no means a golden one.

To write a sketch of Talleyrand in the compass of a page is a sheer impossibility. We have put him among our distinguished literary characters, merely on account of his various compositions *in re diplomaticâ*—being well aware, however, that he holds the book-making tribe by profession in well-deserved contempt. "Never write a book," said he to Prince Kofflosky; "if you do, we shall know all that your brains are worth for as many francs as your book will cost. No man of sense writes books—the emperor writes no book—[this was before the emperor went to St. Helena]—Socrates never wrote a book." To which Talleyrand added a name we decline introducing into any light discourse, even after the example of a bishop. When Kofflosky pressed him with the names of men acknowledged to be great in other niches of the Temple of Fame, who had yet written books, such as Julius Cæsar, Frederick the Great, &c. the Prince replied that the examples are rare, and that these books must have been written in order to lead people astray.

But if he has not been an author in the ordinary sense of the word, he has been every thing else. The accident of his having issued from the loins of a Perigord made him a gentleman, but for seventy long years he has been actively engaged in undoing that mistake of fortune. He has been an Abbe, a Bishop, a Constitutional Priest, a Clerk in an office, a Minister, a Keeper of a public-house in America, a Prince of the Empire, a Teacher, a Secretary, a Grand Chamberlain, an Ambassador, a Protocolist, a Catholic, an Atheist, a Royalist, a Jacobin, a Council of Five Hundreder, a Senator, a Buonapartist, an Extrême Droit, a Centre Droit, a Centre Gauche, an Extrême Gauche, a Quand-même, a Doctrinaire, a Louis-Philippist, a Juste-Milieu Man, a Wit, a Trimmer, a Rake, a Whist-player, a Rat of many tales, a ——whatever chance and his wife made him for the moment. "Thank God," said he, when he swore allegiance to Louis-Philippe, "this is the *thirteenth* I have taken." We shall not insult him by saying that he is perfectly ready to swear allegiance to Henry V. to-morrow—for, without our saying it, every body will take it for granted.

His first friend was the Comte d'Artois. While he was a plain abbé, the Comte wearied Louis XVI. with prayers to make his friend a bishop. Louis for a long time positively refused, alleging as his objection the rather negligent course of M. de Perigord's mode of life; but being farther solicited, promised to grant the request on condition that the abbé would go to the country, and do something ecclesiastical that would make people forget his *escapades* in Paris. Accordingly, Talleyrand left the city, and preached two or three fine sermons, and otherwise behaved himself so as to lay in a sufficient stock of merit. The Comte d'Artois obtained his prayer; and the abbé was turned into the Bishop d'Autun. This was his first rise in the world—mark the end! That comte is now the ex-King Charles X., and the Bishop of Autun is Prince Talleyrand—and he represents King Louis-Philippe at the Court of St. James's.

All his actions have been consistent with this small touch of character. But what matter? Every body knows that he is a rogue, but nobody thinks him a fool; and that, after all, in the career in which Talleyrand has cut such a figure, is the only fatal blot. What consequence is it that he has committed a thousand perfidies, if it is found that he can be always of use at the moment when his services are required? He may have betrayed every government in France, one after another, for the last forty years; and it is morally certain that he is ready to give up that which at present prevails there at a moment's notice—but in the meantime he plays their cards to admiration. With what perfect contempt he looks down on the Whig Administration of England, and how in his private despatches he must chuckle over that unfortunate catspaw, whom he has nicknamed *Palmerston-pour-rire!*

The portrait is like the Prince in his recumbent attitude; and he is in the habit of concealing the defect in his foot (odd enough that Scott, Byron, and Talleyrand should be lame) in the manner represented in the print.

## THE CELEBRATED BUT HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED POEM OF LORD BYRON ON MR. ROGERS.

MURRAY, "the αναξ of publishers, the Anak of stationers,"—"the Strachan, Tonson, Lintot, of our times," in many respects one of the best fellows in the world, is in some others highly reprehensible. He suffers his Tory nature to be considerably overlaid by the Whigs of his acquaintance, and is by them debauched into manifold sins of omission and commission, which must weigh heavy at last upon his bibliopolic soul.

The *Life of Byron*, for instance, was most improperly committed to Moore, because it was morally certain that he would cut out, with unsparing hand, every thing in his lordship's correspondence which could in any way annoy the Whig gentle or noble folk, upon whose smiles or whose dinners it delights the little poet to live. Accordingly, we find that he has "sown the page with stars thick as a field," almost every star indicating that some great Whig name lies eclipsed by it. Poor Leigh Hunt is sacrificed without mercy, because he is poor;—but all the jokes on Lord and Lady Holland and their set, Cam Hobhouse and the other beasts after his kind, Douglas Kinnaird, Sam Rogers, &c. &c.—the whole blue devilry of Whiggism—are suppressed with the most laudable one-sided partiality that can be conceived. Many of the Byronic sarcasms were not in Moore's possession—of course, it was not likely that those directed against himself should fall in his way—but very many were; and their omission is a signal specimen of literary dishonesty. Another life, or at least a very considerable supplement to that of Moore's, remains to be written. It will be admitted that he publishes puffs upon himself—such as (vol. iv. p. 83, Murray's edition of *Byron*) "Moore's a very noble fellow in all respects," and so forth—so plentifully, that no supplement will be needed in that direction.

We believe that the fact will prove to be, that Lord Byron abused every body he knew, and the closer the intimacy the grosser the abuse. As Sam Rogers was among his most intimate friends, (vol. iii. p. 374, "You (Rogers) and I (Byron) were never correspondents, but always something better—which is, very good friends,") it could not be expected that he should escape, and it was well known in all literary circles that one of the most stinging and personal little satires ever written by his lordship was directed against the poetical banker. This poem was in Moore's hands; but he, having the fear of exclusion from Rogers's table before his eyes, would not publish it;—it was also in Murray's hands; but he, having the fear of the bawling of those Whig folks who infest his *sanctum* before his optics, could not muster nerve enough to give it to the world. As it is one of the best things in its way that fell from his lordship's pen, we thought it a pity that the public should be deprived of it; and after having sought for it for some time in vain, we are now enabled, by the kindness of a fair friend, whose name must be a secret, but which if published would be an ornament to our pages, to lay it before our readers.

We are sure that Mr. Rogers himself will feel much obliged to us for so doing. The poem, it is certain, must sooner or later come to light; and if he have not seen it, his mind will be relieved on discovering that it is no worse. We have appended some notes, supplied by the great literary characters who annotate the new edition of Lord Byron, which we think will elucidate a few of the passages. Our readers are respectfully referred to the portrait of Mr. Rogers which appears in the eighth Number of our Magazine, Vol. II. p. 237, which will graphically illustrate the descriptive verses of the opening "question." They may be assured that the likeness is perfect; and its accompanying biographical sketch may serve to throw a light, though a dead light, on the mortuary allusion to the

> —— "corpse stuck up for show,
> Galvanised at times to go."

Mr. Rogers himself came to make sundry inquiries about that portrait, and the various anecdotes which we re-*hearsed* concerning him; and we think that on the whole he was gratified. We repeat our conviction that his gratification will be equally excited by the poem which we now publish. If it be not, we shall suppress it in our next edition.

LORD BYRON'S VERSES ON SAM ROGERS,

IN QUESTION AND ANSWER.

QUESTION.

Nose and chin would shame a knocker;
Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker;
Mouth which marks the envious scorner,
With a scorpion in each corner,
Turning its quick tail to sting you
In the place that most may wring you;
Eyes of lead-like hue, and gummy;
Carcass pick'd out from some mummy;
Bowels (but they were forgotten,
Save the liver, and that's rotten);
Skin all sallow, flesh all sodden,—
Form the devil would frighten God in.
Is't a corpse stuck up for show,
Galvanised at times to go?
With the Scripture in connexion,
New proof of the resurrection?
Vampyre, ghost, or goul, what is it?
I would walk ten miles to miss it.

Many passengers arrest one,
To demand the same free question.
Shorter 's my reply, and franker,—
That's the Bard, the Beau, the Banker.
Yet if you could bring about,
Just to turn him inside out,
Satan's self would seem less sooty,
And his present aspect—Beauty.
Mark that (as he masks the bilious
Air, so softly supercilious)
Chasten'd bow, and mock humility,
Almost sicken'd to servility;
Hear his tone (which is to talking
That which creeping is to walking,

V. 1, &c. "C.* [Caroline Lamb] told me that it was believed I alluded to poor Lord Carlisle's nervous disorder in one of the lines [of his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, viz.

'The paralytic pulings of Carlisle;'

which, by the way, is an after-thought; for in the original the couplet stood—

'No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
The minor Byron or mature Carlisle.']

I thank Heaven I did not know it [humph]—*and would not, could not, if I had. I must naturally be the last person to be pointed on 'effects or maladies.*"—Vol. ii. p. 267. We see how closely he adhered to his benevolent declaration. Whimsically enough, we find an anecdote in Moore's *Life* which connects Rogers's name with a notice of Lord Byron's lameness. "In coming out one night from a ball, with Mr. Rogers, as they were on their way to their carriage, one of the linkboys ran on before Lord Byron, crying, 'This way, my lord.'—'He seems to know you,' said Mr. Rogers. 'Know me,' answered Lord Byron, with some degree of bitterness in his tone—'every one knows me—I am deformed.'" Very possibly, Rogers, with his usual good nature, turned his

"Eyes of lead-like hue, and gummy,"

on the shrunk limb, and the glance might not have been unobserved.—HOBHOUSE.

V. 31. "Rogers is silent, and it is said severe. When he does talk, he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as is his poetry. If you enter his house, his drawing-room, his library,—you of yourself say, This is

Now on all fours, now on tiptoe);
Hear the tales he lends his lip to;
Little hints of heavy scandals;
Every friend in turn he handles;
All which women, or which men do,
Glides forth in an inuendo,
Clothed in odds and ends of humour—
Herald of each paltry rumour,
From divorces, down to dresses,
Woman's frailties, men's excesses,
All which life presents of evil
Make for him a constant revel.
You're his foe—for that he fears you,
And in absence blasts and sears you:
You're his friend—for that he hates you,
First caresses, and then baits you—
Darting on the opportunity
When to do it with impunity:
You are neither—then he'll flatter,
Till he finds some trait for satire;
Hunts your weak point out, then shews it
Where it injures to disclose it,
In the mode that's most invidious,
Adding every trait that's hideous—
From the bile, whose blackening river
Rushes through his Stygian liver.

Then he thinks himself a lover—
Why? I really can't discover,
In his mind, age, face, or figure;
Viper broth might give him vigour,—
Let him keep the cauldron steady,
He the venom has already.

not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. Oh! the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life!" Vol. ii. p. 207.—Jarrings, we suppose, when one of the jars was broken. After all, this prose description of Rogers is not much at variance with that given in the poem above. The chat of a man who piles his house with fastidiously arrayed knick-knacks, prattles delicately on matters of taste, and makes himself miserable if the crockery ware on his chimney-piece is not put up in apple-pie order, must be

——— "to talking
That which creeping is to walking." JEFFREY.

V. 34. Letter 285. To Mr. Rogers. "You are one of the few persons with whom I have lived in what is called intimacy, and have heard me at times conversing on the untoward topic of my recent family disquietudes. Will you have the goodness to say to me at once, whether you ever heard me speak of her with disrespect," &c. Vol. iii. p. 217.—*Her* is Lady Byron. This is dated May 25, 1816. On March 3, 1818, Lord Byron writes to this same Mr. Rogers (vol. iv. p. 91), "As for my mathematical *****, I am as well without her." The stars are from Mr. Moore, the high-minded publisher of this honourable correspondence. No wonder that Lord Byron should describe such a friend, with whom he had "conversed on the untoward topics of his family disquietude," as one whose conversation rejoiced in "little hints of heavy scandals."—WASHINGTON.

V. 59. Rogers thinks himself handsome. "Miss Villiers," [now Mrs. Granby Lister] said he one day to Newton the painter, "is a handsome girl. She has a *tête morte*—I have a *tête morte*;—it is decidedly handsome." To speak the plain truth, he has an intellectual face, and that is never ugly. When he was young, he must have been the devil; but now that he is old, he is a striking looking person.—JOHN MURRAY.

For his faults—he has but *one*,— 65
'Tis but envy, when all's done.
He but pays the pain he suffers,
Clipping, like a pair of snuffers,
Lights which ought to burn the brighter
For this temporary blighter. 70
He's the cancer of his species,
And will eat himself to pieces,—
Plague personified, and famine,—
Devil, whose sole delight is damning.

For his merits, would you know 'em? 75
Once he wrote a pretty Poem.

1818.

Rogers has been, *in our times*, refused by, 1. Lady Davy (when Mrs. Apreece). We don't know that he has applied again since the exit of Humphrey Halicus. 2. Lydia White (Biddy Diddle); Wm. Spencer cut him out in that quarter—and then Wm. Stewart Rose. 3. Miss Crumpe;—done by Campbell here. 4. Lady Lyndhurst, *alors* Mrs. Thomas. Easily won by the Copley. 5. Miss Villiers, above mentioned, now Mrs. Granby Lister—the Dutch girl of the Yankee Raphael. 6. The Countess of Cork. 7. The Countess of Charleville. 8. The Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury (last year). 9. Mrs. Coutts—beat by the Duke of St. Alban's. 10. Her Royal Highness the Princess Olive of Cumberland. This last was cool in Sam. We confine ourselves to modern refusals. We have heard that he proposed for the Duchess of Cleveland, and was cut out by Beau Fielding—but we think that must have been before his time a little.—Sir E. Brydges.

V. 73. Scott "is undoubtedly the monarch of Parnassus, and the most *English* of bards. I should place Rogers next in the living list (I value him more as the last of the best school); Moore and Campbell both *third*," &c. &c.—Vol. ii. p. 275. This arrangement his lordship exemplifies by a diagram. Elsewhere, in the quizzing verses on Lord Thurlow, p. 200—

"They'll tell you Phœbus gave his crown
Some years before your birth to Rogers!"

P. 281: "Read the *Edinburgh Review* of Rogers. He is ranked highly, but where he should be." Vol. ii. p. 92. To Mr. Rogers: "You could not have made me a more acceptable present than your *Jacqueline*. She is all grace, softness, and poetry," &c. &c. We may pass the remainder. There are five hundred commendations of the same kind scattered up and down.

His lordship, however, it would appear, was not quite at ease about this said poem, all of grace, softness, and poetry. "I believe," he says to Moore, vol. iii. p. 115, "I told you of Larry and Jacquy. A friend of mine was reading—*at least a friend of his was reading*—said Larry and Jacquy in a Brighton coach. A passenger took up the book, and queried us to the author. The proprietor said, 'There were *two*;' to which the answer of the unknown was, 'Ay, ay—a joint concern, I suppose—*summat* like Sternhold and Hopkins.'" Many more sarcasms of the same kind were poured forth against

Pretty Miss Jacqueline,
With her nose aquiline.

And here we have his lordship's real opinions at last. So far from Rogers being the second stone of the poetical pyramid from the top, his highest praise, in Lord Byron's maturer years, is, that

"Once he wrote a pretty poem."

His lordship's latter opinions were generally sounder than his first. As he expresses it—

"The puny schoolboy, and his early lay,
Men pardon, if his follies pass away."

And we therefore pardon all the early rubbish which he wrote about Rogers, in the days when Sam discounted for him. This last-quoted couplet, we may remark, is unintelligible as it stands in the present edition. The "puny schoolboy" was Byron himself, referred to in a preceding line as "the minor Byron;" but these words being now struck out, the sense is ruined. The whole satire wants a new edition. Just think of such an alteration as "Let Moore still sigh," (p. 278) where the original was "Let Moore be lewd,"—and no note. O fie! John Murray—O fie! John Wright.—Brougham.

## THE SCARLET WITCH.

### Chap. I.

About the close of autumn 18—, Hinton Douglas, after travelling a couple of years abroad, came to London with Lieutenant Bucke, who, from the protracted consequences of severe wounds, had been obliged to quit the service. By the most generous exertions he had saved the life of Douglas in the Bay of Naples, when on the point of perishing in the waters; and from this circumstance a strong mutual attachment had grown up. It was now the lieutenant's intention to stay for some time in London, under the medical care of Dr. B——, who was at the height of his just fame, and then to repair to Scotland, his native country, in quest of an uncle, his only living relative, of whom he had lost all traces for many years. After that, it was his intention to go and spend his days, on half-pay, at his native village, which had this farther recommendation to him as a final place of sojourn, that it was very near the manor of his friend Hinton Douglas, who eagerly pressed him to this mode of life. In the meantime he was advised, by a friend in London, to take up his quiet residence as a boarder with Mrs. Clement, the widow of a physician, who had left her in rather straitened circumstances with an only daughter, Miss Diana Clement. This young lady had been abroad, in quality of governess, it was believed, to a French marchioness, and was therefore highly accomplished.

After seeing his friend Bucke thus comfortably settled for the time, Hinton Douglas set out for Scotland, where, after arranging his affairs and gaining the sweet consent of Miss Marjory Maxwell to become his wife next spring, he returned to London to superintend the winding-up of the mercantile affairs of his uncle, who had left him a large accession to his fortune. To avoid the temptations of fashionable life, and apply himself to business—moreover, to be near his friend the lieutenant, he determined to live privately at Mrs. Clement's during the months he had to stay in the city; and accordingly he became an inmate of her house.

### Chap. II.

Lieutenant Bucke was rather rough in his personal appearance, besides being well advanced in years. His head was excessively long; he was strictly national in his high cheek-bones; his nose was large and red; his whiskers, which were of a decidedly redder sample than his locks, sent along the edge of his cheek, forward to the very top of his chin, a muster of fierce prickly distinct hairs, not unlike the bones of a red herring: those higher locks themselves were of the colour of sand; and from having been forced backwards in his earlier life to supply the queue, according to the fashion of forty or fifty years ago, they still retained their old bent,—the French Revolution, to which every great change in modern days is ascribed, having not yet made them grow downwards over his brow. His eyes were of a peculiarly light grey, and in cold weather winked out a bitter mist; whilst his cheeks, under the same degree of temperature, shewed off a meagre steely blue, with here and there a light red spot. In addition to all this he was old-fashioned and awkward in his manners. The manly frankness of Bucke's nature, indeed, seemed rather to borrow than to lose effect from those outward accompaniments; but it is difficult for such persons as our lieutenant to be dignified in matters of love; and the many ungainly attentions which ere long he was obliged to shew to Miss Diana Clement, began to mock his nobler qualities in the eyes of Douglas, who, notwithstanding his sincere admiration of Bucke's generous heart, could not help being both amused and disgusted by his ridiculous affectations. Meanwhile, Miss Clement paid all her attentions with a quizzical return. This at first Douglas was inclined to set down to a want of deep feeling on her part, and girlish thoughtlessness, which seemed to correspond necessarily with her very youthful look. She was tall and slender, and appeared like one who had grown up to womanhood before her proper years. A cloud of sunny ringlets broke upon a brow of most transparent beauty. Her cheek was embalmed with the finest hues of life, which shone through like bright tinctured spirits, and seemed at all times scarce repressed from flaming and coursing over all her face. Douglas soon saw, however, that she was girlish

only in appearance; and for many reasons he began to be very much struck with this beautiful young woman. Judging from the nature of the speculations upon which she sometimes entered, such appeared to him the force and daring of her character, that her present life to his instinctive feeling seemed like a mere retirement from bold and comprehensive deeds; and, in connexion with this, her abstruse studies, uncommon to females, appeared a farther preparation for something great, beyond her present mode of life, which did not at all seem suited to her. Her mother, as if she had been a servant in her own house, paid to her entire deference and submission. But the most striking thing of all was, that Miss Clement never tried to hide her emotions of anger, which were frequent and violent. Then the brightest scarlet suffusion was over her face in a moment. There were no vehement gesticulations; the fiery violence of her nature shewed itself in a rigid compression of frame, often followed by a subtle and intense shivering, and not unfrequently ending in a paroxysm of sobbing and tears. Another remarkable demonstration, however, was her love of judicial astrology, in which she professed herself not only a believer, but a practised calculator; and the intimations from which to man's spirit she spoke of with a singularly wild eloquence, which seemed melancholy and altogether sincere. This characteristic, together with that vivid glow with which almost every emotion lighted her countenance, made her be playfully styled the Scarlet Witch. She lived in the most retired manner; and, besides the lieutenant, admirers seemed to have none, except a young gentleman of the name of Jenkins, the son of a great merchant in the city, who, apparently of the same ardent temperament with the lady herself, could not hide his violent attachment to her.

## Chap. III.

Diana Clement, whose whole soul was one imperious decree of homage, was piqued at the indifference of Hinton Douglas, and set herself for this very reason to make him her lover. She soon felt that he was worthy of her conquest; and her first seductive arts against him, which were the more plied the more they seemed inefficient, were turned ere long into strong love for the youth. Her studied allurements were not, however, at an end. In another character, the simplicity of pure passion would have prevented or neutralised such arts; but in this strange woman they seemed only to minister to each other. She opened upon her quarry with quizzical and tormenting wit; then flattered him, by drawing forth his. She gave her whole heart to a moving story: anon she was all for mirth, then for a witching song; then for the renewed encounters of Beatrice and Benedict. She broke off at a point at which she knew he would be impatient to renew teasing explanations; and judging that herein she had found out her power over him, she strove to keep up a continuance of interest from day to day, that he might be taken captive along an irresistible chain.

Secure in his honourable faith, Douglas was merely amused with all this, which he allowed to go on for some time, that he might fully see the character of this singular young woman; but, ere long, he deemed it necessary to be dignified, and Miss Clement found her hopes at an end. Her thwarted love was now the hunger and thirst of revenge.

## Chap. IV.

One evening, whilst Douglas was at supper alone, he heard a loud cry of "Mercy on us!" from the sleeping apartment of the lieutenant, who generally retired at a very early hour; and in another moment the door was burst open, and in rushed Bucke in his breeches and nightcap, with a candle in his hand, snorting like a horse fastened on by a lion, and looking amazed round over his shoulder at ——. But nothing followed him.

"In the name of all the saints, Douglas, what is the meaning of all this?" cried the terrified soldier, who was indeed a victim to all superstitious fears.

"Of what?" demanded Douglas, starting up.

"Every noise of every devil in darkness," said Bucke, "these three or four nights — every midnight — round about my bed — here and there, and ——" He stopped short, as Miss Clement and her mother entered, alarmed at his first loud exclamation. The young lady had heard his complaint: she rung a bell; and her little

old yellow French serving-man made his appearance.

"Vaulpas," said Diana, with intense calmness, "you are a ventriloquist. Give us all the noises with which you have plagued Lieutenant Bucke for some nights past."

With singular alacrity, as if he had not been at all in fault, the old fellow filled the room with a thousand shifting, low, hellish whisperings.

"Your reason, sir, for all this?" demanded Diana.

"Madam," said Vaulpas, with lisping meekness, "I saw this noble soldier afflicted with that tendency to hypochondriasis which is often the bane of lofty hearts; and remembering the doctrine of my former master, the great Dr. Vaudeville (here Diana started as if shocked with electricity), that a real alarm is often the best cure of melancholia, I have dared to practise on this brave gentleman, who, I doubt not, will from this hour recover the vigour of his spirit."

The thing was thus explained in a minute; in that provoking way, too, which left no room for offence and rebuke; and the poor lieutenant stood convicted of cowardice, and the dread of the devil, before the very woman for whose good opinion of his valour he would have taken a lion by the beard. He was so confounded, that he stood still for a space, altogether forgetful of his outward man; then, remembering his midnight appearance, he tore the nightcap from his head in an agony of vexation, made a rush towards the door, but fell down in a fit of apoplexy. The shock fortunately proved not fatal; but it was followed by paralysis, which kept the poor lieutenant for months to his bed, during which time, it is almost needless to say, that Douglas watched him like a brother. Early in the spring he was nearly well; and Douglas, leaving him, proceeded to Scotland, to prepare for his approaching marriage.

## Chap. V.

One day, about a week before his intended nuptials, Douglas received a letter from Bucke, stating that he was now completely well; that he had been made happy in the heart and hand of Miss Clement, who was now his wife; that he had taken a cottage, about five miles off, where he was now fairly settled; and, in conclusion, eagerly requesting Douglas to dine with them there next day, when he wished to have his advice in a most urgent matter. Douglas accordingly went, and was received by Mrs. Bucke (Diana herself), somewhat eager at first in her manner, and pale in her singular beauty, but withal very modest; and in a few minutes, at her ease, and brilliant as usual, she apologised for the absence of the lieutenant, by stating that he had been unexpectedly summoned that forenoon to attend the last moments of his uncle, whom he had at length succeeded in finding; but, in all likelihood, he would be home that night; if not, a card would come from him to Mr. Douglas at an early hour in the evening, stating the business for which he had been invited, and distinctly explaining where his instant services were needed. Douglas accordingly dined with Mrs. Bucke, who, immediately after dinner, craved his opinion as to the respective qualities of two sorts of home-made wine, about which a bet, she said, was pending betwixt the lieutenant and herself. Douglas's decision was knowingly given. She was sorry to say it was in the lieutenant's favour; then, retiring to prepare him tea, she left him alone to his wine and the newspapers of the day, which were brought in, addressed to "*Thomas Bucke, Esq., Solway Cottage, by D——, N. B.;*" and, thus provided for, Douglas sat down before the sleepy fire. Ere long he was overcome by a pleasant drowsiness. His head nodded, and gradually rose more slowly from his breast, over which his arms were folded. The sparry embers of the fire appeared to him gradually lengthened to misty bars, and reeled and rose to the place of the wall, while the wall took the place of the roof. In another minute, he was in a dead sleep.

The door was slowly opened: in looked Diana Clement herself. At sight of the slumbering youth, forward to him she shot in her swift and perilous beauty. "So ho! Hinton Douglas," exclaimed she, "what hast thou to say for thyself, that thou so mockest the awful stillness of the dead? Ha! Hinton Douglas, when shalt thou marry the beautiful Miss Marjory Maxwell? We must leave our country, it seems; and is it not ordained that thou shalt go with us? Thou hast drunk of our drowsy wine-cup, and must sleep a sleep!" She summoned Vaulpas,

who came instantly. "Vaulpas, are you ready? he is secured!"

"It shall be done," said her servant; "yet, madam, allow me"——

"Go, sir," cried the beautiful scarlet creature, flaming up and shuddering; "yet hold,—a word: you wish me to go to France? You were afraid that this sleeper Douglas would for ever detain me in this country? You did your utmost to drive Bucke from our house by fear and shame, that his friend Douglas might follow."

"Pardon, me, my dear young madam; I did it not less because it became not the mother of such a lady to live by such means: I wished them all gone, indeed."

"Yet you could not guess," said Diana, "that I wished such an ostensible mode of life, merely to avoid suspicion. Well, then, you wish me to go to Paris, and all the cities of the world, to win more jewels; for your desire of gold is hungry as the grave. And now that you feel I know you thoroughly, have you confidence in my discernment in other matters?"

"Wonderful lady!" cried Vaulpas; "had my great master, Vaudeville, followed your wisdom, from the first moment that he won your heart, in London, as implicitly as his love of wealth—the means of acquiring all strange knowledge—was great, instead of coming to the block as a felon, he might have roamed with you through the world, till every costly stone had been your own. I obey you, lady—I rejoice that you escaped—I glory to have become your servant. Let me follow you to death! But now, in all humility, permit me to ask, why will you encumber yourself with two such fantastic children as Jenkins and this drowsy Douglas?"

"Vaulpas!" answered the lady, "I know you wholly faithful; and in this matter you shall be satisfied wholly. Well, then, why have I left London, and come to this western coast of Scotland? First, because I found out that those Dutch hounds of justice were in quest of us in the metropolis; and, secondly, because I would give any thing less than immortal life to thwart the marriage of this Douglas: I came to thwart it, and it shall be thwarted. These are my reasons. Now, my means and instruments. Jenkins somehow learned that I had taken this cottage; he followed me with his eternal addresses, came near the coast with some ship of his father's, proffered me much money, and said he would take me to any part of the world I liked, provided there I would become his wife. I have weighed his proposals; I find it will be necessary for our safety to leave this country for a while. I have imitated admirably the handwriting of Bucke, our pretended lord and master, and got this boy Douglas in my power. We will go with Jenkins. He will do to Douglas what I wish—he will go whithersoever I wish—he will return whensoever I wish: what would you more? You shall go with me, Vaulpas. Mark, now, your duty This morning I saw Jenkins' ship stand into our frith with the full tide, but now he must be far out again with the ebb; for he durst not, even for me, anchor on the bare sands till another flow. At the small inn down by the sea-shore he said he would wait for me all day, lest I should wish to see him preparatory to my going with him, to which I have already agreed. So, then, I do wish to see him, that we may get Douglas instantly conveyed on board his ship. Vaulpas, go immediately to the next inn, and order a post-chaise to be ready at our gate in less than an hour." Vaulpas retired; and Miss Clement continued to walk up and down the apartment.

## Chap. VI.

In a short time, Vaulpas returned, and said that the chaise was ready; and Miss Clement, after giving him strict injunctions to keep the doors securely locked till her return, glanced quickly down an avenue, and, getting into the carriage, which was waiting at the bottom of it, ordered the coachman to drive at full speed to the little inn down the shore, which, with a significant nod, he professed to know very well. After following the main road for two or three miles, he turned into a soft hollow by-path leading down to the sea-sands, which now lay broad and white behind the far-retreating tide, with here and there a stranded punt or brig on the edge of the mazy river, which had entirely lost the appearance of a fresh-water stream, and crept diffusely down the oozy flat. To avoid the double rows of broken stakes, which ran from the highest water-mark a hundred yards or so across the sands, the chaise was kept

upon the shingly border, between the softer shore and the sea-pink sward, and went forward at a moderate pace, till it was drawn up before a low house snugly set beneath the shelter of a yard of old trees, that grew forward almost to the very beach; and the driver, alighting, told the lady this was Joe Martin's Anchor. After ordering him to wait for her, Miss Clement advanced to the door of the house, and, meeting the landlord, demanded if Captain Jenkins was there. He answered in the affirmative, and opened the door of an apartment whence came a strong gust of tobacco and spirituous fumes; and Miss Clement, following close behind, without ceremony, was at once in the presence of Jenkins, who was leaning moodily on a bacchanalian table. Opposite to him sat two men, who seemed bold and rough seamen, in the tarnished dress of officers, and whose brown faces, evidently inflamed by the libations which they had been making, wore also a sulky and menacing expression. "A damsel in the wind!" cries one of these men, as he was the first to observe the lady enter; and, relaxing his features a little, he stared upon her with insolent eyes. Meanwhile, Jenkins had observed Miss Clement, and had started up: reeling a little, he turned to his companions, "My brave lieutenants," said he, will you give us sea-room for a few minutes' space? This lady comes to settle the argument in your favour; and to-morrow we stand out whithersoever the hearts of my gallant fellows shall bear away."

"Jenkins," said the lady, "I like not this scented cabin of yours; I would walk half an hour with you away on the free sands: follow me when you have cooled your head with water."

With nothing of beard save the down of boyhood on his cheek, though he might be nearly thirty years of age, Jenkins' face was in other respects also of a delicate style of manly beauty. But now its smoothness was broken up with streaks like the channels of scalding tears; there were blue rings below his eyes, whilst these were muddy and red,—all betokening evil passions and low indulgence. Pathetically, as if under a sense of his debasement, he looked on the face of Miss Clement, after her implied rebuke, and left the room apparently in haste to obey her. She then walked out upon the hard white sands, and up by the side of the river, where in a few minutes she was joined by Jenkins.

"Are you the man," said she, confronting him as he came up to her, "who wished me, for his own sake, to leave my native country? Nay, are you capable of guiding me aright, Captain Jenkins, if I take your arm along the bank?"

"I understand you, young lady."

"Those cups, sir, shall be forgiven, even though you more than half expected to see me here to night; but on this condition,—that you use not one phrase of nautical jargon during our present interview, which must be a very serious one. Prithee, now, affect not that same bluntness."

"I shall be blunt enough, at least, Diana Clement, to bid you not be whimsical and capricious, but listen to me aright. It is you that have made me what I am at present; and, if I know myself at all, it is you, Diana, that can lead me back to better things."

"I will not speak or promise rashly, Mr. Jenkins. For some purpose, you have traced me to this part of the country. Now, though I spoke of going with you to-morrow, I must yet hear your purpose more distinctly. If you think my present caution no bad pledge of my sincerity, tell me, in the first place, what you are, and what is this commission of yours."

"Need I remind you, Miss Clement, that I had robbed my father of immense sums, all for your sake; and that, after you had promised to embark with me, you allowed that fellow Douglas to come betwixt us!"

"He shall be within reach of your revenge ere long; nay, this very night. Proceed!"

"For my good old father's sake, and for the sake of another one, I had not the heart to sail then, as I intended. That father was still willing to take back his only son. Let Miss Clement answer for that other one in the same style, and say that she is ready to go with me to night."

"Let me remind you, Jenkins, of the point proposed,—this commission of yours."

"Well, then, thou most beautiful infanta, suppose the shark to be one of my father's ships, and that somehow I have contrived to man her with my

own fellows, and to become myself their captain."

"A literal pirate, I presume you mean?"

"By my soul! yes; and I shall soon find a fitter ship: there are thousands on the ocean for the winning. I have a friend a pirate in the Greek seas, who has invited me thither."

"Your scheme, now, excellent captain, so far as I am concerned?"

"You shall hang with me on the cloudy rim of the wild sea; I will be your sea-knight for ever, and you will dress my wounds. Or, if you so command, I shall but use our ship to take us to any shore which you shall name; and there, for your sake, give her up for ever to my sulky lieutenants."

"I can scarcely hear you, Jenkins: that wind might blow out the very stars. Will you state your plan again?"

"I shall but say in general, lady, that so soon as you are on board our ship, the compass of your inclination shall"——

"A forfeit! a forfeit!" interrupted Diana: "that garnish is too low and professional by half. Yet go on—nay, I myself shall go on. So here is a young gentleman, of the name of Jenkins, who is not ashamed to style himself a lawless buccaneer—moreover, whilst he knows not the profession; who acknowledges that his subordinates are sulky (for a little bye-sailing on this coast, I presume); and yet, despite of all this, he has the effrontery to invite me on board his ship, as if it were my best alternative!"

"Ha!" here is Diana of the Ephesians, and I must make for her the silver shrines!" said Jenkins, with a bitter smile. "By my soul, then!" continued he, grasping the lady's arm, and whispering in her ear, "it is thy wisest course, Diana Clement."

"How mean you, sir?"

"Because the lady in question once knew a French refugee physician, who, besides pharmacy and freethinking, taught her the art of stealing diamonds—because a hundred jewellers would this moment give a great price for her detection. If I judge thee, madam, an uncommon spirit, and as high above affectation as the starry ship of heaven is above that sooty coal-boat docked before us in the sand, why should I mince the matter?"

"Why do you stand off, my dear Jenkins?" hoarsely, whispered Diana, her countenance flaming, and her whole frame shuddering under rigid spasms. "Give me that pistol from thy belt, and I will shoot thee through the head and the heart, thou eternal caitiff!"

"Do you take my proposals, young lady? Or shall I turn recreant from my ship, and hunt thy life?"

"This is a night of unparalleled sincerity, Mr. Jenkins, and therefore I shall unfold myself a little farther to you. I am not, sir, as you suppose, a refugee in this part of the country: I came hither for revenge; and I shall have enough of it ere to-morrow night, in one shape or another—for you have made me fearless;—I give you thanks, once in my life! I shall go with you, Jenkins, on one condition, which I scruple not to name, because in this I am not more wicked, but only more sincere, than the world in general. This Hinton Douglas I never loved, as you supposed. My great object was revenge; and I refused then to sail with y. because I had vowed to pursue him day and night till I could fulfil my heart's wrath against him."

"And may I ask, thou remarkable woman, why he was the object of thy hatred?"

"No, sir, you may not ask—you need not ask—you shall not!—I will not satisfy you there—I will not feign a cause to cheat your present thought, which I know very well, and which I despise. Listen to me, rather, and weigh that one condition, if you are indeed sincere in wishing me to sail with you. Hinton Douglas is at this moment lying in my house, in one of those dead sleeps which you have seen—Will you take him on board to-night? and do the same by me to-morrow night? till when I must be occupied in making arrangements for our voyage."

"By yon chaste moon, lady, this is all too complicated and too refined for my poor wits. But suppose we take him on board, what then?"

"If you will have my stern wish, keep him fast bound in your hold till your vessel be blown to pieces, which, trust me, shall be ere long. Or if you grow weary of so detaining him, and he refuse to become one of your crew, then sell him for a slave to the Algerines—or get him in any way so bestowed that he may never revisit this kingdom more."

"Before my soul, madam, what were you saying? Did you talk of this

Douglas becoming one of my crew? or did you say that he is to be captain under your own management?"

"Why, what a sorry fellow thou art, after all, Jenkins! I should have imagined, now, thy pride wished exactly such a trial, that thou mightest shew thyself one not to be overcome on all hands by Diana Clement, and a paltry lad like this Douglas. But if you have a mind, we will throw him overboard the very first night, ere he have time to win thy sailors' hearts from their true allegiance."

"But suppose you give us the slip to-morrow night?"

"Prythee, now, teach me not bad lessons. Why, then, set him again on shore; and what harm is done! Moreover, to avenge thee of my false promise, tell him how I abused him with a wicked sleep, and set him to hunt me down in virtue of this, and that charge of thine own from Goldsmiths' Hall."

"I shall obey thee in all things, lady, for thou art wiser than I am."

"Now, then," said Diana, "to the execution of our purpose. The coachman must be detained for an hour or two in yon same house, where, I can judge from the colour of his nose, it will be no hard matter to make him willingly abide; and in the meantime we two, with one or both of your lieutenants—lest our victim should awake—shall set off with the chaise for our sleepy luggage. You shall drive us, captain. And—let me see—yes—both your lieutenants must go, that I may not need to come back with you. Is there any thing farther, Mr. Jenkins, which you wish to have explained?"

"Let us walk on a little, my sweet Scarlet Witch—we have abundance of leisure, for the tide will not be up till midnight. Our shark shall then be in the firth; and some of my fellows in their boat shall be looking out for us—so we'll have an opportunity of getting our cargo safely on board."

"Bravely said, my dear captain; but the coachman may take offence at such a long detention; and the sooner the young dreamer is brought down to the sea-side the better. Will the landlord not stickle about letting him into his house?"

"Not he, by his Anchor! Yet we'll make arrangements to keep him out of the way. Nay, so soon as we can persuade the coachman to unyoke his horses and put them into the stable, we shall endeavour to have both landlord and driver so plied that they shall soon be unable to interfere with us. When all is otherwise ready, I myself can again yoke the horses. Come, sweet Di, come with me!"

All this was done easily; and Douglas, whose sleep was still unbroken, was brought down to the Anchor Inn.

## Chap. VII.

Hinton Douglas awaked from his sleep; but, after lying still awhile with his eyes fully open, he could see no light whatever; and he knew not at all where he was. A cold stiffness all over him, with pains about his neck, and the touch of a damp floor beside him, made him perceive that he was not in a bed, as he had at first supposed. He was impressed, at the same time, with an almost certain conviction that he had been roughly handled in his sleep, and that he had heard loud and external noises as of shouting and obstreperous singing, which, though mingling with his dream with the quickest accommodation, had yet eventually waked him. A strong fume of ardent spirits, which he now felt all around him, might have contributed to the same. Miss Clement and the sleepy wine he now dimly recollected. This was enough to make him fear the worst; and he started up to ascertain, if possible, where he really was. Groping onward cautiously, he came in contact with something like a barrel; and on either side of it he found more of the same sort; and, farther to one side, he felt bottles piled among sawdust;—all which led him to suppose that he was in some low cellar. He was moving round the place in quest of the door, when a number of voices broke out in some contiguous apartment, evidently in threatening parley with other voices heard farther away. Immediately there was a violent beating, mingled with loud cries and the report of two or three pistols. Hinton stood still for a minute, expecting the din to cease; but it furiously increased, and with double earnestness he now sought his way out. At this moment a light came in upon him through a number of small chinks, thus shewing him the door; but on advancing to it he found it fast

locked; yet, from the circumstance of its admitting the light so well, he judged it so frail that he might easily burst it open. Before attempting this, however, he looked through a small aperture, and saw two women half dressed, one of them with a candle in her hand, and two or three children huddled together among some casks in a sort of passage, screaming more vehemently at every louder renewal of the farther din. Then came a great crash, testifying that some door had given way. A voice was heard, in which Douglas recognised the harsh tones of Lieutenant Bucke; and shouting, "What, ho! Bucke!" Hinton instantly burst through the frail cellar-door, and passing the women and children, who glared on him, and cowered to the very ground when they saw him, he made his way into a sort of front room, and was just in time to strike down the arm of a man levelling a pistol at Bucke, who, without his hat, was heading a party at another door of the apartment. The pistol, thus diverted from its right aim, sent its contents down into the floor; but the fellow drew another, and turned round bitterly upon his new assailant, shewing the face of Jenkins himself, writhing like a fury. At sight of Douglas he ground his teeth; but in a moment he was seized from behind, and rendered unable to fulfil his vindictive purpose. One awful point, however, he attained despite of the constraint, against which he struggled like a demon,—he managed to turn the pistol against his own life, and, shooting himself through the body, was dead in a moment. There was a fellow by the side of Jenkins, when Douglas entered, brandishing a cutlass with the maddest flourishes; but, as he was more than half drunk, Bucke's party had no difficulty in soon overpowering him. Another, who completed the list of armed defenders of the place, sat in a corner harmmering away at his flint, till, observing Jenkins shot, he started up, reeling, and scowling on Douglas: "So you have shot my captain in cold blood?" said he—"you have, you lily-hearted vagabond! you! Why, a babe boiled in the whey of Pharaoh's lean kine would not be such a weakling in the liver! You spoon for the mouth of sucklings!—you poor predestined curd! you—Have at you with a mess of pap!" He levelled and attempted to fire at Douglas; but his pistol would not go off; and he was immediately secured.

"Your servant, Mr. Douglas," said Bucke; "there is no time at present for farther greeting. Where is this mad host of the Anchor, who has so resisted the warrant of a magistrate?"

"Here he is," said one of the party, "lying dead drunk on a bench."

At this moment a new alarm was given, that there was a ship in the frith, and a boat near the shore, and eight or ten fellows ready to land.

"We must make fast the door," cried Bucke; and instantly he himself put a bench behind it, while some added tables, and other heavy furniture, and rolled a large barrel of liquor forward as a rear fortification.

"For God's sake, gentlemen," said Bucke, "keep out of the line of windows and doors, to avoid their shot. Now get ready what arms you have, and don't waste your fire foolishly: let us patiently bide their onslaught, till they have spent themselves a little."

Voices came near—the door was tried—admittance was demanded; and, when this was refused, the door was attacked with great fury. Bucke now raised his voice, and demanded the meaning of this assault.

"Confound, you, you son of a landlubber, we want our captain and lieutenants."

"Your captain has shot himself!" cried Bucke; "and as for your lieutenants, they are our prisoners, and shall be, despite of you."

A savage yell from without answered this declaration: there was a renewed and more vehement attack upon the door; and it seemed on the point of giving way to the pieces of rock with which it was now battered; when Bucke having, in a whisper, ordered the half of his party to follow him, whilst the rest should keep up their fire for a reserve, advanced as nearly as possible to the door, and giving the word, his section fired through it upon the assailants without, who received it with an angry howl, mingled, however, with groans and cries of death, which testified that it had taken deadly effect. An intermission of the assault followed; the two lieutenants and the body of their captain were again demanded; and the party promised that, on this restitution, they would immediately draw off. They were refused, however, a second time.

"And now," said Bucke, "load again all of you, till I remove that stuff, and then we shall sally out upon them. What can they be about now, that they are so quiet? Either they are sheering off, or it is an ominous calm before some new storm."

Ere the preparations were fully made for breaking out, a far-off shout was heard, mingled with the dashing of the sea, which told that the assailants were embarked, and away in their boat; but in the same minute a strong smell of fire was perceived, and the flames were heard beginning to crackle about the roof of the house.

"The ruffians have set us on fire," said Bucke. "Deliberately, now, gentlemen; but yet we must be very quick in getting out all the inmates; for the wind is high, and things will burn rapidly. Rouse the landlord, some of you,—call his wife. Bid them secure their money, if they have any. Has he children? Let us first open a way, and see that the coast is clear." This was done; and the assailants were found gone, having their dead or wounded with them.

The landlord and his family, and a few of his effects, were got safely out, and lodged in a grassy hollow at a proper distance from the house. The face of the drunken man the while was a strange picture of intoxication struggling with the alarms of awakening reason, which made him sensible that he was near the flames; whilst, at the same time, being unable to calculate matters aright, and being, probably, visited by a stroke of conscience, he thought that he was lost in hell, and, in the most fearful terms, began to deprecate Almighty wrath.

"Jenkins' body," remarked Douglas, looking to Bucke; and both rushed away humanely to rescue it from the flames. As they got near the door, a gun was heard from the ship, which was nearly opposite, in the frith, and in the same moment they were covered with a drift of sand ploughed up by the shot, which was heard in upward recoil, shearing through the boughs of the trees behind the house. They paused, and looked at each other. A second bang!—a second ball passed crashing through the house. A third —a fourth rent the walls to their very foundation, and the whole fabric fell in; and the flame, which had now reached the spirituous liquors, rose over all, in one bright pyramid. To heighten the confusion of the scene, a chaise, with two horses tied behind it, which had come with Bucke and his party, and had been stationed about a hundred yards above the Anchor Inn, came now rattling down the shore, dragged by a young horse, which, having taken fright at the fire, came dashing on, despite of the animals behind, and its own more sober yoke-fellow—despite, moreover, the resistance of the coachman, who, true to his hold of the rein, allowed himself, as he yet cried loudly for help, to be hauled along by the side of the plunging and snorting brute. The horses which were fastened behind the carriage took the thing at first pretty quietly, and followed with heads and necks outstretched, till, gradually roused by the jolting vehicle before them, and coming near the central point of alarm, they swerved, from the noise of the cannon, on the one side, and the blazing house on the other, and, bursting their fastenings, galloped madly over the sands. At the same time the coachman was obliged to relinquish his hold, and the chaise went soon out of sight, at a furious rate, pursued, however, by the faithful driver.

Douglas and Bucke were looking at the ship, which was now fast bearing down the white frith. A distinct flash was seen from her side, and in the twink of an eye the shore was again torn up not more than five yards from their feet.

"She has a long arm, I'll warrant her," observed the lieutenant; "but I think we shall have no more of her. As for her poor captain's body, I suspect it is needless now to think of getting it."

"A handful of black ashes is all that remains of him now," said Douglas. His rite of sepulture has been in remarkable keeping with his wild and fanciful character and life, I believe."

On returning to the main party, and finding all unhurt,—"It is wonderful that it is so," said the lieutenant. "Let us thank God;" and, accordingly, the soldier said a short prayer, which, though given in rather a blunt military style, was yet honestly sincere before God. They then found that their prisoners had escaped. Finally, it was settled that, for the remainder of the night, the whole of them should repair together to the next inn, which

was only a mile or two distant. Meanwhile, Bucke was tying a red spotted handkerchief round his head, as a substitute for his hat, which somehow he had lost; and the want of which (for he was very careful of his health) he was beginning to be at leisure now sorely to feel.

"Come, you little curly-headed rogue, I have taken a fancy for you," said the lieutenant, sitting down to get one of the landlord Martin's children on his back: and the varlet, probably from the quick tact of childhood, which saw that he was a presiding master of safety among them all, instantly left his mother, and sprawled manfully up upon the soldado's back, who arose with his burden. The party then set forward, with Bucke in the van—a curious figure, clipped as his head was by the red spotted handkerchief, whose confinement of his hair gave double sway to his large red nose; whilst ever and anon he stood still, violently to shake the little urchin on his back, who, finding himself quite at home, was springing and spurring at a great rate, and at the same time taking improper liberties with the lieutenant's whiskers.

They reached the inn, and gained admittance. The kind-hearted Bucke saw the children fed and carefully put to bed; then whispering to Douglas that he had still duties to do ere morning, but that he would join him there at breakfast, he left the house.

## Chap. VIII.

"Being now thoroughly well," said Bucke, next morning, explaining to Douglas how he had been led so timeously to interfere on the preceding night at the Anchor Inn, "I left London, eager to see you. On reaching your house in the afternoon, your sister told me that you were away to visit your friend Lieutenant Bucke, at his country house, which she named, and that you had got a letter from him the day before, requesting you to do so. I was amazed; but thinking that it was merely a mistake on her part, I said nothing farther about it, beyond inquiring where Lieutenant Bucke's cottage was. Finding that it was in my way to my native village, which I was anxious to see, I set out again, resolved to call at the said villa, to get you, if possible, to go with me onward to my native place, there to stay with me for a day or two; after which, I meant to return and abide with you for a few weeks. On reaching the gate of the way which led up to the cottage, I saw through the shade a chaise standing at a little distance, but, taking no farther heed of it, I passed up the avenue. On coming in front of the house, I saw the door opened, and Diana Clement herself look out, with a lamp in her hand, which shewed me her face. In a moment, ere she could observe me, I retired behind a tall shrub, scarcely knowing what I was about, being in truth almost stupified at seeing the dangerous Diana in such a place. The next minute made me sensible that I had done well in thus concealing myself; for out you came, carried by two fellows, in one of whom Miss Clement's lamp enabled me to recognise Jenkins. In the same way, when once or twice she advanced the light near your face, I saw and knew your features, which, appearing to me very pale, made me suppose you were dead. From a brief conversation which ensued betwixt Clement and Jenkins, I learned that you were to be taken down to Martin's Anchor, there to lie till midnight, and then be taken on board some ship. The lady then retired into the house with her lamp; and Jenkins and his associate carried you down the avenue, and put you into the chaise which I had before observed. This I saw, having cautiously followed them; and now I went to the next village, and finding there a justice of the peace, I stated enough of the matter to him to make him see the necessity of issuing a warrant for the apprehension of Jenkins and his companion, and the recovery of your body, it being my firm belief that you had been murdered by Jenkins, and that your body was to be taken out to sea and then thrown overboard, that no traces of you might ever be found. Accordingly, I joined the officers who bore the warrant, and, having raised two or three more men with fire-arms, we hastened down to Martin's, and were in good time. We were stoutly resisted—but you know the rest."

Douglas, in his turn, stated to the lieutenant how he had been decoyed by the letter, and by what means he had been cast into that deep sleep, all of which, doubtless, had been contrived by Diana Clement.

"But wherefore?" asked the lieute-

nant;—"can you guess a reason for it?"

"Scarcely," answered Douglas;—"but we shall have her, if possible, to-day, and know all. And, by the way, we ought immediately to go before the magistrate and state the singular affairs of the night. Jenkins' death is a serious matter. Has she been long in this part of the country, can you tell me? Do you think she took this cottage for the mere purpose of more conveniently managing this mysterious plot?"

"Probably she did," replied Bucke; "but I know nothing distinctly. Indeed, I merely knew that she was away from London. But now let us take Martin and the rest of our party with us, and go to the magistrate."

## Chap. IX.

It remains now only to say what became of the young Scarlet Witch, after her plan of revenge against Hinton Douglas had been so thoroughly defeated.

When Lieutenant Bucke left the inn so unexpectedly, on the night, or rather morning, of Douglas's rescue, he went straight to her house, and, having told his name, and said that he had matters of life and death to communicate to Miss Clement, he gained admittance. He was shewn into a room by his old friend Vaulpas; and here Diana herself, her face awfully pale, came shooting rapidly forward, and met him with, "Your errand, sir?"

Ere Bucke, who was startled, could reply, she burst out into a long fit of laughter, and then sat down exhausted on a sofa.

"Madam—madam," said the soldier, evidently much offended, "Mr. Jenkins has shot himself—Hinton Douglas is not on board a ship: I presume I need not say any thing farther?"

Up started the lady, her whole frame in a moment changed from the relaxation of laughter to a locked and intense energy. She looked at Bucke with such earnestness that her face seemed gradually attenuated to spirituality. Then came trembling; but she hurried through the room as if making a violent effort to check her emotion and appear at ease.

"Prythee, Mr. Bucke," said she, stopping full before him, "remove that handkerchief from your head, else the God of the thunder himself shall not hinder me from yet expiring with laughter. We shall then speak of certain matters."

The lieutenant could only feel his ears tingling and his nose growing redder, as with fumbling hands he hasted to untie from his head the spotted napkin, which his generous haste to see Miss Clement had kept him so long from remembering to take off.

"Now, sir," said Diana, "I think you spoke of Mr. Jenkins?"

"Madam—young lady," said Bucke eagerly, "I took care, last night, to hide your being engaged in the matter; but we must soon be before a magistrate, and, there being now leisure for examinations, things must come out against you. Needs there more to enforce the necessity of your fleeing instantly? If you be in want of money, I can at this moment"——. He paused, for the lady was beginning again to tremble; and her trembling increased to the most violent heaving of her bosom, till a flood of tears came to her relief, and she grew gradually calm.

"Mr. Bucke—generous soldier!" said she then eagerly, with a quivering voice, "mistake me not: arrows and death could not so have moved me! I have wept to find one noble and thoroughly generous man."

"Lady, praise me not: had I acted justly last night, I should have ordered you to be seized immediately, thinking, as I did, that Douglas had been murdered in your house. But I thought if we secured Jenkins it would be better if you escaped; yet I am ashamed of having so done."

"I think, sir," said the young witch, with a keen glance, "that you have no wish to parade your good qualities; therefore my self-love dares not abate from your praise. Will you accept this ring, as a very slight token that I estimate you aright? I shall have pleasure, whatever be my fate, in"——. She paused.

"Madam—beautiful young lady!" returned Bucke, taking the proffered ring, and kissing it, "I might be allowed to say, perhaps—but no, you must flee instantly! Can I serve you in this hour? Shall I haste to D——, and have a chaise ready for you?"

"No, sir; your generous services in my behalf are ended. With the assist-

ance of Vaulpas, the rest is easy. Stay, sir; I thank you still for asking me no questions, as I would scorn to have any farther explanation from you about those two young men, Jenkins and Douglas. Farewell!" She waved her hand like a queen, and Bucke felt himself constrained instantly to withdraw. And he saw Digna Clement no more.

The young Scarlet Witch fled immediately from this country, and got to Paris in the character of a French lady, which she could well enough assume, from her thorough command of the language. Ere long she became a brilliant singer in one of the Parisian opera-houses, and a dictatress in many a coterie of bold freethinkers. After running, however, a brief splendid career, and leading captive the proudest nobles by the witcheries of her magnificent spirit, she embraced the Catholic religion while yet young, became a devotee, and died the abbess of her convent.

## ASINARII SCENICI.*

We have lately—have we not?—been somewhat philosophical on the Wordsworthian ponies and asses, the property of Betty Foy and Peter Bell; still we have not written all that may be advanced in favour of these useful animals. Of the ass in particular—and in particular of the human ass—there is a world of matter perpending, good, bad, and indifferent; and of that matter, not a little in favour of its stupidity. We recollect, just now, Cornelius Agrippa's celebrated "Digression in praise of the Ass." He had happened to say, or rather had purposely said (not without apparent irreverence) that the apostles were "not scribes, not doctors, not priests, but unlearned persons of the vulgar people, void of knowledge, unskilful, and ASSES;"—so far had he been led in his assertions, in his great desire to prove the absolute *Vanity of the Arts and Sciences*, whereof he had been writing in his book so entitled. He accordingly found it necessary, in his own defence, to "discourse the mysteries of the ass," and reminds his readers that the Hebrew doctors expound this creature to be the hieroglyphic of Fortitude and Strength, Patience and Clemency; and "that his influence dependeth on *Sephiroth*—that is, *Hockma*, which signifies WISDOM." His conditions, indeed, he tells us, are most necessary for a scholar of wisdom; for he lives by little food, and is contented whatsoever it be—patiently enduring penury, hunger, labour, stripes, and all manner of persecution. He confesses, however, at the same time, that the creature is of so low and poor an understanding, that he cannot discern between lettuce and thistles. Compensation, nevertheless, is found in the fact that the ass is of a clean and innocent heart, void of choler, being at peace with all living creatures, patiently carrying all burdens laid upon his back; "as a reward whereof," says Cornelius (and wasn't he a conjuror?) "he is never troubled with lice" (heaven forefend the phrase!) "or any diseases, and liveth longer than any other beast." Agrippa then quotes Columella, who instructs an admiring world that "an ass" (that same admiring world, probably) "performs many and

* Shakespeare Forgeries. Vortigern, with an original Preface, by W. H. Ireland. London: Joseph Thomas. 1832.

The Druid, a Tragedy, in five Acts; with Notes on the Antiquities and early History of Ireland. By Thomas Cromwell, author of "Oliver Cromwell and his Times," &c. London: Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper. 1832.

Becket, an Historical Tragedy; The Men of England, an Ode; and other Poems. London: E. Moxon. 1832.

Alberic, Consul of Rome; or, The School for Reformers: an Historical Drama, in five Acts. London: Saunders and Otley. 1832.

Caracalla, a Tragedy. By H. T. T. London: R. Groombridge. 1832.

Zoleikha, a Dramatic Tale from Holy Writ. London: John Carpenter and Son. 1832.

Venice, a Poem; Romanus and Emilia, a Dramatic Sketch. Wisbeach: S. Watts. 1832.

very necessary labours beyond his share; for he is many times used in ploughing and drawing heavie carts; he is also used in mills for the grinding of corn. There is no country but wants so necessary a creature as the ass is." As for the rest of this digression—why take it in the very words of Cornelius Agrippa, if it be only for the benefit of a smaller type:—

"How much the ass is regarded and esteemed in augury, Valerius witnesses of C. Marius, who, having conquered both north and south, being at length declared an enemy of his country, and pursued by Sylla, by the advice and guidance of an ass escaped all his threatenings; an ass being the cause of his flight and safety. Also, in the old law, God so far honoured the ass, that when he commanded every first-begotten to be slain for sacrifice, he only exempted men and asses; granting that man should be redeemed for a price, that a sheep should be exchanged for the ass. Christ would that this beast should be a witness of his nativity, as is generally affirmed; and by him he should be saved from the hands of Herod. The ass was consecrated by the touch of the body of Christ; for Christ, ascending to Jerusalem in triumph for the redemption of mankind, as it is recorded in the Gospel, rode upon an ass, which was mysteriously foretold by the oracle of Zachary; and we hear that Abraham, the father of the elect, rode only upon asses. So that the proverb commonly repeated among the vulgar is not spoken in vain—*that the ass carries mysteries.* Wherefore I would here advertise the famous professors of sciences, that if the unprofitable burden of human knowledge be not laid aside, and that lion's borrowed skin put off (not that of the lion of the tribe of Judah, but of the lion that goes about roaring and seeking whom he may devour), whereby ye shall be turned into meet and base asses, that ye will be utterly and altogether unfit to carry the mysteries of Divine wisdom. Neither had *Apuleius* of *Megara's* ass been admitted to the holy mysteries of *Isis*, if he had not been turned out of a philosopher into an ass. We read miraculous actions of divers beasts; as, that an elephant wrote the Greek letters. And *Plutarch* relateth a story of one, that being a rival with *Aristophanes* the grammarian, loved a young maid named *Stephanopolides.* And in the same author we read of a dragon that loved a virgin of *Etholis.* The same also preserved his nourisher, running to her assistance as knowing her voice. In *Pliny* we find that a serpent called Aspis was accustomed to come daily to a certain man's table, who, perceiving the son of her host to be slain by one of her young ones, she slew her young one in revenge of the broken law of hospitality, nor would ever after for shame come to that house again. The same gratitude is recorded of a panther to a man, for helping her young ones out of a ditch; for which she conducted him out of the desert till she brought him safe into the open road. Histories also report that *Cyrus* was suckled by a bitch, and the founder of the *Roman* citie by a she-wolf. I pass over the wonders related of dolphins, and the gratitude of lions for benefits received; nor will I speak of the bear of *Daunier*, nor of the bull of *Tarentum*, both tamed by *Pathagoras.* But that which surpasseth all admiration is this, that Ammonius of Alexandria, master of Origen and Porphyrie, is said to have had an ass one of the hearers of his wisdom, a fellow-scholar with the rest. We find also, in sacred story, that an ass was endued with the spirit of prophecy; for when *Balaam*, a wise man and a prophet, went to curse the people of Israel, he saw not the angel of the Lord; but the ass saw him, and with the voice of a man spake to Balaam that rode him. Thus, I say, sometimes the simple and rude idiot sees those things of Him, which a school-doctor, blinded with the traditions of men, cannot perceive. Did not *Sampson* with the jaw-bone of an ass kill and slay the Philistines? and, being thirsty, when he prayed to the Lord the Lord loosened a tooth in the same jaw-bone, and clean water sprang out immediately; which when he had drank, his spirits were refreshed and his strength recovered. Did not Christ, by the mouth of his silly asses and rude idiots the apostles, vanquish and put to silence all the learned philosophers of the Gentiles and great lawyers among the Jews, trampling under foot all manner of worldly wisdom, drinking to us out of the cheek-bones of his asses the water of wisdom and everlasting life."

But here we stop in our extracts; for it is quite clear that now the famous Cornelius has completed the circle in which he has been arguing, having come round again to the apostles, of whom he re-asserts, and thereby deems he proves, that they were asses. Wherefore it is to him "as clear as the sun that there is no beast so fit and proper to retain Divinity as the ass; into which creature if ye be not transformed, ye shall not be able to carry the Divine mysteries."

Now it is a decided tenet of our creed that *all* authors are asses, and

that "Henry Cornelius Agrippa, knight, doctor of both laws, judge of the prerogative court, and counsellor to Charles V., Emperor of Germany," was one of the greatest of all asses for writing so much upon a subject to which a fellow-feeling had made him, as it has since made a greater man—ass, we mean—poor, dear old Coleridge—*wondrous* kind. But of all asses, those authors are the most egregious who write plays neither for the stage nor for the closet; for it is well known that, except in some particular cases, dramas not represented on the one never get read in the other. Last year, however, we met with many such creatures. Our table actually groans with tragedies of the date of 1832, a few of the titles of which we have appended to the title of this article, by way of specimen. Taking it upon trust that, since there was so much divinity retained in the ass, there might be some thereof in these productions, we actually took the trouble to peruse a few of them—those, namely, before alluded to—transforming ourself, by such an act, into an ass able to carry what divine mysteries might be concealed under such cover. We were willing to believe that among the playwrights might possibly be found some dramatists, since our before-quoted Agrippa was able to console the popes that so they might not "repute it to their shame, if among those giant elephants of sciences there may be some asses." He adds: "Neither let Christians wonder, if among those prelates and expert doctors, the better learned one is, the less he is esteemed; for the songs of nightingales are not proper for the ears of asses, and it is a proverb *that the untuneable braying of asses is not agreeable to the harp.*" The truth of these sayings and proverbs we have, truth to speak, realised in our own person in the task we have here undertaken; nor have we been much consoled by Agrippa's assurance, that "the best pipes are made out of the bones of asses, the marrow being taken out." The reader will perceive, however, that there is something in this, as well as in a "flying horse" or "a huge balloon"—which something will become apparent to his dull vision as he advances in this paper.

We are afraid, however, we cannot say of our *Asinarii Scenici* what "our doctor of both laws" pronounced of his "religious asses," that as the pipes aforesaid far exceed the harmony of the harp, so they, the now-mentioned, far surpass our Jonsons and Miltons, whose divine effusions are denominated, in the persons of their fellows in theology, by the courteous "judge of the prerogative court," the "brangling and braying of idle sophisters." The veriest idiots are to be preferred to such writers; for "several philosophers coming to visit Antony, and to discourse with him, being by him answered in a few words, returned with shame. We read, also, of a certain idiot that convinced a most learned and subtle heretic, and forced him to turn to the faith whom the best and most learned bishops at the council of Nice, with a long and difficult disputation, could not convince; who, being afterwards demanded by his friends how it came to pass that he, who had visited and withstood so many and so great learned bishops, yielded to the fool, replied, That he had easily given the bishops words for words; but that he could not resist this idiot, who spake not according to human wisdom, but according to the Spirit."

This is a point which we leave the Rev. Edward Irving to settle. And now for our *Asinarii Scenici.*

Of this tribe, the first in the class differs from the rest, in respect that his play was exhibited upon the stage—for one night only. We refer to Ireland's Shakespeare forgery, *Vortigern.* This man, W. H. Ireland, is the greatest of all asses, and of the worst kind—neither patient nor docile, but an obstinate brute. One fool makes many—and many were the fools that this Ireland made, all equally impatient, indocile, and obstinate as himself. There were on the one side, Malone and certain pamphleteers, and on the other, Mr. George Chalmers, and Drs. Parr and Warton; and on both sides, the notorious James Boaden, Esq., the greatest, veriest ass of all—except poor Ireland, the duper duped.

The anatomy of this body of fraud and vanity is not unamusing in itself, nor uninstructive to all whom it may concern. First, there is Samuel Ireland, the father of the forger—an enthusiast of the divinity of Shakespeare, who certainly would have been numbered by the Romans among the *Asinarii;* as the god of his idolatry, on that very account, would have been

painted with the ears of an ass.* And, indeed, Shakespeare was a true — a very ass, the right and indubitable hieroglyphic, or rather antitype, of Fortitude and Strength, Patience and Clemency. Is he not, in especial, known by the epithet *gentle?* And for his wisdom, is it not all but divine? In a word, is he not an ass of true oriental breed, though born in occidental clime, bigger and more beautiful than any other; such as those on which the Hebrew princes rode in the days of Deborah, which in their altogether whiteness made picturesque the banks of the Euphrates? Such is Shakespeare in his finer, nobler, more cultivated moods, when he becomes the bearer of solemn, sublime, and pathetic truths to the bosom of civilised man. But he had other errands for other recipients: to the Ishmaelite he is as the Ishmaelite—free, even lustful, restless, savage, wild—nay, the onagra of the wilderness. But, even then, neither Canaan, Arabia, nor Africa, has wild ass more lovelily transversed with divers colours — beautiful with white, and brown, and black — nor fonder of desert and mountain, with the proprieties of which his incomparable swiftness—such, that

"Panting Time toils after him in vain"—

his jealous liberty such, that

"Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign"—

nay, even his libidinous and drinking propensities—such as were exemplified by all the great poets of that day in those "things which were done at the *Mermaid*" — and the words heard there—

"words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then, when there had been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past — wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancell'd"——

were in so perfect a harmony, that nothing more was needed for redemption, in the minds of those good judges to whom "native wood-notes wild" are music and singing quite as sweet as the concert of a modern ball-room. In another respect, also, was Shakespeare a genuine ass, inasmuch as in public estimation, whether truly or not, he ranks in the class of uneducated poets; but if untaught, nevertheless the most teachable, and, like Balaam's, the most teaching of all asses. To such is it given rather to see angels than to their would-be respectable riders — the accredited soothsayers — who, in speculation wise, think they know much, but practically knowing nothing, because they *do* nothing, except it be ride and cudgel for apparent obstinacy, but really for better seeing those who do something — and because they do something, *are* something. What are these Balaams, however, of whom, haply, we make senators and counsellors, and to whom we listen from bench and pulpit, but blind equestrians, who, save for the wiser asses on whom they have the audacity or the good fortune to seat themselves, would ride to the devil? It is a great thing when the dumb is thus made to speak, when the working men of a country — those whom their labour hath hitherto incapacitated, or seemed to incapacitate, for situations of honour and wisdom—suddenly start into eloquence like the Sheffield Corn-law rhymer. Yet hold we this the exception rather than the rule, and are inclined to credit the saws of ancient wisdom, though apocryphal, which ascribed the best conditions of intelligence to those who

"Held not the plough, nor gloried in the goad,
Nor in the furrows quench'd the spirit's legin."

* They did this relative to a more serious subject than Shakespeare. "It was a name common to the Christians among the Romans to be called Asinarii; and they were wont to paint the image of Christ with the ears of an ass, as *Tertullian* witnesses."—*Henry Cornelius Agrippa.*

Nor is the volume of inspiration in controversy against this apocryphal lore; for Irad, the wild ass, was of the race of Cain — the race —

> "unclean, untaught, untamed,
> Rude Nature's vigour working in their breast,
> God's judgment in their destiny proclaim'd,*
> Living to labour, labouring to live,
> Hopeless in death, of hell and darkness named.†
> Inventive Labour! cunning to deceive
> Thyself, and skilful to no end but this—
> Still to be doing, never to achieve—
> What profitest? though all, to such excess,
> Man cannot utter it, be full of thee—
> The eye unsatisfied, the ear no less—
> Sore travail, and the vainest vanity,
> Ordain'd to exercise the sons of men—
> Who getteth wisdom where thy trials be?"

Such is the opinion of the wisest man of men — Ecclesiastes, or the preacher. The apocryphal book gives instances of the maxim's verity—practical illustrations. These, also, we are enabled to render in verse:—

> "Lo, by his anvil sits the smith, and when,
> Pondering his work, the vapours of the fire
> Waste his swart flesh, he sighs in his hot den,
> Noise in his ears, his eyes—nay, his desire,
> Watchful to fashion, polish, and complete,
> The thing he makes for others to admire.
> Not in the council shall he have a seat,
> Nor such as he—who know not to declare
> Justice or judgment, rude and indiscreet."

But the student is equally a workman, and with a like result:

> "Behold, the student labours in his sphere
> To work out knowledge! yet doth Wisdom miss
> Who comes unforced, or is already there,
> Encradled with his infant energies
> Whom she makes sacred."

This is the secret. It is not that a man is or is not a workman which makes the difference; but that the flame of genius, of poetic wisdom, descends from heaven to the chosen breast. And hence it is that two shall be grinding at a mill—the one shall be taken and the other left; there shall be two in the field—the one shall be taken and the other left; for the great Giver of good gifts will give the best to whomsoever he pleases. We, therefore, refer not the poetical congruities or differences of a Burns and a Byron and the Corn-law rhymer, to any relation of rank or social condition, but to that in-dwelling and heaven-inspired vision of celestial mysteries which may be equally awakened in a Balaam's ass as in a son of Beor — sometimes in one and sometimes in the other. For if the angel met the ass, the Lord met Balaam and put a parable into his mouth; moreover, Balaam saw the angel also. But it is sometimes requisite that the man should be admonished by the more brutal creature of the celestial presence, to which, in the complacent contemplation of his own vocation and character, he might haply shut his introverted eyes. Yet are we afraid it is rather the outward than the inward looking which produces this occasional blindness. And herein, indeed, is the mystery, that those who by their situation are excluded in early life from external contemplation, become poetical by the necessary occupation of that inner vision which, as a compensatory substitution, is, in such, naturally opened. As necessarily to such comes after-knowledge. When they mingle in the world, their faculties are on the stretch to discover types of those ideas which, in the active and visionary sleep of reason, they had dreamed in boyhood. Little, therefore, do we feel inclined to inquire into the learning of

* "Mehujael" (*smitten of God*), son of Irad.
† "Methusael" (*death is hell*), son of Mehujael.

Shakespeare—well content to acknowledge him an ass, with a back well constituted in early life to bear in later many and many a pannier of things costly and sacred—nay, much "merchandise of gold and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls and fine linen, purple and silk and scarlet, and all thyne wood, and all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of most precious wood, and of brass, and iron, and marble, and cinnamon, and odours, and ointments, and frankincense, and wine and oil, and fine flour and wheat, and beasts and sheep, and horses and chariots, and slaves and souls of men."

Of the *Asinarii*—or followers of this true, very, and genuine ass—it may be said of them, that they agree in one particular with the wild asses of the desert, that they go in flocks. At one time, how many traders there were on Shakespeare · madmen who made men mad;—and Sam Ireland was certainly cracked. This asinarius had, according to his son's testimony, "an unbounded enthusiasm for the writings of Shakespeare." Boundlessness, which is a quality of madness—

"Madness in mock majesty,
Hell's porteress, sits, all in her sable stole,
As she of the realm were queen who keeps the key:
Her boundless eye expatiates sans control,
And limits to its wanderings are none—
Nought sees she as it is as part or whole"—

is also one attribute of that jealous liberty which is proper to the wild ass, and which characterised Shakespeare himself, of whom it hath been lately written that he spurned the bounded reign of existence. It might therefore, of course, be rightly indulged in by a Shakespearian asinarius. "Four days, at least, out of the seven, the beauties of our divine dramatist became his theme of conversation after dinner; while in the evening, still further to impress the subject upon the minds of myself and visiters, certain plays were selected, and a part allotted to each, in order that we might read aloud, and"—what?—"thereby acquire a knowledge of the delivery of blank verse articulately, and with proper emphasis." O lame and impotent conclusion!—not that they might commune with the soul of their divinity, and extract the heart of the mystery, but that they might learn how to spout iambics. Pah! But what follows? "The comments to which these rehearsals (if I may be permitted so to call them)"—why not?—"gave rise, were of a nature to elicit, in all its bearings, the enthusiasm entertained by my father for the bard of Avon. With him Shakespeare was no mortal, but a divinity! and frequently, while expatiating upon this subject, impregnated with all the fervour of Garrick!! with whom he had been on intimate terms—my father would declare, that *to possess a single vestige of the poet's handwriting would be esteemed a gem* beyond all price, and far dearer to him than his whole collection."

Poor dotard! infatuated—what? not an ass, but ass-herd—a driver, or rider—an uninspired Balaam of that equestrian order who worship the ass on which they ride, but are uninfluenced by that demon which makes the creature eloquent. With no eye to see, with no heart to understand wherein lay Shakespeare's greatness as a man, he adored him as a divinity, and, with equal idolatry and superstition, desired a filthy, worm-eaten, useless relic of his deified mortal; thus preferring what was of no value to that which was of all value—the body of genius and wisdom which was in the better testament of his works. Even so the Romanists sought bits of the true cross, neglecting, meanwhile, the precepts and examples, with the book of the life, of Him without whom the cross had been the most ignominious carpentry by which wood could be made accursed. But there is a Protestant idolatry, also, which esteems the book above the life; and such idolatry our ass-herd realised in regard to Shakespeare's life, whereof he seems to have sought materials which might have made a book. At the conversations before described, I, says young Ireland, "was always present, swallowing with avidity the honied poison; when, by way of completing this infatuation, my father, who had already produced picturesque tours of some of the British rivers, determined on commencing that of the Avon; and I was selected as the companion of his journey. Of course, no inquiries were spared, either at Stratford or in the neighbourhood,

respecting the mighty poet. Every legendary tale, vended anecdote, or traditionary account, was treasured up. In short, the name of Shakespeare ushered in the dawn; and a bumper, quaffed to his immortal memory at night, sealed our weary eyelids to repose."

So much for the old ass-herd. Now for Balaam the younger, who, induced by the reiterated eulogies rung in his ears respecting Shakespeare—his father's enthusiasm—and, above all, the incessant remark, upon his father's part, "that to possess even a signature of the bard would make him the happiest of human beings," took advantage of his residence in a conveyancer's office, environed by old deeds, to produce a spurious imitation of Shakespeare's autograph. Having supplied himself with a tracing of the poet's signature, he wrote a mortgage deed, imitating the law-hand of James I., and affixed thereto Shakespeare's sign-manual. This mortgage-deed, purporting to be between Shakespeare and one Michael Fraser (Fraser, forsooth! that is a good joke;—Ireland little thought, then, of *Fraser's Magazine* and the article "Asinarii Scenici") and Elizabeth his wife, not only transported the old ass-herd aforesaid into the third heaven of felicity, but attracted other asinarii and crowds of antiquaries. To the question where the deed was found, Balaam the younger replied that "he had formed an acquaintance with a gentleman of ancient family, possessed of a mass of deeds and papers relating to his ancestors, who, finding him very partial to the examination of old documents, had permitted him to inspect them; that, shortly after commencing his search, the mortgage-deed in question had fallen into his hands, which had been presented to him by the proprietor. He added, that the personage alluded to, well aware the name of Shakespeare must create a considerable sensation, and being a very retiring and diffident man, had bound him, by a solemn engagement, never to divulge his name." Hereupon the late honourable Mr. Byng (afterwards Lord Torrington), Sir Frederick Eden, Bart., and many others, gave it as their decided opinion, that wheresoever he found the deed, there, no doubt, the mass of papers existed which had been so long and vainly sought after by the numerous commentators on Shakespeare—asinarii all!

Urged to make further searches, young Balaam began to ride these ass-herds as they had been riding Shakespeare—the dead lion, but ever living ass. He accordingly penned a few letters, and "the Profession of Faith," the whole of which passed muster; although, in many instances, the documents produced as two hundred years old had not been fabricated many hours previous to their production!! We are now introduced to others of the tribe: Drs. Parr and Warton were asinarii on a large scale; they herded asses in droves—living asses transformed out of dead lions of all dates and ages, which they drove or rode on as fast as they could to the dominions of the old gentleman—having, as they said, a sympathy for old gentlemen, out of their great reverence for antiquity. Heaven help them! Dr. Warton pronounced a most pompous eulogy on the pretended profession of Shakespeare's faith, in the presence of Dr. Parr, after having twice perused the important document. "Sir," said the doctor, "we have many fine things in our church service, and our Liturgy abounds in beauties; but here, sir, is a man who has distanced us all"!!!

Well might young Balaam be excited by these old Balaams to more ambitious efforts. Mounted on their shoulders, ass above ass, he brayed from on high as musically as he might, and as loud as he could, like an Irish nightingale. Anon, he announced the existence of a drama, although, *if he is to be believed*, he had never essayed a pen at poetical composition, and had not penned one line of the play which he purposed producing—and which was none other than this same *Vortigern*, now republished. Prior to its completion, the fame of his fabrications had resounded from one extremity of the kingdom to the other; and on the completion of the undertaking, strenuous applications were made by the late Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden Theatre, who, in order to possess the play, forwarded a *carte blanche* (by Mr. Wallace, father of the then highly-esteemed actress of that name) to old Balaam, who, however, from his long intimacy with the Sheridan and Linley families, preferred Drury Lane, where it was subsequently represented.

Now comes upon the scene another asinarius. How Malone had ridden the ever-living ass hight Shakespeare, is well known to great and small of his majesty's subjects. Here was an opportunity for a commentator to stand in defence of the dead lion; and, accordingly, for the sake of producing a saleable bulky volume, Malone stood forth "as generalissimo of the non-believers."

"Some pamphlets," says young Balaam, "*pro* and *con*, had also issued from the press; while the newspapers incessantly teemed with paragraphs, written on the spur of the moment, and dictated from the particular sentiments entertained as to the papers by their authors. Malone, in the interim, having collected his mass of documents intended to prove the whole a forgery, committed them to the press, under a hope that he should be able to publish his volume before the representation of *Vortigern*. The bulkiness of his production, however, having defeated that object, he, the day the piece was to be performed, issued a notice, to the effect that he had a work on the eve of publication, which would infallibly prove the manuscripts in Mr. Ireland's possession mere fabrications, and warning the people not to be imposed upon by the play advertised for that night's representation, as being from the pen of Shakespeare. My father having procured a copy of this notice, though late in the day, instantly forwarded to the press the following hand-bill, and distributed a vast quantity among the assembled multitudes then choking up every avenue to Drury Lane Theatre.

"'VORTIGERN.

"'A *malevolent* and *impotent* attack on the Shakespeare MSS. having appeared, on the *eve* of representation of the play of *Vortigern*, evidently intended to injure the interest of the proprietor of the MSS., Mr. Ireland feels it impossible, within the short space of time that intervenes between the publishing and the representation, to produce an answer to the most illiberal and unfounded assertions in Mr. Malone's 'Inquiry;' he is, therefore, induced to request, that the play of *Vortigern* may be heard with that *candour* that has ever distinguished a *British audience*.'"

And now we come to a man, and no Balaam, in the history of this transaction—JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE! He had, in several characters, borne Shakespeare on his shoulders asinine; but Shakespeare was a true prophet, and he meant not that himself who had been the cherubic chariot, the living conveyance of Genius so heaven-derived, should willingly be ridden by uninspired Balaams, in whose mouths it was not probable that Heaven would ever place a parable. He saw at a glance that such rubbish as composes *Vortigern* could never have emanated from the mind of Shakespeare, even in his babyhood; and passed that sentence upon it which he felt the public ought, and did afterwards more effectually, pronounce. This precious farrago of utter nonsense was performed on Saturday, the *second* day of April, 1796. Kemble — God bless him! — was desirous of "procuring its representation on the Friday night preceding, in order to pass upon the audience the compliment of *fools all*." Ay, Kemble knew that the public was the great ass on which the Balaams, young and old, wished to ride. Foiled in this by the interposition of old Balaam and Mr. Sheridan, Kemble, however, so managed, that the farce of *My Grandmother* should succeed; "intending that all the bearings of that production should be applied by the audience to the subject of the Shakesperian papers." He is also charged with having preconcerted a signal when the opponents of the papers were to manifest their disapprobation. For this purpose, the following line in the fifth act was selected:

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er."

However this may be, no sooner had he arrived at this line, which he delivered in an exceedingly pointed manner, than "a deafening clamour reigned throughout one of the most crowded houses ever recollected in theatrical history, which lasted several minutes. Upon a hearing being at length obtained, instead of taking up the following line of the speech in rotation, Mr. Kemble reiterated the above line, with an expression the most pointedly sarcastic and acrimonious it is possible to conceive. Added to this, the late Mr. Dignum was purposely placed by Mr. Kemble in a subordinate part, wherein, speaking of the sounding of trumpets, he had to exclaim, '*Let them bellow on!*' which words were uttered with such a nasal and tin-kettle twang, that no muscles save those of adamant [what are the muscles of adamant?] could have resisted the powerful incentive to laughter."

So far the Balaams were scotched, but not slain. Malone's *Investigation* was at length published, and was answered by Balaam George Chalmers, first, in his *Apology for the Believers*, and next, a *Supplemental Apology*; wherein he refuted, to young Ireland's satisfaction, every position laid down by Malone. Very likely. When two Balaams, ass-mounted, meet, what wonder they should ride over one another; since it would be out of the character of either to see his adversary, though with the drawn sword in his hand? Neither ass thought it worth while to admonish his rider, being only too happy to get rid of his blind burden. After the avowal of the forgery, the author of *Vortigern* forwarded two very humble apologetic letters to Mr. Chalmers, who, maintaining a prudent silence, never answered them,

This avowal was made from a stroke of conscience. The forgery had been charged upon old Balaam instead of the young. It was argued, that the youthful period of the latter's life—he was but nineteen—precluding all possibility of the papers being his, the whole must have been fabricated by his father, who had made his son the vehicle of introducing them to the public. It seems, however, that the former was a total stranger to every proceeding in the composition of the papers; and George Steevens, who has been also suspected of participation in the fraud, is stated by Ireland to be equally innocent. Urged by the imperious motives of rescuing his father's character from unmerited obloquy, he came forward with the truth, having first abandoned the paternal roof, and relinquished a profession for which he was studying. "With the wide world before me," he says, "and a host of the most implacable enemies at my back, ere my twentieth year, I entered upon the eventful pilgrimage of life, without a guide to direct my steps, or any means of existence save those which might result from my own industry and perseverance."

What right the mean-souled or no-souled traders on Shakespeare had to persecute Ireland, we cannot conceive—their motive is plain enough. They saw their own absurd pretensions exposed by the fraud in which they had believed. It was this which they could not forgive, and not any profanation of the divinity of the ass which had so long borne the mystery of their iniquity. There is something exceedingly amusing in the airs which that old fool Boaden uniformly thinks it fitting to assume on the subject. This regular Balaam was one of the earliest and most frequent visiters at the house of Ireland's father, in Norfolk Street, after his production of the MSS. had excited a considerable sensation in the world. He was then editor of the *Oracle* newspaper, and, in innumerable paragraphs inserted in that journal, expressed a thorough conviction of their genuine stamp, not only from external but internal evidence. Neither did the MSS. alone produce conviction, but, to use his own words, they excited "a tremor of the purest delight;" such persuasion of their excellence being retained for months "making all scepticism ridiculous." Phrases these which he afterwards excused on the ground that "credulity is no disgrace," and "strong enthusiasm eager to believe."

With Balaam Boaden young Balaam Ireland has evidently been desirous of making his peace; but in vain. We say nothing of the *Inquiry into the Authenticity of the various Pictures and Prints of Shakespeare*—all ridiculous enough; but we cannot resist, for the sake of the moral application, the recital of one incident. Previous to the publication of this same *Inquiry*, Balaam Boaden walked out with young Ireland from Mr. Triphook's, in Bond Street, and arrived opposite the end of Buckingham Street, in the Adelphi, conversing of Shakespeare and Ireland's fabrication, when the old fool, having summoned up a look of mightiest import, lectured his auditor on the enormous crime which he had committed against the divinity of Shakespeare, in terms too gross to be committed to the chaste ears of REGINA or her readers. On this subject Ireland writes:—

"There is a point in comparison which renders bathos mere foolery. Comment is unnecessary; but there was something so preposterously ridiculous in the idea of assimilating my attempt to imitate Shakespeare and the violation of the sacred mysteries of the altar, that HAD I RAISED MY EYES, *and encountered those of Mr. Boaden*, I could not have repressed the burst of laughter which then struggled for vent. To hear an aged and walking mass of mortality utter

such a sample of mingled pedantry and folly, has left such an indelible impression upon my mind, that I never pass the spot in question without a sentiment of pity, on recalling the ravings of a self-created expounder of Shakespeare dwindled into second childhood."

Alive to the ridicule of Boaden's situation, which is readily acknowledged to be absurd enough, Ireland is insensible to his own. Think of his not being able, under such circumstances, to raise his eyes and encounter those of Boaden! The convicted LIAR is afraid to laugh in the face of the conceited FOOL.

Now for the other asinarii; but they must be briefly dismissed, nor need they much ceremony.

The *Druid* is written by the descendant of a Balaam of great celebrity —Oliver Cromwell, who whilom rode that ass the public to some purpose. The descendant, also, is of a like equestrian order, and would ride on the shoulders of one of the finest of existing asses, S. T. Coleridge, into public opinion. *Ecce signum* — his dedication: —

"To
S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.
In grateful recollection
of his opinion of this
Tragedy,
on perusing it in manuscript
in the year 1820,
it is now,
with every sentiment of
obligation and respect,
inscribed."

Now we are quite sure, that whatever praise S. T. C. might have bestowed on this dramatic effort, it must have been chiefly complimentary, since so fine an ear for rhythm as his could not have commended such hobbling blank verse as this tragedy consists of. It is but fair to say, that there are observable gleams of poetry, and a tact for the discrimination of character.

The Rev. R. Cattermole's historical tragedy of *Becket* is dedicated to the same great poet. The versification and construction of this play are elegant, but the subject, which is excellent in itself, requires more vigorous and intricate treatment.

The author of *Alberic, Consul of Rome; or, the School for Reformers*, keeps three asses in stall for the gratification of his equestrian turn. The sub-title, *The School for Reformers*, was intended for that most egregious ass the mob. He quotes also the opinions of *Dr. Parr* and Mr. Macready in favour of his production. Thus:

"*I have read the extracts from your tragedy. Go on: go on. It is full of lofty poetry and deep thinking.*"— DR. PARR.

"*Your hero is a noble personage, and often placed in most effective attitudes. There are many scenes and situations from which, taken singly, one might predict success.*"— MR. MACREADY.

This writer is one of that tantalising order who are continually exciting you to believe that there is something in them, until, page after page, by disappointing you effectually, they teach you that the whole is a tissue of inanity. The incidents are of the melodramatic cast, and the characters as inconsistent with themselves as with historical fact.

*Caracalla* and *Zoleikha* are unworthy of any notice. The most poetical of these productions is the little pamphlet containing *Venice*, a poem; and *Romanus and Emilia*, a dramatic sketch. This sketch is not without much beauty of conception, and much merit of execution, but is versified most inaccurately, though the writer is not without an ear for metrical harmony. Only from this little book, with all its faults, can we find an extract worthy to be transferred to the pages of REGINA.

"ROMANUS (*alone*).
"My days are number'd,
My last and final hour of death draws nigh.
This is the fate of all of human kind;
Life is but Death's precursor. Solon spake well—
They are most blest of God who die in youth,
Ere blight or mildew, or grief's canker-worm
Descend upon the heart. The Thracians wept,
And were most sorrowful, when woman gave
Birth to a child; the various ills of life
Their mournful subject of discourse, when death
Released one of the number of their friends,

They held their feast of clamorous joy. He slept
His last and tranquil sleep: him never more
Would pain, affliction, grief, or sorrow, wound;
His journey at an end, life's pangs were o'er.
Are not the happiest hours of mortals sleep?
And sleep is of near kin to death. I have loved
The hour of sunshine and of storm, but now
With eyes how changed I look upon the world!
Nature for ever wars against herself,
Worm destroys worm; bird, bird; the scaly brood
Devour each other; and man wars 'gainst all;
And that some higher earthly being lacks
To wreak his vengeance on himself — man slays
His fellow-man. Continual sunshine blasts
The herbage, and the air grows sick with death;
The whirlwind and the storm descend; the ship
That rode in triumph on the sea is whelmed
Beneath the waves; her perishing crew
Strive with the waters, then become the food
Of monsters of the deep. Volcanoes pour
Death and destruction round; cities lie buried
'Neath beds of lava, which in other years
Become a fertile soil that men shall plough,
And by like means at length shall be destroy'd.
Where are the happy found, who shall escape
For many years disease, calamity,
Domestic sorrows? From morn till night the poor,
With sweating brow, labour for daily bread —
Nature's craving wants unsatisfied. The rich,
With pallid and sickly appetites, that ask
The constant stimulant, provocatives —
New luxuries in cookery's regal art;
Their minds the prey of spleen, megrim, and all
The catalogue of those diseases known
By name of ———"

*Ennui* — a malady with which we have not been a little afflicted in the perusal of the productions of these *Asinarii Scenici.*

## THE FREE-TRADE QUESTION.

BY JOHN GALT.

### Letter II.

*To Oliver Yorke, Esq.*

Sir,

It was the object of my last to shew, that there was a great resemblance in the free-trade question to the radico-political, and that in the present state of the world it could not be introduced into national policy, without the hazard of entailing loss and detriment to such a nation as the United Kingdom; also, in illustration, to shew, by official facts, that our attempt had been detrimental to the best interests of the country. I shall now proceed to develope another curious feature of this pernicious theoretical doctrine in practice.

It has been assumed, and is, in fact, an old and vulgar opinion, that the arbitrary governments of Europe are less enlightened than those of the free states. The reverse is the fact; the governments of the latter square their conduct by the opinion of their people, while the former stand not in the awe of such control; and thus it happens, that the rulers of nations who disregard public opinion, are always more enlarged in their views than those of the states where that is done. For example, the government of Russia is necessarily more intelligent than that of England, merely because it is less bound to consult in its measures what may be agreeable to its subjects. An opinion prevails here that this is not the case, and I am well prepared to have the dogma answered by laughter; but not, therefore, disposed to cancel

a conclusion arrived at in an earnest pursuit of truth.

In this country we acknowledge a great diversity of opinion, and we infer, from the freedom of our institutions, that the government here has a graver consideration for popular opinion than where it has less influence. But we need look no further back than the events of the reigns of George III. and Catherine II. to be compelled to acknowledge the fact. A few well-educated statesmen, who have not the fear of the people before their eyes, are likely to achieve the ends of their policy with greater effect than those who, with equal talent and instruction, are more submissive to public opinion: by public opinion, I mean the collective sense of a whole nation. The freer a country is, the notions of the people have the greater predominance with their rulers. Can there be a more striking proof of the general result of the respective policy of the two reigns alluded to, than their different merits? Catherine augmented her dominions, and George left his shorn of thirteen provinces. No doubt, a greater British empire has since been established in India; but was the loss in America in any way contributory to that effect? On the contrary, might not a judicious consideration of the American claims have secured to us the provinces that now constitute a great independent state, in addition to the oriental dominions which we have since conquered? But this is not the place to grapple with so extensive a question; it is enough here to allude to it, and to draw from the general remark the conclusion, that only countries which could profit by our liberality have accepted our reciprocity treaties; and that not one of all those governments which are free from the control of public opinion have done so. Their rulers have seen the doubtfulness of our policy, and have, in consequence, been reluctant to trammel their subjects with what, in the present state of the world, they regard as shackles and bondage.

There is also another error, which affects the political reasoning of this country. We ascribe much more to the personal characters of arbitrary monarchs than is consistent with truth. The fact is, that unless accompanied with rare endowments,* the personal characters of kings seldom deserve much consideration; we ought to look to the system upon which governments are administered, rather than to the conduct of the individuals nominally at their head: yet the reverse is the case, and, in consequence, our reasoning is erroneous.

It has fallen to my lot to make the observation, not only more extensively than a person of my class would seem to have it in his power to do, but in a greater variety of instances than belongs to most classes. Among other instances, many years ago, when sitting in a box in the theatre of Amsterdam, an old gentleman came in and sat down beside me. He had something of a military air, and was singularly intelligent. In the course of conversation we happened to speak of public circumstances, and I observed to him, that those who estimated the greatness of England by her foreign commerce committed a fallacy; for that her power consisted of her home-trade and her agricultural wealth, with a peculiar moral energy in her people. I the more particularly recollect this, as he rose at the remark, and went to the stage-box for two young men, whom he brought with him to that in which I was sitting. On seeing them, I instantly recognised the present emperor Nicholas, and his brother the archduke Michael. I had a long conversation with them, all of which impressed upon me that they were both much more under *the discipline* of others than most young men are. I was particularly struck with one observation which the present emperor made.—Our conversation was a continuance of that which I had been holding with the old man.—I recollect saying, it was not easy to prove by words what I had been observing about the power of England, inquiring if it was not his imperial highness's intention to go to that country? He replied, that it depended on the will of the emperor; and his manner and his words made a deep impression upon me at the time; for his expression was more lowly than I had ever heard, and indicated a submission of mind to others than I had never before met with. I have since, from this and

* The Danish statesman who represented to his son how little talent was requisite in the government of nations, forgot that the apex of the greatest pyramid is but a point.

other accidents, arrived at the conclusion, that limited monarchs are more personally independent than those who are commonly supposed to possess more power, but that their education makes them less sensible of their apparent advantage; and I conclude, that in such a business as the reciprocity system, or indeed any thing in which uncontrolled kings are concerned, it is less the character of the individual sovereign that we should look to, than the rules by which his policy is conducted. No doubt, there are exceptions to the rule, and the Emperor Paul, perhaps, affords the most striking in our time. He did make an effort to rule by his feelings instead of ministers, but he was not long permitted; and his doom affords an example to despotic sovereigns, of attempting to control what has become the habitude of their government.

But from this digression it is time to return. All that I would infer from it, and apply to this discussion, is, that the despotic governments of Europe are quite as well informed of the principles of policy, and the interests of commerce, as the government of this country, with a greater power in the ministers to give effect to their determinations, merely because they are less necessarily obliged to consult public opinion.

Were I therefore disposed to say, the notions of that much over-rated man, the late Mr. Huskisson, need no other proof of their impracticability than the coldness with which they have been received by the other nations of Europe, I conceive that the wisdom of them would be settled; for it is not to be disguised, that, in practical points of political economy, these governments are quite as well informed as our own. Nor is it any answer to this opinion, but the contrary, to say that the doctrines of the free-tradists were comparatively popular here. I am very willing to allow, that the people of this country are much more enlightened on political and commercial subjects than the *inhabitants* of the different countries of Europe; but it will take some pains to convince me that they are wiser, as to these points, than the *statesmen* who govern Europe. Of all that class, I willingly admit that our rulers are on a par, in talents and knowledge, with those of other nations; but any superiority in this respect I am disposed utterly to deny, and to maintain that they are lower, in the efficiency of their talent and knowledge, than those of the continent, inasmuch as they are greatly more in all their actions controlled by public opinion; and public opinion is ever less intelligent than that of the statesmen of the same country.

It is no proof of the practical wisdom of Mr. Huskisson's theories that they were popular with a certain class in this country; the rejection of them by every government in Europe worth while to establish reciprocity treaties with, is in my opinion decisive, though it were not in the power of office so soon to demonstrate the deleterious effects to us of those which we have concluded with the nations who have nothing to give us in return but words.

One point requires the most serious consideration. Connected with the free-trade question is the colonial; and it has been the object of all the advocates of free-trade to represent the colonies, as much as possible, in the light of foreign countries;—we have, in a word, been induced to sacrifice our colonial interests on the altar of free trade. I allude not here to the West Indian question, for it is a peculiar one — I speak of the whole colonial question; and I do say, that there never was more ignorance and bad information displayed, than there has been in the discussions of that question.

It does so happen, that the articles for which we made a pretext for concluding reciprocity treaties with the northern states of Europe, are indigenous in our American colonies. I do not say that common-sense should have directed the cultivation and manufacture of our own colonial products, instead of encouraging those of foreign countries, for common-sense has very little to do with the doctrines of the free-tradists; but before we sacrificed any of ur own interests to other nations, our ministers were bound by duty to ascertain how far we, in our colonial interests, were to have been sufferers.

It is true, that the progress of our American colonies has been rapid and extraordinary; but what have the Huskissonian political economists done to promote this? I will give no answer to the question, merely because I cannot more expressively enunciate my contempt for their measures.

All the articles which the northern nations can send us, may be found in the provinces of our own empire; and it would have been more to the honour of the alleged intelligence of the Board of Trade to have directed British capital and industry to our colonies, for the purpose of producing those articles, than to have encouraged their production in foreign nations.

It has been perfectly ascertained, that the climate and soil of Canada are most favourable for the production of hemp, especially those of the upper province; but the price of labour, which enters so largely into the cost of it, is there a bar to its being an article of export. But will it be believed, that at this moment there is not a mill for the cleaning of hemp in the whole country? Yet it is only by the employment of mechanical means that the evil in the price of labour can be remedied.

About six-and-twenty years ago, I succeeded in procuring a premium from the Society of Arts for the cultivation of hemp in Upper Canada; but, I believe, till the year 1825 it was not promulgated in the province: and I am persuaded, from inquiries instituted while in that country, nothing more has been done on the subject. It is even an opinion of many well-informed merchants, that hemp cannot be cultivated there with advantage, merely because it has not been cultivated at all.* The same observations apply to iron—another article for which British interests have been sacrificed. Iron ore, of great richness, abounds on the very surface in Upper Canada, capable of being manufactured into a rivalry with that which comes into this country from the northern states; and yet iron, in any form or condition, is not imported from Canada. Had we a right view of our own colonial interests, would this have been so neglected? Even a more evident colonial interest has been treated with almost equal indifference.

Some years ago I had succeeded in establishing as a principle with the government, that, inasmuch as the corn of Canada was not to have a preference (I mean, before the last corn-law), tobacco, an agricultural article, should have an advantage in the duty over that of Virginia; and, to do the government justice, they acceded to the principle. But when the amount of abatement came to be fixed, the legislature of Upper Canada said, they would be content with an abatement of three pence in the pound. With all due deference to that body, the amount of duty was a question with which they had nothing to do; the consumer in this country was alone to be consulted: but Mr. Huskisson, instead of seeing this, took counsel of their foolish resolution, and fixed the rate at what they had determined, viz. three pence. However, the result has been, with all this one-eyed policy, that tobacco is now an article of export from Upper Canada; and it will not be denied that, were a similar policy extended to the encouragement of other articles, a similar result would be the consequence. In mentioning these facts, I hope it is sufficiently clear, that I speak but of things within my own personal knowledge, and which shew, that before we heed general interests we should attend to our own. Before any free-tradist dogma again is mooted in parliament, it is the duty of our ministers to shew that they are sufficiently acquainted, in the first place, with our own resources, and, in the second, that they have had a due regard for them.

But two blacks will not make a white; the errors of our colonial policy are not to be rectified by the delusions of free-trade: the former requires an entire revision, and the latter a complete abandonment. But when this is said, let it not be inferred that I condemn the mistakes of our colonial system, or the theories of the free-trade, from any other but the best motives: it is an error of reasoning that is combated. No man can have a higher respect for the integrity of the individuals who are so blameable than the person who so unequivocally calls their system in question. It is, however, the vice of the age to regard those as actuated by bad intentions who differ in opinion from us; and I am sensible of not being free from a taint of the foulness of the time. But in imputing fault I do not impugn motives.

One of the most pernicious observations ever made, was by a deputation of French merchants to one of their most enlightened ministers, when he inquired what he could do for them:

* In 1764, a bounty on hemp in the American colonies was offered, and ended with the war of independence.

"Leave us alone," said they, "and we will do all that can be done ourselves." Since that foolish reply, the governments of Christendom have, in proportion to their ability, as little as possible interfered with their trading subjects; for, at the time, the answer of the French merchants was bruited abroad, far and wide, as eminently wise, and statesmen have acceded to its wisdom as if they had really examined it; but they forgot that protection was the end of all government, and which those mercantile men had forgotten. It is not enough, said truth and policy, that we allow them the free range of all the field they know, but we must prevent them from running into unknown dangers, that is,—besides commerce, nations have political interests to attend to which cannot be divulged to merchants, and, therefore, there must always be a paramount discretion in every government above that which regards the mere interests of commerce. In spite, accordingly, of the respect which in words is given to the mercantile maxim alluded to, there is not one government that has found it can adhere to it; and this is the reason why governments that apply themselves to theories which may be said to depend on individual exertion rather than to the promotion of general interests, are so often called in question. It is a singular fact, that even the expensive government of England does very little to widen the fields of trade. It has no publication for "the diffusion of this kind of useful knowledge;" it takes notice only of political events; and the *London Gazette* is at once a monument of the rectitude with which it is administered, and of the little attention paid by its ministers to interests which are all but those of the first class.

It falls not within the drift of these letters to directly notice the blemishes of our colonial policy; but it must be very obvious, that in broaching the free-trade system before we had revised our colonial, a great error was committed; for, until we had placed it on a right foundation, we could be in no condition to propose the free-trade system to the world, even if the community of nations had been in a state to receive it; and for this reason, it is good policy to suspend at present all consideration for the state of our relations with foreign countries, and to give an exclusive scrutiny to the state and condition of our colonial interests.

I do not presume to offer any better plan that might be judiciously pursued than that which has so long existed; but there is one obvious error in the existing system which a more simple person than a lawgiver can discern. No colony should be an absolute burden to the mother-country, for its defence or its municipal expenses: an account should be kept for every colony, separately, and the cost of each to the mother-country should be constituted a debt against them, to be gradually liquidated as their circumstances improved. No argument in support of this notion is required. It must occur to every one, that the colonies are very jealous of our interference in their interior affairs, even while they are dependent on us for their defence and existence. It is, therefore, but a fair return for what we give that we would ask to be repaid, and it would rather puzzle them to give a reasonable refusal.

This is one point that merits consideration, and has, with many others, been grievously neglected.

It may be gathered from the foregoing, that our national interests are paramount to all others; and that next to them our colonial have the best claim on our attention. That our colonial are not equal to our own, is very true, but they are only of inferior importance; and it is for that we are bound to place the latter as nearly as possible on a footing with the former, —I say as nearly as possible, because, do all we can, there is a certain priority which national interests will always obtain over colonial; and, therefore, the colonial question ought to be settled first, before we look at all to the free-trade question. Has this been done? Emphatically, No.

It has been assumed that our colonial policy was not susceptible of improvement,—that it was a perfect policy, which experience had hallowed, and philosophy acknowledged; and that, being so perfect, it had been thought not susceptible of improvement. The whole "collective wisdom" of the Board of Trade has been withdrawn from it, and applied to free-trade; perhaps, because it was seen that it involved great difficulties.

But it was felt that something was due to our colonial interests, when we began to meddle with the free-trade question; and, accordingly, some relaxation in our colonial policy took place, as a matter of course, and a

trade is now permitted between our colonies and those countries with which we are in amity. It may, however, be asked, Has the change been beneficial; has it been advantageous to the colonies and the mother-country? We say, No; it has, like the free-trade system, been advantageous to foreign countries, but our national interests have suffered by it; nor does this admit of doubt. Foreign nations which can navigate their vessels as cheaply as we can, may avail themselves of the relaxation in our colonial system to which we have alluded. But was that relaxation required? was the change such as should have been made in our colonial policy? We think not. The change should not have been that relaxation, but the encouragement of our colonies; not by sharing with ourselves in any advantages which we may possess, but in fostering in them the produce or manufactures of those articles which we at present derive from foreign countries. The saying of the French merchants has had, however, its effect here. The colonies, as far as produce and manufactures have been concerned, have been utterly neglected, and their improvement left to the enterprise of individuals.

I do not mean that government should have instituted commercial establishments for this purpose; but only, that ministers should have given all possible encouragement to individuals, by the consumption of articles of colonial production, even to the extension of bounties.

I am aware that the word bounties is of itself, at this time of day, sufficient to frighten the free-tradists out of their senses; and bounties which have for their object the cultivation or manufacture of an article which has no rivalry to contend with, cannot be too sufficiently reprobated; but there is a wide difference between the cultivation and manufacture of an article indigenous in our own colonies, and the same article the produce of a foreign country. Thus, iron and hemp could be as well raised in our own colonies as in those nations with which we have concluded reciprocity treaties; and we mean, that the way in which government should interfere for their advantage is, by offering a bounty on their production and cultivation, until they are brought to a pitch of rivalry that would enable them to compete with those nations by which we are at present supplied.

In colonies, there is a want, manifestly, of two things, capital and labour; and, accordingly, although there may be indigenous in those colonies articles which we require, it may and does happen, that the capital requisite to raise them does not exist there, and the cost of labour is also too great. This requires the interference of government; and a bounty is the only way of supplying the defect.

But this statement will be better understood by a practical illustration. Hemp and iron are two of the articles that we receive best from the north of Europe. It is known that hemp and iron can be produced as good in our North American colonies; but from the want of capital, and the price of labour, in those colonies, they are not produced, at least for export To remedy this evil, —that is, to bring them to an equality of value with those of the northern nations,— the government of the mother-country should raise them into rivalry in the same markets, by giving a bounty for their cultivation till that is attained; but unless it is then ascertained that they may be produced cheaper, and as good, the bounty should cease; for it is only till that fact is ascertained that a bounty is a justifiable expedient. The bounty, however, here alluded to should not be at the expense of the mother-country, but should be as a loan to the colony from her, and constituted as a debt, which the colony should be bound to discharge, inasmuch as it goes to the promotion of what may be called the indigenous wealth of the colony,—a wealth which will remain with it in all time, and become to it a perpetual source of riches.

Now, in common sense, it may be asked, even while professedly the colonial question is not entered upon, If a course of policy of this kind is not wiser and more advantageous than the free-trade theories? Whatever our own colonies do produce naturally as good as any foreign country, our government is bound to encourage for a certain time, until it has raised the article to an equality of value with that of a similar article in our market from a foreign state.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN GALT.

## THE LAST QUARTERLY.

THE *Quarterly Review*, just published, is one of the most brilliant that ever appeared. Every article—every one without exception—is excellent. Our friend, Sir David's Letters on Natural Magic, gives occasion to as good a paper on the subject of demonology, devilry, witchcraft, humbug, and philosophy, as even Allerly himself could have concocted. "An Essay on the Poor Laws" is written in "grateful conviction of the benefits which the establishment of a legalised system of relief for the poor has conferred on every rank and order of British society," and a perfect certainty that "no improvement in the English poor laws can be effectual, either in reducing the burden of the poor rates, or ameliorating the condition of the labouring classes, until Ireland is placed on the same footing in this respect with Britain," which is as it ought to be. An article on Salt and blood, and other such things, is, we suppose, most attic and arterial, but we have not read it. "Zohrab, the Hostage," is reviewed in a style which we the more highly admire, because the prefatory remarks are imitations—happy ones, we admit, of what has often and often appeared in this, our own Magazine; the quackery of the sham fashionable novelists, and the boobyisms of Bulwer, being as well, or almost as well exposed as we should have done it ourselves. The critique on James's "Charlemagne" is very good indeed, but not so savage as it ought to have been. Croker—who but Croker?—has destroyed, in his own inimitable picking-to-pieces way, the horrid humbug of the *Mémoires de Louis XVIII;* and those who are fond of the details of anatomy have a most agreeable treat before them in this first-rate dissection. Sir Edward Seaward is shewn to be a sham in much the same way, either by the ex-secretary himself in person, or some other gentleman who has served a long apprenticeship under him. Much good and fine writing is expended on America; and a poor creature named Ousely, is gently, but justly if it were not gently, castigated, and our old friend, Mother Trollope, rather hardly badgered. And the two concluding articles, one on Lafayette and the French revolutionists, and the other on Lord Grey and the English revolutionists, are conceived and written in the most honourable spirit, the truest principles, and the most eloquent language. The last pages of the last article would have done honour to Burke.

We have, in this our hasty catalogue, passed over one of the eleven articles of which the number is composed. It is the third—and it relates to *Public Carriages*, and *the Road.* It is, in fact, a manual of wisdom on every thing connected with the state of driving in England, at this present moment, and on reading it we were at once surprised into the exclamation *aut Nimrod, aut diabolus!*—if Apperly did not write this, it must have been the devil!

We think it a pity that such an article should remain implanted solely in the bed of the *Quarterly*—but again we do not deem it fair to our readers to displace any great quantity of our own already prepared and most admirable matter, as we should do, if we re-printed some thirty pages of the *magnum opus* of John Murray. There is, however, no reason in life why we should not pick out the jewels of the article, and present our friends with

### TWENTY APHORISMS ON HORSES, COACHES, HORSERS, COACHMEN, AND ALL THE REST OF IT, BY NIMROD.

I.

A fast coach has very nearly a horse to every mile of ground it runs—reckoning one way, or one side of the ground. Proprietors of coaches have at length found out, though they were a long time before they did discover it—that the hay and corn-market is not so expensive as the horse-market.

II.

No horse lives so high as a coach-horse. In the language of the road, his stomach is the measure of his corn—he is fed *ad libitum.* [The difficulty however, good Nimrod, is to find how much a horse can eat without hurting himself.]

III.

Horses draw by their weight, not the force of their muscles. The heavier a horse is, then, the more powerful is he in his harness. Light horses, therefore, how good soever their action,

ought not to be put to draw a heavy load, as muscular force cannot act against it for any length of time.

IV.

The average price of horses for fast coaches may be about 23*l.* Fancy teams of those working out of London, may be rated considerably higher than this, but taking 100 miles of ground well horsed, this is about the mark. The average period of each horse's service does not exceed four years in a fast coach—perhaps scarcely so much. In a slow one we may allow seven, but in both cases we are alluding to horses put to the work at five and six years old. [We doubt that 23*l.* is the average price for horses of that age—even allowing for blemished horses.]

V.

A fast coach, properly appointed, cannot pay unless its gross receipts amount to 10*l.* per double mile; and even then the *horser's* profits depend upon the luck he has with his stock.

VI.

A coachman drunk on his box is now a rarity. A coachman *quite sober* was, even within our memory, still more so. [In the fast coaches, the coachmen have no time for drinking.]

VII.

Some coachmen omit the use of the hand or end-buckle to their reins, which, to our own knowledge, has lately been productive of innumerable accidents. This is *new*, and it is a mere piece of affectation, and should be put a stop to; for surely, if a coachman fancies he has not time to '*pin his ribands*' before mounting the box, he can do so after having proceeded a short distance on his stage; and he cannot say he has not time to unbuckle them before he comes to the end of it. It is evident, that with reins unbuckled at the ends, should either of them drop out of his hand, all command over his team is gone. Moreover, in the hands of the best coachman, a wheel-horse will now and then drop, and should he not, fortunately in this case, *be dragged on the ground, so as to stop the coach*, up he jumps, and expecting the whip, rushes forward with his head loose, his rein having been drawn through the coachman's hand. [We say, as a general rule, *never whip a horse who stumbles.* If you do, you make him worse.]

VIII.

Coachmen are not thooretical philosophers, but experience teaches them, that if they drive fast round corners, the centre of gravity must be more or less disturbed by thus diverging from the right line; and, if lost, *over she goes.*

[The same remark applies in a most especial way to cabs. Ninety-nine out of every hundred cab-drivers turn the corners as sharp as possible, and many a tumble occurs in consequence. It is bitter bad driving, and the saving of time is nothing.]

IX.

A coachman may, if his harness be sound, drive his coach down any hill now found on our roads with ease; and, when a certain way down it, may increase his pace, with perfect safety, to meet the opposing ground at the bottom. With heavily-laden coaches, we prefer this to the drag-chain—by which hundreds of them have been pulled over—and which is a great check to speed, too, as the *momentum* cannot be taken advantage of, in continuing the motion of the coach when she brings the horses to their collars again.

X.

"The only linchpin that can be relied on is the wooden one, which, together with the screw-nut, is used in the French diligences. It is made of heart of oak; and, being once driven through the eye of the arm, cannot be drawn out again, without cutting off the bottom of it, as it swells to a size which prevents its returning the way it went in. *There is no dependence on iron linchpins.* [True for you.]

XI.

"On the whole, travelling by public conveyances was never so secure as it is at the present time. Nothing can be more favourable to it than the build of the modern coaches. The boots being let down between the springs, keep the load, consequently the centre of gravity, low: the wheels of many of them are secured by patent boxes; and in every part of them the best materials are used. The cost of coaches of this description is from 130*l.* to 150*l.*; but they are generally hired from the maker, at from 2½*d.* to 3*d.* per mile."

[The lower the coach is hung, however, the severer the draught on the horses. We once knew a patent coach which hung but six feet from the top to the ground, and it carried its passengers safe enough, but killed every horse that ever was harnessed to it.]

XII.

It requires much art to load a coach properly. A waggoner on country roads always puts the greater weight over his hinder wheels, being the highest, and he is right, for he has obstacles to meet, and the power necessary to overcome them diminishes with the increased diameter of the wheel. On our turnpike-roads, however, where there is now no obstacle, the load on a coach should be condensed as much as possible, and the heaviest packages placed in the fore-boot. Indeed, all the heavier packages should be put into the boots, and the lighter ones only on the roof. A well-loaded coach is sure to follow well, and is always pleasant to ride in; and as a weak child totters less when it has a weight on its head, coach-springs break less frequently with a heavy load than with a light one.

[It has always appeared to us that loading a coach bears a great similarity to editing a magazine. The packing of the articles in both cases is a matter of much nicety; and we have known many a cad in the country display far superior genius to Liston Bulwer in his business ]

XIII.

No stage-coach can be safe without the patent boxes.

XIV.

Cicero laments the want of post-offices, and well he might.

[If Cicero or Nimrod received as much nonsense by the post-office per day as we do, neither of them would have made such a lamentation.]

XV.

Proprietors should never suffer two coachmen to drive the same horses — either, each man should drive his own ground double, or he should go the journey throughout, and return the next day.

XVI.

A pair of handsome coach-horses fit for London, and well broken and bitted, cannot be purchased under two hundred guineas.

XVII.

The most finished vehicles of last season were generally acknowledged to be a *vis-a-vis* of the Marchioness of Londonderry, a chariot of Mr. Long Wellesley's, and a cabriolet of Count Alfred D'Orsay.

XVIII.

Coach-making, however, is on the wane. Two years back, the town-coach could not be had under four hundred guineas: three hundred is the price now. The travelling-chariot, with every thing complete, could not be purchased under three hundred and eighty guineas: three hundred will now suffice. The town-cabriolet, with patent boxes to the wheels, commenced at a hundred and fifty guineas: a hundred and twenty is now the figure; and so with all the rest of the tribe.

XIX.

Any one who has been accustomed to admire the muster of vehicles at the Tuilleries, in the best days of Louis XVIII., to say nothing of the citizen-king period, must indeed open his eyes wide the first time he is in St. James's street on the day of a levee or drawing-room. Hyde Park, however, on any fine afternoon, in the height of the London season, will be more than enough to confound him. He will there see what no other country under the heavens can shew him, and, what is more, we may venture to add, what no other country ever will shew him. Let him only sit on the rail near our great captain's statue, with his watch in his hand, and in the space of two hours he will see a thousand well-appointed equipages pass before him to the Mall, in all the pomp of aristocratic pride, and in which the very horses themselves appear to partake. Every thing he sees is peculiar: —the silent roll, and easy motion of the London-built carriage—the *style* of the coachmen—it is hard to determine which shine brightest, the lace on their clothes, their own round faces, or their flaxen wigs—the pipe-clayed reins—pipe-clayed lest they should soil the clean white gloves—the gigantic young fellows, in huge cocked hats, bedaubed with lace, in laced silk stockings, new kid gloves, and with gold-headed canes, who tower above 'Mr. Coachman's' head —the spotted coach-dog, which has just been washed for the occasion; the *vis-a-vis*, containing nobody but a single fair dame, with all its *set-out*, has cost at least a thousand pounds;—and the stream of equipages of all calibres, barouches, chariots, cabriolets, &c. &c. &c., almost all got up, as Mr. Robins's advertisements say, 'regardless of expense,' flows on unbroken, until it is half-past seven, and people at last must begin to think of what they still call *dinner*.

XX.

*Now for a wind up.*

Old Seneca tells us, such a blaze of splendour was once to be seen on the Appian Way. It might be so: it is now to be seen nowhere but in London—and we must own we consider it as extremely doubtful whether any thing like it will be visible in London the second spring of the first reformed parliament.

[Does Nimrod mean the reformed spring is to knock off our wheels? Perhaps so; but it rather strikes us, that if we go on as we have begun, reform will make many of our M.P.'s take to the road.]

THE MAN WITH THE CUP.

Will you not listen to the man with the cup?"—PLUTARCH, *Life of Demosthenes.*

When the ancient DEMOSTHENES once made a fuss
Against HARPALUS, HARPALUS asked him to sup;
And, as lately some law-breakers did amongst us,
Presented the Man of the Law *with a cup.*

Next day, when the matter was brought to the vote,
DEMOSTHENES came, with his neck muffled up—
And, speechless, he merely could point to his throat,
When the people cried out "*Hear the man with the cup.*"

So HARPALUS 'scaped, for his "*talents*" prevailed;
But they hooted the orator just like a pup
With a can at his heels,—and this cry still assailed
Him wherever he went, "*Hear the man with the cup.*"

And so it may chance in this nation of ours,
Should some modern DEMOSTHENES chance to spring up,
And, aping his thunders, or wielding his powers,
Be presented by law-breaking knaves *with a cup.*

When perched on the woolsack,—or twitching his nose,
As great men will do, when they've taken a sup,—
Should the people to pull down the peerage propose,
What an awkward affair for "*the man with the cup.*"

If, in rage to destroy Constitution and Church,
Like a battering-ram at the State they should tup,
It were strange should the altar be left in the lurch
By the KING'S CONSCIENCE-KEEPER, "*the man with the cup.*"

Or, aiming—as all revolutionists do,
A republic on royalty's wreck to set up,—
The throne they beset—then what course to pursue,
Though "much pondering," would puzzle "*the man with the cup.*"

But if foiled in their fury, the traitors we saw
By Justice enmeshed in her toils at "fell swoop,"
Who would then wield the bright sword of flame of the law,
And its thunder-bolts hurl, but "*the man with the cup?*"

What a sight 'twere for all future ages to note,
If—the traitors condemned, and for judgment brought up,
—Swathed in flannels, and pointing convulsed to his throat,
On the justice-seat mute sate "*the man with the cup.*"

ŒUVRES DE PLATON.

TRADUITES PAR VICTOR COUSIN.

"But mark how chained to the triumphal chair
The mighty phantoms of an elder day;
All that is mortal of great Plato there
Expiates the joy and wo his master knew not;
The star that ruled his doom was far too fair,
And life, where long that flower of heaven grew not,
Conquered that heart by love, which gold, or pain,
Or age, or sloth, or slavery, could subdue not."

SHELLEY'S *Triumph of Life.*

THE translation of Plato's works which M. Cousin is at present about to complete, reminds us of an old resolution to attempt a more popular account of this philosopher's writings than is to be found in the numerous articles of unintelligible commentators in encyclopædias and German periodicals. Indeed, we can safely say that we never yet fell in with an account of his philosophy, in the English language, which at all enlightened us upon the subject, with the exception of an able article in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, which, however, we do not regard as orthodox in every particular.

Plato, the celebrated Greek philosopher, was born in the island of Egina, in the 430th year before Christ. His father, Ariston, was descended from Cadmus, and his mother, Peryctione, from a brother of Solon. He had received at first from his parents the name of Aristocles, which was that of his grandfather. The origin of his name of Plato is variously related, but all conjectures are at least extremely uncertain, since the name of Plato was very common among the Greeks before the birth of this philosopher. The admiration which his works inspired gave rise to many ingenious fables relating to his youth, which the taste of the Greeks for the marvellous had in some degree commemorated throughout antiquity. "Apollo had been his true father; the bees of Mount Hymettus had deposited their honey upon his mouth, while he was yet in his cradle; he had beheld himself in a dream endowed with a third eye. The morning of the day on which his father presented him to Socrates, that philosopher had seen a young swan soaring from an altar dedicated to Love, and, alighting on his breast, afterwards elevate itself to the skies, charming both gods and men with the sweetness of its song." A truer prodigy is that rare and happy assemblage of the most diversified talents with which nature had endowed him, as if she had delighted to form in him the most beautiful genius philosophy had ever presented to mankind. He possessed, in the highest degree, those brilliant faculties which preside over the arts of imagination, and which also constitute the spirit of invention in every pursuit; that inspiration which draws from the region of the ideal the type of its creations; that sentiment of harmony and order which distributes every part of a plan in the most perfect unity; that vivacity and energy of conception which bestows a new life upon objects by the force and elegance of their description; and at the same time, by a happy coincidence, he was equally gifted with those qualities which constitute an eminent thinker. Exercised in profound meditations, he was capable of following out, with incredible perseverance, the most extensive deductions, the most delicate and subtle distinctions,—to elevate himself to the loftiest abstractions, in despite of the imperfections of a language as yet ill adapted to philosophical forms; above all, he had received from nature an exquisite sensibility, a warmth and an elevation of soul, and a profound enthusiasm, which constantly directed themselves towards the image of the beautiful and the good, and nourished their fire upon emanations of the purest morality. The education which he had received was suited to the development of these different dispositions with equal success. To the study of grammar and gymnastics, he had added those of painting, music, and poetry. The perusal of the poets had been the delight of his youth; and he had made some attempts himself in the different kinds of composition, all of which he burnt upon hearing the lessons of Socrates. He was also skilled in

geometry; and this study introduced him to that of philosophy: and, in his declining years, he denied all access to the latter science to those who did not present themselves to his school with the same preparation. He had already gathered the lessons of Heraclytus from the mouth of Cratylus, says Aristotle, when in his youth he was admitted to the society of Socrates. He had the happiness to hear, during eight years, the wisest of men, and wrote down, it is said, a part of his conversations. Indignant at the accusation preferred against his master, he endeavoured, in an oration which he delivered, to defend his innocence; but he was forced by the hostility of the judges to desist from his virtuous attempt. On the death of Socrates, Plato, overwhelmed with grief, abandoned, along with the other disciples of that great man, a city rendered infamous by so odious a crime, and retired with them to Megara. In that city he was initiated, by Euclides, in the art of dialectics. Soon after, he commenced those celebrated voyages, which were for him a succession of philosophical pilgrimages.

It was upon his return from these wanderings that he opened his celebrated school, in a shady grove near the city of Athens, where he possessed a garden, a portion of his modest patrimony, and which he ever afterwards made his usual residence.

Socrates, in reforming philosophy, corrupted by the sophists, had recalled it to an eminently moral end, founding it upon the *knowledge of oneself*: but he had, at the same time, shewn an extreme dislike for all speculative theories. Plato wished to accomplish this great restoration; and he judged that the moment was now arrived to attempt, with more success, these scientific speculations. He reproduced, under a new form, those of Pythagoras and Heraclytus. Plato is the first philosopher of antiquity whose writings have been transmitted to us almost entire. To judge, however, from his writings, the doctrine of Plato, such as it was for his disciples, it is necessary, first of all, to keep in mind certain important considerations, and to solve a very difficult problem. The ancients, according to Sextus Empiricus, distinguished the writings of Plato into two classes. The one *gymnastic*, destined for the exercise of the mind, in which he represents Socrates combating the sophists; the other *dogmatic*, in which he expresses his own sentiments through the organ of Timæus, or some other writer. The *Books of the Laws* and the *Republic* belong especially to the latter class. In general, Plato in his dialogues affects never to express his own opinions. It is not he who speaks: he places on the scene the philosophers who have preceded him—he places them in communication with each other—and, above all, with Socrates; and often without observing much historical accuracy, but preserving in the doctrine of each interlocutor the character peculiar to him. He thus delivers his philosophy under a dramatic form; and at the moment when the discussion draws near its end, he stops short and avoids the conclusion. It is known by the testimony of the ancients, and by that of Aristotle in particular, that Plato had a double doctrine—the one exoteric, or public; the other esoteric, or secret. He often makes allusion to this distinction himself. He was perhaps led to conceal with a veil his most important opinions by the example of the Pythagoreans, and by that of the sacerdotal castes in Egypt; perhaps, also, he judged this prudence necessary at a time and place when Socrates had been so recently immolated. But what appears most probable, from many passages in Plato himself, is, that in the distinction of the two doctrines, his principal object was to proportion the different degrees of his philosophy to the different capacities of his pupils, employing for the greater number—for those who had just commenced the study of philosophy—a simple and familiar method, presenting them ideas of inferior order, and reserving his more difficult theories for a small number of favourite disciples, who had been prepared to receive them by a suitable education. This last motive will assist us in defining, at least approximately, in what consists the secret, or esoteric doctrine; and many indications confirm this induction. It is our opinion that the secret doctrine, far from being opposed to the public one, was in no respect essentially different from it; that the first was in connexion with the second; that they made part of the same plan, as in every science the elementary part is bound to the transcendental; that the public doctrine was an introduction

destined to prepare the way for the occult doctrine, and that the former was in some manner the portico, the latter the sanctuary. In reality, upon carefully meditating the writings of Plato, one sees that they all direct themselves by a common tendency towards an order of truths which are the necessary corollaries of the text, although they are never openly expressed in it. It is in our power, then, by following the trace of these analogies, to reconstruct, in some sort, the esoteric doctrine, much in the way that modern architects restore the monuments of antiquity by the proportions of the remaining fragments.

The esoteric doctrine occupies the summit of the edifice erected by Plato. It rests upon his celebrated theory of ideas; it consists, essentially, in those great maxims which derived from the contemplation of the Divine nature the notions of the true, the beautiful, and the good. The more we study the writings of Plato, the more we discover that hidden harmony which unites all his views, however scattered. We may thus restore to them the unity and synthetic form which he has avoided giving to them. The study of the faculties of the soul constitutes the foundation of this system; it constitutes, in the eyes of Plato, the preliminary study to the true philosophy. He explains with remarkable clearness the functions of these different faculties, the phenomena peculiar to each, and the hierarchy which reigns among them. He has, above all, the merit of marking with precision that active co-operation of the mind by which it reacts upon its sensations, converts them into perceptions, unites them into a common mirror, compares them, combines them, afterwards forms its judgments upon them, and deduces their common and relative notions. We may see in the *Theætetus* with what sagacity he distinguishes the object perceived, the subject which perceives it, and the perception which results from their mutual connexion. Yet this train of the operations of the mind upon its perceptions has not appeared sufficient in the eyes of Plato to explain universal notions—those which belong to the highest degree of abstraction. He has formed for these a class apart, given them a special character, an origin altogether peculiar. He designed them by the name of *ideas*, a term which has in his philosophy a far different acceptation from that which it has in ordinary language. Aristotle has explained how Plato has been led to this new theory by the opinions which he had examined in the system of Heraclytus. He thought, with most philosophers of antiquity, that there *was no true science unless for necessary things;* that is to say, that true science could only be composed of truths, absolute, universal, and eternal, independent of time or place. Remarking, with Heraclytus, that on the theatre of observation, in the order of sensible phenomena, *all is in a perpetual fluctuation*—that nothing is constant or uniform. He then sought to discover, above this phenomenal nature, another immovable nature. This was "*the world of intelligibles.*" "This world is the peculiar domain of reason, as the phenomenal nature is the domain of sense; hence, in reason, an order of notions which corresponds to this superior world, and places us in connexion with it. These are *ideas.*" But how shall we connect these notions, peculiar to the human reason, with the order of things which belongs to this sublime immutable nature, which alone is truly real? It is as follows:

"The *ideas* which enlighten the human reason belong to the Divine intelligence—they have served as the model to the Supreme Organiser for the execution of his works. He has realised them upon the immense theatre of the universe. The *ideas* are the models, the eternal forms of all that exists; and it is for this reason they received the name of *archetypes.* All nature is embraced in these eternal essences. Each of them presides over a genus; it is *unity*, the source of *multiplicity.* These *ideas* could not, then, form themselves in the human mind by a deduction drawn from sensible perceptions—they are innate; that is to say, they emanate from the Divine understanding. God himself has placed them in our souls, to serve as principles to our knowledge; and this is the reason why all that we appear to know is at bottom only *reminiscence.* It is from its participation of the Divine essence, then, that the soul derives the light which guides it. Thus, there is for mankind two sorts of knowledge. The one merits but improperly that name: it is that which proceeds from sense. It composes a simple opinion only; it reveals to us merely that which passes. The other constitutes science *par eminence*—it teaches us *that which ought to be.* The mathematics are only an inferior order of

ideas — an immediate application; for those primitive notions belong to the highest universality."

When once we have seized this theory of Plato's—when we are placed with him in this point of view, which he has chosen for himself on the summit of the chain of being, we can see how he derives from it, by a natural consequence, all the branches of his philosophy — we conceive beforehand all that has given elevation and grandeur to some of his speculations, and all that he has mingled of arbitrary and hypothetical in others, according as the subjects of which he treated conform more or less to this transcendental march. Natural theology, freed from the veil of allegory and fable, received from him a purity and a clearness till then unknown among Greek philosophers. If he has not grasped the conception of the creation — if he has, like all the ancient philosophers, conceived matter coexistent with divinity —this matter differs little from nonentity, deprived as it is of all its properties, all its vital principle, and almost all true reality. This opinion was inherent in the great and perpetual contrast which those philosophers imagined they perceived both in the physical and moral universe. As for the rest, it is God alone who is the source of life—he is the absolute perfection, the supreme reason. Legislator and judge, exempt from passion as well as from error, he is the ideal, infinite, eternal. From him flows all that is true, all that is good, and the beautiful, which is only the *splendour of the good*. Towards him, as to its end, ought to tend every intelligent and sensible being. To the proofs of the existence of a God, which Socrates had deduced from the phenomena of the universe, Plato adds those which we call metaphysical. He proclaims in him the *necessary Being*. In the *Philebus* and the tenth Books of his Laws, we find the germ of the celebrated definition of Clarke.

The morality of Plato participates in the same purity and sublimity. His morality, in effect, supposes a conformity of sentiment and action to certain exemplars, which express the rule of our duties. It tends incessantly towards an ideal which resides in perfection. We cannot doubt that Plato, in considering, with Socrates, morality as the essential end of philosophy, has been partly led to his theory of ideas by the course of his meditations upon a science which seemed to offer an evidence of them; thus generalising an order of views, which in that special application was justified by its fertility. Plato does not make his morality rest upon the principle of obligation — upon the law of duty; and in this he seems to abandon the traces of Socrates. He makes it chiefly consist in a tendency towards perfection, as constituting the supreme good; he has made it spring from love, as he has made philosophy grow from admiration. He then distinguishes two sorts of good, the one *human*, the other *Divine;* the one fleeting, perishable, deceitful, relative, dependent on the senses—the other permanent, necessary, all-sufficing in itself.

"Three conditions characterise the last,—truth, harmony, beauty: the tendencies thus qualified belong to the order of *ideas*—the Divinity is their fountain and source, the type or rule of the actions which conduct us towards it. The worship of the Deity is, then, one and the same with the practice of morality; it is in causing ourselves to approach nearer to God that we elevate ourselves to virtue; it is in devoting ourselves to virtue that we honour God in a manner worthy of him. Without doubt, the life which awaits man beyond the grave is the reward of the good, as it is the punishment of the wicked. Such is the tradition handed down to us from time immemorial. But death is, moreover, the deliverance of the soul; it restores it to its celestial origin: 'The soul is an immortal life, enclosed in a perishable prison. Death is a sort of resurrection.' Thus the soul of the dying sage opens itself to the sublimest truths."

We may dispute unquestionably many of the reasonings which Plato puts into the mouth of Socrates in the *Phædo*. There are certain ones which, resting upon his system of metaphysics, partake of its weakness; but the moral sentiment which animates all this recital, the sublimity of the picture it unfolds, have excited the just admiration of all ages.

Plato unites morality so intimately to politics, that in some respects they are in his eyes but one and the same science; and the second often assumes in his writings the character of an allegory, or an image destined to reflect the former—to shew it living and in

action. This is to be remarked in particular in his *Books of the Republic;* and his commentators have, in consequence, often been deceived. Morality is not confined to ruling the actions of the individual—in marking the end to which his life ought to be directed. It assigns, according to Plato, the entire end of society. It is not enough that social institutions are not in contradiction to it,—they must correspond in an absolute manner with the moral ideal; their only object is to realise it in the midst of mankind. The same law governs, then, both the social state and the heart of man; the same qualities, the same vices, are necessary to the one and the other, and corrupt them both. Their common felicity is founded upon the same principles,—wisdom, moderation, force, justice,—these are the four fundamental elements of the sovereign good, which is no other than virtue. The state is the union of a certain number of men under general laws,—a union rendered necessary by the impossibility of their attaining happiness by their solitary efforts. The selfishness of egotism, which causes private interest to prevail over the general interest, would render this union impracticable, if the laws did not interpose to re-establish the superiority of this latter interest. These laws reason dictates: it is reason which joins all these particular views under general rules. *Liberty* and *unity* are the end to which social institutions tend. True *liberty* does not consist in the freedom from all obligation—such disorder would only be anarchy; it consists in the general obedience to the laws of reason. *Unity* results from agreement: that accord is obtained if all the citizens are just, if individual interest disappears, and if each one considers what he possesses as only the common property. In that community, where not men, but God himself reigns, and reason by the organ of the laws, there is neither despot nor slaves—all the citizens are free, united, animated by native philanthropy. As in the soul there are three principal faculties, so in society also there are three orders,—the magistrates, the defenders, and the citizens. The magistrates are the guardians of the laws, the conservators of the general weal. The defenders compose the physical force of the state, repelling aggressions from without, and repressing troubles within. The state is well ordered if each of these three ranks fulfil exactly the functions allotted to them, without interfering with each other. From hence results that harmony which makes unity reign in variety, and which constitutes the ideal of morality. The education of the citizens is the foundation, then, of social institutions, and the most essential object of the laws. This education has for its end the formation in infants of dispositions which their reason can one day approve of, when it shall be developed, and teach them beforehand to love what is good and reject what is evil. The political theory of Plato is thus only a type of the moral perfection applied to human society, and considered as the supreme harmony of individual virtues—a harmony which is the ideal of perfection for each of its members. And this sufficiently explains why the picture he has conceived contains, in many respects, things inadmissible in practice, and how the laws which Plato had offered to some republics would not stand the test of real application. We now see also, from the point of view in which we are placed, what Plato means when he expresses a wish that all society should be governed by philosophers—a wish of which the true sense is often misunderstood. It is in this light also that he wished the legislature to interfere in the publication of writings or tragedies destined for representation on the theatre, submitting them first of all to the censorship of the magistrates. The sophists had so abused education, reasoning, and the oratorical art, that Plato thought he could not do enough to prevent the return of similar abuses. In the *Phædo*, he even goes the length of doubting the utility of the propagation of knowledge, from fear of multiplying false pretenders, more dangerous than the ignorant, and even of envying Egypt the immovable distinction of castes.

Plato was the first in antiquity who created a systematic theory of literature and the arts, by his meditations upon the nature of the beautiful; and he has in this preceded the admirable didactic treatises of Aristotle. He has derived the notion of the beautiful from a sublime source. He has united it to morality, and identified it with the notions of the true and the good. He has sought the type of it in the

Divinity; for "the beautiful," according to him, "consists in regularity, harmony, and symmetry." All the productions of the mind, all the works of art, which are not faithful to this character, commit in his eyes a sort of profanation. Faithful himself to the spirit of these maxims, it is always from this elevated region that he borrows his thoughts. He is at once poet, orator, and philosopher;—a poet by that inspiration which seems to animate all his words, which seeks to realise the ideal, which produces under brilliant images the most profound truths, and which has gained for him so justly the title of "the Homer of Philosophy;" an orator by that warmth of soul, by that nobility of sentiment, by that ardent zeal for truth and justice which penetrates, attaches, and enchants the reader—by that richness, elegance, and pomp of style, which has caused the admiration of Cicero and Quinctilian; and a philosopher, in fine, by the high generality of his views. His philosophy resembles those masterpieces of the Greek artists, which seem to breathe divinity under their human forms; and it is by this that he has become classic, like those masterpieces —and like them, also, immortal; for all that belongs to the purity of moral enthusiasm never grows old. And as beauty was, in the language of Plato, an abridged expression of all that is excellent in different genera, we may also say that this is the general and characteristic definition of all his doctrines. Amidst the inexhaustible variety which his dialogues present, all is connected together by a secret chain. To no part has he given the systematic form, but their sympathy vibrates through this apparent disorder. It arises from the idea which he has formed of philosophy, in considering it as a science which assigns to all learning and arts their rank, their end, and their principles; it has for a centre and regulator that ideal which Plato has defined in all its forms, which he has handed down to his successors, like a burning torch snatched from the celestial regions. His writings, in a word, are what nature was in his eyes, *unity in variety*. From this their peculiar character—the moral enthusiasm which they breathe perpetually, from the charms of his style, from the empire which he exercises over the imagination, even when treating of the most abstract matters, has resulted the prodigious influence which Plato has exercised over the march of the human understanding. That influence pours itself, like a majestic river, across the desert of ages. It was associated to Christianity from its earliest birth; it hastened to preside over the second dawn of letters and arts during the glorious age of the Medici. At all times it has been plastic and varied in its effects, by reason of the principle of exaltation upon which it is founded, and of the vagueness which accompanies the Platonic doctrine. At times, this doctrine, when the primitive inspiration which had given it birth began to expire, assumed, for want of solid grounds, the appearance of a sort of scepticism, in the second and third academies; at other times, when, on the contrary, its exaltation had reanimated itself, freed from all bounds, it lost itself in a mysticism full of illusion, during the period of the school of Alexandria. Aristotle had been the disciple of Plato before becoming his rival. If he has surpassed him in giving to philosophy a more solid basis, by founding it upon experience—if he has extended the domain of the human spirit, by the creation of the natural sciences—if he has imposed upon reason and the arts a code of precepts almost everlasting,—Aristotle has in various lights been more indebted to the general views of Plato than is commonly supposed: he was enlightened by the very errors of his master; and whatever may be the real superiority of Aristotle, and the immense extent of his works, Plato has yet maintained his ground against him during the lapse of ages. The history of their rivalry forms one of the most essential portions of the history of philosophy: they have divided the opinion of men down to the era of modern schools; for the rivalry of those schools, says Frederick Schlegel, is even now concerning the identical questions which divided these two great geniuses.

Plato never contracted the nuptial tie. He died in the first year of the hundred and eighteenth Olympiad (347 years before Christ), leaving the direction of the academy to his nephew Speusippus. The Athenians consecrated his memory by numerous honours; the Persian Mithridates raised a statue to his memory; Aristotle, an altar in the academy; his school celebrated every year by a banquet the day of his birth.

Medals were struck to revive his image, and to transmit it to posterity; and it is from the numerous collections of these, which have survived the wreck of ancient art, that the moderns have been enabled to form an idea of that beautiful and majestic countenance, which might have been a model to Phidias for the head of his Olympian Jupiter.

Γαῖα μὲν ἐν πόλπῳς κρύπτει τόδε σῶμα Πλάτωνος,
Ψυχὴ δ' ἀθάνατον τάξιν ἔχει μακάρων
Τἰοῦ Ἀριστῶνος, τὸν τις καὶ τηλόθι ναίων
Τιμᾷ ἀνὴρ ἀγαθός, Σκῖον ἰθύντα βίον.

## THE ELECTIONS.

The elections are now over, and the returns have been what men of observation expected from the operation of the Reform-bill. The ten-pound householders have generally triumphed in the towns, and it is made a matter of complaint that they have not been able completely to drown the voice of the agricultural interest in the counties. The Radicals have not been as successful as they expected, but they have compelled many *soi-disant* Whigs to adopt their principles so closely as to amount very nearly to identification. The Whigs proper have carried in several of their men, but the general body is by no means as firmly united as they were before the carrying of "the Bill." Some among them cling to their original declaration, that the bill was a final measure; others, whether from necessity or inclination, are obliged to keep forward with the Movement. We foresee, from this, that a separation among the party is as close at hand as was the split among the Tories at the political demise of Lord Liverpool.

Taking parties, however, as they stand, we may have about 150 Tories of all kinds, 100 Radicals (including the Irish repealers), and 400 Whigs. If this last body, therefore, were united, it would be perhaps the most formidable majority that ever appeared in the House of Commons; but the split to which we have alluded will essentially weaken its force. We may calculate on a fourfold division of the house as complete as we have it in the French chambers. All the materials for two extremes and two centres are not only in existence, but in active operation. We fear that, as matters stand, the party of the Mountain will prove, as at the beginning of the French Revolution (in the steps of which we are very closely treading), the most powerful of the four — making up by clamour and appeals to popular fury what it wants in numbers.

At all events, the ministers, who, either directly, or by the organs under their immediate control, stimulated the rabble to acts of violence, in order to carry their measure of Reform, will not be able successfully to oppose the revolutionists, who are following them in all their operations. The hope of the country must rest on the Tories, who, though beaten in the elections, preserve sufficient strength to form an opposition formidable even in numbers, but far more formidable for talent and integrity. They will not be the less able to fight the battle of the constitution because they have lost the doubtful assistance of the inveterate jobbers whom the long holding of office by the Tories had entailed on the party. It is far better for them that the Holmeses, and all the persons of that class and order, should be ousted from parliament; as, however useful or convenient they might be found in parliamentary intrigues or official trickeries, the service they rendered was more than compensated by the general odium which attached to them in every coterie but their own. No one can now impute disgraceful motives to the Tories at present returned to parliament, and their usefulness will be augmented accordingly. They have a tolerably plain career before them.

We have not much to say upon the elections generally. They were marked by more than ordinary riot and tumult, although their duration was so short. At Sheffield, five men were killed and four wounded. At Huddersfield the military were called in to preserve the town from the mob. At Norwich the booths were torn to pieces and burnt. At Hertford there was a bludgeon battle in the streets. At Hull, Mr. Hill, who was returned, was almost murdered. At Preston, the soldiery were

introduced, after the riot-act had been read in vain. At Stafford, Coventry, Wolverhampton, Bolton, Kendal, and fifty other places, similar scenes took place; and more duels were fought, and more ruffian provocatives to fight offered, than ever were known at any former election. The brickbat and the bludgeon, in compliance with the advice of high authority, were liberally employed; and yet, in the midst of all this, we find the ministerial papers congratulating themselves on the peaceable and orderly returns, which they attribute to their bill. The representatives are in many cases worthy of such modes of election. Hunt, Wilde, Mayhew, to be sure, have been thrown out. Bowring, Murphy, Scales, Acland, Stapylton (Martin Brec), and some such others, have failed; but we have Gully, Gronow, Key, Buckingham, Cobbett, Walter, and others of the same order, sent in to swell the company of Whittle Harvey and Lytton Bulwer.

As for Scotland and Ireland, much need not be said. The Scotch, with that sagacity which has never deserted them, from the days of the Union till the present hour, have returned their regiment to act under the orders of the minister for the time being. Their newspapers are full of the honour and glory of Scotland, in making so patriotic a return in favour of the reform administration. They should have said, that Scotland has on this occasion, as on all others, done herself the honour of returning members in favour of the ——— administration, leaving its title a blank. As Sir Robert Walpole, as Mr. Pelham, as Lord Bute, as Lord Chatham, as the Duke of Newcastle, as Charles Fox, as William Pitt, as Mr. Percival, as Lord Liverpool, as the Duke of Wellington—had the support of nine-tenths of the Scotch members when in office, so, in the due course of things, has Earl Grey. He will have his "forty-twa" Scotch as thick and thin supporters, as long as he sits in Downing-street Of course, not an hour longer. This, no doubt, is matter for high gratulation all through Scotland.

In Ireland there will be about twenty-eight Tories, and not far from seventy repealers,—that is to say, seventy men pledged to dismember the empire. The remaining seven or eight may be ministerialists. So successful has been the Anglesey government,—so admirably fulfilled the promises, that the carrying of Roman Catholic emancipation would bind Ireland closer to England. But indeed it is of little consequence which way the electors run, as it is not at hustings that the question, whether Ireland is to be civilised and Christian, or barbarous and Popish, will be decided. That question must be left to the God of battles,—and an appeal to Him is rapidly approaching. We remember how the reformed parliament of Cromwell dealt with the rebel Irish of its day; and if that which is now returned do really represent the feeling of the people of England, a return to the system of Oliver is not impossible: it would compensate to the empire many of the mischiefs of the Reform-bill. In the mean time, we congratulate the Irish gentry on the return of nine O'Connells. It must be very agreeable to the aristocracy of Ireland to find, that though the nomination boroughs are abolished by the Reform-bill, Mr. O'Connell has succeeded in making his nomination command nearly a tenth of the Irish returns. In fact, however, Schedule A has only been new modeled. Oldham, for example, which returned Cobbett, is just as much in the hands of Mr. Fielden the manufacturer, as Gatton *was* under the control of Lord Monson, or Calne *is* under that of Lord Lansdowne. And as for bribery, corruption, &c. &c., Lord John Russell's bill has in point of fact increased the facilities for such naughty things. We shall keep a sharp eye on our new senate, and take care to report progress every now and then.

We shall say no more at present; but the Middlesex election seems to call for a distinct notice. Conjecture is rife as to Lord Henley's motives for retirement; and many are disposed to ask why the battle was waged, at last, if no better hopes of success existed than those which were realised in the case of Sir Charles Forbes.

The history of this election may be told in a few words. Three or four private gentlemen, possessed of some stake in the county, found, or believed they found, in the course of the last autumn, such a deep and widely-extended feeling of dissatisfaction with Mr. Joseph Hume, as satisfied them that any candidate of befitting rank and respectable character would im-

mediately displace him. They therefore looked around them for such a candidate, and, after some search, they fixed upon Lord Henley.

His lordship undertook the task as a public duty, and without any desire for the seat, or ambition of the rank and influence conferred by it. His name, from various causes, had become popular, and for two or three weeks all went on prosperously for the ejection of Mr. Hume. There are many — we might almost say hundreds — of Mr. Hume's own adherents, who are quite aware that the game was considered, in October last, by both him and them, to be already lost; and that the only question was, for what other seat Mr. Hume should start.

In November, however, a false step was taken. One of Lord Henley's committee, in the privacy of his own home, sat down one afternoon and wrote a few notes to his immediate neighbours, couched in terms implying a charge, or at least a suspicion, of atheism against Mr. Hume. Only eight or nine of these billets were written — the whole without the least privity of either Lord Henley or his committee; but one of them fell into the hands of a friend of Hume's; and forthwith a handbill issued from the press, exhibiting the whole before the electors of the county as a calumny emanating from Lord Henley's committee!

*Nine*, at the most, were the letters thus written; but *nine thousand*, at least, were the copies distributed by Mr. Hume himself throughout the county. A cry was raised of an attempt at moral assassination! Calumnies, slanders, and all manner of falsehoods, were laid to the charge of Lord Henley's committee; and the Radical press joined in, with full chorus, in virtuous indignation at such an atrocious charge.

The prospect changed. All the fools in the county—no inconsiderable mass —were fairly entrapped by this outcry. A spirit was raised in behalf of Hume, as a persecuted and calumniated man; and he who, a fortnight before, could scarcely muster a committee, now was surrounded by troops of zealous partisans.

About this time, also, the state of the registry began to be ascertained. It was found that the zeal of the Radicals had, in this as in all other cases, outstripped that of the Tories. In every parish the report was the same; hundreds of the most respectable inhabitants not upon the register — troops of Radicals admitted without objection, but upon claims wholly worthless if brought to the test of examination.

These two circumstances — the popular cry in behalf of Hume as a calumniated man, and the faulty state of the registry of voters — made Lord Henley pause, when the effect of both was honestly stated to him. That which had been certain now appeared doubtful; — that which presented the clearest prospect of success now promised only a hazardous struggle. His lordship decided to decline the contest.

Many absurd conjectures have been published as to his lordship's reasons for withdrawal. His reasons were just what we have here stated. He never had intended to fight a doubtful and expensive battle; he had been told that success would be easy, and of small cost. Such was the prospect during the earlier part of the canvass; but when it changed, his views changed accordingly.

Too much credit cannot be given to Sir Charles Forbes for the gallantry shewn by him in coming forward on the very day of nomination, and fighting, without preparation, a battle which presented no hope of victory. If it shall be consistent with his views to become a candidate on the next opportunity, the Tories of Middlesex ought, with one consent, to unite to place him on the seat for which he has so nobly contended.

And that it will be in their power to do this, is a fact on which no one can doubt who has the least acquaintance with the actual state of the county. In every parish there are now found multitudes of respectable men whose names are not upon the register, in consequence of their neglect last July, but whose names can easily be placed there next July. In many parishes there are *hundreds* thus circumstanced; while throughout the county the Radicals have registered, not only to the full extent of their numbers, but far beyond, upon every variety of fictitious qualification.

*Thousands*, therefore, of good Tory voters will, we expect, be enrolled in the course of next July; and when once that registry has been completed, never again will a Radical sit for the metropolitan county.

## SONG OF THE SHIRTLESS FOR THE YEAR THIRTY-THREE.

BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

DEDICATED TO ALL TRUE REFORMERS.

*To the Tune of "Tolderol.*

I.

Welcome, welcome, my gentle reader!
Here we have come to THIRTY-THREE—
Year in which all sides agreed are
Many a marvel we shall see.
Chant we therefore an opening chorus,
Swelling it loud with joy and glee:
Here's to the year that is now before us—
It is the year for you and me.
Tolderol, lollol, lollol, lollol;
Tolderol, lollol, lollol, lol.

II.

Up and be stirring, my sturdy neighbour—
Up and be stirring—the time is come
To shoulder musket and draw the sabre,
To cheering sound of trump and drum.
Soon shall we hear the firelock prattling—
Soon shall the noisy cannon hum—
Soon shall the shells in showers be rattling,
Sputtered abroad by the jolly bomb.
Tolderol, &c.

III.

What shall we fight for, what shall we fight for—
What shall we fight for, gossip dear?
That which we have so good a right for
In this thorough reforming year:
Hall and house, and park and palace,
Wealth and pleuishing, goods and gear,
Star and jewel, and plate and chalice,
Hose and doublet, feast and cheer.
Tolderol, &c.

IV.

Down with coronet, down with mitre,
Down with altar, down with throne;
Easier shall we be and lighter
When this mummery all is gone.
King and bishop, and peer and parson,
If unhanged, in jail may groan;
Long enough they carried their farce on—
Now, my boys, the day's our own!
Tolderol, &c.

V.

Shout, my brother *descamisado*—
Shirtless brother, come shout with me!
Rich and noble will soon be made to
Bend to fellows like us the knee.
Weep and wail, ye men of riches—
Wail, ye men of house and land!
Here come we who wear no breeches,
Seeking our own with pike in hand.
Tolderol, &c.

VI.

Off with Howard, and out with Percy—
Down with Stafford and Devonshire;
For Duke John Bedford's lands no mercy—
Pluck Lord Grosvenor's—worthy peer!
We shall soon, for good example,
Give the axe its full career,
And on the Bar ycleped of the Temple
Noble heads we again shall rear.
Tolderol, &c.

VII.

Tremble, ye sons of the circumcision—
Rothschild's heart may throb with pain;
Now is the time for a long division
Of all the shents of your godless gain.
Visitors worse than Nebuchadnezzar,
When he spoil'd your sacred fane,
More to be fear'd than Titus Cæsar,
Shall invade Barthol'mew Lane.
Tolderol, &c.

VIII.

Away with schools, with hall, with college—
Make them the nests of owl and toad;
We know more of useful knowledge
Than e'er to Isis or Cam was owed.
We teach the art of sack and pillage
All by the rule of prime and load;—
We shall shew to town and village
That the true teacher is abroad.
Tolderol, &c.

IX.

Far and wide shall be cities flaming—
Long and loud shall the bayonet ring;
Blood on wave and plains shall be streaming—
Princes and peers shall on gibbets swing.
Honour and justice, faith or pity,
We to the idle winds will fling;
And is not this a charming ditty,
Fit to be sung before a king?
Tolderol, lollol, lollol, lollol;
Tolderol, lollol, lollol, lol.

M. O'D.

*Tower Hill,*
*1st of the 1st decade of the year I.*

J. Moyes, Castle Street, Leicester Square.

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

# TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XXXVIII. FEBRUARY, 1833. VOL. VII.


## AN ENGLISHMAN'S REMONSTRANCE TO THE WHIG ARISTOCRACY.

THE new year opened with political prospects gloomy and portentous, and the clouds shew yet no signs of dispersion. A House of Commons, differing essentially in person, sentiment, division, and balance, from any that has hitherto existed, and with all its points of difference on the side of disqualification and danger, is intrusted with the exercise of its powers amidst circumstances of all kinds for impelling it to destructive abuse of them. Reform was but a means—we are now to have the ends. The change can hardly fail of operating more perniciously on both the elector and representative at the first election than at any other; and the first House of Commons formed by it may be expected to be worse in impulse and attempt, as well as object, than any succeeding one. The constitutional checks and restraints are in a more dormant, feeble state, than they perhaps will ever be in again, if they be suffered to survive. Electors and representatives raise the cry on all sides for ruinous inroad and demolition, while the crown and lords seem only capable of consenting and assisting.

If such a state of things, men who stand aloof from parties, and regard them all with nearly equal dislike and distrust, naturally feel intense anxiety touching the conduct they may adopt, especially that of the Whig and prevailing party. One of such men might, with great propriety, address the Whig aristocracy as follows. I use the name in its widest sense, including the aristocracy of wealth as well as birth — of manufacturing and commercial as well as agricultural opulence.

Institutions have become a dead letter; parties, instead of serving them as ministers, use them as instruments. In place of the constitution of England consisting of King, Lords, and Commons, I see your party, which assures me that, whether it act from its own discretion or as the menial of the multitude, has a right to supersede them all, and exact from me implicit obedience. I owe no fealty to any such constitution—my allegiance binds me to a totally different one. I avoid the folly of addressing myself in any way to your leaders. In my eyes, the meanest outcast of society is as worthy of expostulation and trust as that Earl Grey, who spoke of his "order" as he did to destroy the Canning ministry, and then treated it as he did to serve his own: I devoutly hope I shall ever be virtuous enough to entertain no other feeling than abhorrence for the minister who has established the precedent he has done. The public life of Lord Brougham, official as well as otherwise, does more than justify me in classing him with those who can only be kept from the most miry quarters of evil-doing by the iron hand of coercion. Men like Lord J. Russell, who gain confidence by the affectation of integrity and candour, and then prove themselves to be, beyond all others, unstable and faithless;—moreover, who are too cold in blood to sin from any thing save reflection and calculation;—lie far too low to be touched by appeal: his lordship evi-

dently knows no other truth than this, that he ought to renounce every thing, believe every thing, and do every thing, in religious fidelity to his own weather-cock of profit; therefore I can waste on him no logic. As to the mongrels —Richmond, the parent-conservative; Goderich, the old ultra-Tory; Palmerston and Grant, Mr. Canning's unflinching dragoons for an unreformed House of Commons — no one can expect me to move his laughter by treating them as people to be reasoned with. When I look at ministers singly, or in the aggregate, not a speck of any thing presents itself save the mail, which is vulnerable only to the shafts of private loss. I speak not thus because they are Whigs, but in some degree because they are not; if they were really Whigs, we might have the personal uprightness with the party errors. Putting parties and names out of sight, I speak because they have each and all done that before the world which would be deemed more than sufficient for proving a man, in private society, to be capable of holding any opinion and committing any action.

I separate these men from you, partly because (saving the use they make of you) they so separate themselves. The profit of the knot of individuals, not that of the great national party, is their object; they have brought it into direct conflict with yours, and they sacrifice you with as little scruple as they do the Tories or Radicals.

The new House of Commons is to perfect the system you have commenced, and to accomplish the changes for which reform was sought. We are assured that we are to have, in effect, a totally new system of government; and the main object of all the changes is to produce one. Self-evidently, what the new House of Commons is pledged to perform, must radically change the great national authorities in equipoise and powers; therefore it must, if performed, give us government wholly different from that we have hitherto possessed: and no small portion of the House maintains, that no authority in the realm has any right to oppose it in the great work. You and your leaders continually proclaim that the "people" ought to govern—that in the clashing of opinions and interests, the rest of the community ought to have against them no power of resistance; and all your pretended "reforms in church and state" are intended to enable them to govern. The belief is propagated on all hands, that the new House of Commons, as the organ, or rather instrument of the people, is to do any thing it may decide on, in despite of the Crown and Peers; and it seeks, amidst other things, to disable them eternally for restraining it.

I therefore ask you, *Which of the forms of government known to the world is to be possessed by England?* This is the question really before the community; we are not repairing, but altering — not reforming, but building anew; and it is your duty as the architects to tell us explicitly what new fabrics we are to have, in order that we may not by mistake erect one instead of another. It is full time for us to know what we do, and to do only what we know.

A definite reply is the more necessary, because various of your allies and publications avow that they wish for a republic, actually or essentially. They are not so simple as to seek one form of government in letter and another in practice: as they cannot in prudence openly demand a republic, they content themselves with the next best means of gaining one, and labour to argue and defame kings and nobles out of being. You either, like them, covertly wish to give us a republic, and therefore establish one in practice, as the means of removing all impediments to the erection of one in form; or you are labouring to give us one kind of government in form, and an opposite one in effect — the chaos of a government, incessantly opposing, assailing, and striving to tear to pieces itself — the scourge of a government, existing to neutralise law, suppress harmony, and prevent good rule. Of the heinous treason, or the superlative folly, you must be guilty.

Another imperious reason for distinct reply is, we cannot continue much longer in our present course, and we can only be saved by placing each reply before every man in the empire. We have stripped ourselves of physical power, of laws, and rules; and our only remaining resource is to work on the reason of the people and new parliament.

I therefore again ask you, Which of the forms of government known to the world is to be possessed by England?

If your reply be, we must proceed with the mixed form of government in letter, and a republic in practice, I pray you to examine the fruits, not expected, but already gathered. Where is that mixed form of government which, previously to the last few months, was in existence? It has perished.

Both the king and aristocracy have lost all proper respect and influence. The former is openly held to be no more than a servant or trustee of the democracy; and when he will not act as one, he is treated as a public enemy: the latter is constantly an object of national hatred and attack. Here is the government at incessant war with itself; the parts, instead of acting as a whole for common good, are employed in seeking each other's injury, as separate and hostile institutions. Your House of Commons is not elected to act as portion of a government of the mixed kind, and promote impartially the good of the empire; it is intended to oppose and suppress such government — to contend against its fellow-parts, in utter disregard of the public interests. If you examine the leading performances to which it is pledged, you will find that not one has the national welfare for its object, but all contemplate the injury of the other divisions of government. The Church is threatened, manifestly because she is understood to lean to the Crown and Peers. The corn-law is assailed, that the aristocracy may lose power with property. France is supported and followed, that the democracy may succeed in its projects. The case is similar with every item of both domestic and foreign policy: disguise is scarcely attempted, and triumph is knowingly sought at the hazard of producing the greatest national calamities. The two other parts of the government are thus compelled, in self-defence, to sacrifice public to private interests, and maintain the ruinous strife, however fruitlessly.

A government which is thus the reverse of what it ought to be, of necessity makes law the reverse of what it ought to be, in both letter and administration. Your omnipotent legislature exists to render laws, new and old, partial, unjust, and destructive. Every additional statute must create or arm a tyranny of some kind; every established one must be used to smite the public weal in some quarter; each is enforced to annul the other, and the whole for all but evil. Of course the case is similar with institutions; and it cannot be otherwise with the principles and feelings which regulate the public conduct of individuals and bodies. The plague has reached such an intolerable height, that the fundamental laws of the realm have lost all validity, save for purposes of mischief. A faction seizes office, and then it is held to be quite a matter of course for it to violate and trample on any statute which may militate against its projects or retention of power. The people must have the laws suspended, evaded, abolished, or enacted as they may please, in contempt of the regular authorities, or they will obey none. There is one law for the majority, and another for the minority; or, rather, the former has no law to restrain, and the latter has none to protect it. Institutions naturally are made to produce, not their intended fruits, but the contrary.

The King is utterly disabled for dealing impartially or justly with his people. He is made the menial of part of them, that he may be compelled to be a tyrant to the rest. The great administrator of law, he is constrained to make it an engine of injustice and oppression; instead of holding the balance between and restraining both parts of the legislature, he is made the slave of the one for the suppression of the other; the head and protector of the Church, he is perverted into her regular assailant. The Peers can no longer act as representatives and defenders of property, and the better classes generally; they are rendered the contrary, and their own destroyers. Instead of serving as balance and restriction to the Crown and Commons, they are used to exempt both from balance and restriction. The Church is made a cause and an instrument for warring against religion and morals; institutions and laws generally are, either as objects of hostility or things of use, perverted into sources of oppression, anarchy, and calamity.

If your Whig ministers wish to carry any measure, where is the security that they will not do it by setting aside all laws and institutions, not excepting the most sacred, which may stand in their way? It cannot be found. If probability be looked at, it declares that tyranny may be expected from them;

the chances are, that if they resolve on abolishing the corn-law, establishing the vote by ballot, despoiling the Church, or similar matters, they will virtually extinguish, if they cannot gain the concurrence of the Crown and Peers. They are free from all extra-constitutional limitations. The press —I speak of it in its more opulent and exalted part—has, in a display of depravity wholly without parallel, proved that it will support them in any tyranny, however barbarous and outrageous.

Your ministers enjoy office on condition that they keep the parts of government in this appalling state, and maintain this foul perversion of institution and law. Their enormous power, direct and otherwise, must be employed to prevent regular and proper government—to create practical chaos and anarchy—to array servant against master, tenant against landlord, class against class—to fan the wish for change and subversion—and to generate animosity, insubordination, and convulsion, or they must lose official being.

Members of the Whig aristocracy! I ask you as Englishmen of wealth and intelligence, what is the real character of the government under which I live? If I be a landowner, how long can I hope to enjoy the remnant of my property? If I be a fundholder, how long can I expect the state to acknowledge my debt? As a member of the national church, how long will the corporation to which I belong escape robbery? How long will the laws be spared which give me influence with my tenants, servants, and tradesmen? When my property—my all—is manifestly in jeopardy, what reasonable security have I that my sovereign will be allowed to do his duty in protecting me—that the upper house of parliament will be suffered to exercise its rights in my behalf—that I shall not be plundered and ruined in the teeth of the laws of my country? Where is the evidence that the minority, of which I form a portion, can find protection in law and ruler, or other than the destroyer of its sacred rights in both? I ask not as a Tory; when I look at such matters I am too selfish to regard party: as an Englishman, whose rights of every kind are assailed, I demand reply. I say, that I live under an unlimited government of the very worst description: I care not for your mockery of names and forms, where is your real and effective limitation? You can only find it in what binds the ruler to oppression.

This relates to fruits not expected, but already gathered; it is a sketch of our regular condition. Touching the future, I will reserve my own speculations; it is only necessary to cite your promises. Your ministers and party do not allow us to hope that we shall remain as we are; they assure us that the war between the parts of government, and its ruinous consequences, must be maintained and increased, until the crown and peers shall be so far despoiled and cut down as to be incapacitated for resisting the other part. They declare that property of almost every kind shall be kept in peril—that lawlessness and convulsion shall be preserved—that we shall have revolution and ruin constantly encircling us, until the letter of the form of government be so far changed to meet practice, as to leave only a nominal difference. You cannot be so destitute of sagacity as to be ignorant that this change must ensure a total one—that the perfection of republican practice must of necessity establish republican form.

It is a time for plain speaking, and I will frankly avow, that whatever may be the comparative merits of the different forms of government when they have natural operation, a republic stands infinitely above the kind of government under which we now live. Great and manifold are the defects of a republic, but, however, its parts possess union and efficiency; the chief magistrate can duly execute his powers, the aristocratic division of the legislature has strength in independence, and freedom from enmity; rank and wealth are not doomed to slavery and confiscation because they are allied with title; property is protected, and peace is enjoyed; law has due operation, and public affairs are managed on the principle of public benefit. Do I then wish for a republic? No; I do not value so lightly the glorious edifice which was raised by the wisdom and blood of my fathers. I wish only for the constitution of England; but I must have it unchanged, and with form and practice in due harmony, instead of the detestable counterfeit you are forcing upon me.

To my question you will doubtlessly reply, the mixed form must, at any

rate, be retained in letter. Even the adventurers — adventurers they are in word and life—whom you have placed in the cabinet will give this answer; for I think Lord Brougham, not long ago, declared his preference of limited monarchy. When I contrast what this individual said and wrote in favour of the constitution before he gained office, with the treatment he has bestowed on it since, I of course cannot place the least reliance on any thing he may utter; but in this matter I must assume in argument that he thinks as he states. Let me now ask you, why are we to have the mixed form in letter, and not in practice?

If, as you allege, the schoolmaster be abroad, is the consummate ignorance his of not knowing one form of government from another — of raising in a government of the mixed kind the cry for popular dictation? Is he such a stranger to philosophy as to give you a cause for good, and refuse its consequences as evils; or so unskilled in science as to establish for peace and gain the sources of discord and injury? Is he sleeping, or taking a journey, or idling in perpetual vacation, or laid gagged and bound by rebel dunces, that he suffers his overgrown pupils to render it necessary for me to put the questions? Every Whig authority is with me in preferring the mixed form: why?—for its superiority in practice. They prefer it, not because it cuts a better figure on paper, or forms a more gorgeous fabric, but because in operation it yields the greatest portion of benefit to the subject. It is even one of their grounds of preference, that it imposes on the democracy—the people —popular will and act—effectual limitation.

Ye Whig aristocrats! who deem yourselves so much wiser than your fathers, where is your evidence that in our form of government, or any other, those whom you call the people ought to enjoy ascendency? You commence with the assumption, that the people have but one mind, and follow a common interest; you cannot deny that it is a monstrous falsehood. At all times one part of the people assails, and seeks to ruin, the other part; they must then either be limited in power, or be in one division or another always under grinding tyranny: the sceptre must continually change hands among them, if they possess it; and the tyrants of to-day must be the slaves of to-morrow. This is, however, what you desire. That they may be tyrants over their superiors, you make them the slaves of each other.

Will you aver that small tradesmen and mechanics are, severally considered, better able to understand public interests—more capable of legislating on agriculture, manufactures, trade, finance—more closely identified in interests with the empire—more upright—and less under the influence of delusion and passion,—than nobles and wealthy commoners? You dare not assert the falsehood, and yet you act on it. While you admit the incompetency of the parts, you insist on the perfection of the whole. You maintain that the units of ignorance and error are, by simple addition, made a sum of learning and truth—that the grains of stone and lead are, by the process of heaping alone, converted into a mass of silver and gold.

To prove that the people in the majority ought to have the ascendency, you ought at any rate to prove that they seek only what is wise and upright. At this moment they desire the abolition of the corn-law, the spoliation of the Church, vote by ballot, the total expulsion of the aristocracy from power, the robbery of the public creditor, &c. &c.; and you dissent from them in every particular. Your very ministers are compelled to own that you seek to vest the real government of the empire where the sum as well as the unit, the whole as well as the part, desires what is equally ruinous and knavish.

Whig aristocrats! will you venture to assert that property and respectability disqualify a man for interfering with public affairs; and that all who possess them ought to be excluded from sharing in the government? Will you say that property ought to be at the mercy of those who have none—that because a man has property he ought to have no power to protect it—that his possession of a large estate forms a reason why this estate should be under the management of his enemies? Will you maintain that the minority ought to have no protection whatever, not even in the matters which you declare to be inalienable rights in the majority? Will you state that all men have equality of right, when one man, by his connexion with his body, can do what he pleases with

the possessions of another? or that a powerless minority is not as effectually stripped of rights, privilege, and liberty, as it could be by any despotism? You will not: you assert the contrary, and yet you comprehend all this in your foundations. Upon what you admit to be pure falsehood, you raise what you fondly deem your structure of truth; to gain certain effects, you establish causes which you acknowledge will produce the reverse.

Putting all the rest of the population out of the question, are you prepared to say that those whom you call the people will be benefited if public affairs be managed as they desire? You admit the contrary; you avow that the gratification of their wishes would be as ruinous to them as to their betters, and the community in the aggregate.

Thus, on falsehoods too gross to be mistaken by any man, and errors which your own lips proclaim to be of the first magnitude, you act; and your acts, as you confess, are to involve right, liberty, and weal—popular, aristocratic, and national—in common destruction. Shame on the slumbering schoolmaster!

Your ministers, your reviews and newspapers, your aristocrats as well as democrats, constantly insist on the sovereignty of the people; on the right of the popular will to dictate, and the duty of all authorities to yield it obedience. The profligates who occupy the cabinet carry this so far, that they hold a ministry ought to obey such will, in contempt of its own reason and conscience. Nevertheless, while they do this, they maintain that the people must be divested of their sovereignty, the popular will must be resisted at the pleasure of some superior authority. If this be the best your schoolmaster can perform discard him for any savage you may find in the darkest corner of the universe.

When, do you say, ought the popular will to be resisted? When it is in error. A Tory will say the same—an advocate of simple monarchy will agree with you;—both will avow that the popular will ought to be gratified when it is just and wise. And to whom do you confide the power of resisting it? The executive. You laboriously disable the legislature, especially the aristocratic division, for being other than its slave—you do every thing in your power for giving it the command of both divisions—and the executive alone is to be its judge and master. Toryism stoops to nothing so tyrannical—it is only the partisan of arbitrary power who here can support you. I am a plain Englishman, partial to the use of my own faculties—hating from my soul a distinction without a difference, and the disguising of old things with new names; and I tell you, ye Whig aristocrats, that this is in principle precisely absolute monarchy.

Produce your schoolmaster, if he yet exists, and let me question him: in times like these we must have our tenets guarded by definition upon definition. When the popular will chances to support any measure of the executive, the latter is to set aside the legislature and law to any extent it may think fit in order to carry its measure; and the executive alone is to decide when such will shall be resisted, and to offer resistance. I ask the pedagogue, stipulating that he be French or English he shall answer me only in my mother tongue, whether this power to set aside the legislature and law in some things be not one to set them aside in all? whether this exclusive authority of the executive to resist the popular will at discretion be not one to lead it in chains always? and whether an absolute despot requires more tyranny in doctrine, or exercises more in practice? My questions refer to principle only.

I can find in all this any thing rather than reason for departing from the practice of our mixed form of government. It stands amidst the most obvious of truisms, that there can be no freedom if the power to tyrannise be possessed in any quarter; and that the difference between tyranny in a king and any body of men is, it is the most active and intolerable in the body. Freedom is to prevent it every where—in the people as well as the king, the democracy as well as the aristocracy. The mixed form of government and a republic differ little in essentials; and the one endeavours like the other to prevent dictation and tyranny in the people.

You declare that when the people are in error they ought to be restrained: I ask you, aristocrats of Whiggism, who, for the sake of righteous and wise judgment, ought to judge them? Will you say, the power would be

duly exercised by any ministry, Whig or Tory? The fundamentals of Whiggism declare the contrary, and common fact supports them. A ministry, no matter who may form it, must be wholly disqualified, or free institutions must be wholly useless. A legislature must be the great judge, and manifestly it must be so far independent as to be able to use its discretion and apply a negative.

Will you say that a legislature, chosen and governed by the people, can in the nature of things dispense wise and righteous judgments? No. What follows? It must be to a certain extent independent of the people, and identified with the interests they are hostile to. Here is the most conclusive reason possible for giving proper power to the aristocracy, and keeping an institution like the upper house of parliament in due efficiency.

Will you maintain that matters of government are all things of opinion, to be regulated by numerical majority of population? They are in general things of fact, fixed rule, divine law, and sacred individual right, which the majority has as little right to control as the minority. The object is to gain a government which will be a source of liberty, protection, right, and justice, to every man alike; and popular freedom only exists for the sake of this object. Every one, on entering society, solemnly agrees that the majority shall not dictate—that certain authorities shall be appointed to decide in all things, those of mere opinion as well as others, impartially between the majority and minority, and as freely against the one as the other. Here is decisive proof that, in the nature of things and the first principles of society, the people and House of Commons have no more right to the ascendency than the aristocracy and House of Peers.

Will you assert, that the Peers and body of the aristocracy are so circumstanced that they have an interest in injuring the general weal; or that the House of Lords acts wholly or principally for the benefit of the great and rich? If you dare, you must be classed with either the most senseless of idiots, or the most false of knaves. The aristocracy has the deepest private interest in the general prosperity and the proper management of public affairs. In the generality of matters which come before it, the House of Lords is identified in interest with every man who has property, however little, and even with the poor: through it alone, men of learning, people of moderate fortune, the upper classes of manufacturers, shopkeepers, &c., and the weaker division of the democracy, including the labouring orders, can take effective part in public affairs, even on the defensive.

Will you affirm, that the House of Lords possesses less talent and acquirement, integrity and honour—is more exposed to the influence of passion, intrigue, and general corrupt motive—and is not far more free from the things which lead to erring and vicious conduct, than the House of Commons? An independent Englishman, let me have a reply, untainted with party depravity, and it will be—*No!* Here is abundant evidence, that it is most necessary for the aristocracy and House of Peers to be as powerful and independent as the democracy and House of Commons.

The constitution of England regards the people as a whole, but it includes in it the aristocracy; and it takes due cognisance of the parts which constitute this whole. To one part as the democracy, and to the other as the aristocracy, it assigns certain powers and duties: but both are equal in its eyes; and it no more intends the one than the other to preponderate and dictate. Each is equally to limit and restrain the other. It gives to those whom you call the people no more right to exclusive management of public affairs, or authority over laws and institutions, than it gives to the nobility.

You tell me that the people—meaning by the word the less exalted divisions of society—have a right to do what they think fit with the public revenue, the church, the general property, laws, institutions, and government of the empire; although you admit the exercise of the right must be restrained. I deny the right as strongly as the liberty of exercise. Do you call for my authority? I plead the constitution of my country. Do you press me farther? I plead the laws of God and man, the first principles of society, the most sacred of rights, individual and collective. I say the right belongs no more to the people than to myself, no more to the people of England than to those of France or China;

and that it belongs only to the regularly appointed authorities of the realm—to the upper house of parliament as much as to the lower one; which are bound to exercise it with stern impartiality between labourer and noble, the many and the few, the poor and the rich, in disregard of rank and numbers.

The constitution and laws strictly keep from the people all such pretended right; they empower and enjoin the King and House of Peers to scrutinise severely, and refuse at discretion, every demand of the people and House of Commons. The House of Peers, in its primary use, exists to keep from them the power of supreme and separate government severally, jointly, or in union with the King, and prevent them from doing any thing without its concurrence. The power thus withheld from the people is also, on the same grounds, denied them in a republic: they evidently cannot possess it, without the establishment of an executive really free from limits and responsibility, and misrule of the most ruinous character to themselves.

While it is demonstrable that the people must have the reverse of liberty and good government, if their desires be not judged of, and whenever erroneous refused, by the aristocracy, it is equally so that the latter must be duly enabled to discharge the momentous duty.

From all this it irresistibly follows: 1. The conviction ought to be implanted in the people, by their rulers and leaders generally, that state questions must be decided by the test of truth, justice, and wisdom, to prevent decision from being ruinous to every class alike; and that in society, power, liberties, and privileges, whether popular or aristocratic, are only granted to ensure such decision of them. That rights are only enjoyed by the poor as well as the rich, to provide proper responsible authorities for so disposing of state questions; and these authorities must be, in judgment, as independent of the poor as of the rich, or they cannot do their duty.

2. The people must be taught, that they have no more right to preponderate and command than the higher classes; that the democracy and House of Commons form only a part of the population and general government, which is bound, on every principle of common good, to respect the rights and powers of the other part; and that it is essential, on all proper occasions, for the aristocracy and House of Peers to impose on them restraint and refusal.

3. The people must be told the truth touching the personal character, as well as rights, of the higher classes: they must learn to respect the peers as fellow-subjects and brethren.

4. The House of Commons must feel that it is no executive and ruling institution, but merely a deliberative and restraining one; that it has no right to force any thing on the adoption of the Crown or House of Peers; but, on the contrary, they have severally, or otherwise, as much right to resist its measures as it has to resist theirs; and that it is no partisan to fight one portion of the population and institution against another, but an impartial guardian to act for the equal good of all.

5. The ministry must act on the conviction, that, to give effect to the mixed form—the free form of government—its first duty is to keep the parts of both society and the government in due harmony, connexion, and power. Bound by every obligation to protect the rights of the aristocracy and House of Peers, as zealously as those of the democracy and House of Commons, it must studiously avoid every word and act which may tend to bring them into conflict. Knowing itself to be under limits, it must yield ample obedience to the authorities placed over it; sacrificing its desires to its duties, it must not only suffer these authorities to exercise due control over its measures, but refrain from introducing any that may involve them in contention.

I ask you, members of the Whig aristocracy, what conduct is displayed on these points by you and your ministers?

You eternally teach the people, that state questions ought to be decided by their will, in disregard of truth, justice, and wisdom; and that to ensure this is the great object in the distribution of power, liberty, and privilege. You lead them to regard the authorities of the realm, not as independent institutions, bound to decide impartially and righteously between man and man, class and class, majority and minority, but as slavish instruments to commit any folly and iniquity at their bidding.

You teach the people—although you admit they should be restrained when in error—that they ought to have every thing in the empire under their dictation. You tell them that all power is theirs, and ought to be constantly exercised by them: you incite them to regard, not only the higher classes, but also all wealthy and learned men, as slaves, who have no right to oppose them in any thing. According to your lessons, they have a right to do what they please with all laws and institutions, and likewise the personal rights and private property of all above them. You fill them with the belief that they, with the House of Commons as their menial, have a right to tyrannise over the rest of the population, and all other institutions, as they may think fit, and that the aristocracy, the House of Peers, and the sovereign, have no right to do other than obey their commands.

By baseless falsehood and slander, you impel the people to hate and war against the aristocracy and House of Peers, as natural enemies ever seeking their injury; and by the same means you cause them to treat in the same manner the Church, and other institutions of the empire.

The House of Commons, through your doctrines, is led to deem itself the supreme executive, clothed with boundless despotism. Treating with contempt its constitutional power of deliberation and negative, it insists on its right to make puppets of the crown and other house of parliament. You fill it with the belief that the sovereign, peers, and ministers, are in duty bound to yield it implicit obedience in all things; or, at least, all of any moment. You not only give it these monstrous notions of its power, but teach it that the fundamental laws, and every institution of the empire, and the most sacred possessions of all but the humbler part of society, are of right to be dealt with as it may think fit. You do every thing in your power to place us under that hideous monster, a House of Commons inveterately hostile to the laws, the property, learning, and respectability of the country, the Church, the Peers, and the Sovereign in his more essential points of being, the supple slave of the revolutionary multitude, and armed with every extreme of tyranny.

Your ministers do almost every thing that is calculated to keep the parts of society and government in discord, and sacrifice some of them to the others. Their policy, foreign and domestic, stands on the principle of arraying the democracy against the aristocracy, the House of Commons against the House of Lords, the cabinet against the Crown, the people against the Church, and laws and institutions in general. Scarcely an item can be found in this policy which is not taken up to gratify popular clamour, or which is not supported by the latter from motives of enmity and aggression, or which can fail of involving the divisions of society and government in deadly strife. In the strife thus produced, or fed, they refuse even balancing and restraining power to the crown, House of Peers, and aristocracy; their doctrines and acts all tend to give the democracy and House of Commons whatever they seek, at the cost of the rest of society, and other institutions. Instead of giving equal protection to all, they constitute themselves the slaves of one part, to despoil, weaken, and suppress the other. Under the pretence of obedience to the people and House of Commons, they trample on effective limitation; they introduce measures which they know must bring the authorities placed over them into conflict, and then to carry them they in effect dissolve these authorities.

Here are the causes of our wretched, disgraceful, and appalling condition.

In your admiration of democratic rule, I pray you, aristocrats of Whiggism, to contrast this condition in a few leading matters with that of republican America.

The American chief magistrate has the ministry fully under his influence, and he has only to sanction what he cordially concurs in; ready obedience is rendered to his exercise of prerogative. The English one is made the instrument of the ministry; he is compelled to sanction what he believes to be unjust and pernicious; he is restricted from exercising his prerogatives, and he is treated as a public slave and enemy. The American president enjoys infinitely more monarchical power than the king of England.

The American senate is respected and obeyed like the other branch of the legislature. The English House of Peers is despised, and, in its more important uses, reduced to a nullity. The aristocratic division of the legislature is really much more powerful in

the republic of America than in the monarchy of England.

In America, the popular part of the legislature usurps not the powers of the other and the executive; it allows them independence of judgment, and duly submits to their authority. It has far less power there than it exercises in England.

Public questions in America are generally disposed of with reference only to the collective good. In England, the object in disposing of them is to sacrifice the collective good to democratic tyranny. Church reform, vote by ballot, the abolition of slavery,—in a word, all the leading questions of the moment, are demonstrably agitated to strengthen the democracy, that it may possess boundless despotism, in utter scorn of the interests of the empire.

Can you assign any reason why we should be so much more democratic than America? why the democracy should usurp powers in our monarchy which it confesses it has no right to in the republic? You cannot. Can I by any possibility believe you to be ignorant that this democratic tyranny is openly sought to enable one part of the community to tear the other to pieces for criminal private profit, even though the fall of the empire rank amidst the consequences? No, if I regard the most conclusive proof.

I can find no plausible reason for thinking that you are misled by erroneous judgment,—that you are ruining us from intentions which, if not good, are not highly vicious. If demonstration can establish any thing, it will not suffer me to doubt, that your object is to serve party and faction, in total disregard of your country. You confess that the people ought not to exercise the power you are giving them, and that the matters would be criminal and baleful which they seek this power to compass; here from your own lips is the evidence of your guilt, which I must credit. And for such an object you are plunging, not this empire only, but all Europe, into the horrors of anarchy and democratic tyranny; soaring far above home and country, your savage anti-social wishes seek to place the whole human race under the consuming sceptre of the lawless people.

If I do you injustice, prove your innocence: tell your ministers that you will support them no farther in their present course, and that you will have only the constitution of England in both practice and letter. Yours is the power to restrain them and save us; if you let it slumber, yours must be the iniquity and infamy. At any rate, in your career of selfishness, pause a moment to inquire what effect universal popular tyranny—infuriated as it is against property as well as title—is likely to have on the power, profit, and existence of the Whig aristocracy.

AN INDEPENDENT PITTITE.

## HUMBUG.

READER! did e'er your vanity or stars,
Chance, inclination, ignorance, variety,
Lead you to poke your nose between the bars
Of that menagerie — a learn'd Society?
If so, I need not tax my scanty knowledge
For a description of the sapient College.

The members! — O for Hudibras's pen,
To paint these folks of dust and dissertation!
Gulliver's famous Lilliputian men
Would have been giants to this pigmy nation;
Creatures with minds so marvellously fritter'd,
You would have sworn some mountain mice had litter'd.

And then their subjects — mermaids, sea-snakes, kraken,
Stones from the moon, and comets telescopic,
In Science's digestive cauldron shaken,
With wings of gnats, and insects microscopic;
In short, things like some traveller's tales of Timbuc-
Too — all just more or less allied to Humbug!

Humbug's as old as Eden — its blest bower
Saw first the hydra-headed monster rise;
And from that moment to the present hour
Hard has it been at work on ears and eyes,
Making the worse appear the better reason,
Light, darkness — wisdom, folly — and truth, treason!

Humbug the cradle haunts, with fiendish rocking,
Making a poor babe sleep by getting sea-sick;
And endless are its forms our childhood mocking —
Stale tarts, and apples sour, and sugar'd physic:
While boyhood sheds its floods of birchen tears,
Wrung by the humbug of two thousand years.

What's grammar, but a mass of idle rules,
To teach a novice learnedly to blunder?
What dictionaries, but a place where fools
May stumble on a meaning for a wonder?
What is, in short, the whole array of college?
Just a display of Humbug apeing knowledge.

But don't on this your donkey-ears be pricking,
Ye dunces! who escape the rock pedantic;
Humbug among you finds delightful picking,
And gulls you with a thousand hoaxes antic:
Dice, women, wine, the turf — with these she angles,
And, *presto!* at her line the gudgeon dangles.

Nor gudgeons only — in her lantern magic
So knowingly she tricks her phantoms forth,
'Tis comic to behold at once, and tragic,
How she can cast her spells o'er sense and worth.
Wisdom and wit have cause to rue the siren,
*Exempli gratiâ,* Solomon and Byron.

Well if no worse — if doubt alone, and error,
By Humbug raised, wrap Genius in her snare;
Oft has the gipsy, with false tales of terror,
Driven master-minds to renegade Despair;
Then, with a sneer of fiendish exultation,
Whisper'd her last fell wile — annihilation!

But far from me be topics of such gravity;
From me, in whose most gullible of ears
Humbug insinuates, with too mild suavity,
How much I soar beyond my rhyming peers,
Inditing piquant nonsense with facility,
Wit, tact, discrimination, and ability!

All this is Humbug. What's a knack at rhyming,
But just a mechanism got up with ease?
Like the Swiss snuff-boxes, for ever chiming
The Ranz des Vaches and Chorus Tyrolese.
Of the machines, if ask'd which is most clever,
Commend me to the one that plays for ever.

Music's a hoax, devised by wood and brass,
Wire, catgut, resin, and such base material,
To make some idol of a fiddler pass
Through life with wealth and honour quite imperial.
So great's the Humbug, few among the gapers
Would know his sounds from any other scraper's.

Painting is just a barefaced imposition,
A plot 'twixt oil and canvass, to betray;
Deception is its very first condition,
And still the greater cheat the higher pay.
Theft is its basis — witness silly creatures
Paying, delighted, for their own stolen features.

Courtship's a mutual Humbug; pretty faces
Cover, like charity, too oft a host
Of things all unallied to loves and graces,
As husbands sometimes find out to their cost.
Nor they alone; for lovers, quite as neatly,
Put forward *their* best *foot* while looking sweetly.

Freedom's a Humbug — pardon seeming treason,
Britain's good genius, born at Runnymede —
I mean that counterfeit, the goddess Reason,
Come reeling o'er from Paris in your stead,
So hideous-looking, dissolute, and gory,
Her very sight had made old Noll a Tory!

Whigs are a Humbug (maxim trite and slavish,
Obnoxious long to opposition ears) —
Economists to-day, to-morrow lavish,
Making their lee-way up for thirty years:
In place or out, "to one thing constant never,"
From Charley Fox to Brougham, "deceivers ever!"

Reform's a Humbug. But no single stanza,
Were it of endless Alexandrines spun,
Could justice do to that extravaganza,
Out-hoaxing hoaxes since the world begun:
Each separate letter in that bill of wonders
Might be the preface to a book of blunders.

Reform is (*vide* Cocker) just a hum,
Plann'd by society's most "vulgar fractions,"
For cheating all their betters by a sum
Of very compound multiplied subtractions:
If boroughs, titles, rents, funds, tithes, and altar,
A takes from B, pray what remains?—A halter.

Reform, in English, means a nation's curse,
A drug half-stimulant and half-narcotic,
Making the better reason seem the worse —
Plunder all fair, and murder patriotic —
The Commons slaves — the Peers a public evil —
The King a cipher — and John Bull the devil.

So much for Humbug! as, like nightmare grinning,
She rides poor John, of late in drunken fits;
But in his eye a knowing cock beginning,
Seems to speak John returning to his wits.
Lord help old Humbug! how he'll send her spinning,
With all her bills, her speeches, and her tricks,
Reforms and revolutions, to old Nick's!

## DISCOVERIES OF MODERN GEOLOGISTS.

### No. IV.

The last geological paper contained some account of the influence which is exerted by *aqueous* causes operating upon the earth's crust, both with regard to its surface and those depths at which springs are found to arise. The present paper is devoted to a not less active and powerful class of causes, the phenomena of which are calculated at once to strike us with terror and dismay, and to gratify the eye and ear with exhibitions of the grandest and most awful displays of nature's laboratory, in which are performed her sublimest chemical combinations.

Earthquakes and volcanoes present us with all the varieties of *igneous* causes which effect such mighty changes in the structure of our planet; and those two classes of physical causes have apparently ever been actively employed in the same regions together. Signs of disturbance, well known to geologists, are now to be seen, where the earth has long been in a state of repose; and it is interesting, as well as useful, to trace those vestiges of devastation and reconstruction which anciently arose from the union of two such powerful agents as fire and water. It is not difficult to account for the termination of the one series of causes, but it is less easy to give any satisfactory explanation of the limits by which the other is bounded and its force spent. In other words, it requires much close investigation to determine precisely under what circumstances it ever happens that a volcano becomes extinct.

The phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes, although very distinct, proceed alike from subterranean movements; and those of the former are the least violent when connected with the latter. Volcanoes, indeed, may be regarded as the safety valves of the globe, permitting the expansions of heated fluids to escape by means of natural vents, which might otherwise become more extensive and destructive than the most active volcano, however measured and limited are the forces of either class of phenomena.

According to general observation, the volcanic vents are seen to take a linear direction, as if the forces acting upon them obeyed some determinate law of action; and when the intermediate spots are examined, it is clearly shewn that the interior force below has operated continuously and uninterruptedly; as is exhibited in tracing the entire line of several mountain ranges of volcanic countries, such as the Andes, &c. From the forty-sixth degree of south latitude to the twenty-seventh north, upwards of twenty-three active vents have been counted, forming an uninterrupted volcanic chain.

A question has arisen as to the period of extinction among volcanoes; but it does not appear that a long state of inactivity warrants the conclusion that the rent will never be reopened. Seventeen centuries elapsed between two eruptions in Ischia, and the passive state of Vesuvius was much longer. Among the Chilian craters, shocks and earthquakes are felt every year; and the levels of land are raised upwards of twenty-one feet, in many instances, above their former level. Peru is perpetually disturbed with earthquakes; and flames of fire, with burning cinders, issue from different points in a northerly direction; and the whole chain is one volcanic region of several thousand miles' extent, from Chili to the north of Mexico, including the West India islands. If we look towards the east, we find a grander chain of volcanoes even than this, from Russian America to the Moluccas. The greatest northern extent of igneous action appears to be at fifty-five degrees. But the Pacific Ocean itself is sufficient to furnish us with the most abundant examples of the activity of the agent in question, every island of which, perhaps, exhibits traces of volcanic action.

When we look to the old world, from east to west, one thousand miles, from the Caspian Sea to the Azores, including the greater part of the Mediterranean, the Austrian, Tyrolean, and Swiss Alps, &c., the Cevennes, and the Pyrenees to the north of the Tagus, we have an uninterrupted line of volcanic disturbance, the southern boundaries of which include the most northern parts of Africa, and a portion of the desert of Arabia. The Lisbon

Earthquakes have always been celebrated for their violence and proximity to our shores, the shocks of which have been felt westward at sea to the distance of from one hundred and twenty to two hundred and sixty-two French leagues. And, in tracing the line of direction in which these igneous forces act, it is curious to observe that a continuity of effect exists from the Grecian Archipelago, through the volcanic regions of southern Italy, Sicily, the south of Spain and Portugal, along the ocean to the volcanic group of the Azores. In the south of Europe, we find a central tract of country devoted to the most frequent and active earthquakes, the prolongations of which are merely vibrations from the great central forces in operation.

Geological examinations of the crust of the earth shew that ancient and modern igneous forces run in different directions; so that the former are often observed to intersect the latter, each being marked by a determinate line of direction. The ancients have handed down very imperfect accounts of these disturbances, and little of value, indeed, is to be found beyond what is connected with the shores of the Mediterranean; all else is buried in obscurity. Their narratives generally relate to the destruction of human life and property, but do not go into those scientific details with which we are chiefly concerned. With the exception of one ejection of lava, Ischia has remained tranquil ever since the destruction of the Syracusan colony; but it bears about its central elevations strong evidences of former disturbance, such as a greenish indurated tuffa of great thickness, with argillaceous marl and veins of indurated lava, raised 2605 feet above the level of the ocean. The entire composition of this hill is evidently of subaqueous origin, and has been lifted up at different periods. It contains twelve large volcanic cones, which appear to have acted as so many safety valves to the surrounding country during a long period of repose which Vesuvius enjoyed. These craters, and others, from the earliest records of the Christian era, were evidently central vents of subterranean and subaqueous disturbances. At the period of the Christian era, geologists consider the most interesting events commenced. Vesuvius then indicated no vestige of a crater, while its structure exhibited some analogies to other volcanic mountains. Its ancient cone is described as being regularly formed, and not, as now, consisting of two distinct peaks: the summit of the cone was flat, and it was surrounded with fertilisation. The towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii were built at its base, destined to subsequent destruction. Sixty-three years after the appearance of Christ, Vesuvius first shewed signs of returning activity; and after repeated shocks, in August 79 an eruption occurred, during which the elder Pliny lost his life, overwhelmed by sulphureous vapours. It appears, however, from his nephew's narrative, that there was no flow of lava. Lapilli, sand, and fragments of old lava, were thrown up, according with other eruptions, all of which seem to have been nearly similar. In the year 1036, the first appearance of fluid lava occurred; and after 1139, the mountain remained quiet one hundred and sixty-eight years, two small vents opening in the meantime, with occasional slight shocks. During the repose of Vesuvius, Etna was in a state of activity; and a new mountain suddenly shot up in 1538, on the 29th of September, two hours after sunset, accompanied by an alarming discharge of pumice, unmelted lava, and ashes mixed with water and fire, portions of which fell in Naples, and scared the populace from Puzzuoli, whilst two hundred yards of sea-coast became dry. This eruption ceased October the 3d following, leaving a funnel-shaped crater on the summit of the mountain. Such was the formation of Monte Nuovo, by the side of which is Monte Barbaro, which, with Astroni and Solfatara, were all successively formed, constituting so many volcanoes of the Phlegræan fields, some centuries intervening between each eruption. A century after the production of Monte Nuovo, Vesuvius remained passive; and from 1666 to the present time it has been subject to periodical eruptions. From 1800 to 1822, the cone of Vesuvius was gradually filled up with scoriæ and masses of burning lava from below. In October 1822, an eruption changed it into an immense gulf of an irregular elliptical form, three miles in circumference, and less than half a mile in diameter. Constant dilapidations are going on at its sides, making its recent depth one instead of two thousand feet, as formerly; and from frequent explosions,

the height of the mountain has been reduced from four thousand two hundred feet to three thousand four hundred.

The mineral contents of modern Vesuvius are augite or pyroxene, felspar, leucite, mica, olivine, sulphur, &c. And an immense variety of mineral substances are found around the mountain, together with volcanic alluvions, formed at considerable distances, containing sand, scoriæ, tuffa, pumice, lapilli, &c.

Since the erection of Pompeii no stream of lava ever reached that city, its destruction having been effected by showers of lighter alluvial matter. Herculaneum was discovered, very differently situated, in digging a well, in the year 1713, when they came down at once upon the theatre in which the statues of Hercules and Cleopatra were found, both cities having originated with Grecian colonists, and long continued the most flourishing of Campania. Pompeii was found to measure three miles in circumference, but that of Herculaneum is uncertain; and this city appears to have been the only one destroyed by melted lava.

The highest point of Etna, near the sea, is 11,000 feet. Its principal structure is volcanic matter, the base of the cone measuring eighty-seven miles in circumference; and the fields of lava extend to twice this distance, cultivated and populous. Numerous minor cones are seen at different points; and the chief cone has fallen in frequently. From the earliest traditionary eras, Etna has been active.*

The next important volcanic region is Iceland. Hecla has been subject to unceasing eruptions six years consecutively. New islands have been cast up, and hills thrown down; floods of lava have inundated the country; and numerous hot springs have burst forth in various directions.

From the discovery of the new world till June 1759, Jorrullo was in repose. It stands upon a plateau, two or three thousand feet above the level of the sea, six hundred feet high, bounded by hills of basalt, trachyte, and volcanic tuffa, with six volcanic cones of scoriæ, and fragments of lava round it. Among the Canary isles are evidences of the renewal of the fires of a central crater, and the almost entire cessation of a series of irregular eruptions from lesser independent cones, the great habitual vent being nearly filled up, eruptions still going on, and new cones and craters forming every day; shewing that the forces thus in operation converge in some volcanic archipelago when the central cone is inactive.

Modern lavas are nearly one-half composed of felspar, and when in great excess the mass is *trachytic;* and when augite predominates, *basaltic.* In the granitic and other ancient rocks there is an abundance of quartz, usually referred to *igneous* action; whereas quartz is merely silex crystallised, and is rarely found in modern lavas. Hornblende is also equally rare in modern, though commonly found in ancient lavas.

Within the last century the great five European volcanoes of Vesuvius, Etna, Volcano, Sauterin, and Iceland, appear to have experienced fifty recorded eruptions, independently of many which have escaped notice, from occurring in the Grecian Sea, and the neighbourhood of Iceland, as submarine convulsions. So many indeed have thus passed off, that it is calculated at most, that the active volcanoes constitute one fortieth only of those which have taken place upon the entire globe. The general calculation of the numbers of

* An eruption of great magnitude has recently occurred, threatening the destruction of Bronti. The appearance of a fiery column, extending to a great height, and forming a beautiful arch, and to which was added a *blue* pillar (arising from sulphureous matter), is described in letters from the island. But it appears to be generally admitted, that the arched column itself is the effect of reflection from the impending clouds above, since no *hydrogen* has been recognised as emitted from the crater, and since, if the phenomenon arose from the combustion of such an inflammable gas in the atmosphere, no small shower of rain would be simultaneously precipitated. The inhabitants of Bronti, about fifteen miles from the base of the mountain, were kept some time in the utmost terror and suspense, from a river of burning lava, which gradually approached their city. Many fled in despair, and those who remained were in hourly expectation of the fate of Herculaneum. A canal was hastily dug and walled in; and the last accounts stated, that Bronti was secured from the threatened inundation of the fiery liquid when it approached within about a quarter of a mile of the town,—the course of the devouring fluid having been successfully diverted.

ptions is two thousand every century, or twenty per annum.

Earthquakes exhibit premonitory signs in the atmosphere, which are well known to observers in volcanic regions. The seasons are usually irregular previous to such phenomena, and are accompanied with sudden gusts of wind and dead calms, unusual and violent rains, the sun's disk putting on a fiery redness, haziness of the air, bodies of inflammable gas from electrical matter, sulphureous or mephitic vapours, subterranean noises like the rolling of carriages, thunder, or artillery; animals every where appear alarmed instinctively, and utter cries; and people feel dizzy, and as if sea-sick. During the last hundred and fifty years, earthquakes have produced great changes upon the globe, and the devastations made by them have been attended with great loss of human life and property. Casualties on a great scale have been common; lakes have appeared where dry ground previously existed, and rivers have risen and overwhelmed every thing for miles around. Villages and cities have been swallowed up, "and towers toppled on their warders' heads." Mountains have been laid low, and hills raised, and islands have appeared and disappeared suddenly. Houses have been known to be affected with a vertical movement, and transported to distant spots. In 1829, the city of Murcia, in the south of Spain, suffered dreadfully from a shock, on the 21st of March. So did Bogota, on the 16th of November, 1827; and Chili, on the 19th of November, 1822; and the shock extended twelve hundred miles from north to south, injuring many towns, and filling up rivers. In 1822, Aleppo was destroyed. From the 15th of February to the 16th of March, in 1820, the Ionian Islands were convulsed. In April 1815, the island of Sumbawa experienced a shock, which was felt seventy miles in a direct line, accompanied by whirlwinds and other atmospheric phenomena, and the explosion was heard in Sumatra, nine hundred miles distant. In 1811, South Carolina experienced great changes of level. Lakes and islands were created in the valley of the Mississippi. The Aleutian Islands were disturbed in 1806 and 1814, and new rocks appeared above the waters. The whole coast of Chili has been permanently raised. Shallow channels have been rendered navigable; and the town of Tomboro, with twelve thousand persons, was submerged.

These are a few only of the numerous catastrophes on record, but which alone are sufficient to convince any reasonable being that our planet has not as yet settled down into a state of permanent repose and inactivity. Who has not heard or read of the Caraccas, Sicily, Java, Chili, Calabria, &c., associated with earthquakes in our own times? And if we go back a little farther, we find these and other volcanic countries periodically disturbed. Who can forget the affecting narrative of that most tremendous explosion which shook Lisbon to the ground, in 1755, upon the 1st of November, when sixty thousand persons were destroyed in the short space of six minutes; and the sea, after retiring, and laying the bar of the mouth of the Tagus dry, rolled suddenly and impetuously back, rising to the height of fifty feet. The scene must have been grand and appalling, and such as is so forcibly described in the Scriptures to have immediately followed the crucifixion. Surrounding mountains were rent asunder, and flames of fire and thick clouds of smoke burst forth on all sides from the heaving earth. The splendid new marble quay was sunk, and a great number of boats were overwhelmed. The most sensible movements were felt in Spain, Portugal, and Northern Africa; but nearly all Europe recognised some shock, which was extended even to the West Indies. A sea-port town called St. Eubal's, twenty miles south of Lisbon was engulfed. A village near Morocco was swallowed up. A wave sixty feet high, at Cadiz, found an entrance there, and swept the coast of Spain. At Tangiers the waters alternately rose and fell eighteen times. At Funchal the sea rose fifteen feet above high-water mark. At Kinsale, in Ireland, the sea entered a port, and rolled with irresistible force round the market-place. The lake of Lochlomond, in Scotland, also rose.

St. Domingo, Conception, and Peru, are associated with still more devastating circumstances; and the total loss of Lima, at earlier periods. Jamaica suffered dreadful havoc, as did Teneriffe, Java, Quito, Sicily, and the Moluccas, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, within a period of one hundred and forty years. But

there can be no doubt of the recorded catastrophes not being all which have occurred. Many have probably not been known from their wrecks having eluded search.

The relative levels of land and sea have frequently changed from the shocks of earthquakes in many places, as buildings, such as ancient temples, &c., on the coast, indicate, when their present is compared with their former traditional state—pillars being formerly hid which are now above water, and some immersed which were built on dry land, together with other traces of the advance or receding of the sea. These appearances have originated much controversy in attempting to draw geological inferences; but it is justly considered that, as the ocean maintains a permanent level, such indications shew the coast land to have been verging at different periods, or subsiding and becoming elevated alternately.

The physical history of the globe is much illustrated by the various changes which have occurred on its surface from earthquakes, not merely during the last century, but anciently. Former states of the earth, not being usually considered as capable of explanation from causes now in operation, have been left more to conjecture than those solid proofs which we recognise by an appeal to modern phenomena. Nor are the successive changes from subterranean movements less in the interior than upon the crust of the earth; the former, indeed, indicate a much greater degree of commotion in the terrestrial abysses than above. The subterranean regions are evidently subject to peculiar chemical and mechanical changes. Long series of internal convulsions have thrown up deposits several miles above the level of the ocean which have been formerly below its bottom. Many rocks now appear jetting out of the sea, which once lay several miles deep beneath. The sources of all volcanic fire must be always very deep; and before this fact was known, igneous phenomena were referred to atmospheric operations. We are indeed taught to consider the occasional obstructions to the draining of a country, the creation of lakes and pools from subsidences or landslips, and the conversion of shallow waters into rain by evaporation, whirlwinds, and other atmospheric phenomena, to proceed from the same sources as those from which volcanic phenomena arise. In most instances of volcanoes, they are either close to the sea, or have some direct communication with it. Hence it is more than probable that the igneous changes are connected with hydrostatic pressure. The percolation of water through the earth affords sufficient steam for the most violent earthquakes, and in all cases of explosions steam is necessarily produced. During an eruption, an exhalation of aqueous vapour, muriatic acid, sulphur, with hydrogen or oxygen, carbonic acid and nitrogen, occurs from the decomposition of salt water. And thus we perceive the co-operation of fire and water in raising lava to the surface, below which there are always enormous masses of matter in a constant state of fusion, as we see for ages steam has been emitted from inactive volcanoes at a temperature above the boiling point. Reviewing the history of earthquakes and volcanoes, derived from the records of catastrophes attending them, and the geological evidences and illustrations afforded by modern science, we may conclude, in the words of Mr. Lyell, that "as to the agency of the subterranean movements, the constant repair of dry land, and the subserviency of our planet to the support of terrestrial as well as aquatic species, are secured by the elevating and depressing power of the earthquakes. And that this cause, so often the source of death and terror to the inhabitants of the globe, which visits in succession every zone, and fills the earth with monuments of ruin and disorder, is, nevertheless, a *conservative* principle in the highest degree, and above all others essential to the stability of the system."

That the present state of our planet is any thing but stable, it seems to be the most perfect delusion to doubt, although much time must be conceived to elapse before any very important changes can be effected upon its surface. The process of physical revolution is slow but certain, and indeed so obvious to geological observers, that the modern system of referring all the former changes of the globe to the causes now in daily action upon it, or of assuming the perpetual continuance of phenomena affecting the mutations of the earth's crust, must be admitted to afford the simplest and most rational explanation of matters formerly the objects of theoretical and speculative

reasoning. Nevertheless, flattering as is this principle, adopted and so ably advocated by Professor Lyell, it has its opponents, who deny that it is altogether in accordance with the entire series of geological phenomena with which we are at present acquainted.

To enter into this discussion would, however, be useless at present. The student must reason for himself; and if he finds objections, he will do well to note them, reflecting deeply upon the evidences before him. The doctrine in question has been considered by some as taken up hastily, so as to overlook many exceptions. These, however, cannot be fairly appreciated until considerable attainment has been made in the ground-work, or grammar, of the science.

A thorough knowledge of facts must precede the consideration of their full value. These have indeed accumulated upon us of late, because it has been more the fashion in modern times than formerly to seek for them, instead of building up hypotheses without them. The prevalence of the latter has ever been commensurate with the scantiness of the former. At present, facts prevail over theory; and it may be well to observe, that in the present day geological theories, of any great value and importance, are reduced to *two*. The first of these is that which attributes all geological phenomena to such effects of existing causes as we now see going on around us. The second is that which considers them referable to series of catastrophes, or sudden revolutions.

It may seem to the unsophisticated student, that there is in reality no great difference between these two leading theories; and perhaps, with the exception of that difference resting chiefly upon the question of *intensity of forces*, there is little or none. And it may probably turn out hereafter, that each theory bears so much truth with it, that *both* may be safely adopted, and, united together, be successfully applied to the geological history of the earth.

Throughout the summary contained in the present and preceding numbers, so many allusions have been made to rocks, that it may be well to afford those not perfectly informed as to their classification some notion of it, by way of appendix.

Every one nearly is familiar with the division of rocks into primary and secondary, the latter alone containing *organic* remains. The celebrated Werner added another class, the *transition* rocks, as intermediate between the first and second; assuming a continuous passage from the one to the other. Cuvier and Brongniart added a fourth class, the *tertiary*; and for this reason. From their examinations of the formations round Paris, they found the strata of this class rested upon *chalk*; the latter being the highest of the secondary rocks. This arrangement is not, however, generally approved of, being deemed insufficient for the state of the science in the present day. Accordingly, alterations have been frequently proposed; but, from habit, this classification remains still in use.

It must be understood, in passing, that the term *rock* includes, not merely the hard and solid masses so named in general, but also the loose and scattered bodies of sands, gravels, shales, marls, or clays, which are found in strata, beds, or masses. The term *stratum* is to be considered as referable to beds of rock, either with parallel planes above and below, or to beds of irregular planes.

Modern researches have tended to shew that rocks, in general, may be divided into two great classes, the *stratified* and the *unstratified*. Amongst the first, some are embedded with organic remains, and some not: the mass of those which are not, lies beneath that of the organised, stratified, or *fossiliferous* strata. The mineralogical character of the latter varies very much, although *the organic accumulations are found to assume a regular order of superposition*. Certain distinct species of shells are supposed to characterise each formation or division. Such appears, at least, to be the case in many instances, even if the rule do not extend to great distances. But it is, perhaps, too much to suppose that all the formations into which European rocks are divided can be recognised by identical organic remains, in different parts of the earth. Such an idea would involve the supposition of circumstances contradicted by facts, and induce a wrong notion of the history of the earth, by necessarily assuming a uniformity of temperature at the period of each era of creation; and also a simultaneous destruction of each species subsequently, together with the production of an entire and spe-

cifically different creation from that directly preceding it.

The classification of the fossiliferous rocks is as yet but of temporary utility, and must at all times be subservient to our existing stock of facts. The present method in common use is very greatly open to improvement, when certain points of doubt are settled. Thus, for example, we know not now for certain, although it be suspected, that the lowest rocks, with organic remains in them, indicate a general uniformity as to the remains at distant points even of their surfaces; and we may imagine that this uniformity merged gradually into shades of difference, as great in different latitudes as they are in the present day. Now if this notion turn out to be correct hereafter, it will render some important modifications in the classifying of rocks essentially necessary. Should this become established, it will tend to strengthen that theory which ascribes to the centre of the earth a latent heat, gradually diminished from its original standard, so as to give way to the influence of solar heat upon the earth's crust.

Instead of the classification of rocks into primary, transition, secondary, and tertiary, Mr. De la Beche proposes to arrange them in groups. As all classifications are intended for our convenience, it matters little which we go by, provided the adopted plan does not involve us in any preconceived theory. Mr. De la Beche's system is to divide all rocks into two great classes, the *stratified* and *unstratified*. The stratified are subdivided into *superior* or *fossiliferous* rocks, and *inferior* or *non-fossiliferous*; and the superior, or fossiliferous, are divided into distinct groups.

The *first* group is of comparatively modern origin, but its commencement is not clearly defined, although it belongs to an epoch much older than the present order of creation. It contains detritus of different kinds, produced by causes now in operation; such as coral reefs and islands, travertine formations, &c.

The *second* group is *the erratic block group*, because it consists of boulders and blocks of stone, transported from places where they were detached by some force to distant spots; as is the case with gravels, breccias, and other materials, found in situations where the causes now in operation could not have produced them. Some are found on the tops of mountains, and some in plains.

The *third* group is called *the supra-cretaceous*, containing crag, Isle of Wight beds, London and plastic clays, the fresh-water and marine rocks of Paris, &c., which belong to the *tertiary* rocks. This is a very valuable group, and it is distinguished by containing a great profusion of organic remains, both of land, fresh water, and marine animals.

The *fourth* group is the *cretaceous*, containing the chalks of England and north of France, with sands and sandstones beneath them, and weald clay, &c.

The *fifth* group contains the formations of *oolite* (freestone), or Jura limestone, and lias.

The *sixth*, or red sandstone group, contains variegated or red marl, muschelkalk, red sandstone, zeckstein, and red conglomerate, a mass of conglomerates, red sandstones, and marls, chiefly of a reddish colour, but variegated.

The *seventh* group is the *carboniferous*, containing the coal measures, carboniferous limestone, and old red sandstone.

The *eighth* group is that of the *grauwacke*, a mass of sandstones, slates, and conglomerates, with occasional limestones.

The *ninth* group is the lowest of the fossiliferous class, containing different kinds of slates, with much less of organic remains than among the superior rocks. Beneath this group lies the primitive unfossiliferous rocks, in which organic remains do not appear. These assume no determinate order of superposition; they consist of various schistose rocks, and many crystalline stratified compounds, such as gneis, protogine, &c.

The unstratified rocks are the volcanic, trappean, serpentine, and granitic; or ancient and modern lavas, trachytes, basalts, greenstones, corneans, augite, hornblende, porphyries, diallage rocks, sienite, quartziferous porphyry, granite, &c. This group is usually considered of igneous origin, and some of its formations have evidently been produced by active volcanoes. Most of them are characterised by a crystalline structure, and amongst their mineral components are felspar,

quartz, hornblende, mica, diallage, and serpentine.

According to Werner's improved system, the *first* layer of the earth's crust is called *alluvion;* the *second, diluvium,* and *ancient alluvion;* the *third* is the tertiary class of rocks; the *fourth,* the secondary; the *fifth,* the transition; and the *sixth,* the primary, or primitive. The alluvion answers to the first of the above groups; the diluvium and ancient alluvion to the second; the tertiary rocks to the third and fourth; the secondary to the fifth, sixth, and seventh; the transition to the eighth and ninth; and the primary rocks to inferior stratified, or non-fossiliferous and unstratified rocks.

The modern, or first group, contains organic remains of beings now in existence, as well as some extinct species, varying from the influence of man. The vegetable as well as animal remains vary from the same cause. Many animals associated with man are now extinct, such as the Irish elk, &c. The mastodon of North America ceased to live long ago, but when is uncertain. The megatherium has also been extinct many ages: this stupendous creature roamed over the plains at probably a later period than the mastodons. The skeleton of one is now at the College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, 300*l.* having been paid for it: Mr. Parish, the consul of Buenos Ayres, sent it to London. The skull, the pelvis, the vertebræ, the hinder limbs, and the shoulder-bone, were discovered in the alluvion of the flat country about Buenos Ayres. An imperfect skeleton of one now lies in the museum of the Royal Cabinet of Natural History at Madrid, and the two united would form a perfect skeleton. The height of this animal is about eight feet, and its length twelve. The pelvis measures six feet across; the thigh-bone is two feet five inches long, three feet four inches round its thickest, and two feet two inches round its smallest parts. The bones bear evidence of age, and the action of immense masses of muscles. The tibia and fibula are united into one compact bone, and the heel-bone projects more than a foot in length. To the bones of the toes are attached long and powerful claws, very similar in construction to those of the tardigrade animals, or the sloth. The foot is nearly four feet in length, and a foot wide. The head is very small in proportion, and all the weight and strength seem to be thrown upon the hind-quarters. The front teeth (incisors) are wanting, and it is probable that the animal had a snout like the tapir. The teeth are placed in the rear of the jaw, and evince great attrition. The animal must have had a collar-bone, and the radius and ulna a free rotation. The construction of this singular being shews that it turned up the earth like a mole, and was an animal interposed between the sloth and the ant-eater. It must have been a vegetable feeder, and dug and searched for roots. A cover like the armadillo's shell, and as big as a large brewer's boiler, has been found near where this skeleton was discovered, studded with thick tubercles; so that it is probable the megatherium was so armed. The dodo is another example of a species now extinct, which was seen alive by the earliest Indian settlers in the Mauritius, where a skeleton of one has been found of late years.

The second group (erratic block) contains the great mammoth, the primeval elephant, amongst superficial gravels, sands, and clays in the northern parts of Asia, North America, Mexico, and Quito; also several varieties of the mastodon, the hippopotamus major in England, Bavaria, Italy, and France, and the lesser hippopotamus amongst the landes of Bourdeaux; some varieties of the rhinoceros in Europe; the tapirius giganteus in France, Bavaria, and Austria; the elk in Ireland, Siberia, on the banks of the Rhine, and near Paris; and several species of stag in different parts of Europe, several varieties of the *bos* species, the megalonix, the megatherium, hyæna, bear, and horse, in Europe and America.

The third group (supracretaceous) contains some marine mammalia and large land mammifers, in France and Switzerland; and among the latter, mastodons, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, deer, hyænas, antelopes, &c., with numerous species of shell-fish, in different parts of Europe, &c. In India, and elsewhere, similar rocks to the cretaceous exist, with shells of various genera embedded in them, mammifers, &c. Among which latter are the teeth of the elephant, mastodon, hippopotamus, hog, rhinoceros, tapir, ox, deer, antelope, crocodile, shark, &c. Dr. Fitton has found a general similarity

pervading the Maestricht beds and the Alpine regions, which bear resemblance to the supracretaceous rocks of India, &c.

The organic remains of the fourth group (cretaceous) are such plants as confervæ and algæ and naides, cycadeæ, zoophytes, radiaria, annulata, cerripeda, conchifera, mollusca, crustacea, fishes, and reptiles. The mammiferous remains have not yet been found in this group; but in Yorkshire, Sussex, Maestricht, and Meudon, a large reptile and others have been found. The fossil plants found are chiefly marine. Land and fresh-water tortoises, crocodiles, plesiosauri, megalosauri, and large iguanodons, are entombed in the sand-beds of the Isle of Wight, Weald rocks, Maestricht, &c.

The fifth, or oolitic group, contains plants, &c. as above, with insects, and one species of mammalia taken from the Stonesfield slate, the didelphis; others probably existing in the same locality. *Pterodactyles* have been found at Solenhofen, Lyme Regis, and Banz in Bavaria, of different species. Crocodiles evidently existed during the deposit of the oolitic group, and their remains are seen in England, France, and Germany. Many of the saurians have been discovered also in England, and elsewhere.

The sixth, or red sand-stone group, contains the teeth and bones of saurians in the variegated marls, &c.; and the muschelkalk contains fishes, reptiles, crustacea, mollusca, and conchifera, annulata, radiaria, a zoophyte, and a species of plant.

The seventh, or carboniferous group, contains various plants, as confervæ, filices, &c., in the coal measures; and also remains of conchifera, mollusca, and fishes. And in the carboniferous limestone zoophytes, radiaria, annulata, mollusca, conchifera, crustacea, and fishes, are found. But few vertebrata are seen in this group, and these few not known.

The eighth, or grauwacke group, contains various plants as above principally, with zoophytes, radiaria, annulata, conchifera, mollusca, crustacea, and fishes. There are very few organic remains in this group, and here we trace the first signs of animal life. But the numbers of those creatures whose remains have never appeared must be immense.

In the next series neither animal nor vegetable life exists.

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## A REMARKABLE EGYPTIAN STORY.

### WRITTEN BY BAREK, A LEARNED JEW OF EGYPT, ABOUT THE LATTER END OF THE REIGN OF CAMBYSES THE PERSIAN.

(*Discovered and communicated by the Ettrick Shepherd.*)

In days before the empire of the Persians embraced the valleys of the Nile, there lived and reigned in the land of Egypt a great king, whose name was Necho, who was skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians. He was also a great warrior, and overthrew the army of the Assyrians in battle; and after that the land of Egypt enjoyed profound peace. And the king spent the whole of his time with his priests and magicians, for he was deeply skilled in astrology, and all the abstruse and secret arts; and it so fell out, that in casting the nativity of one of his sons, a result happened that sorely troubled his spirit.

And he called his magicians together, and said unto them, "Tell me, I pray you, what death I shall die; for I have made a discovery that troubleth my spirit grievously, and as yet I have been unable to ascertain the event." And they answered and said, "Let the king hearken to his servants, and let not his wrath be kindled against them; for is not the life of our lord the king in the hands of the gods, and sealed up with them, to lengthen or to shorten as seemeth them good for the welfare of the people over whom the king reigneth? And therefore it is that our lord the king hath asked of us that which cannot be expounded by man."

And the king said unto them, "Then are you knaves and impostors, for you have pretended to much higher knowledge and interference than this. Go your ways home to your houses and read your horoscopes, and if in three days none of you can inform me

of the manner and time of my death, ye shall surely die."

And the magicians went away in great consternation; and they said one to another, "How shall we answer this question to our lord the king, for the secret is known only to the gods, and how can we compel them to reveal it to us? Verily we be all dead men, and our sons and our daughters shall be sold for bondmen and bondwomen." And there was great wailing and lamentation among the wise men, and the priests likewise; so that the whole land was filled with lamentation.

Now there lived in these parts, at that time, a great sage of western Ethiopia, who had sojourned in Egypt for three years, whose name was Abdallah; and he was in great favour with the king, for he was a necromancer and enchanter, and skilled in all mysteries. And he said unto the people, "Why are you cast down, and why do you lie mourning and bewailing in dust and ashes? Bring me before the king, and I will shew unto him the time and manner of his latter end."

So the men who heard this speech rejoiced greatly, but they said in reply, "What if the king should not be satisfied with the prediction? Then surely thou and we shall perish together." But Abdallah said no word but this: "I will convince him." And so they brought him before the king.

Then the king said unto the sage, "I know, O Abdallah! that thou hast great wisdom, and that the spirits of the unseen gods hold communication with thee; but, nevertheless, thou canst not shew me the time and manner of my death."

And Abdallah bowed himself and said, "May the gods do so to me, and more also, if I do not shew my lord the king the determination of the holy and just gods in this matter!" So saying, he took a parchment and hung it on the wall; and he said unto the king, "Write on it, with thy own hand, the numbers of the years of the ages of man's life, and whatsoever number shall appear illumined as with flame, the same shall be the number of the remaining years of thy life."

When these words were spoken, the king, who had doubts in his own mind concerning the matter, wrote the number three, and immediately the figure became radiated with flame, and shone brighter than gold; and while they yet gazed at it with admiration, there came a redness over it, and it was extinguished as with a stream of blood. Then the king said unto Abdallah, "What is the meaning of this?" And he answered and said unto the king, "As the king liveth, I cannot tell. The gods manifest their will to all flesh, but it is only by the depth of wisdom and research that the signification can be known aright: we shall be able to discover the meaning of this dreadful omen anon. May it please my lord the king to write on."

So the king wrote on, and when he came to thirteen, the figure distinguishing the number three was illuminated, and the others not. When he came to twenty and three it was the same; and when he came to thirty-three both were illuminated; and after that there were no more. And Abdallah interpreted all in a manner that pleased the king, assuring him that he should reign thirty-three years in great splendour and prosperity; but that at the end of three years some bloody mishap was to befall the king, either among his family or his people.

When the king heard the words of the wise man, he solemnly said, "The will of the gods be done! for the earth is governed by their wisdom, and they pull down one and set up another." Thus was he greatly pleased with the miraculous exhibition and prediction of Abdallah; and he conferred on him great benefits, and set him over all the wise men in the land of Egypt, and made him his chief counsellor: and they practised their enchantments together.

In those days there were many captives of Jerusalem in the land of Egypt, who were taken at the great battle of Megiddo, and afterwards, when the whole land of Benjamin was overrun and laid waste by the troops of Necho. And amongst these captives there was one named Bela, of the tribe of Benjamin, who was of the sons of the prophets, and he was a good man, and a just; and he was saved from the sword of the Egyptians, because of the great beauty of his daughter Ada.

Now this man Bela wrought at the brick-kiln, and was beloved and respected by the children of his people; and, behold! the story of the illuminated numbers came unto his ears,

and the spirit of the God of Israel came upon him, and he went unto the palace of the king, and besought admission into his presence. But he was mocked and evil-entreated by the captains of the guard; for they said one to another, "What can this captive Hebrew want with our lord the king, unless to do him a mischief!" And they expelled him and buffeted him from the court of the palace. Nevertheless, the man continued day after day to entreat for admission, declaring that the life of the king and the preservation of the land of Egypt depended upon their compliance with his request.

Then Ilai, the chief of the eunuchs, went in unto the king, and bowed himself and said: "My lord, O king! there is at your gate a captive of the land of Judah, who hath prayed for admission into your presence these many days. And the man is civil and learned, and he averreth that he hath great matters to impart unto my lord, on which the safety of this great kingdom dependeth."

And the king said, "He is an impostor; therefore dismiss him. Do I not know the deceit and malice of that people, although many and strange things are related of them?" For the king was engaged with his favourite, Abdallah, in the mysteries of astrology, and therefore he said, "Dismiss the man until another opportunity; and peradventure I may hear him on matters that concern my kingdom."

Howbeit Ilai, the chief of the eunuchs, returned into the king's presence a second time, and said: "Let not my lord the king be displeased with his servant; but this Hebrew refuseth to go away till he hath spoken in the presence of my lord, and saith he must see the king before the problem in which my lord and Abdallah are engaged is brought to a conclusion, else it will be ill with thee and with thy people." And the king answered and said, "Let us hear what this son of a perverse generation sayeth."

When these words were spoken, the chief of the eunuchs went and brought Bela, of the children of Benjamin, in before the king. And the king said unto him, "Come in, thou man of Judah! What is thy plaint, and what is thy petition? I know thou comest to intercede for a wicked and perverse generation; but the injuries of thy people be upon their own heads, for thou knowest I and my people are guiltless."

And Bela said, "It is true that thou hast spoken; for our king was like one who goeth out and taketh a dog by the ears. But thou, O king of Egypt! art a good and a wise prince, and hast been kinder to the captives of my people than any of all their conquerors; and it is for thee that my heart is troubled. Therefore listen thou to the voice of thy servant, who hath no hidden meaning in what he is going to reveal unto thee."

Here the Hebrew paused for a little space, then opened his mouth, and continued his speech, saying:

"It hath been shewn unto thee, O king! by the power of the infernal gods, what are the numbers of the years of thy life. Now the numbers of flame are true, but the interpretation thereof is perverse, and wide of the truth. For whereas this man hath shewed thee that thou shalt live and reign over thy people for thirty-three years — and so many and more be the years of thy life, O Necho! — but that dependeth solely on the life of this man. Therefore do thou cause this man instantly to be seized, and take his head from his body; for he is an impostor, a great prince, and a spy from a strange country, and hath already plotted the ruin of thee and of this kingdom. If thou, therefore, take this false prophet, and put him to death before the going down of the sun, then shalt thou live and reign in great peace and splendour for the space of thirty years; but if thou suffer him to escape, he shall bring upon thee and thy people the sword, the famine, and the pestilence, until thou art quite destroyed; and at the end of three years thou shalt be slain, and thy body devoured in the field. These things, O king! have been revealed to me by the God of Israel, whose counsels alone shall stand; and those who trust in them shall never be deceived."

When the king heard these words he looked upon Abdallah, and behold his countenance was changed; and Abdallah said, "Let the king do unto his servant that which is right in his own eyes."

Then the king was very wroth with Bela, and said, "Did I not tell thee that this fellow was an impostor? for is he not of a perverse and bloody

people, that seek only their own profit, to the destruction and disgrace of all people on the face of the earth? Hath he not conspired against the life of my friend for his own advancement, as if it were a light thing for me to cut off the greatest man of my realm for the word of such a fellow as this?"

And the king spake unto Ilai, and to the captains of his guard, and said, "Take this man of Judah and throw him into prison, and chain him with chains, and feed him with the bread of affliction, until it shall appear unto all men that the gods have not spoken by him." And the men did as the king commanded them.

After this the king heaped yet more favours upon Abdallah, and clothed him in royal apparel, and gave him camels and servants and asses, and fifty horsemen to ride before him.

Now on the third day after Bela was cast into prison, went Abdallah with his camels to make discoveries in the deserts of Keriam-redii. Howbeit, he returned not again to the king of Egypt, but escaped away into his own land to the country of western Ethiopia; for he was the prince of that country, and his father ruled over all the nations from the entering in of Egypt as thou goest up to the branches of the river—even the great river Ixus—unto the going down of the sun behind the springs of the same. And the king his father had an army of an hundred thousand horsemen, and his soldiers were without number; and that king's name was Emanuel.

And the King of Ethiopia rejoiced greatly at the return of his son Abdallah, and said unto him, "Where hast thou sojourned, and what hast thou seen?" And Abdallah described unto him all the riches of the land of Egypt, and its glory and greatness. And the King Emanuel said to his son, "Let us go down and destroy it, and enrich ourselves with the spoil thereof; for behold I and my people are idle, and we have no more to conquer." And Abdallah told to his father the prophecy of the man of Israel, and it pleased him; and he said, "Make haste, my son, and gather the people together, and let us go down and give battle to the king of Egypt."

And Abdallah said, "The cities are fenced cities, and strong; and they will withstand our armies, until we faint and fall down before them. But behold, the whole wealth and riches of the people are in their river: their hope is therein, and their devotion paid unto it. Let us, therefore, prepare against the season of drought, and cut off the springs of their river, diverting them to another channel, and the hearts of the people shall faint within them, and they shall become as dead men; and we shall do unto them as seemeth good in our eyes."

And they prepared against the season of drought, and cut off all the springs of the great river Nilus, that has its sources in the tropical mountains of western Ethiopia. And they got them great piles of wood and earth, and five hundred thousand men, and a thousand camels, and oxen and asses; and they dammed up the sea of Sadock, so that no water could issue from thence; for the bank which they made was like one of the mountains of the land. And in three days the channels of the river were seen, and Emanuel and his son marched their men down the channel of the river; and the pools supplied their horses and camels with water. And the king and his princes rode in chariots down the channels of the great river Nilus, and they rejoiced greatly, exulting in the magnitude of the work they had effected; so that in seven score and six days after leaving their own land, they came into the valley of Upper Egypt, and began to lay waste the land.

Now it came to pass, that after Abdallah fled from the court of Egypt the king was greatly astonied, and said, "Doubtless some evil hath befallen my friend!" And he sent out horsemen into the desert to look after him; and they traced Abdallah and his troop as far as the country of Ballomelech. And they returned to their master, and reported these things unto him: but the king was very wroth with the men, and believed them not; for he said, "As well could the blood of my veins rebel against my own heart, and turn traitor thereunto, as the great, the wise, and the virtuous Abdallah become a traitor to his sovereign and friend."

And Bela the Benjamite remained in prison; for the king was involved in the mysteries of enchantment and necromancy, and forgot him. Neither would the king believe any evil of Abdallah; and Bela pined in bonds in the dungeon of the prison-house.

And his daughter Ada attended him daily, and ministered unto him; and by reason of her great beauty she gained favour with the keeper of the prison, who dealt tenderly with her father for her sake. And she wept daily over her father, and bewailed the hardness of his fate; and she said, "Surely the king's heart is hardened, that he will neither see with his eyes nor hearken unto the truth as it has fallen from thy lips: nevertheless, I will go unto the prince Aperias, who is the next to the crown, and state the case of my parent to him."

And Bela said, "Go, my daughter, for assuredly thou shalt find favour in his sight; for the God of our fathers shall give thee grace in the sight of the young man, by increasing thy beauty ten times, and thy wisdom and thy prudence times without number; and thou shalt succeed in lightening the bondage and captivity of thy father." And the maiden kissed her father and departed.

And behold as the prince Aperias sat at meat, the keeper of the door came in and said unto him, "Lo! my lord, there be a maiden at thy gate, who refuseth to say her business or yet to depart, unless first admitted to thy presence." But the prince said unto him, "Tell the damsel that it is not customary for women to be admitted into the chambers of the princes." And the keeper of the gate said, "I shewed these things to her; nevertheless the maiden will not depart, for she saith that it is customary among her people for young and old men and women, who have complaints, to represent these to the ruler, and she prayeth to be heard, for she is of the captives of Jerusalem; and, moreover, the damsel is exceedingly discreet, and comely to look upon." And when the prince heard that the maiden was comely to behold, he said, "Bring her in; but let it not be known that a virgin came into the chambers of the princes."

And Ada, the daughter of Bela the Benjamite, came in, and fell on her knees before the prince, and said, "O my lord! forgive the importunacy of thine handmaid, and hearken to her humble request." And the prince Aperias was astonished at her beauty, and he took her by the hand to raise her up; but she said, "Nay, my lord, thy servant will not rise from the earth till she hath made her petition before thee: for her heart is broken within her for the misfortunes of her father." And the maiden related all that had happened to her father, and his prophecy of the desertion of Abdallah, and of the death of the king his father, and the destruction of his people, by the means of that accomplished traitor the Ethiopian. And Aperias the prince wondered very greatly.

And he said, "Is thy father of the prophets of the children of Israel? for there are strange things related of them." And she said, "The spirit of the God of Israel dwells in my father, and whatsoever he hath foretold will assuredly come to pass, if the words of the Lord are disregarded." And the prince said, "I must look into this matter; for the king my father will listen to no advice save those that he receiveth from the workers of divination: and there be strange rumours abroad in the land." And he said, moreover, "If thou wilt disguise thyself as a boy, and follow me, and live with me in the palace and in the camp, as it may hap unto us, then will I favour thy father, and do unto him whatever thou shalt require of me."

But she said unto him, "As the God of Israel liveth, and as my lord the prince liveth, thine handmaiden dareth not do such a thing; for thy servant feareth the God of her fathers, and would rather lay down her life, and the lives of all her household, than do any thing that might disgrace the virgin daughters of her people." And Aperias said, "Is there a woman in the land of Egypt who would refuse such loving union with the prince of the country? Knowest thou not that thy life, and the life of thy father, is in my hand?" But she answered him and said, "O my lord! for my own life I have no fear, for thou hast not the heart to shed the blood of a virgin, although one of the despised and forsaken race of Israel. But if the lives of all my kindred depended on my compliance with thy request, I would refuse it, and keep myself unblemished and free to enter the tabernacle of the God of Jacob." And the prince said, "I have found no such virtue among women: go thou and inquire of thy father for me, and come back and tell me the import thereof. Peace be with thee! I will speak to the king of this matter."

So the virgin returned to her father, and related all these things unto him; and he said, "Blessed be thou of the Lord, my daughter! for thy beauty saved me, while thou wert yet a child, from the sword of the ravisher of my people; and thy virtue and beauty shall save me yet again from a lingering and terrible death." And he took her to his bosom, and she lay upon his breast and kissed him, and wept for the captivity of her father.

And while they were yet together, behold Aperias the prince came into the prison, and found the maiden weeping upon the breast of her father. And Aperias lifted her up, and kissed her, and wiped the tears from her eyes, and said unto her, "Is this thy father the prophet from the land of Judah?" And she said, "This forlorn and chained captive is my father; and as thou dost unto him, so shall the God that made the heavens and the earth do unto thee."

And Aperias called the keeper of the prison, and caused him to loose the bonds from the hands and feet of Bela the Benjamite; and Aperias said unto him, "Now do I know that thou art a prophet of the true God, for behold messengers have arrived this day from the countries of the east, who relate that Abdallah the Ethiopian hath arrived in our country, with an army that outnumbereth the stars of heaven; and he hath begun to waste and destroy, and there is none that can oppose or stand before him. For all the hearts of our people are faint, because the time of the floods has arrived, and behold there is no water, not even for the men and the cattle to drink; for the river is dried up, and the land is baked as in an oven, and the people cry that the gods have forsaken them; and the temples are crowded, and all the land is in great consternation, for they perceive that the inhabitants thereof must perish from the face of the earth."

And Bela said, "So shall it be over the face of the whole earth, that whosoever regardeth not the words of his Creator shall fall into the snare and perish. Behold! I came at the peril of my life and warned thy father, saying, If thou take not the head from this man, thou shalt perish, and thy kingdom with thee; but he hearkened not to the counsels of heaven, but threw thy servant into prison, till the falsity of my prophecy should be proved. But do thou, O prince! hearken unto me; for on thee hangs the hope of Egypt. Be strong and valiant, and fight the battles of thy father; lead thy armies toward the sea, and dig for water in every valley, for the desolation shall be grievous over all the land of Egypt: and I will inquire of the Lord for thee, and apprise thee what it behoves thee to do. But this I know, that thy father shall be slain, and many of thy fenced cities shall be taken."

And Aperias said, "May the gods of the Egyptians overturn thy prophecies, and make them fall on the heads of our enemies! Yet were it folly to despise the counsel that is already half fulfilled. Inquire at your God for me; and, above all things, pray for the renovation of our river: for without it we are all dead men." And Bela said, "Come again on the second day after the Jewish sabbath, and I will tell thee all that is revealed to me."

And the prince came again, and Bela said unto him, "There have been strange matters revealed unto me; even things which I cannot comprehend. It seemeth that the fountains of the great river are dammed up, and diverted from their channels by the power of this crafty Ethiopian, who knew the only way to destroy thy kingdom. Therefore, if thou send not men to break down the embankments he hath made, thy whole kingdom shall be destroyed by the sword, the famine, and the pestilence."

And Aperias was greatly troubled, and very wroth; and he said, "Were it not for the beauty and virtue of thy daughter, whom I love as my own flesh, I would surely take thy life. And were I to apply to my father for troops for such an expedition, he would slay me as well as thee. For wouldst thou say, or infer, that our sacred river—the preserver of our lives, and the bestower of every bounty—cometh not from heaven?"

And Bela said, "Far be it from me to say that the great river Nilus proceedeth not from heaven! I know that it hath its springs in the mountains of the sun and the mountains of the moon, and the vales above the firmament; for so it hath been shewed me from heaven. But these fountains descend by five thousand streams, and

are all gathered into one great reservoir, or inland sea, of one hundred and forty days' journey; and this immeasurable fountain hath the great sorcerer Ebedmelech (or, as he is called in your tongue, Abdallah) dammed up as with a mountain, and unless that fountain is reopened, Egypt must perish."

And Aperias was sorely troubled, and he said, "Go and hide thee, and thy daughter with thee, in the caves of the mountains, and I will feed thee; for my father will surely seek thy life." And the prince went away to his father, and told him, saying, Thus and thus saith the prophet that is of the land of Israel. And the king was very wroth, and said unto his son, "Go thou and deal with the magicians of that accursed people. Is their God superior to our gods? or can their learning compare with the learning of Egypt?" And the king commanded his servants, saying, "Go and bring me the head of Bela the Hebrew; for that is the pledge my friend Abdallah requireth of me, that the peace between us may be preserved." And the men went and searched seven days, but they found him not. Then Aperias saw that Abdallah, with all his boasted conjurations, dreaded the foreknowledge of this humble prophet of Israel.

Abdallah, therefore, and the old king his father, laid waste the country, until at length they came to a great fenced city, called Tubis,* that had two gates of brass and fifty of iron; and they laid siege to that city, for the wealth of all the land had been conveyed thither. And the men of the city were sore afraid, and sent messengers to the king of Egypt, which aroused him from his sorceries; and he took his sons, and his captains, and an hundred thousand horsemen, and hasted away to fight with the army of the Ethiopians.

And before the armies joined battle, Necho called unto Abdallah, who came forth before his army; and the king of Egypt charged him with ingratitude and breach of trust, and conjured him to return to his own land. But Abdallah laughed him to scorn, and said, "Thinkest thou that I am as one of thy bondmen, to run at thy bidding? Look at this army, and tremble; for, behold! I will cut thee off root and branch, and I will take thy crown from off thy head, and trample thee and thy people under my feet, as the dust of the streets."

And the King of Egypt waxed very wroth, and he drew his sword, and rode up with great fury against the traitor Abdallah; and the two fought together; and the sword of the King of Egypt prevailed, so that Abdallah cried out. And, behold! in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, seven arrows from the host of Ethiopia pierced the breast of the king; and he fell from his horse by reason of the wounds he had received. And his servants hasted and took him up, and carried him to his tent.

And the battle began, and waxed very fierce; and the horsemen of Egypt trode down the Ethiopians and prevailed against them, so that they retreated into their camp; and many of the host of Abdallah were slain and wounded. But when Aperias thought to have entered the camp, he was assailed by an ambush from the south, and his army decoyed before the archers. Nevertheless, he fought until the going down of the sun; and there was a very great slaughter, such as had not been seen in the land of Egypt, it was so great.

And Aperias escaped, and fled with ten thousand horsemen; and Abdallah pursued him all night, but could not overtake him: and the rest of his army were destroyed or scattered in the mountains. And the King of Egypt died of his wounds before he reached Peleus: and there was great lamentation over him. And when he was dying he remembered the words of Bela the Benjamite, and great astonishment came upon him; and he said, "Now do I know of a truth that there is a God, who knoweth more than all the gods of the land of Egypt. If I had hearkened to the counsel of the prophet of the land of Israel, then had it been well with me and with my people." And he charged his son concerning the man, saying, "If that bondman who warned me of my fate, and prayed me to take off the head of that accursed Ethiopian, be still alive, do thou give him his freedom, and raise him to honour and preferment, and to thy counsels; for he is certainly a ser-

* Probably Thebes.

vant of the true God, and there is no other God above the one that he serveth." And the King of Egypt gave up the ghost at a place called Zoan; and the pursuers were nigh, so that they left his body in the field: and there was great mourning for him. And Aperias his son reigned over the land.

And the great city Tabis was taken, and all the inhabitants put to the sword, save a thousand of the chief of the virgins; and the Ethiopians got more riches in that city than all their army and captives could carry away. And the chief men of the army besought Abdallah to return to their own country, by reason of the drought; nevertheless he refused, until he had subdued all the land of Egypt. And the cry was great through the land, for the famine prevailed, and the pestilence had begun; and likewise in the camp of the Ethiopians there was great sickness.

And Aperias brought Bela and his daughter from their hiding-place, and spoke kindly unto them, and gave them apartments in the palace; and to Ada he gave royal apparel: but she refused to put it on, for she said, "I and my people are bondmen and bondwomen in a strange land. We are a people cast out and abandoned by the God of our fathers, and our city and temple are laid in ruins; and how can I array myself in such garments as these?" And Aperias the king kissed Ada, and comforted her, and besought her to live with him; but she refused, and clung to her father and to his people. And the heart of the young man yearned for the possession of the daughter of Bela, but, for fear of his people, he dared not to make a bondwoman of the Hebrews queen of the land of Egypt.

And he called Bela to him, and said, "What shall we do for water?" And Bela said, "I told thee before, and thou hearkenedst not to my voice; and now it is too late, for the water shall come of itself: the gathering of the great waters cannot be restrained for ever." And the king said, "If thou wilt go and see into this matter, and open up the fountains of our river before the whole land perish, thou shalt be accounted the saviour of Egypt, and I will grant unto thee, and thy people who have come hither into voluntary exile, the first place in my dominions; and I will provide thee with servants and camels for thy journey, and abundance of every good thing." And Bela said, "I will go; only procure me a few captives from the country to which we are going:" and they brought him two captives.

And when the men were examined before the king, they related how the great sea of Sadock had been dammed up, and all the streams diverted into it. And the king marvelled greatly; and he said unto Bela, "Thou art the man whose wisdom must save this great kingdom. Take the way of the desert, and delay not; the God whom thou servest will be thy shield." And Bela the Benjamite kissed his daughter, and recommended her to the elders of his people, and departed with a great retinue.

And as soon as he was gone, the king detained his daughter Ada, and would not suffer her to depart, although she prayed him with tears. But he had her conveyed to a secret place, and some of his eunuchs to guard her; and there he visited her every day, and for her sake remained at home and went not to the camp. And the princes and captains of his host came to the knowledge of the matter, and were sore displeased, for they were flying before their enemies, and in great tribulation; and they said, "What is this? Shall a maid of the Hebrews be the ruin of our army?" And they plotted among themselves how they might take her away, but none of them would undertake it, for fear of the displeasure of the king.

Then one went to Abdallah and said, "What wouldst thou give to have possession of that which is dearest to the King of Egypt thine enemy?" And he said, "What is this treasure?" And he told him that it was a virgin of great beauty, on whom he doated even as it were to his own destruction. And Abdallah said, "I will give a chain of gold to the man who will lead me to her." And the man took the present, as he had been desired by the princes, and led Abdallah into the place by night, who went with a party and took the maiden and her guards away.

And Ada was in great dismay for fear of the Prince of Ethiopia, and she prayed fervently unto the Lord of heaven and earth to shield her from violence; and as she prayed she wept very bitterly: and Abdallah delivered

her into the hands of women, that they might prepare her with odours and ornaments to do him pleasure. And when all these were accomplished, he caused her to be brought in unto him, in the chamber of his pavilion. And Abdallah was astonished at her beauty, and said, "Of a truth, many beautiful maidens have I seen; but thou excellest them all." And she fell down on her knees before him and wept, and said, "O my lord! thou seest a poor helpless maiden, of the fallen and degraded house of Israel, at thy feet. I am betrayed into thy hands, and have no power to resist thy will; but I beseech thee by all thou holdest dear on earth, and I adjure thee by the honour and dignity of man, not to wrong an innocent virgin. I will serve thee—I will wash thy feet, and be to thee as the lowest of thy menial servants; but unto thy embraces I never shall yield with life. For what is a man when his honour departeth? and what is a woman when her purity is no more?"

And Abdallah was moved with her words and great beauty, and his heart smote him; at which even he himself wondered. But he said unto her, "Why, what folly is this? I have taken you from mine enemy by my arm and by my might, that you should be my own; and mine you must be, and mine you shall be! Nevertheless, I have not the heart to do you any violence for this time: think better of your state, for to withstand my will and my desire is folly and madness. You are now in my power, and your own country and people you can never more see: think, then, of the fitness of refusing any favour to the prince of princes, and the conqueror of all the kingdoms of the world. When you are removed into my own land, will it be better for thee to be in favour with thy sovereign or one of his slaves?" And she said, "Perhaps the God whom I serve and fear may deliver me again into the bosom of my father and my people; for, exiles and slaves though we be, my chief desire is to live and die among them." And Abdallah blessed her, and bade her be prepared for him by to-morrow at that time.

But in the morning, before the rising of the sun, Aperias was aware of the loss of the treasure of his soul, and his spirit was moved almost to madness; and he buckled on his armour, and said, "Make ready my chariot, and let every man who is able to put on armour of the remnant of the land of Egypt, take arms and follow me." And the men of an hundred cities were drawn together, and the king led them forth to battle. And the princes and the captains rejoiced, and followed the king with their hundreds and their thousands; and they said, "WHO COULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT A MAID COULD HAVE DONE THIS?"

And the King Aperias charged them, saying, "Fight neither with small nor great, save with Abdallah the traitor, and the destroyer of our country. Let all the force of the battle be poured on his pavilion; for in his seizure lies the safety of the kingdom." And the men said, "As thou hast commanded, so will we do:" but they did not desire that the Jewish maiden should be retaken.

Now the sickness at that time was very sore in the camp of the Ethiopians, by reason of the waters; for they were all stagnant and miry, and the smell of them went over the land, and the people were sick and faint; and although the Egyptians perished in greater numbers, yet the men that lived were livelier, and not so sickly.

And about noon Aperias and his host attacked the camp of the Ethiopians, but the camp was strong, and the horsemen could not enter it, and the pavilion of their prince stood in the midst thereof; for as to the old King Emanuel, he remained at Tubis sick, at which place he died: and Abdallah led the host.

And Abdallah encouraged his men, and they fought; but they were sick, and fought like men contending with enemies in their sleep. And Aperias alighted from his chariot, and the princes and captains followed him; and he broke into the camp of the Ethiopians, and the slaughter was very great, for Abdallah was defeated: but he was a great captain, and retreated fighting. And the battle continued till the going down of the sun; and many died of thirst; and the soldiers that remained leaned on their swords, and became as dead men.

But the King of Egypt, and the chief men that followed him, could not be resisted; for he was determined to regain the Jewish maiden from the tent of his adversary, or perish: and seven times did he penetrate almost to the centre of the host, but neither Abdallah

nor his beloved maiden could he find. And all the men of Egypt wondered at the valour of their young king, and said one to another, "WHO COULD HAVE BELIEVED THAT A MAID COULD HAVE DONE THIS?" And this saying became a proverb over all the land of Egypt.

And Abdallah fled all night, and the Egyptians pursued as they might, but they could not overtake him; and after a pursuit of seven days and seven nights, he took shelter in an island where there were springs of water. And the half of the river was on this side the island, and the half on that side, and the waters were green and stagnant; but there was no ford to the island but one, and there did Abdallah resist the whole power of the Egyptians for many days.

And there also did he keep Ada, the daughter of Bela, refusing to give her up, even for all the gold of the land of Egypt. And there did the God of the fallen house of Israel protect and defend the virgin in a wonderful manner, insomuch that the impetuous Abdallah had never power to do her any violence; such an influence had the power of virtue and virgin purity over the licentiousness of his nature, and so much was he restrained in his daily intent; while neither threats, gifts, nor entreaties, could sway the serenity of her purpose.

And the war continued until the whole land was in great trouble, for the drought and famine prevailed, and many thousands of people and cattle journeyed northward, and into Palestine and Phœnica; and there the people opposed them, until another war was begun, which raged many years. And in the mean time all the stores of Egypt were exhausted, and the people were in great consternation.

And Bela the Benjamite, and Jonathan his brother, who commanded the troop, journeyed by the way of the desert for forty days; and the camels travelled with great speed by night, until they came again to the channel of the great river, which was dry: and they passed over and held on their way, journeying towards the noon of the day. And behold, in that region the thunder and the flame rolled over the whole country, and the men were sore afraid; but the two captives from the sea of Sadock assured the travellers that the rain or the water was nigh, for the camels snuffed the desert, and ran on with a swiftness not to be conceived.

And on the twentieth day of the sixth month they came to the waters, which covered the face of the whole country; for the great sea of Sadock, or fountain of the great deep, had overflowed its banks in some other quarter of the world, and its waters spread and increased, and stood in lakes; and the whole country hissed and smoked as doth an oven, and the thunders prevailed. And the men fled from the waters, and escaped to the other side of the channel of the great river, which saved them from the overflow of the waters. And about the end of the seventh month they reached the sea of Sadock, the great reservoir of the world, yea, the basin into which is poured the waters of the sun and the waters of the moon, for the fertilising of the whole earth.

And when Jonathan the son of Carah, and Bela, and all the people that were with them, saw this great and marvellous fountain of fresh waters from the heavenly countries, they fell down and worshipped the God of heaven, adoring him for all his wonderful works. And they began and made a breach in the mighty embankment, and digged holes through it, and the waters gushed out; insomuch, that in a few days they carried all before them: and they roared like the thunders of the heaven, and mountains and forests were broken up, and borne away before the overwhelming torrent. And Jonathan and Bela, of the tribe of Benjamin, and the people that were with them, were affrightened, and fled backward by the shores of the great fountain. And the flood still increased as the waters gathered behind; and many cities were overwhelmed, and all the beasts, and all the ships which were in the sea of Sadock, were drawn to the mouth thereof. And behold the two Benjamites, and the people that were with them, entered into two of these ships to return home.

And they slew cattle and camels, and put meat into their ships; and they blessed the two captives and left them, and sailed for the land of Egypt. And the winds of the southern lands, and the current of that mighty flood, bore the ships on with such speed, that their swiftness exceeded that of the osprey of the desert. And they flew on day and night, for the flood was so high

there was no danger of rocks or shoals; and they saw the wreck of cities floating around them, and many cattle and creeping things, and people of many nations, and men and maidens clasped together, and women with children at their bosoms, descending with the violence of the waters towards the land of Egypt.

And the two armies warred against each other, but the strong camp of the Ethiopians, in the island within the river, could not be forced, for they had springs of water, and they plagued the Egyptians. Yet would not the King of Egypt slack the siege or the warfare, save without the restitution of his beloved Ada, which could not be obtained; and there was great indignation against the King of Ethiopia.

And it came to pass, about the first watch of the night, as the guards of Abdallah stood over the ford of the river, that behold there was a great sound came by the way of the desert; and the men were sore afraid. And they ran and called on their captains, and said, "The tornadoes of the desert lands are coming to devour us! Arise, and tell us what shall be done." And the captains ran and awoke Abdallah, whose pavilion was on the top of the island, and surrounded by cedars and palm-trees.

And Abdallah had a great sacrifice that day, and drank wine with the chief men of his host; and when he had dismissed them, he said unto himself, "How is it that I, who have conquered so many people, and caused all men and women to yield obedience to me, cannot overcome one little maiden of the Hebrews?" Then he swore by all the gods of Ethiopia, that the same night he would do with her as seemed good and pleasant in his own eyes! And Ada, the daughter of Bela, was sore pressed that night, by reason of the threats and entreaties of the monarch; for he caused his women to bind her hands, lest she should do any harm to her life or her beauty. And Ada was sore beset, and she cast herself upon the ground and wept, and prayed to the Lord her God in great bitterness of spirit, and with many tears, to stretch out his arm, and save a virgin of his once beloved people from pollution.

And while she yet prayed, behold the captains of the host arrived with the alarm; and they cried out, and said, "Is this a time, O king! to be dallying with thy maidens, when destruction is coming upon us? Come forth, and tell us what we shall do." And the king hasted and ran from the pavilion, and behold the sound still increased. And Abdallah said, "It is an earthquake; we must submit to the will of the gods, and keep our station."

But, lo! about the time of the morning watch the sound had increased an hundred-fold; so that all nature was in dismay: for the noise was as if ten thousand thunders had uttered their voices.

And there was a great cry of terror over all the land of Egypt, from men, and women, and children. And the beasts of the valley and the wild beasts of the rock cried out, and all the fowls of heaven cried out, and fled away towards the desert; and the earth was shaken, and the rocks trembled, and, toppling, clattered into the valleys.

And at the break of day the flood came; and it came like a mountain of snow, pouring and smoking and thundering as from a height of three hundred cubits, so that no flesh could stand before it. And the mighty camps of Egypt and Ethiopia were overwhelmed, and swept away as stubble; but the valley was so narrow that the army of the Egyptians escaped to the hills, while the host of the Ethiopians perished.

But the pavilion of Abdallah, that stood on the crown of the island, the flood reached not with its first overwhelming rush; and therefore he and his chief men and women, and Ada, the daughter of Bela the Benjamite, were not destroyed. But by the hour of noon the flood reached unto the pavilion, which caused the remnant to take shelter in the trees, but the hands of the daughter of Bela were still bound, so that she could not climb; but there were steps to a couch on the top of the pavilion, and to that place she retired alone and prayed.

And Aperias the king of Egypt knew her afar off; and he rent his clothes, and wept. And he caused it to be proclaimed, that whoever would bring him the damsel of Israel alive should be made the next to the king, and have five fenced cities for his reward. But the princes answered and said, "If our lord the king would give unto his servants all the cities of the world, the thing cannot be done." And the king

was greatly moved, and he said, "Who knows but the God whom she serveth may send her relief; for he is a great God, and my father acknowledged him with his dying breath. Would to all the ruling powers of heaven and of earth that I knew him, that I might address a prayer to him in behalf of that beloved maiden!"

And the king turned his face toward Jerusalem, and in the agony of his soul he lifted up his hands and eyes, and cried, "O thou great God, whom the race of Israel worshippeth! If thou art above all gods and all kings, display thy mighty power before this people, in rescuing an unoffending virgin of thy people from immediate destruction: and here I make a vow, never more to worship or serve any other God but thee."

And when the king had ceased praying, they turned their eyes, and behold two ships came on the flood, from the way of the desert; and the host was struck dumb with astonishment. But the king opened his mouth with ecstacy, and he said, "Of a truth, that God of Israel is a mighty and a terrible God! and behold! are not these two ships sent down from heaven at the request of me, his servant, for the relief of those that are ready to perish? For how could they arise from the breast of the desert?" And all the host shouted for joy.

And the men took the two ships straight for the island, as if piloted by the hand of the Almighty; for they desired to moor their vessels to the trees for a space, lest they had overtaken the front of the flood. And, behold, there were men upon the trees, who called aloud for assistance.

But the eye of the Benjamite soon discovered his forlorn child on the top of the tent, the canvass of which was floating on the waters, and the posts tottering with the current. And he took her in his arms, and said, "How is this, my daughter! and how hast thou come hither? Tell me how it is with thee; for if thou art polluted — which I dread — I will kiss thee and cast thee into the river." And she said, "Save me, O my father! for I am yet a virgin, as pure as when I sat on my mother's knee in the land of Benjamin. But had not the God of our fathers preserved me in a special manner, I had been that which my soul abhorreth." And he took her in his arms, and kissed and comforted her; and when he saw that her hands were bound, and heard her relation, then was his wrath kindled against Abdallah. And he took him and all his chief men and concubines captive, and carried them over and put them into the hands of the King of Egypt.

And when the king saw that it was Bela the Benjamite who had been the saviour of his own daughter, and beheld the wonderful things that he had done in opening up the flood-gates of their sacred river, he took him in his arms, and put a crown on his head, and a chain of gold about his neck, and proclaimed him through the host as the preserver of the remnant of the land of Egypt.

And the king said, "Bring me forth Abdallah the sorcerer, and the destroyer of our land, that I may hew him in a thousand pieces." And Bela said, "Yet would I preserve the traitor for greater indignity than this." And the king hearkened to the words of Bela; but his chief men and women he slew with the sword, and there was not one of all the mighty host of the Ethiopians returned to his own country, save the two captives that were left in the land.

And on Bela the Benjamite the king conferred great honours and preferments, and his daughter Ada he took to wife, and made her queen over all the land of Egypt; and Abdallah the Ethiopian did he prefer to be the chief of the eunuchs that waited upon her in her palace and in her chamber, for he came into favour with the king and with the queen.

And the king built a temple in Tahperus, and there did he and his family worship the God of Israel. He never more bowed down to an idol, nor to the sun, the moon, nor the stars; neither to the river Nilus, nor to Apis, did he ever more bow down in worship; but to the God of heaven only. And Abdallah worshipped with them.

And the rest of the mighty acts of Aperias, how he conquered the lands of the Phœnicians and of Palestine, and all about Antioch; and how he warred with the king of the Chaldeans, what benefits he conferred on the Jews, and how they fought for him against the Babylonians, until they were all cut off, behold they are written in the book of Hananiel the scribe, the son of Meshulam of Gibeah.

## No. XXXIII.

### JAMES MORIER, ESQ.

HERE is Hajji Baba in England, in the attitude of a fire-worshipper. Hook has remarked, in *Maxwell*, that the posture in which Mr. Morier is here represented is that which is the especial favourite of Englishmen; and our orientalist has not been seduced from it by his sojourn in Iran.

We agree with the *Quarterly* in thinking that Morier is "out of sight" the best novelist who now exercises his powers of romance-manufacturing. It is idle for our friend Bulwer to be angry with the decision, or to pick holes in the texture of the sentences in which it is announced, for the fact is so, and the author of *Pelham*, &c. &c., may sit down as contented as his amiable disposition will permit him. He may be well assured that *Devereux*, with his fine and learned company, his *petit-maître* airs, "and all the rest of him," shews a less intimate acquaintance with the manners and literature of England, than the novels of Mr. Morier display of those of Persia.

But, without minding Bulwer, it is admitted, even by the Persians themselves, that the sketches of character, habits, thoughts, feelings of their countrymen, in Mr Morier's novels, are perfection. As we are nothing if not critical, we must say that we think the first part of *Hajji Baba*, while he is confined to the East, is far superior in its details and conception to that part in which the hero is brought into England. The burlesque mistaking of our customs by a foreigner is bizarre and amusing at first—but it tires at last, and, besides, it has been often done before. The author is far more at home when he is abroad, and the Earth from which he receives his strength is not his natural, but his adopted mother. Let him, therefore, give us constant new editions of the Persæ—not in the manner of Æschylus, but Hajji. He will find materials enough to occupy him for the remainder of his natural life.

We willingly leave it to himself to decide if our sketch is not like him in face, style, expression, and attitude. So far, at least, as its execution goes, few are better qualified to judge; for, in addition to Mr. Morier's other accomplishments, he is a sketch-drawer of the very first-rate skill. His portfolio is full of sketches of almost all the remarkable persons of his time, executed with admirable fidelity. We hope that some fine day we shall have eloquence enough to induce him to open his stores to our inspection, with a privilege of transferring to our page those among them which are suited for our gallery. We throw this out as a hint, which we are sure the sagacity of our eastern friend will immediately understand.

Of his life and adventures, we have not much to say that is not tolerably well known to the public already. Like every body else who has written many works of character, he has tolerably well exhibited his own in his novels, and *au fond* we suppose he is much such a fellow as his own Hajji. In other respects, he lives in very good style in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, pretty much as people of his class and order are accustomed to do, in a house almost as full of pretty things as that of our old friend Sam Rogers. He does not by any means resemble his Mahometan heroes in an Islamite abhorrence of wine, being in that respect a most orthodox Christian; nor has he any likeness whatsoever to the tyrant eunuch of his *Zohrab* in cruelty or any other particular. He is a good-looking, good-humoured Tory, now somewhat passed the "mezzo cammin della nostra vita," but still fit for his work, and, if we are not misinformed, very busy at this present writing.

It is so long since we have given up writing in Persian, that we fear our fingers would not be able to master all its flourishes with the due calligraphy of a scribe of Ispahan. We must therefore content ourselves with wishing, in occidental phrase, that he may live a thousand years, and that when he dies at last he may be translated without delay to the Paradise of all true believers; in which, if there be any libraries at all, his novels must be the standard literature.

## MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCHOOLMASTER'S EXPERIENCE IN NEWGATE."

Mr. Editor,

It is not without some misgivings that I send you these my remarks on the conduct of *Masters and Servants*. When I first thought of writing on this subject, I was prompted solely by a wish to call the attention of the wealthy to the impositions practised on them, and to expose the abominable and dishonest collusion which subsists between the servants of the spenders of money and the tradespeople of this metropolis, which two classes have it radicated and fixed in them, as a principle, that the monied customer is fair game for their plunder. I was soon, however, instructed by a fuller view of the subject, that the conduct of masters, as well as of servants, naturally fell under my consideration; and I found myself compelled to make such strictures on the conduct of the former as I thought might appear to your high aristocratical mind heresy and treason. But you, Mr. Editor, have never been backward in exposing all kinds of abuse; and my subject, although one touching the pockets of the aristocrats, contains no remarks appertaining to their political character. Moreover, what I should have to say regarding the moral effect of their conduct would be general; and, as Shakespeare hath it,—

"Who can come in, and say I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how, what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man."

Time, without doubt, has ever continuously worked in bringing about mutations in society, as in the other works of nature. In this age, none of his changes are more obvious than the relative position and conduct of masters and servants, as contrasted with the days of Roger de Coverley and his attendants, when the fidelity of a servant was nurtured and swayed by the affections, more than by the hard money proposed to be realised by the service performed. Allow me, Mr. Editor, to record in your register of the passing events of the age, the result of thirty-five years' observation of mine on this subject. Looking into society, in a moral point of view, no greater misfortune has befallen it than the false value which has of late years been attached to money. "Fly it," saith St. Paul, "as the root of all evil." Virtue, talents, and even titles, heretofore so much honoured, are now valueless without money, or as they may be made the means of obtaining it. The prate about the desire of mankind in the present day to acquire knowledge as knowledge, is all fallacious. The menials who stand *intervallo* between the highest and lowest classes have noted the magic power of money in obtaining respect; and, by their malversations, some of them have not only trod hard upon the heels of their masters, but, with the weight of the black ox, come lump on their feet, and have brought ruin on their houses. Hundreds of instances might be named by me in the history of the younger branches of families within these last thirty years, wherein the servants have grown rich, whilst their masters have been left in debt, and without a shilling of property to liquidate the claims against them,—many becoming exiles to countries where gold, all-corrupting gold, has not yet quite destroyed the humanities of our nature. I do not mean to say, that, in the instances of young men foolishly squandering their fortunes, the servants are responsible or accountable for the same; but this I will affirm, that in every case of an extravagant and thoughtless master, where much money is to be paid away before ruin comes down on him, the servant is sure to grow rich. Now the expensive habits of the master, abstractedly considered, can have nothing to do with increasing the servant's wages or emoluments, otherwise than the accumulation of exuviæ, which can hardly be supposed in a short

time to amount to a fortune. Yet there are some thousands of men who may, every morning in fine weather, be pointed out, perambulating the different walks round London, who have obtained independencies during a short residence with some of our thoughtless sprigs of nobility; and this has been done by colluding with the tradesmen of the town. When a thoughtless, brainless, headlong, vanity-struck fop comes out, having from 50,000*l.* to 100,000*l.* to spend in ready money, the servant gives the cue, knowing, from his master's habits and disposition, that it must be spent. The tradesman says, "Bring as much of it to my shop as you can; you (to the servant) shall go halves." And this, be it remembered, is not a particular understanding with a tailor or a bootmaker only; but with every tradesman he allows, during his reign over his master, to approach his person; besides introducing many others to supply imaginary wants and articles of fancy, for which he exacts a bonus generally equal to 20 per cent, if they be of such a nature as to carry more an ideal value than an intrinsic one. The arche of this disease of extravagance, which is so prevalent among our young nobility, most frequently seizes them at college; and there, too, they generally go through the anabasis: the fashionable atmosphere of London brings on the acme, when the disease rages with great furor; after the money is spent, and the patient retires to the continent for a few years, then dyspepsy supervenes, succeeded by the paracme of the disease. Although the tradespeople of London have them in the most favourable state of the malady to make money of them, yet the university dealers have not a bad method of treating them in the incipient stage. When a freshman arrives at college, if he be known to have money, or likely to possess it, he will find out in twelve hours that he has a score wants which he never before was aware of. The various tradesmen flock to his rooms, or hook him into their shops through a decoy-duck already deeply in their debt; here he is informed of all his personal deficiencies, and what is needful for him to possess, in order to be like the other sons of *Alma Mater*. Subserviency and flattery do all the business of cheating at Oxford; and I suppose at Cambridge the same. What a pity it is university students are brought up to suppose themselves superior to their fellow men! Instructed as they are to exact and expect, from all whom they deem beneath them in birth and property, great deference, they are exposed to every imposition; besides which, such a mode of education ministers to and pampers a morbid taste for unmerited adulation, generating in their minds a false notion of their own worth, whilst it exposes them to the arts of men with not a tithe of their advantages in other respects as to education; but who, because they practise capping, succeed every day in transferring the property of others into their own pockets. Sometimes a genius in their own class of the *élite* starts up, who is not less fatal to the possessor of property than the servant and tradesman combined. These choice spirits of the parties at the university have it all their own way; whatever qualities they pronounce good or bad, instanter become possessed of those adjective properties: there is no disputing their dicta. These knowing ones carry about the rich noodles to the different shops where they themselves are in debt and cannot pay; and thus, by recommendation and introduction of pigeons, obtain further credit on the tradesman's books. They also contrive to ride free of expense, by selecting horses possessed of the *best qualities* for their friends to purchase; besides, to boot, putting an occasional 50*l.*-note into their own pockets. But I fear I am wandering from the point, so will give one instance of "college dues and heavy impositions," and return to my subject. The son of an Irish duke, whilst at Oxford, ran up an account with a fruiterer; it was of about three years' growth. The debtor had not been remarkable for his public liberality or private expenditure; yet, when the young man's bills were taken into consideration, and called in, the fruiterer appeared with one eleven hundred pounds long. It was disputed, and ultimately submitted to the arbitration of four persons, of which I was one. It appeared that the collegian had, when at Oxford, during the terms associated with five or six other fellow-students; and it was their custom to meet together at each other's rooms every day after dinner, to take their wine and dessert, in regular rotation; so that it fell on each individual

about once in every week. Occasionally tea or coffee would be had. When the party were at the rooms of the duke's son, which, as said before, was about once a-week, a small dessert was obtained from the fruiterer, as also tea and coffee in the evening, for the party; and out of this practice, for three years (only during terms, be it remembered), this tradesman had the modesty to make out a bill for eleven hundred pounds. It was finally adjusted for five hundred.

There was no servant in this case, unless the scout of the college may be deemed one. But I do not think there is much collusion between the Oxford tradesmen and servants. It is in London where this system of robbery is most practised. The students go to the universities so very young and thoughtless, that the shopkeepers want no auxiliaries in fleecing them. The tale here told of the fruiterer is but one specimen of the general charges made at our places of learning, when an opportunity is afforded them, by deferment of payment for any length of time. I have alluded to this merely to shew how early in life our nobility expose themselves by imprudence to imposition, and, by the temptations they hold out, vitiate the principles of their domestics and the public. The radical evil lies in their education. They are taught all kinds of knowledge but useful knowledge: they may be said to carry gold about with them, but are every day in want of ready change. They study political and moral law, and are taught to contemn the *menu peuple*, the really useful members of society, to lord it over their fellow-men, to consider the world as created only for their uses. In youth they are allowed the gratification of every wish, and are prematurely dubbed full-grown gentlemen, and furnished with all the appurtenances to assume the character of manhood before they arrive at a state of adolescency. Their early years are passed in studying dry and obsolete tongues, whilst those with whom they have to cope in life are studying men, and being taught all the arts of obtaining money; they are early told to be obsequious, and play a cunning part—to get money in any way, so as to avoid the gallows. Entering the world so differently qualified for it, no wonder, when there is a fortune to be spent in a few years, that the menial so often succeeds in laying a heavy duty on it as it passes through his hands. Those who have a wish to be informed of the number of servants made rich by roguery of tradesmen and the folly of masters, have only to sojourn for a few afternoons to the parlours of the most respectable public-houses in the suburbs of the metropolis, in almost every one of which will be seen four or five of these characters, drinking their grog, boasting of their independence, and in their cups repeating the many-times-told tales of the scenes they have witnessed in high life; and often with bitter ridicule amusing their social friends with the foibles of the great, and the various acts they have had recourse to in servitude to enrich themselves; concluding with, "I don't care who knows it; I have done the trick, and now laugh at the follies of those who think themselves wise;" meaning their former masters. I myself possess but little knowledge of what is called the great folks; but when I am in want of information respecting the history or character of a particular family, instead of consulting *Debrett's Peerage*, I invariably sojourn to one of these tavern parlours, take my cigar, and make myself at home with the company—then mention in some way the name of the Duke of ——, or my Lord of ——, &c. &c.; and immediately a half dozen well-dressed men start on a colloquial race of the family genealogy, from the first young lord, down to the last marriage of the beautiful granddaughter into the family of the Duke of ——, including all their lives, characters, and behaviour—always dwelling with marked emphasis and lengthening their tale on those members of the family who have been remarkable for their great goodness or rascality. These are the epithets they commonly use whilst scanning the merits of our proud aristocracy. The quality of goodness, as they use the term, is applied to the extravagant and thoughtless, who quietly suffer themselves to be pigeoned; and there have been instances of servants having met with so much superlative goodness in masters, as to have done the trick (made their fortunes) in from two to four years. By the rascals, they mean the masters who are famed for their meanness, and who are stingy and niggardly, to

a degree of detestation; that is, in whose service they can barely be supplied with food and clothes, with scanty wages, and no vails.

Those masters and mistresses who conduct their establishments on a steady and moderately-economical system, they say but little about. When servants are in such situations, they complain that it is one in which nothing can be done, and that they must take the first opportunity to translate themselves into one where they may at least soon become rich enough to take a public-house, or embark in some shop of trade. These objects every livery servant, more or less, in the metropolis, has now in prospect before him; and for the better attainment of which they generally enter into a compact with a female servant of the same family, that they shall mutually strive to accomplish the acquirement of means for this object, and then marry. This may be considered an honourable ambition, provided the means of attaining their views are honest, and of which no master or mistress can reasonably complain. It is natural, however, for every one to inquire how the large body of retired servants, many of whom have acquired fortunes in short periods of servitude, have done it—the number of which far exceeds the belief of those whose avocations, or want of observation, have not led them to think on the subject. These men, as said before, having no place in society, resort to public parlours, where their arrogance is insufferable; as they possess means, and are out of danger of want, they assume airs of consequence perfectly disgusting, and I consider they do a great injury to society; they are idlers, and are constantly iterating loose tales of debauchery in which they have participated in common with their employers; and repeating the tricks by which they enriched themselves. They are a body of ignorant beings, whose whole time is spent in corrupting the morals of their fellow-men. Society owes this class less than any other, never having derived the least benefit from them; if we except Robert Dodsley, who turned out an eminent author, although he commenced his career in life as a livery servant. He was an automath, and had the good sense never to be ashamed of avowing his former condition; as a proof of which, when in company with Dr. Johnson and others of the literati, and the name of Dartineuf being mentioned, he (Dodsley) said, "I knew him well; I was once his livery servant."

In the bankruptcy of a noted annuity firm, which occurred some few years since, almost the whole of the proofs of debts under the commission were by the servants of our nobility. It is now too generally known, and but little more requires to be said, to shew the world that these once celebrated lenders of money derived all their means of supplying the extravagant young men of this town with the immense sums they were once wont to do, wholly from servants, who, through the agency of these men, contrived to lend their own masters, money at the exorbitant rate of 10 or 15 per cent, in the form of annuity. Several clerks, under the management of one of the firm (Mr. H——d), were, during his reign, wholly employed in traversing the town to collect money from servants, and in paying them half-yearly annuities as they became due. It had at one period arrived at such a point, that it was thought there was scarcely a family of servants in London who did not contribute to this money-lending fund. When one of their masters was known to be in want of ready cash, it was their practice to club their money, and make up the sum, and then, through these benevolent agents, or tradesmen, lend their masters their own back again, at the moderate rate of 12½ per cent, the average annuity expected. Judaism, hold up your head, and be not ashamed! You have ever been accused of usury; but your opponents rob those who foster them, and then lend the loser his own, at a rate not less favourable than you, who supply cash belonging to yourselves.

The following case will strikingly shew the influence of money over principle. The servant of a gentleman who ran through a large fortune in a short time, left him when his master's means became straitened. By the payment of a large sum of money he joined a mercantile house in the city. The gentleman afterwards discovered that he had been robbed, and publicly declared that the man had carried off dishonestly 10,000*l.* of his money. A few years subsequently, the master came into considerable West India property; when it was communicated to him, his first act was to go into the

city and appoint the house in which his former servant was a partner agents to his property.

A very few years since, the Duke of F—— one morning called one of his footmen into his study, and told him he was appointed steward to his estate; and another day addressed a letter to him, superscribed —— Esq., informing him he had procured for him a demi-sinecure situation under government, worth 500*l.* per annum. Is there not something in all this more than meets the eye? Similar cases might be written, till the most patient would be wearied of reading them. The times must be out of joint.

Let us now inquire by what means these men, as menials, acquire their money, and how it is that their masters suffer themselves to be so robbed. The whole is done by colluding with tradespeople, who give the servants large per centages for bringing their masters' custom to their shops, and for allowing them to charge in proportion on the articles consumed in the families. This practice in London has arrived to an extent which calls loudly for interference on many considerations. First, as it is a direct robbery, on both sides, of the traders and the servants, tending to a vitiation of the mind and principles. Secondly, as the acquirement of money so speedily is incompatible with the nature and office of servitude, it unfits them for their duties, and makes those who are in situations where the same opportunities are not afforded them, dissatisfied and restless in their masters' employ. Thirdly, it is unfair towards the honest and just tradesman, who now finds great difficulty in carrying on his business without falling into the practice of bribing stewards, butlers, housekeepers, valets, and servants in general. Fourthly, as it is nothing but an indirect robbery on the purchasers of goods; and it is the duty of government to put a stop to the crime—for nothing else can it be denominated. I have heard tradesmen declare they would rather give the servant five per cent than otherwise. The reason of this is, that when they find it answer their purpose to give the servant five per cent on the goods bought at their shops, it operates as a bribe to allow them to put on ten per cent on the articles sold. If a man were to go to a gentleman's house, and put into the porter's hand five pounds, for the purpose of being allowed to enter the house and steal fifteen pounds worth of property, it could not, morally speaking, be a greater crime than paying per centage to the servants without the purchaser's knowledge.

The custom, however, is rooted, and mischievous to society in many other ways. A young tradesman, who opened a shop about eighteen months since in a genteel neighbourhood, told me a few days ago, that when he commenced business, being determined to sell at a moderate profit, he fixed his prices very low, which prevented his offering bribes to servants. On this principle he hoped to succeed; but, after eighteen months' experience, he was compelled to alter his system, and fall into the practice of his neighbours, or he must soon have shut up shop for want of trade. It is surprising to what lengths servants will go to accomplish their purposes, and what pains some tradesmen take to conciliate their favours. One man, a fishmonger in the immediate vicinity of Cavendish Square, to my knowledge, for fifteen years kept open house for gentlemen's servants: every day during that period, on the mornings, parties of them might be seen crowding his parlour, in which was an ample table, garnished with a round of beef and a Yorkshire ham; and to give a better gusto to the same, XXX was supplied them in unlimited quantities. Still farther to allure and please both male and female servants, this liberal fishmonger twice or thrice a-week, during the winter seasons, provided music for a dance in the evening, which was open to all who could get out to enjoy it. Here I have known fat housekeepers, and other servants, to dance the merry round the night through, keeping it up long after the fishmonger had started for Billingsgate market. Bear in mind, reader, that this is no fiction, and that it is but one instance out of many, in one and the same streets, throughout the parishes of St. George's, St. James's, and St. Mary-le-bone. The fishmonger I allude to, had, during the fifteen years, many hard struggles to keep his credit good and his trade afloat, in consequence of his great expenditure, being obliged to pay the piper for all the dancing, refreshments, &c. &c. He did, however, eventually succeed, and is now a man of consi-

derable property, made entirely through the agency, and by the bribery, of servants, whose masters in the end suffered, either by under-weight or overcharges.

This mode of obtaining business militates against the purchaser and the fair trader, as will appear from the following story. This same fishmonger was very desirous of obtaining the custom of a certain wealthy man, who was a great eater of fish, and who gave very splendid dinners, and was considered a very good judge of it; which induced others to purchase at the same shop as he did. Such a valuable customer was not to be lost without a struggle for it, and the battle was commenced. Another fishmonger in the neighbourhood had got *in* (as the phrase is); How was he to be got out? was the question. The fishmonger sent the best of fish, and charged very fair prices; and the nobleman was very well pleased with the mode in which he was served, and was even known to be strongly prejudiced in favour of the *in* fishmonger. "*Nil desperandum*," said the *out* fishmonger; "I have got the cook on my side; he is my intimate friend; he and I have come to an understanding;—the *in* fishmonger shall be *out* in a very few weeks;" which prediction was fulfilled as truly as the foretelling and coming of the last comet. The cook commenced his operations by finding fault with turbot, salmon, cod, and john dory; but it would not do. The nobleman was one of those *raræ aves* in our nobility who trusted to his own judgment; and was even more than once known to have ordered his coat without consulting his valet on the colour. The cook now boils, but spoils all the fish; and was at one crisis of the warfare well-nigh receiving his full weight of chastisement, by being discharged for bad cookery. At length an expedient was hit on which succeeded. It was concerted that the *out* fishmonger should be apprised every day what fish was ordered of the *in* fishmonger for the family, and that he should send in the same sort of fish and quantity, but of an inferior quality; not stinking fish, but a second-rate fish, which they knew would not please the nobleman. This was cooked, and substituted for the good fish, and made to appear at table as the same sent in by the regular fishmonger. The nobleman, not suspecting the trick, at length yielded the victory to the cook and his confederate, who of course was recommended to serve the family, as being the first fishmonger in Christendom; and he now declares that he owes all his fortune to this circumstance, as it led to the formation of one of the finest connexions in his trade.

In relating this anecdote, I am aware that it is known to hundreds in the parish of St. Mary-le-bone; and it is for that very reason I have selected it for insertion, in preference to others of a like nature, as illustrative of the collusion of servants and tradesmen. If any of my readers doubts its authenticity, I request of him to go, at his earliest convenience, into any of the respectable tavern parlours in the immediate vicinity of Cavendish Square, and if he does not meet with the individual himself in the act of telling this, or some similar tale, he has only to name it to the company, and I will answer for its being confirmed; for it so happens that the fishmonger is now grown old and rich, garrulous and saucy, and goes about to these places, boasting of his own tricks, and those of servants of his acquaintance. Wealth, however, of course makes him influential; even his customers, the great people, knowing this, now respect him; as a proof of which, through their influence with the magistrates, he obtained a license for a relation of his to a liquor-shop, well known from the peculiar circumstance of the same being discussed before the magistrates at Bow Street, where it was stated by counsel that the license was illegal, inasmuch as that part of the subscribing magistrates were unconscious, when signing it, to what document they were affixing their name.

I can, in my own experience, point out four hundred wealthy tradesmen who have made fortunes entirely by their collusion with servants. One, a superannuated hosier in ——— Street, has so far succeeded in obtaining a connexion in this way, that he is become a kind of agent between the masters and servants for obtaining situations. The latter, knowing the confidence which is placed in him by the former, when they want to obtain a good situation, adopt the only mode open to procure it, namely, offer liberally for it; and I have known as

much as one hundred pounds given for the said hosier's recommendation. A character was also, in many cases, added, for the money,—such was the confidence some families had in him. If his nephew would give the world the memoirs of his uncle's life, no other work would be needed to expose the tricks between tradesmen and servants. The career of a brush-maker, in the vicinity of St. James's Square, would answer the same purpose. Nine out of ten of the nobility, should they read, must feel the force of these allusions, from the connexion they have had with them. The premium given by the servants for their situations is perhaps the only information they receive through this paper.

In ecclesiastical preferment, simoniacal transactions are punished by the law. The same in military commissions: in every transaction, if any thing is done contrary to the regulations, it has its penalty. Of equal importance are the general transactions of life; and it is the duty of government to provide against every evil, and one greater cannot be pointed out, now unprovided for by the legislature, than there not being a penal statute to punish all dealers who conspire with servants to rob their masters; as also those who, having obtained the confidence of a large number of families of rank, by bribery on their part now turn that confidence into money, by selling their recommendations to servants in want of situations. What can be expected of a man who gives fifty or one hundred pounds for his place, but that he will as fast as possible reimburse himself in any way open to him, however dishonest? One of these men, who was butler to the late Lord L——, residing near Kingston, gave for the situation seventy pounds, which he borrowed. As soon as he was installed in office, the first object he had in view was the repayment of the money. One month after he came into the family, all the tradesmen in his department were exchanged for others of his own introduction. A friend of mine, a banker in the neighbourhood of his lordship's mansion, now sits by me and relates this anecdote: That an order was given by his lordship for a cask of beer, to be had from each brewer within ten miles of the house, that the best and cheapest might be ascertained, the brewer of which hereafter should serve the family. The butler, however, soon put an end to all rivalry, by calling on my friend and explaining, that good quality and cost of beer was not the way to obtain the custom, but a certain per centage to be allowed to him on the bills when paid. "Never mind the beer—I'll make that go down; only don't let it be too bad." He said, "My lord is mean, but I'll match him." My friend tells me, that to his knowledge this butler, besides the regular emoluments of his place, made 500*l.* per annum through the medium of taxation on the bills of the family, which imposts were previously provided for in the charge on the articles, or in some other more unfair way.

The negligence of the upper classes in managing their affairs has introduced a system into society which has tainted all ranks. A relation of mine, a hay farmer, called with me in his chaise the other morning on a livery stable-keeper, and inquired of the head ostler how it was that lately no orders for hay had been received by him. The ostler said his hay was too dry; and if he would make it wet, he should have an order, and that the horses would then eat it. By this he meant, that unless the farmer gave money to supply the whole of the stable-men with drink, they would all find such fault with the hay as would prevent their master purchasing it; on the contrary, if he came down handsomely, the horses should like the hay, and consequently their master would be glad to buy it. Even the old women who are employed in occupying houses until they are let, now exact a sovereign from each tradesman in the neighbourhood for her recommendation when the premises are let to a family. All this is the effect of example among the higher classes, who, so far from having benefited the world by their superlative manners and conduct, have occasioned much of the demoralisation of society, and the laxity of principle, which so conspicuously characterise the present age.

The servants of the present day are a systematic set of men,—they are an organised body. They have their places of rendezvous at the west end of the town, where they learn from each other the names and characters of all the families in the kingdom. Through these channels they keep up a communication with each other, and

make reports of family fame. Here they learn, when out of place, where to apply for employment, and see all the parties who have been after a situation, and are told how they failed in obtaining it; so that the next applicant frames his story and conduct according to the information he receives. Here the profits of situations are discussed, the weak sides of family members disseminated, and the best modes talked over of taking advantage of every opportunity to benefit themselves. To these places many tradespeople resort, who are generally seen treating the servants, and concerting measures of introduction for themselves into family business, on specific terms of mutual profit. Nothing short of a law can lessen the evil,—a law which should make it an act of felony for a tradesman to pay a servant in any way for his master's custom, either under the cover of discount or bonus. If masters have no regard for their own money, let the government consider, that for every act of collusive dishonesty, by which barriers of principle are broken down, and vitiation of men are effected, that they are responsible, having the means placed in their hands of applying correctives to these evils. This is the more necessary, as servants, generally speaking, will never be, as to their moral condition, on a par with the mechanic. Some suppose that, as they reside with the great, they are in the way of improvement: the contrary is the fact; and it is no libel on them to say, they are the most profligate and deceitful cheats in the metropolis. It is lamentable to reflect, that much of this is owing to their masters. In our aristocracy there is a great deficiency of the moral duties. When the underlings see their masters' chambers full of knights and squires, doctors, dicers, and horse-racing scoundrels, who have been known to make their money in a way for which some have suffered on the scaffold, how can they be otherwise than vicious? There is no example of principle or conduct held out to the menials of our nobility. They do not patronise the ascendency which honour hath over infamy, and virtue over vice. The corrupting influence a short residence in some of our noblemen's families has on servants is well known to all publicans, and others in any way connected with metropolitan servants. There is no set of men, taken as a body, so addicted to gambling. When in place, all their leisure hours are spent at cards. Private rooms are provided for them at certain public-houses, the proprietors of which find it answer their purpose to accommodate them. When out of a situation, their whole time is dissipated in drink and gambling, until they are either called to fill another situation, or, by want of means and by loss of character, they are driven into crime.

The body of London offenders, every year have a large accession to their numbers from the loose gentlemen's servants and grooms, whose bad conduct drives them into desperate circumstances. A more dissolute body of men there is not in London. With the major part of this class the transition from libertinism to crime is easy. When depravity takes hold of their mind, and every other resource fails them, they resort, as soon as they can find the means, to enlist themselves in any gang that will receive them; and no set of men are more glad to have them than the burglars. Their knowledge of the interior of the houses of their former masters, and their probable acquaintance with female servants, not only recommends them to the criminal party, but is even a strong ground of seduction. When their dependence and the nature of their duty is considered, it is surprising so much depravity should be found in this class of persons; and we must conclude the fault lies with their employers. It is true they come pretty well prepared for the work of final corruption into their masters' hands. Most of the servants are drawn from the poorer classes of menials; grooms, stablemen, helpers, &c., whose parents being needy, and unable to employ their children's minds by education, they teach them under their own roofs, in early life, all they know themselves, which is trickery and artful duplicity, with cunningness of conduct as connected with servitude. Yet still much of their character is formed in the actual service of the nobility.

On the first blush of the question, it would be thought that the restraints on the conduct of servants would be such as to operate as a check on their immorality: it is, however, otherwise; and there are two causes why it is so. First, the money they obtain from their masters, through the instrumen-

tality of the tradesmen, enables them to join loose company, and enjoy luxuries incompatible with their station in life. Secondly, the general conduct of our nobility is such as to demoralise mankind at large. No wonder then that those immediately within their influence should be the first to exhibit signs of contamination.

Long before the sons of our aristocrats arrive to manhood, they commence horse-jockeying, and gambling of every description; and so little does principle enter into their pursuits, that he is considered to possess most qualifications for the character of a true gentleman whose conduct approximates nearest to that of a black-leg.

There is one great man now in the *haut ton*, whose mother, a duchess, engaged black-legs and gamblers of all descriptions, not only to teach her son all the then known games of the town, but to instruct him in every trick connected with each and every swindling practice. There is also a man of high station who has run through a large fortune in notorious dissipation and debauchery. He has, however, a son, who, on attaining his age, will come into a large and splendid property. This son is, in his own father's house, accommodated in any way in many indulgences. His passions have become precociously violent, and every art is employed to debase his mind. The father hopes, by such means, to make the son's fortune available to his own illicit and profligate wants.

If we divest ourselves of prejudice, and throw away the pernicious influences of wealth, and lay the question bare and open to free and manly discussion, it will at once be evident, that society, in its attempts to assimilate and form its manners and conduct on the basis of aristocratical life, has lost, rather than gained any real benefits. They have never vouchsafed us one favour, save taxation in the state, and corruption in society. Do they support true religion and honest dealings in their own transactions? Did they ever turn their backs on the rich rogue? Have they ever possessed the virtue of excluding the cheating gambler or the horse-racing swindler from their society? No; the foundation of all their patronage and countenance is wealth, however surreptitiously or unfairly obtained. Their example is bad; and it cannot be otherwise than that those who are in their way will be polluted, and render evil for evil.

I sat down for no other purpose than to call the attention of the legislature to the nefarious practices of servants towards their masters, but have been irresistibly led to take a view of both sides of the question; and will now give my readers an instance of a master colluding with his servant to rob tradesmen.

The late Lord J——e, who was killed in the neighbourhood of Vienna, by an accident, when at Oxford engaged a master to teach him drawing; for tuition, drawing-box, and other materials, a bill was presented to his lordship by the artist, when he said, "Give the bill, sir, to my servant; I never pay bills myself." The creditor urged, that a servant could not possibly be competent to judge of the correctness of his charges. His lordship rejoined, that he would not get his money through any other channel. Some days subsequently to this conversation, the servant came to discharge the account, insisting, at the same time, on a deduction of ten per cent, saying that it was an understanding between himself and his master, that he should demand that sum from all with whom they dealt; and that, in consequence, his master paid him no wages. This sapient lord could not see, that in such an arrangement, he was paying his servant treble wages. But what are we to think of the honesty of a man who could condescend to adopt such a mode of engaging a servant? If there are many masters like my Lord J——e, it cannot be a matter of surprise that there should be dishonest underlings. That servants are dishonest generally, and that, too, through the medium of tradesmen, will not be denied by any observer of the times, and the events springing out of them.

Since making inquiries on this subject, I have had upwards of forty housekeepers of families namod to me, who are now living in comfortable independence, and who have realised the means of doing so, on yearly stipends of from 15*l.* to 30*l.*, in the course of no very long services. Mere saving and economy on their parts, without some other means of obtaining money, it is evident to all, could not have placed them above want for the rest of their lives; and no other means could be available to them but the receiving

of money on the articles consumed in the family; and, from my information, I fear many pocket profits upon those articles which are not consumed in the families where they have the management of affairs; by which I mean, that conspiracies are formed between servants and the suppliers of goods, to charge for articles which never were delivered for the use of the family. On the other hand, there are too many instances to record of very bad conduct on the part of masters and mistresses towards their domestics; there is one individual, the Earl of S——h, whose history I have had an opportunity of knowing for the last twenty years. This person, during that period, has rarely ever kept a servant more than two months, and was never yet known to give one a character; and he now declares he never will on any future occasion. The cruelty and injustice of such conduct needs only to be known to be universally condemned. At the day of judgment, should all the poor fellows he has hurled into utter ruin appear against him, it will be a fearful array of injuries on individuals to account for; and he, too, up to the day of his accession to the title, was a Christian minister of our Protestant church! It is well known that there is a combination among the higher classes never to receive a servant without a character from their last place, although the applicant may be enabled to bring a good one from every service he has lived in before the last, and that last, too, one from which they know it is, from the custom of the family, impossible for the discharged servant to obtain it. I cannot see any remedy for this; but it is, nevertheless, very wicked conduct on the part of the master. The obduracy and want of consideration on the part of some of our nobility is highly censurable.

I, some time since, out of commiserative feeling for a discharged butler, entered into a correspondence with Lady M——e. The man had been in her family for seven years, and had faithfully served her, which she was ready to acknowledge, but on one occasion was represented to her as having been somewhat inebriated; for this he was dismissed, and although known to her ladyship to be a sober man all through his long service, yet she could never be prevailed on to notice any application of his for a character. He remained three years out of employ, and, at length, being reduced to a state of desperation, he committed suicide. Does her ladyship ever repeat the prayer—

"The mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me?"

One more instance of meanness. A servant of the Duke of N——'s father and grandfather was left a legacy of 20*l.* by each of them, for his good conduct whilst in their families, but which was never paid. After the lapse of some years, the servant, who had subsequently embarked in trade, through a series of unavoidable losses, failed; when a gentleman, an accountant in the city, who was told of the individual's claim, wrote a letter to the Duke of ——, urging payment of the legacies. He replied, and gave as a reason for non-payment, that if he discharged this claim under his ancestors' bequests, that other legatees would come in with their demands, and with which he was not disposed to comply. A few months since, understanding that this person was now the only surviving legatee but one, and he having again met with heavy afflictions in his domestic affairs, I took up the case, and addressed two letters to his grace. In the first I set forth the justness of his claim, and the unfortunate situation of the claimant; in the second, I placed the matter before him as one of charity, and offered him testimonies of the individual's character and good reputation from all the respectable tradespeople resident in the same neighbourhood with him for years past. To neither of these appeals to his grace's feelings have I had a reply. How different has been the conduct of another really noble duke, the Duke of P——l! On the death of his parent, the claims on the estate amounted to 60,000*l.*, most of which could not legally be enforced; yet he promptly discharged the whole to the uttermost farthing, saying, the good fame and will of his father was as dear to him as his own. In conclusion, on this person's case and situation being made known by letter to the last-mentioned duke, he, on return of post, not only commiserated his situation, but enclosed a 20*l.* note to relieve his necessities.

These anecdotes are not mixed up with my remarks on servants invidiously against great people; neither is

it attempted through them to offer any excuse for the shameful practices of servants and shopdealers. They are introduced as apologues; and go to shew that, if we bring all parties to judgment, none of them will appear with clean hands; and that so long as the heads of families neglect the management of their own establishments, and set bad examples of immorality, servants and others will ever be found to take advantage of them. If the man of fashion will but reflect how much he is led astray and thrown off his guard by the temptations to spend money in this metropolis, he will at least see the necessity of exercising more discretion in the management of those whom the circumstances of society place for a time under his protection. The unjust steward is denounced; and Scripture further saith, "It is hard for the rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven;" and "From him to whom much is given, much is expected." One of the greatest errors in the internal arrangement of large families, is the placing one man over all the rest,—a major-domo, or a favourite steward or butler, who officiates as the same. In all large establishments, without a superintending power, all would be confusion. In manufactories, there are the foremen to overlook; in regiments of soldiers, there are the subordinate commissioned and non-commissioned officers to discipline the men;—but in both these cases there are certain regulations or laws for their guidance, and superiors to refer to in every case of supposed injury or oppression. Not so in large families. There, in general, one man, a favourite, and who most usually is an artful and thorough-paced hypocrite, is only allowed the honour of approaching the great man's ear. Through him all the other servants are engaged, and all the business of the family transacted. He also discharges the servants as often as he pleases in many families without giving any other reason than that their behaviour ill. Through this power he gets rid of all who will not connive at his malpractices for the aggrandisement of himself. The honest servant, and the real friend of his master, cannot by possibility stay in the family; and the consequence is, that gentlemen's families now oftener change their domestics than taverns their waiters, or public-houses their pot-boys. Long service in one family has ever been considered a proof of good conduct on the part of the domestics; and among themselves, the families who retain their servants the longest have ever been esteemed the best to serve. The good old times, however, are gone by. Our gentry now think no more of engaging through their factotums a servant to wait at their tables, than a bricklayer does of hiring an Irish labourer to carry the hod for a few hours. Under this system, they are often out of place six months out of the twelve, and thus become depraved members of society, instead, as heretofore, of steady characters.

Another cause of their looseness is traced to their having so many cast-off clothes allowed them, through the increased extravagance of their masters. As a proof of which, it is only necessary to state the undeniable fact, that within these last fifty years, the clothes' shops who dispose of the second-hand wearing apparel of our nobility have augmented their numbers from three hundred to ten thousand in this metropolis. Many valets make from 300*l.* to 600*l.* per annum, and in some few instances double these sums, out of their masters' wardrobe and collusion with the tailors. When a man is extravagant, he is generally careless; and it cannot be expected that a gentleman, who is foolish enough to expend thousands a-year in merely clothing himself, will condescend to take any account of the items, so as to examine his bill when it comes in. This all parties connected with a spendthrift know. Many valets now walk into the tailor's shop, and order their own clothes as often as they please, and with as much nonchalance as their masters, and to which the tailor makes no objection, so long as the bills are paid, and he can, by lending himself to cheat the master, through the valet, ensure a continuance of large and pro-

This should be reformed. The common cry is, Why oppose trade and the circulation of money? and if the servant don't have it, some one else will. This may be a very good argument for those who share in the plunder; but I say every dishonest practice should be exposed on public grounds, and that our law-makers should also be the conservators of the morals of the country over which they preside; and

how can any people be moral where every member of the state is in the daily commission of direct or indirect robbery? The body of public depredators are of such a character as that no law can deter from crime. The tradesman, on the contrary, is a coercible member of the community. Make it only penal to collude with servants for gain, and the evil ceases that hour. Some menials may be found who would run any risk to defy the law, but tradesmen know better; besides which, they would in fact be generally most benefited by the measure. Many that I have conversed with on the subject have great qualms of conscience on the mode in which they are doing business. When they first commenced, "their poverty, not their wills, consented;" and now large families, heavy expenses, and want of resolution, prevents their opposition to the exorbitant exactions of domestics. If they wish to do themselves justice, let them call meetings and declare their feelings on the question, and prepare a petition to parliament, praying for a legislative enactment to put a stop to this system, which mixes all classes up together in the commission of crime. I have given the hint; and I should rejoice to see Mr. Home's language verified—

——"On each glance of thought
Decision followed, as the thunderbolt
Pursues the flash!"

## LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Love explaineth in his looks
Wisdom quickly understood;
None can we peruse in books
Half so sweet and good;—
And his eyes are living wells,
Fraught with raptures, charms, and spells.

All his smiles appear as signs
Full of meanings new and rare;
On his brow a gladness shines,
Never found elsewhere:
And the curls that round it play
Seem a thousand things to say.

Gods there were of olden time,
Whom the trembling world adored,
Through Arcadia's sunny clime,
Once so richly stored;
In those golden ages when
Men were gods, and gods were men.

First the mighty Jove, who sway'd
Heav'n and earth so long and well;
Neptune, whom the seas obey'd;
Pluto, King of Hell;
Winged-footed Mercury;
Pan, the sylvan deity.

Mars, the warrior, guides along
Through the air his car of fire;
Sweet Apollo, God of Song,
Master of the lyre,
Python-slayer, young and bold,
Waves his locks of crispèd gold.

Lusty Bacchus, flush'd with wine,
"Ariadne!" calls in vain;
Shakes his thyrsus, wreath'd with vine,
Shouts, and shouts again:
Then comes Vulcan's clumsy stride,
And a hundred more beside.

But the gods ruled not alone
O'er the temple and the grove;
On Olympia's starry throne
Sat the Queen of Jove:—
Poets say our azure skies
Stole their tints from JUNO's eyes.

All that Athens' walls enshrined,
PALLAS with her spirit fraught,
When the monarchs of the mind
Sang, rehearsed, and taught
Truths, that were a frequent theme
Through the groves of Academe.

HEBE, with the golden flask,
Ever young, and fresh, and warm,
Pouring to the gods that ask
Nectar's sparkling charm;
With the rose-leaf's glowing streaks
Blushing o'er her fadeless cheeks.

Chaste DIANA, she who trod
Field and forest, far and near,
While her nymphs, all lightly shod,
Chased the flying deer;
Making all the welkin sound
With the cheer of horn and hound.

FLORA — man's domestic hearth
Owes to her its rosy hours,
Since she girdled this fair earth
With its robe of flowers,
Jewell'd o'er with amber studs,
Coral gems, and em'rald buds.

Now with some melodious rhyme,
Sweetly told in measured line,
Worthy of the world's glad prime,
Let me hail "the Nine!"
All that ablest poets claim,
From the tuneful MUSES came.

Then the GRACES — heavenly group! —
Twined within each other's arms;
Whose fair heads ashamed they droop
O'er their robeless charms:
Where, with deep-enamour'd trance,
Every eye hath fixed its glance.

Lastly, VENUS wakes my lays,
Springing from the sea's abyss,
Cynosure of all men's gaze,
Guide of human bliss:
Her for whom the myrtle wreathes,
Song endures, and marble breathes.

Love is Cytherea's child,—
'Twas some clear and cloudless morn,
When the god of sunshine smiled
Joyful he was born:
Since those days so old and blest
He hath ruled the human breast.

Monarchs boast not half the power
He hath sway'd from first to last;
Ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
'Tis increasing fast:
O'er all hearts, both old and young,
He hath his enchantments flung.

He hath conquer'd ev'ry shore
Over all the wide world round;
Brave ones he hath triumphed o'er,
Strong ones he hath bound:
Armies never yet have done
All his single hand hath won.

Yet his eyes are meek and mild,
And his looks are those of joy;
He is but a laughing child—
But an idle boy:
Tumbling human hearts about,
For some sinless sport, no doubt.

Ev'ry thing that hath a voice,
Motion, beauty, light, or worth,
Dwelling of its own free choice,
East, west, south, or north,
Underneath, around, above—
While it lives, it breathes of love.

Stars will kiss the rippled streams;
Ocean doth embrace her isles;
Flow'rs that toy with am'rous beams,
Love their sunny smiles;
And the giant forest-trees
Sigh to ev'ry gentle breeze.

All things earth and heaven give
Selfish feelings will disown;
Nothing in the world can live
For itself alone:
This is Love's Philosophy,—
Knowledge worthy you or I.

Painters try with skilful hand
Beauty such as Love's to trace;
Vainer schemes were never planned
With so good a grace:
Colours from the rainbow caught,
For his portrait must be brought.

Sculptors try to fling a charm
O'er the marble like his own;
Smiling looks, so fond and warm,
Never dwelt in stone.
Fools! they should his beauty mould
From a mass of burning gold.

Skill'd musicians, too, have oft
Strove to make men's souls rejoice,
Breathing murmurs sweet and soft,
Worthy of his voice:
Dreamers they—that would express
Things that lovers only guess.

Who can then such knowledge lend
As to us a light might show,
When we cannot comprehend
All we wish to know?
Who shall guide us as we walk?
Who shall teach us as we talk?

Since the dædal earth was young,
And the sea hath laved the shore,
Love hath tuned the POET'S tongue,
Charm'd the POET'S lore:
He can with the world confer—
He is Love's interpreter!

Painting fades before our view;
While the sculptor's marble bust
In a fleeting age or two
Crumbles into dust;
And the sweetest melody
Owns no immortality.

But the Poet's verse divine
Dwells on Time's unceasing wings;
Human hearts have been its shrine,
And to them it clings,
In the present, and the past,
And as long as time shall last.

He hath wondrous wisdom brought
From his joyful musing hours;
Language full of truth and thought
He hath found in flow'rs:
And a music fills his dreams,
Taught him by the winds and streams.

Clasp the Poet by the hand,
Ye who would this knowledge learn;
Meanings sweet to understand—
Thoughts that breathe and burn:
Press him fondly to your breast—
He will teach ye all the rest.

He can gentlest words rehearse,
Full of passion deep and free;
He can fling around his verse
Joys of land and sea:
And from cloudless worlds can bring
Ev'ry bright and starry thing.

He can teach the bliss that lies
Round the warm lip's rosy rim;
He finds melody in sighs
For a lasting hymn:
And can tell the blushing cheek
What the tongue dare never speak.

Ay! and while life's tide shall run,
While its streams their channels wear,
While beneath the gladd'ning sun
Flow'rs bloom fresh and fair,
Songs shall fill the earth and sky,
Full of "Love's Philosophy!"

## THE TWO ROUND SPACES ON THE TOMBSTONE; BEING AN EPITAPH ON THE LATE SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

BY S. TAYLOR COLERIDGE, ESQ.

### WITH AN EPITAPH ON HIMSELF, BY THE SAME.

We must not present the following stanzas of Coleridge without some introduction: they form an epitaph on the late Sir James Mackintosh, and it might be imagined that they were dictated by a somewhat fiendish spirit on the part of the Platonist. To those who may be under such an impression, we recommend the apologetic preface which he has prefixed to his republication of the war eclogue of *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, where will be found a most eloquent justification of the practice of consigning our antagonists political or literary to the devil.

"At the house of a gentleman," says Coleridge in that preface, "who by the principles and corresponding virtues of a sincere Christian consecrates a cultivated genius, and the favourable accidents of birth, opulence, and splendid connexions, it was my good fortune to meet, in a dinner-party, with more men of celebrity in science or polite literature, than are commonly found collected round the same table." We may remark, that the Amphitryon so eloquently, and, we doubt not, so justly panegyrised by his poetical guest, is Mr. Sotheby—a gentleman immortalised by Lord Byron, under the flattering *sobriquet* of Botherby, in a stanza of Beppo, *on which no commentary is made in the new edition of Byron*. "In the course of conversation one of the party reminded the illustrious poet then present [Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott] of some verses which he had recited that morning, and which had appeared in a newspaper, under the name of a *War Eclogue*, in which Fire, Famine, and Slaughter, were introduced as the speakers. The gentleman so addressed replied, that he was rather surprised that none of us should have noticed or heard of the poem, as it had been, at the time, a good deal talked of in Scotland. It may be easily supposed that my feelings were at this moment not of the most comfortable kind. Of all present, one only knew or suspected me to be the author; a man who would have established himself in the first rank of England's living poets, if the genius of our country had not decreed that he should rather be the first in the first rank of its philosophers and scientific benefactors. It appeared to be the general wish to hear the lines."

Accordingly, Mr. * * * * * [Scott] recited them; and thereupon a conversation ensued, such as might be expected at a board where the host was curious in

"The charming passage of the last new poem."

Sotheby, of course, as he ought, was shocked with the atrocity of the verses; Scott, we suppose, laughed in his sleeve; the friend was silent; and Coleridge, keeping his secret, became, as usual, oratorical. He commenced by admitting that their being calculated to call forth the disapprobation of such a man as Sotheby, was the worst feature of such poems; and that if the author seriously wished what he had thus wildly imagined, even the attempt to palliate an inhumanity so monstrous, would be an insult to the heavens. But he proceeded to argue, that the mood of mind in which a poet produces such fantastic images, was not likely to coexist with that deliberate ferocity which a serious desire to realise them would presuppose. Eloquently then he went on to lay down and illustrate the position, that the language of real revenge and hatred is habitually tame and mild, and that such intense passions never clothe themselves in light or fantastic images. Put, whom in his poem he had consigned to fire which should

"Cling to him everlastingly,"

was, he told his auditors, in the author's mind at the moment of composition, as completely *bonâ fide*, *sempiternus*, as Anacreon's grasshopper; and that the poet had as little notion of a real person of flesh and blood,

"Distinguishable in member, joint, and limb,"

as Milton had in the grim and terrible phantoms (half person, half allegory) which he has placed at the gates of hell.

All this, and much more, said Coleridge; and then avowed himself the author of the poem. How Botherby drew back from the abuse with which he had covered it, is not mentioned in the preface; but we take it for granted that he looked uncommonly stupid under the infliction of the winding bout of Coleridgean oratory,

"In linked sweetness long drawn out."

Agreeing in the view of the case thus taken by Coleridge, we have no scruple in publishing "The Two Round Spaces on the Tombstone," though they do insinuate that a certain personage, not to be named to ears polite, and his grandmother, had a strong lien upon Sir James Mackintosh. Why the poet should have no love for the knight, is easily explained. Sir James was an active Edinburgh Reviewer, and among the thousand sins of the review, none is more prominent than its ceaseless abuse of Coleridge, which at times passed the bounds of literary hostility. The review of his beautiful *Christabel* was a breach of the ordinary rules which bind gentlemen in society; and Mr. Jeffery found it necessary to offer an apology—and a most lame apology—for the part he played in the transaction. His *Biographia Literaria*, his lay sermons, were equally the objects of malignant misrepresentation and personal abuse. What share Mackintosh had in this, we have no means of learning; but Coleridge had many opportunities of ascertaining, if he thought it worth while. They had been newspaper men of about the same period—Mackintosh writing Jacobinism in the *Morning Post* and Anti-Jacobinism in the *Oracle*, while Coleridge was mysticising in the *Friend;* and, after a little period, redeeming the *Post* from the slough of treason, and erecting it in firm defiance of Buonaparte and all his abettors. It is therefore highly probable, that he knew that the personal sarcasms directed in the *Edinburgh Review* against his literary and political career were in some degree suggested by Mackintosh—and he has consigned him to the devil accordingly. But let no one believe that so true a poet bears rancour in his heart; in his own eloquent phraseology, let the reader "feel and understand that these violent words are mere bubbles, flashes, and electrical apparitions, from the magic cauldron of a fervid and an ebulliant fancy, constantly fuelled by an unexampled opulence of language." Now to the poem:—

EPITAPH ON THE LATE SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, ESQ.

The devil believes the Lord will come,
Stealing a march without beat of drum,
About the same hour that he came last,
On a cold Christmas-day in a snowy blast.
Till he bids the trump sound, neither body nor soul stirs,
For the dead men's heads have slipt under their bolsters.

Oho! brother bard!
In our churchyard
Both beds and bolsters are soft and green,
Save one alone,
And that's of stone,
And under it lies a counsellor keen.

V. 1. Coleridge has always been remarkable for his use of *diableries*. In his preface already quoted he observes, that the religious feelings of some readers might be annoyed by making a ludicrous use of the devil's name. He justifies the practice by saying, "I see no reason why vulgar superstitions and absurd conceptions, which deform the pure faith of a Christian, should possess a greater immunity from ridicule than stories of witches, or the fables of Greece or Rome. But there are those who deem it profaneness and irreverence to call an ape an ape, if it but wear a monk's cowl on its head." He adds that he would rather reason with this weakness than offend it. As we happen to think that reasoning with a weakness is in itself one of the greatest of weaknesses, we have no scruple in giving the epitaph on Sir James Mackintosh to the world. Is there any chance of our obtaining from any quarter *The Devil's Thoughts?* We hope that there is.

'Twould be a square stone if it were not so long,
And 'tis edged round with iron, sharp, spearlike, and strong.

This fellow from Aberdeen hither did skip,
With a waxy face and a blabber lip,
With a black tooth in front, to shew, in part,
What was the colour of his whole heart.
This counsellor sweet,
This Scotchman complete—
The devil scotch him for a snake—
I trust that he lies in his grave awake.

On the sixth of January,
When the ground
All around
Is as white as snow,
Or a Cheshire yeoman's dairy,
Brother bard! oho!
Believe it or no,
On that stone tomb to you I'll shew
Two round spaces void of snow.

I swear by the night
Of the darkness of night,
I swear by the sleep of our forefathers' souls,
That in shape and in size they resembled the holes
In mansions not seen by the general eye
Of that right ancient family.

On those two places void of snow
There sate in the night, for an hour or so
Before sunrise and after cockcrow—
He kicking his heels, she cursing her corns,
All to the tune of "the wind in their horns"—
The devil and his grannam,
With a snow-blast to fan 'em,
Expecting and hoping the trumpet to blow;
For they are cock-sure of the fellow below.—S. T. C.

[As we have published the above epitaph, we think we may as well add another by Coleridge upon himself. We are not sure that it has not been printed; it may be already in type, but certainly not in so correct a shape. It is like *Kubla Khan*, a psychological curiosity, being composed, as that grand burst of verse was, during sleep. Coleridge was on a visit to Edinburgh—a good many years ago—and he awoke one morning repeating the following quatrain. Far may the time be distant before an epitaph in reality shall be needed for

"That noticeable man with large grey eyes!"]

EPITAPH ON S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

BY HIMSELF.

Here lies poor Cole, quite dead, and without seeming,
Who died as he had always lived, a-dreaming;
Shot as with pistol by the gout within,
Alone and all unknown in Edinbro' at an inn.—S. T. C.

V. 15. Somewhat personal, but graphic. Sir James was an Aberdeen man.

V. 23. The 6th of January, as all eaters of twelfth cake know, is the day of the Epiphany; and it was a general belief in the early ages that our Saviour would return "like a thief in the night," on the day he was first manifested. The devil was therefore supposed to keep himself prepared for the blowing of the final trumpet in that season.

V. 35. The Rabelaisian reader will be reminded of the doom to which Panurge consigns the soul of the old poet Rominagrobis, for his heretical sarcasms on the monastic orders.

## "MY CONTEMPORARIES."

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A RETIRED BARRISTER.

(*Continued from p. 53, vol. vii.*)

### LORD ERSKINE.

In attempting to give any sketch of Lord Erskine's character, I am doubtful of my own impartiality. I was attached to him in his lifetime by numberless acts of personal kindness and attention, the recollection of which Memory faithfully recalls, and which I feel may influence my judgment, while I wish to be but just.

The changes which his professional pursuits underwent, and Lee's illiberal allusion to them, I have before had occasion to mention (vide, page 229).

That his original destination was a military life was well understood; and that he was a lieutenant in the Royals, and doing duty with his regiment at Gibraltar, when he formed the resolution of coming to the Bar, a military life affording too narrow a sphere for talents such as his to display themselves. Attention to its duties was wholly incompatible with the study which was necessary to qualify him for that Profession which he was about to adopt—the attainment of legal knowledge. To this his pursuits presented every thing unfavourable, and he was always considered in Westminster Hall as wanting in extent of legal information.

He endeavoured to make up for lost time by the most unwearied application. He was a pupil of Judge Buller, at that time the most eminent special pleader at the bar, but he never practised as a Pleader on his own account; nor did he ever profess any title to that character. For this want of general information in his profession he however amply atoned, by the studied care and labour which he bestowed on every question which he was employed to argue. His arguments were confined to the question before the court, with the strictest adherence to the facts, and displayed great attention, painful research after authorities, and great ingenuity in arranging them. The delivery of them, however, could not fail to attract attention, even from those who had been used to the provincial barbarism of accent of Sir James Wallace, or the more exquisitely solemn stupidity of Sir Thomas Davenport.

He usually brought his arguments written at length in a little marble-covered book, from which, even after long experience in his profession, he read and cited his cases. Baldwin, a Barrister of considerable standing, distinguished for avarice, and jealousy of every rising junior member of the Bar, affected to ridicule Erskine's mode of preparing his arguments; saying, on one occasion, with a sneer, "that he wished Mr. Erskine would lend him his book." "It would do you no harm, Mr. Baldwin," said Lord Mansfield, in my hearing, "to take a leaf out of that book, as you seem to want it."

With the study of the classical authors of his own country his military duties did not interfere; and it served to relieve the sameness of a life spent in a garrison. There the works of the English poets were read, and committed to memory with the avidity of a refined and well-formed taste. He was a polite scholar, and until his time, a classical allusion or quotation very rarely found its way into the Court. His addresses to a Jury were masterpieces of persuasion, elegant in composition, chaste in language, and delivered with unequalled feeling and animation. Little attention had before that time been paid to the choice of language, or the use of those figures which recommend public speaking by their brilliancy or happy application. Even the smooth turn of a sentence, or the rounding of a period, had never been sought after. The harsh tones and discordant mode of delivery of the leaders at the Bar who preceded him (Wallace and Lee), formed a striking contrast to the polished diction, the varied tones, and well-selected language of Erskine's speeches. To give a Latin quotation to a common Jury would be pedantic—a waste of words addressed to unlettered hearers. He never made one; his quotations were drawn from English authors of established reputation; from works

found in the hands of every one, but which taste and genius only know how to apply. Of these he made a prodigal use: they served to embellish his speeches, but he did not trust to them only. He added to their being occasionally pressed into the service the closest attention to that which is essential to perfect eloquence, the best chosen words and phrases which the English language could furnish and afford.*

Pure eloquence is not displayed in having recourse to factitious ornament. Erskine had not the affectation of coining new or calling obsolete words into use; his language was figurative, but free from the meretricious ornament of perpetual metaphor.

No man of his day, and, I may add, no one whom I have since heard, could hold competition with Erskine as an eloquent speaker at the Bar, with the exception of Garrow, late Mr. Baron Garrow. He was a formidable rival to Erskine; but their powers bore no resemblance to each other, either in the exercise or extent of them. Garrow's address to the Jury was more forcible, but fell far short of Erskine's in persuasion and effect. The comments of Garrow on persons or transactions were keen to excess; often such as to become offensive to the Jury, who put themselves into the situation of the witness, who appeared to them to be treated with unwarranted severity. This is a very wrong conclusion, to which the Jury too often come: ignorant of the real character of the witness, and uninformed of facts communicated to the Counsel, they judge only from an imperfect view of the case, and bestow censure on him where praise is due.

Both of these very superior men, however, attained their object, by different means. The object of cross-examination is to elicit from an unwilling or adverse witness, facts which he wishes to withhold, and is anxious to conceal. In this respect the difference was striking. Erskine's mode of examination gave no alarm to the witness; he did not deal in menaces, and fulminate threats of the pillory for perjury — a course which Garrow too frequently adopted. He obtained a confession from him by management, which his able antagonist wrung from him by breaking him upon the wheel.

In the subtlety of putting his questions to a witness under examination, and acuteness in turning the answer to his advantage, Erskine was decidedly excelled by Garrow. The latter was, in that respect, without a competitor. I have often heard him say to a witness, "You know a particular fact, and wish to conceal it: I put you on your guard; I'll get it out of you." He never failed to do so. He began by asking the witness some question, which seemed to have no immediate connexion with the fact he wanted to get at; and to which, for that reason, the witness gave an unpremeditated reply. With an astonishing acuteness of mind, by a course of questions, the bearing of which on the general one the witness did not see at the moment, he formed from his answers a connected chain of facts, by which he

* But to give a classical quotation from a Latin author to the court, or to an educated Audience, constitutes one of the greatest ornaments of public speaking. It is, at the same time, productive of the most powerful effect. In the case of Mostyn *v.* Fatrigas, reported in Mr. Cowper's Reports, in which, on a motion to arrest the Judgment on a verdict obtained by a native of Minorca against General Mostyn, the governor, for false imprisonment and oppression; who can read the conclusion of Peckham's speech without feeling the appropriate beauty of his quotation from Juvenal, when he tells the court, should General Mostyn succeed, and the injured plaintiff be left without redress, well might it be said —

"——— "Hic damnatus inani
Judicio ———
— at tu victrix provincia ploras."—*Sat.* i. 50.

This could only be equalled by the quotation from Horace, made by Lord Lyndhurst, then Solicitor-general, before the House of Lords, on the Queen's trial. After pronouncing one of the most finished arguments and classical pieces of oratory ever delivered at the bar of that House, commenting with powerful energy on her conduct abroad, and her attempts to instigate the minds of the people, and kindle the flames of insurrection in the country, he concluded with this happy quotation:

"Regina demente ruinas
Funus et imperio parabat."—Hor. lib. i. Ode 37.

at last arrived at the truth. This singular faculty was conceded to him by the whole of the Bar; and even Sir Vicary Gibbs, when Attorney-General, who made no lowly estimate of his own talents, owned its superiority.

Garrow's address to the Jury was marked with equal power and perspicuity of statement. His delivery was fluent without effort, and his language of the purest selection. In the use of his words he was fastidious; in that which forms one of the graces of good speaking, never to use the same word twice in the same sentence: if he happened to do so, he recalled it instantly, and substituted a synonymous one in its stead. His speeches, however, wanted the fanciful allusions of Erskine, which take hold of the imagination and rivet the attention of his hearers, and the affecting appeals to feeling, which never fail to reach the heart.

Here I stop, begging the forgiveness of the learned Baron for the free use which I have made of his name. In doing so I have departed from my original intention, and the course which I intended to have followed—to abstain from the mention of any living character. In this instance only have I done it. I wished to dedicate these pages only to a faithful and unbiassed detail of the characters and circumstances connected with them—of my learned contemporaries who were then no more, and, who, when I write, are equally insensible of my censure or of my praise. The name of Lord Erskine involuntarily brought with it that of Baron Garrow to the recollection of one so often associated with them in business at the Bar, and who had so often fought under the banners of both. It is the only excuse which I have to offer, that the comparison served to illustrate the character of one, without detracting from his with whom I have made it.

To form a correct judgment of the effect of Erskine's eloquence, the best test by which it can be tried is the extent to which it carried the amount of damages in the different actions in which he obtained verdicts. The inquiry as to this may be confined to cases only in which the complaining party had recourse to that mode of obtaining redress for personal injuries. Among these, the most afflicting is that of adultery. Its injuries are not confined to the infliction of individual sorrow; it brings down disgrace on the innocent offspring of a guilty mother, and rends asunder the dearest bonds which hold society together. In his addresses to the jury in this Action, Erskine possessed the resistless power of enlisting their passions by appeals to their hearts: the receipt of the highest damages could bring no consolation to the plaintiff, but the paying of them might bring down punishment and ruin on the defendant. It was on this subject all the energies of his nature were bent, and the exercise of all his talents were bestowed. The verdicts which by such means he succeeded in gaining, exceeded in amount any which had ever gone before, or of which conception could have been formed or expectation ventured to anticipate. In the case of Parslow *v.* Sykes the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with 10,000*l.* damages.

Much of his success in this respect he owed to the effect produced by the happy quotations with which his speeches abounded. He introduced into them passages from the best and most popular authors, which he applied with exquisite taste and singular felicity. These he gave to the Jury in language the most affecting, and in tones of the strongest feeling and deepest sensibility. He communicated his own feelings to his hearers by the impassioned manner of delivery, and produced a kind of electrifying effect over the whole Court.

In one of these cases (I do not now recollect whether it was Parslow *v.* Sykes, which I have already mentioned, or Dunnage *v.* Sir Thos. Turton —I rather think it was in the latter), the effect of his address to the jury is still fresh in my memory. Describing the state of mind of a husband, who, fondly attached to his wife, suspects her fidelity, he painted the different workings of his soul in the most affecting colours, and in the most pathetic language—the agonies of suspense—the feverish irritation of unrelieved doubt—the struggle of the wounded spirit, as to a fact which, while the heart wished to disbelieve, his mind told him was but too true. The jury followed him with fixed attention, and the audience with deep solicitude for the verdict. He closed the statement with Othello's words from Shakespeare, which so well applied to his case:

"But, oh! what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who doubts, loves, suspects, but strongly love"

This was pronounced with a considerable degree of pathos. "But," continued the eloquent advocate, "when suspicion is realized into certainty, and his dishonour is placed beyond the reach of doubt, despair assumes her dominion over the afflicted man; and well might he claim, from the same page—

——"Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction—had he raised
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips—
Given to captivity me and my hopes,—
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. But now——"

He stopped, and the effect was visible in every eye in the court. The language of Shakespeare, ever true to nature, never fails to make its way to the heart. No one knew how to give it that direction with more truth and effect than Erskine.

I think it is Montaigne or Sterne who defines gravity to be "a mysterious carriage of the body, to cover the defects of the mind." I agree so far in the truth of the definition, as to assert that, in the course of my observation through life, I never met a solemn man who was not a dunce, nor an importantly grave man who was not a blockhead. But to extend it to every description of gravity is unjust. The converse of the definition I hold to be equally true; and I as certainly add, "That I never met man of talents who feared to unbend into cheerfulness, relax into mirth and relish and enjoy a joke." This formed a leading feature in Erskine's character; but to whose name I will add that of another, whose learning as a lawyer, whose uprightness as a judge, whose virtues in private, were only equalled by the love of his country, and his inflexible attachment to its constitution. I speak of Lord Eldon. At the time when Erskine had reached the top of his Profession, and possessed an extent of business which would have weighed down a common mind, he was uniformly lively and playful in conversation, invariably cheerful and unceasingly entertaining. I never saw him grave, but with a constant flow of animal spirits he enlivened those who surrounded him, with whimsical conceits, and jokes on what was passing. Drawn from this fund, his *jeux-d'esprit* were of daily creation. I had a full share of them, as my place in Court was directly at his back. Lamb, of Gray's Inn, sat next to me. In the course of conversation, Erskine observed how much confidence in speaking was acquired from habit and frequent employment. "I protest I don't find it so," said Lamb; "for though I have been a good many years at the Bar, and have had a good share of business, I don't find my confidence increased; indeed rather the contrary." "Why," says Erskine, "it is nothing wonderful that *Lamb should grow sheepish.*" In that way he amused himself, and those who sat near him in Court, with squibs in verse and in prose, all partaking of that pleasant spirit which belonged to him. They were full of wit, but they were sometimes too broad. Of this description were his lines on the pig who was taught to point, and which, with some others, I have, I believe, by me.

He was fond of indulging in a joke at the expense of a witness, but not in any way to offend or affect his character, unless he was so instructed. A witness was put into the box, who travelled to get orders for the plaintiff's house in London. This description of persons go indiscriminately by the name of riders and travellers, but they most affect the latter title. Erskine got up to cross-examine him: "You are, sir, I understand, a rider?"—"A traveller, sir," was the reply. "Pray, sir," says Erskine, "are you addicted to that failing usually imputed to travellers?"

If he was induced to make a personal observation on a witness, he divested it of asperity, by giving it in the dress of a joke. In a cause at Guildhall, brought to recover the value of a quantity of whalebone, a witness was called of most intractable stupidity. There are two descriptions of whalebone, of different value, the long and the thick. The defence was, that the plaintiff had delivered that of inferior quality, and yet charged it at the price of the best. When the witness was put into the box, Erskine, who was Counsel for the defendant, tried to prove his case by his evidence. His stupidity baffled every attempt made to prevail on him to do so: confounded

thick whalebone with long in such a manner, that Erskine was forced to give it up. "Why, man," says he, "you don't seem to me to know the difference between what is thick and what is long. Now, I'll tell you the difference: You are a thick-headed fellow, and you are not a long-headed

In an action on policy of insurance, the case turned u the fact of whether the ship insur s in safety on a certain day, when policy was effect- ed, or not. The ate of the ship was called by Erskine for the Defendant. He was asked, either on the day in question the ship not met with very foul weather, and is in jeopardy? The witness repeat the words "in jeopardy," in a man r which evidently shewed that he d not understand them. As it was an important fact for his client, Erskine made every attempt to get an answer, but the witness remained silent. At last, impatient of his dulness, "Pray, sir," says he, "are you thinking in what part of the world is the Port of Jeopardy? Perhaps you would wish for a map to find it out?". I really believe that he was not mistaken in his conjecture of what was passing in the witness's head.

These ludicrous observations were not confined to the witnesses; his clients had their share when any thing whimsical came him, and which he embellished crotchets of his own invention.

It is singular, b it is matter of fact, that there are pers s who have a passion for being at w, and contrive to be never out of it. Of this description was a Mr. Bolt, wharfinger on the Thames. In the Cause-paper of the sittings after every Term, Bolt's name regularly ap either as a plaintiff or a defendant. a cause at Guildhall, Mingay was ounsel against him, and spoke of hi in very harsh terms for his dishonest d litigious spirit. Erskine was Cou l for him: "Gentlemen," says he to the Jury, "the plaintiff's Counsel has taken very unwarrantable liberties with my client's good name. He has represented him as litigious and dishonest: it is most unjust. He is so remarkably of an opposite character, that he goes by the name of *Bolt-upright*." This was all invention.

The following anecdote of him is of the same stamp. A Mr. Rippingham, an old attorney, from the east end of the town, was a client of Erskine's and of mine. He was a worthy and old-fashioned man, partially attached to the style of dress of his younger days, and retaining it unaltered, in despite of the changes of fashion of modern times. His whole dress was for that reason grotesque, but his wig particularly so. It had two large side curls, and a queue or pigtail of at least the length of eighteen inches appended to it. This hung half way down Rippingham's back, and the subject of a constant joke by Erskine, with our old client, as he sat court before him. A Cause was tried at Guildhall while Rippingham was seated. The principal witness was very eminent surveyor near Gray's Inn, a Mr. Wigg. His name was much dwelt upon by Bearcroft, in urging the credit due to him. When Erskine got up for the defendant: "Gentlemen," says he, "you have had quite enough, I think, of the wig, and thereby hangs a tale (tail)," says he, at the same time seizing Rippingham's pigtail close to his poll, he cocked it upright at the back of his head with ludicrous effect.

The most trifling incident which could raise a laugh never escaped him. He could not resist the opportunity of a joke whenever it presented itself, nor let it pass, und circumstances where it might have en spared: it was sometimes too l icrous for the gravity of the cause in ich he introduced it. In an action *crim. con.*, in which he was for the plaintiff, the evidence in tigation of damages was, that the laintiff's wife was incurably addic to the immoderate use of spirituou iquors: that the defendant indu in the same propensity, and that means an intimacy was by their congeni in the enjoyment of tastes. "I admit," says Erskine, is some proof of there being a affection between them."

These anecd the fastidious eye may glance ove as trifling, and they deserve no hig title; but from such trifling touch the natural character of him who s to it is to be collected. nc. given as specimens of bri t wit, but as illustrations of temper and manners. They at least e to shew, that to the superior talen which he possessed, he added a oyancy of mind, which could stoop to e and be playful in

the midst of business. The influence which his conduct had on the practice of the *Nisi Prius* court, was strongly felt by the Counsel who belonged to it. It produced that good temper and feeling, so that no harsh or peevish altercation passed from one to the other. When he left the Court, every thing that was pleasant departed with him.

The gravity of Lord Kenyon was not proof against the lively sallies of Erskine's imagination. He was particularly partial to him, and always heard him with an attention marked by kindness. Erskine occasionally played on his ty, but which the Chief Justice al took in good part. When any matter law was started at a Trial, Lord K on pricked up his ears, and prepa his note-book to take down the int with great formality. In an Action for an assault, which was tried before him at Guildhall, the plaintiff, who was a man of great size and bodily power, kept a public-house of some notoriety, called the Cock, at Temple Bar. It was a house much frequented by country attorneys. A spruce little member of that profession came one evening into the public room, booted and spurred, as if just come off a journey. He took his seat in a box, but soon became so noisy and troublesome, that the other guests wished to have him turned out, and called on the landlord (the plaintiff) to do so. He approached the little lawyer with great courtesy, and gave him notice to quit, by informing him of the wishes of the t of the company, and of his intention carry them into effect. The lawyer d urred to the law of the landlord, an insisted on his right to the possess n of his box, the house being a public me. He valiantly declared that he inflexibly determined to defend his , unless evicted by force, at the same time assumed an attitude of gallant defiance. The landlord, acting under the authority of an habeas corpus of his own issuing, without further ceremony took possession of the person of this puny antagonist, by catching the little man up in his arms, and bearing him in triumph towards the door. The publican's embrace, which resembled the friendly hug of a bear, roused all the indignant energies of the lawyer; and being furnished with no weapon of defence except his spurs, he sprawled, kicked, and spurred so violently, that the knees and shins of the of the Cock, to which only his reached, were covered with bl For that the action was brou the defendant pleaded that the had made the first assault on h forcibly taking him in his arms ning him out of doors.

Erskine defended him. He described the combat in the most ludicrous terms, and with assumed gravity appealed to the Jury, if instinct had not pointed out to every animal the best means of its defence; that his client had no weapon of any sort to oppose to the violence of the plaintiff, except his spurs, and which he had therefore lawfully used for self-defence. The turn which Erskine's manner of treating it gave to the Case, caused much laughter in the court, and he was disposed to stop it. To the law on the other side, he said he ld oppose a decisive authority, fro a book of long standing, and entitl to the highest credit. Lord Kenyon, expecting that some text-book or was going to be cited, took up is pen and put himself into the at for taking down the point. what authority, Mr. Erskine? the Chief Justice. "*From Gulliver's Travels*, my lord," was the reply. e effusion of this specimen of the thos caused much laughter.

This anecdote certainly open to the imputation of ing a piece of the *desipere non in* but it was suggested by the whimsical contrast in appearance of the plaintiff and the defendant, then the floor, which presented at the moment the burlesque representation of Gulliver dandling in the arms of his Brobdignag friend.

It has been a remark frequently made, and not without justice, that the Members of the Bar, however distinguished they may be in their Profession, when they get into Parliament uniformly disappoint public expectation. Erskine was a striking proof of the truth of it. When he first rose to speak in the House of Commons, he was received with marked attention, and expectation was high in every part of the house. It was a total failure. Mr. Pitt had prepared himself to take notes of his speech, and had leaned forward, as if to catch every wor which fell from him. After listening to him for a few sentences, he flung the paper on which he had prepared to take notes on the

floor, with that lofty look of supercilious contempt so peculiarly his own. Erskine was of the party opposed to him, and it was said to be a *ruse de guerre* to lower the estimation in which his talents were held. Whether that was the fact or not, cannot be known. It, however, had the effect of extinguishing all Erskine's expectations of parliamentary eminence. When he subsequently rose in the House, that he spoke without effect: argued without convincing: and was heard without attention, was the current report of the day.

Though his views in the House of Commons might be aspiring, his disappointment appeared to have had no effect on him. He was the same man after, as he had been before it had taken place; his pleasantry never forsook him, nor an opening for a joke failed to be hit. Coming out of the House of Commons, he was met by another Member going in, who asked Erskine who was speaking. "Wyndham," was the reply. "What is he on?" "His legs," says Erskine.

As the commanding officer of a Volunteer corps, he was equally unsuccessful. In the year 1802, he was called with one voice to the command of the Law Association, composed of the disbanded Lincoln's Inn and Temple corps, and of which I was a member. We had formed great expectations of him, from the general understanding that his first destination had been a military life. We greatly miscalculated his fitness for the command, with which we had invested him. He could not manœuvre the Corps through the most simple movements; and in exercising the battalion, which consisted of six companies, he gave his orders from a card prepared for him by his major, Major Reid. *He* was a perfect tactician, having been formerly Adjutant to the Wiltshire militia. Under him we presented something of a military appearance, and went through our evolutions with tolerable precision. The defect of our discipline proceeded in great measure from the incapacity of our subaltern officers and sergeants, who formed a miserable selection of ignorance and unfitness. This might be expected, when the commissions were elective, and the officers chosen by ballot. They were canvassed for by tickets handed to the different members as they came to drill, like the mendicant cards of the candidates for little city offices, delivered with an humble bow by them to the livery as they enter Guildhall,—such as "Mr. D——, candidate for the office of Ensign in the Law Association." By such means commissions were obtained, not by those who were best acquainted with the duties which belonged to them, but by those who possessed the greatest number of private friends in the Corps. This was not calculated to form one with any pretensions to discipline. Sergeant Kite's motives for becoming a soldier, "ambition and the desire of a halbert," seemed to have seized every Member of the Corps. The appointment of Sergeant, which is in the gift of the captain of the company, was sought for with urgent solicitation, and the anxious influence of personal interest;—it was in many instances unworthily bestowed. In a few instances, where the captain happened to be a Barrister, he complimented or gained a client, by appointing him one of the sergeants of his company. In this happy selection, figure and fitness were little regarded. The privates, in this struggle for the honour of a halbert, made no allowance for their defects in personal appearance, and the officers partialities wholly overlooked them. The jovial fulness of a sergeant dwindled in many instances to the military magnitude of a fifer, who squeaked out the word of command in the sonorous tone of a penny trumpet. From this number I must, however, except my intimate and excellent friend Nolan, now no more, the writer on the Poor Laws, who was our sergeant-major.

This martial ambition was almost universal. The most unqualified were most loud to complain if they thought that their merits were overlooked; and of those there were not a few. Among the number of malcontents was a Mr. Alexander, an attorney, whose altitude might perhaps reach to four feet one. When General Whetham came to review us in the Temple Gardens, a guard of honour was to be appointed to receive him at the gate. The privates who are to mount this guard are chosen from among the shortest men on duty, and who, of course, shew worst in line. Alexander's pretensions to this mark of distinction were therefore unquestioned, and he was ordered to form part of the

guard. [illegible] it in deep dudgeon, as to be taken fro[illegible] the ranks, and to have that inglori[illegible]s post assigned to him, deeply [illegible]ed his pride, and he vented his d[illegible]tisfaction in very warm terms. H[illegible] forgot that nature had not been ki[illegible] to him in the gift of stature, yet [illegible] highl[illegible] his own pretensions to [illegible] command, and arraigned the j[illegible]ce of his officers, *Quod suis non [illegible] respondere favorem speratum* [illegible] and in disgust retired from the [illegible].

Some of the [illegible]embers of the corps were unquesti[illegible]ably animated with a true military s[illegible]rit. Among those, the most distingui[illegible]ed was Miles Walker Hall, of the [illegible]ry bar. He went by the nickn[illegible]e of *the Hun*, given to him by Lord Thurlow, from his singular cast of countenance, as in face and figure he afforded a fine representation of a native of Nootka Sound. He was a lieutenant and quarter-master, and wholly devoted himself to the attainment of that military knowledge which became a commissioned officer. To make himself master of his new profession, the science of military tactics, he studied them experimentally, by cutting his corks after dinner into pieces, forming them into platoons and companies, so as to represent the movements of a battalion: this he called reducing theory to practice. He held strict obedience to orders to be one of the most important duties of a soldier, which no circumstances warranted him to question, or from which to withhold instant performance. This doctrine had nearly proved fatal to him. Our parade was in the Inner Temple Gardens—the battalion were marching towards the Thames—Hall was in advance—the front rank had got upon the gravel walk, and Hall had reached the parapet-wall on the Thames. He continued to march right forward, and his next step would have precipitated him into the mud, and probably have broken his neck. He had lifted his left leg, when one of the corps, observing his danger, ran forward, caught him by the coat, and pulled him back. "Why am I stopped in my march?" says Hall; "the word *halt* has not been given." "Why, zounds!" says his friend, "though the word *halt* has not been given, you would not have marched into the Thames?" "*Not!*" says Hall; "but I certainly *should*, had not you prevented me. A soldier should not look to consequences, but obey his orders. I heard no order to halt, and I should have pushed forward till I heard the word given."

His appointment of quarter-master placed under his care all the ammunition of the corps. Its duties were a great object of Hall's solicitude; he rated them with the same military extravagance with which he did his orders. To keep the powder dry, and fit for immediate use, engrossed much of his attention. He at last hit on the happy expedient of making his own chambers, in Tanfield Court, the depôt; and to preserve the powder from the possibility of being damp, the place assigned to it was *under his own bed*. I think it would be found that the quarter-master's zeal for the service would have exposed him to the peril of an indictment, had the fact been known.

If Erskine ever possessed any military ardour, it was at that time nearly extinguished: he did not enter heartily into the duties of his command, and the parade had no longer any charms for him. I believe he felt his inefficiency, and willingly ceded the honour of forming the corps to Major Reid. A friend of his, wishing to banter him on the subject, told him he had just come from the parade of the Excise Corps (then the worst in London), and that they appeared to him to be superior to his: "So they ought," says Erskine; "why, they are all Cæsars (seizers)."

From the period of Erskine's first coming to the Bar, he remained for but a short time to fill a subordinate rank in it. He soon felt and justly appreciated the extent of the talents of those with whom he proposed to enter into future competition. At an early stage of his professional life he displayed a well-founded confidence in himself; by refusing to take junior briefs, and in aspiring to the lead, he formed no mistaken estimate of the confidence which he placed in his own talents. This was communicated to the Profession; they adopted his claim, and placed him in the first rank. Those, however, on his Circuit, who were likely to contest the lead with him, were little qualified to divert him from his object. Mingay only was competent to claim a share in it, and he succeeded. The others in the best business of the time cannot be mentioned as leaders, without a smile from those who remember

them:—Robinson, the Recorder of Canterbury, and Morgan, nicknamed *Frog*, the Recorder of Maidstone.

Erskine attached little consequence to consultations: he relied solely on himself. As they always took place in the evening, and his return from Court had not many hours preceded them, he had very rarely read his brief; but reserved it for perusal at an early hour in the morning. He therefore sought to relieve his mind from the fatigues of the day by unbending it in conversation, or diverting it to something which amused him, but which required little thought. I have often observed on those occasions the disappointment of his clients, who attended his consultations, expecting to have their cases canvassed with some degree of solemnity and attention, to find that he had not read a line of his brief, but amused himself with talking upon subjects either trifling or wholly unconnected with them. I recollect accompanying a client to a consultation at his house in Serjeant's Inn. We found on the table thirty or forty phial bottles, in each of which was stuck a cutting of geranium of different kinds. Our client was all impatience for the appearance of Erskine, and of anxiety for the commencement of the consultation, full of the expectation of hearing the merits of his case, and the objections to it, accurately gone into, and the law of it canvassed and well considered. When Erskine entered the room, what was his disappointment at hearing the first words which he uttered! "E——, do you know how many kinds of ums there are?" "Not I, truly," was reply. "There are above an hund ," said he. He then proceeded with detail and description of the diff t sorts, and indulged in a discussi of their relative beauties and merits. is lecture on geraniums evidently cerned our client. He listened h patient anxiety till he had finished, hoping then to hear something about his cause; when he heard him conclud , now state the Case, as I ha had no time to read my brief." ith my statement of it the consultati ended. But our client's disappointm of the evening he found amply co nsated for by Erskine's exertions on following morning, when he heard very point of his case put with ac y and enforced by eloquence.

To his consultations, indeed, no feature of deliberation belonged. If in the course of them any thought struck him, he did not reserve the communication of it for a more fit occasion, but uttered it as it occurred, though it broke in upon the subject under discussion, and was wholly foreign to and unconnected with it.

At a consultation of his, in a Cause in which I was junior, Christie the auctioneer attended to give some information connected with the Cause. In the middle of it Erskine broke out: "Christie," says he, "I want a house in the neighbourhood of Ramsgate; have you got such a one to dispose of?" "What kind of a house do you want?" Erskine described it. "I have," says Christie, "the very thing that will suit you; and, what's more, I'll put you into it as Adam was put into Paradise—in a state of perfection."

This is rather an anecdote of Christie (whose language of amplification and figurative embellishment, it was said, furnished Sheridan with the original idea of *Puff*, in the *Critic*) than of Erskine, to whom it was addressed; but the anecdote itself, and the manner of introducing it, were perfectly characteristic of both parties.

These playful humours he sometimes carried to an excess bordering on burlesque. He had a large and favourite dog, called Toss, which he had taught to sit up in a chair, with his paws placed before him on the table. In that posture he would place an open book before it, with one paw placed on each side, and one of his hands tied round his neck. This ludicrous exhibition was presented to his clients who came to attend his consultations. No one would have ventured on such a childish experiment, but one who felt that the indulgence of a trifling whim did not detract from the dignity of his professional character, and, with the perfect assurance of a superior mind, that his clients could find no equal to him at the Bar, or, in fact, do without him.

Erskine was a violent party-man, and a strenuous opponent of the Pitt administration. He was a personal favourite with the late king, George IV., then Prince-Regent. From him he received the most gratifying mark of his regard, that of bestowing on him the green ribbon. This flattered his personal vanity, from which he was not

wholly free. It gave him distinction, but did not enlist him into politics; in which he took no prominent part but by the publication of a pamphlet, called *Armata*. From this he derived little fame, and it added nothing to his political character.

Possessed of the favour of his sovereign: sprung from a noble family: rated for splendid talents as high as character could reach, and at the top of his Profession unenvied and admired, he was the most unassuming man living, and, in doing business at the bar, the most accommodating and liberal. He never affected to conceal that his circumstances when he came to the bar were limited, and the pride of birth never gave him insolence. While he went the home-circuit, he rode for many years a pony, which he called Jack. The following lines, alluding to his favourite Jack, with some others which I have lost, I had from his own hand:—

"Poor Jack! thy master's friend when he was poor,
Whose heart was faithful, and whose step was sure,
Should prosperous life debauch my erring heart,
And whispering ride repel the patriot's part—
Should my foot falter at ambition's shrine,
And for mean lucre quit the path divine;
Then may I think of thee, when I was poor,
Whose heart was faithful, and whose step was sure."

In the year 1816 he was raised to the office of lord chancellor, and to the peerage. While every member of the court of King's Bench rejoiced at his well-merited elevation, to those who remained in practice after he was gone it was attended with unequalled and unfeigned regret for his having quitted it. Of that number I was not the sincere.

## BEARCROFT.

During the period that Lord Kenyon and Lord Ellenborough held the situation of the Chief-Justice of the Court of King's Bench, Bearcroft had a considerable share of the lead at *nisi prius*. He was a large and powerful man, and his mind bore full proportion to his body — strong, manly, and full of force. His voice was deep, harsh, and discordant, and his manner of examining an adverse witness marked with unusual asperity of tone and manner. He was an able leader of a Cause, though in his speeches there was no attempt at eloquence, or affectation of ornament. His addresses to the Jury were more forcible than persuasive; they were directed to their understandings, not to their feelings: they were accurate details of the circumstances of the case, accompanied by the soundest observations, and conveyed in the plainest language. Firm in opinion and sound in judgment, he never sacrificed his own good-sense to the pertinacity of a client, nor hazarded his credit with the discerning by taking captious or untenable objections. This recommended him to the special juries at Guildhall, which are composed of well-informed merchants and men of business. By these he was always heard with attention, and gained his verdicts by dint of sound reasoning and sterling observations.

For many years of his Professional life he had a fearful antagonist in the person of Erskine. The eloquence and activity of the latter gave full employment to the cautious acuteness of the veteran leader. He rarely encountered Erskine in the open field of juridical combat before a Jury, and tried his single strength with him there in argument, but he lay by, to watch any opening left by his opponent, and which he unerringly hit with no small force, chiefly of ridicule. The following anecdote I have heard mentioned of him: it did not pass in my presence, but it had so much of Bearcroft's manner in it, that I give it the credit of having been his.

A young gentleman of good family had married a woman of the town; the consequence was, as might naturally be expected, that all his Relations and Connexions turned their backs on him, and he was left to the single consolation which her society afforded him. Her habits are not easily got rid of: she plunged into every kind of dissipation, and her husband into debt wherever she could gain credit. Almost ruined by her extravagance, he mustered courage to defend an action for goods furnished to her at enormous prices: Erskine was Counsel for the defendant, and, aware of the wife's previous character, was therefore obliged to

attempt to make it a matter of recommendation of his client, and a ground of appeal to the jury. He flourished in panegyric, and praised his amiable feelings, who had sought to restore his wife to the path of virtue; and in similar figures of speech he rated her base ingratitude, to which the plaintiff had administered. "For her," said he, "he sacrificed his family, and *gave up all his connexions.*"

When Bearcroft came to reply, he treated Erskine's eulogium of his client's virtue, and the demerits of his wife, as mere burlesque. "My friend," says he, "reproaches his client's wife with forgetfulness of the debt of gratitude which she owes him — that for her he had given up all his connexions; but the balance of obligation will be found on her side, for for him she *gave up all mankind.*"

In the latter part of his life his hearing became defective, which materially affected his business; and he was said to have died in very limited circumstances.

### BARON HOTHAM.

Hotham was one of the Judges who for many years went the home-circuit, and none ever ranked higher in the estimation of every member of it. He possessed the most polished manners. His deportment was marked by courtesy, kindness, and attention; his address was that of finished good breeding, the tone of his voice singularly mild, and the accent with which he delivered himself peculiarly conciliating. The capital conviction of a prisoner seemed to go to his heart, and in passing sentence on him his language was impressively affecting. His humanity often turned the course of rigid justice, and made the administration of it yield to his feelings.

A singular instance of this occurred in the case of an Officer of the name of Purefoy, who was tried before him at Maidstone, on an indictment for murder, he having shot his colonel (Roper) in a duel. Colonel Roper had been lieutenant-colonel of the 66th regiment: it was quartered in Cork, where Purefoy, who was a native of that city, joined it as an Ensign. He was a young man unacquainted with the duties of his profession, and of the subordination necessary in military discipline. He had not lived long enough in the world to correct that spirit of chivalrous ferocity,—too characteristic of his countrymen, whose manners the intercourse of good society had not refined,—a recourse to duelling, to avenge some supposed insult. He took offence at something ordered by Colonel Roper in the course of his duty, and sent a challenge to his commanding officer. The natural consequence of this rash step might have been anticipated; he was dismissed the service by the sentence of a general court-martial. This sentence, a harsh but necessary one, which deprived him of his Profession, sunk deeply into his mind. He shut his eyes to the necessity and justice which called for it, and determined on revenge. This was directed against Colonel Roper, whom he considered as the author of his disgrace. With unrelenting resentment, he followed him, and found him at length, after an interval of two years, with his Regiment, at Chatham. He there sent him a challenge, which Colonel Roper accepted; and, accompanied by General Stanwix as his second, met Mr. Purefoy in a field near the barracks. There a duel took place, in which Colonel Roper received a mortal wound from the fire of Mr. Purefoy. The whole of the proceedings on the ground were conducted with the strictest adherence and regard to the rules of honourable duelling. Purefoy laboured under the defect of being short-sighted, and fought in spectacles. When Colonel Roper fell, he made no effort to escape, but surrendered himself up, and was committed to Maidstone gaol, under the charge of murder, where he took his trial at the following Assizes, before Baron Hotham.

He entrusted his defence to a Mr. Lowten, a man of that day of the highest character as an attorney. To consummate ability in his Profession, he added a perfect knowledge of the world, and applied both with equal skill in the conduct of this defence. He knew the importance of being acquainted with the opinions and feelings of the Jury before they went into the box, in order to select those whose sentiments were found to be not unfavourable to the prisoner. The charge of murder was one likely to overpower

weak minds; but he thought that twelve men out of the whole panel could be found of more firmness, and who were disposed to make more allowance for the errors of youth and weakness of human nature. To ascertain this, he employed different country attornies residing in those parts of the country from whence the jury came, who were either their clients or were personally known to them. They were furnished with copies of the panel of the jury who were to try Purefoy, and instructed to engage the jurors in conversation on the subject of the trial, without any apparent design; and, by entering into the circumstances of the case, to gather their individual sentiments respecting it. If any of them spoke of the offence as murder, and as deserving of punishment, or made any harsh observations on its enormity, he was marked to be challenged when called; if, on the contrary, the juror observed, when the circumstances were detailed to him, that he thought the duel a fair one,—that the gentleman (meaning Purefoy) had fairly risked his own life (a circumstance of great weight with the jury), and that he had had great provocation, or let out any sentiment of that tendency, he was set down to be sworn on the jury. By this means, a jury was selected to try the prisoner composed of men who brought liberal sentiments into the box,—at least such as were not unfavourable to him.

I mention these circumstances to shew the singular tact of Lowten in preparing for his client's defence, as it was observed on by some persons (I think unjustly) as matter of reprehension,—an attempting improperly to obtain an acquittal, by practising with the jury. I view it in no such light. No bribe was held out, no measure to bias opinion was resorted to, no solicitation was used to influence their future decision. To obtain the private sentiments of those who are to sit in judgment afterwards on the abstract nature of imputed crime, and before any evidence is offered to them on the subject, appears to me to be a course which does not call for censure. The circumstances which I have been relating I had from a Mr. Bedell, an attorney of Dartford, who was one of those so employed; and that it had a favourable effect on the issue, I feel no manner of doubt.

Lowten left nothing undone which could contribute to the success of his client's defence. Erskine, who had long quitted the Circuit, was brought down special on the occasion. When Purefoy was arraigned, he appeared to be a very young man; and spectacles were not forgotten, in order that the defect of his sight might attract observation. Of this display Erskine made no small use; the impossibility of his hitting Colonel Roper at ten paces distance, when he could not see a yard before him, was put by him as a proof of the absence of all malice. He examined General Stanwix, who had been Colonel Roper's second, and who was called for the prosecution, at first with great caution; but finding that he bore honourable testimony to Purefoy's conduct on the ground, and being unable to deny that Colonel Roper had fallen by his hand, he boldly put this question to him, to the surprise of the Bar,—"Was it not, General Stanwix, a duel fairly and honourably fought?" General Stanwix answered, "Most certainly." A crowd of the most respectable witnesses came forward to speak to Purefoy's character. They described him as a young man of a high but romantic sense of honour, and of a temper and manners the most mild and inoffensive. This, while it interested the whole court in his favour, could have no effect on the verdict. The length of time which had elapsed from the dismissal of Purefoy from the service to the period when the duel took place, was strongly urged as a proof of a vindictive spirit, which time could not allay. That circumstance pressed heavily on his defence; and, although every lawyer in court sympathised in his situation, no one could venture to entertain a hope of an acquittal.

When the case was closed, Baron Hotham came to sum up the evidence to the jury. His voice was feebly articulate—scarcely audible,—and his feelings evidently powerfully affected. He went through the whole of the evidence for the prosecution with watchful minuteness, to give the prisoner the benefit of any observations which could be made in his favour. But the legal construction of *malice prepense*, when, from the long interval of time which has elapsed between the supposed injury and the crime, the mind has had time to cool, but revenge had kept the

flame alive, could not be got over He told the jury, with faultering reluctance, that, under the obligation which made it his duty to state to them the law, he was bound to tell them, that the offence, under all the circumstances given in evidence, in the eye of the law amounted to murder In pronouncing that word, his voice failed him: he paused; but, as if his feelings were struggling with his duty, he added, — "While, at the same time, I think, gentlemen, that if you acquit the prisoner, you will do an act lovely in the eyes of God and man." The Bar heard the concluding sentence with astonishment, but with evident sympathy and satisfaction, and it had its effect The Jury acquitted the prisoner Every one felt, that in the *man* of humanity the *judge* was forgotten.

From the influence of his family, who possessed great parliamentary interest, Baron Hotham had been raised to the Bench at a too early age of professional experience. his knowledge as a lawyer was extremely circumscribed. He was aware of his want of information, and betrayed evident marks of embarrassment when called upon to decide any point of law raised at the trial of a Cause A legal objection startled him, and he made every effort to evade the giving any opinion on it, by sending the Cause to arbitration. Whatever was the description of it, if it involved any matter of law on which he would be bound to pronounce an opinion, the Baron was all anxiety to let the decision devolve on any person but himself. He was — though it was obvious that he thought by such means to conceal his incapacity — anxious to have it thought that his recommendation of a reference proceeded from good will to the parties in the Cause "Is there no common friend," he would, in his mild and placid manner, say, "who would take this Cause, and settle it out of Court?" The frequency of this gratuitous mark of kindness toward strangers procured him the name of the *Common Friend*. We well knew his motives; but the respect and regard in which he was held by the Bar was such, that they in many instances acquiesced in the Baron's suggestion in cases ill suited to such a mode of decision.

These observations apply to him only when sitting as the judge on the civil side on the circuit In the crown court, he was not wanting in any of the qualities which go to the composition of an able criminal judge He tried prisoners with temper, patience, and humanity, and with an apparent solicitude for their acquittal The duty which the law imposes upon the judge, that of being counsel for the prisoner, he discharged with scrupulous and righteous attention. Any criminal arraigned before him had the full benefit of every matter of law or contradiction which could be found in the evidence and could make in his favour This is not one of the smallest matters of panegyric which can be pronounced on a British judge I give it to the memory of that excellent man

(*To be continued.*)

## THE GREEK REVOLUTION.*

We have long desired to see a work on this subject on which reliance could be placed; and we do think that Mr. Gordon has rendered an important service to the republic of letters, though professedly he has limited himself to a record of details. Few, we believe, have been better, or indeed so well, qualified for the task he has undertaken, and it is only in philosophy that we presume to have any difference with him. In his statement of facts we have the utmost confidence, being persuaded that when he speaks from his own knowledge the truth is given, and when he relates the information of others he has well sifted their recitals.

Mr. Gordon, as a traveller, visited Greece when a young man more than twenty years ago. Many of the scenes in which the transactions are laid were familiar to him; and he had the rare advantage of seeing the people before their passions were enlisted in the cause which he has described in its highest excitement. But it is obvious that he went into Greece with a disposition to see in a favourable light the qualities of the inhabitants, who still professed the faith of the eastern church. This, however, is not very obtrusive in his work, though the predilection is here and there manifest, and is the cardinal fault which pervades the book. He does not discriminate the Greeks, properly so called, from the professors of the religion alluded to, and yet it is evident, that to the children of the soil of classic Greece his mind was ever turned; even almost as early as this could well be, it escapes as if he meant it should. In the first page of the introduction, he speaks of the natural superiority of the Greeks in a way which shews how his heart beat.

"Placed as it is at the south-eastern extremity of Europe, it was through Greece that the first rays of light and civilisation penetrated the darkness of our continent, and there it was that the seeds of knowledge, imparted from Asia and Africa, found an *intellectual soil so admirably fitted* to receive them. The Greeks, but just emerged from a savage life, vastly surpassed their Phœnician and Egyptian instructors, and stationed themselves *at the head of the human race.*"—Page 1.

In the second page he falls into the schoolboy mistake with respect to the military skill of the ancient Greeks.

"When," says he, "their patriotic warriors acquired, in the immortal battles of Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, and Platæa, laurels, which the voice of fame has kept, and will ever keep fresh and verdant, when the most complete victory crowned the justest cause."—Page 2.

This is well enough, but one might have expected a more just appreciation from Mr. Gordon of these battles. We willingly grant that they were scenes of great courage, and evinced the possession of a high heroic spirit by the heroes who achieved them. But for example, Marathon owes much to the vaunting Athenians, who won the victory by their own means; it was not so wonderful in its day as posterity is apt, from the Athenian accounts, and the reiteration of such mythologists as poets, to imagine; for at that time the whole of Greece was flourishing and progressive, and the institutions of Sparta were in their manliest vigour. Had the army of Miltiades been defeated, there were many more behind to have supported and turned its scattered ranks. The fact is, that although Marathon does very well to "point a moral and adorn a tale," it is not a subject on which, in a grave work, much can be said. Thermopylæ is no better; there is hardly a battalion in the British service which could not match it; and a man of war sinking in battle is as sublime an object. The others have been outdone many times both by sea and land, and if it were not for the eloquence with which they have been recorded, they would not possess such extreme estimation in the opinion of the world as every man who learns the Greek language is taught by his dominies to form.

We think also, that there are some other statements in the introduction admirable as it is in many respects, liable to controversy, and that Mr.

* History of the Greek Revolution. By Thomas Gordon, F.R.S. 2 vols. Blackwood, Edinburgh; T. Cadell, London.

Gordon has fallen into a common error in imagining that the genius of the fine arts flourishes most eminently in a period of profound peace.

"So confused and calamitous a period seems ill-fitted for the cultivation of learning and the fine arts, but this is not the only instance where the energy of men naturally ingenious and aspiring, being called into action by all that was passing around them, hath, under the influence of liberty, shot forth branches in many directions; and it was precisely between the epoch of the Persian invasions and the reign of Alexander, that the most celebrated poets, historians, orators, and philosophers of Greece flourished, and that painting, sculpture, and architecture, attained a pitch that has never been surpassed."—Pages 3, 4.

Mr. Gordon, in this quotation, forgets that the incidents of war produce an excitement of mind favourable to the arts: all ages confirm this opinion. Even though darkness has settled upon the ancient records of Memphis and Egypt, there is yet heard in the obscurity the sounds of the engines of war mingled with those of the hammers of peace. But not to go so far back, we appeal on this point to evidence which can be well tested. In what period, for example, have the arts of peace, as they are called, been more cultivated than they were in the warlike and restless reign of the modern Nebuchadnezzar, Louis XIV., our own William and Anne, and the still more splendid epoch of Napoleon, and the regency and reign of George IV.? It is in this kind of philosophy that we differ from Mr. Gordon, and, in consequence, draw inferences from his statements widely apart from his, and yet as distinctly logical. Of his premises we acknowledge the correctness —we as cheerfully concede to him the innate superiority of the Greeks as we could do any fact adduced by any man—we believe in the ugliness and want of intelligence asserted of the Esquimaux and the Laplanders. Variety is a law of nature, and we admit a natural superiority in the Greeks over any race of men which has yet been discovered; but are we justified by admitting this superiority, to infer that their motives were always the wisest and the best? In saying so, we come at once to the merits of the question; and while we give all praise possible to Mr. Gordon for the candour with which he has treated a difficult subject, we maintain that the Greek revolution, even by his own shewing, was not of that kind which the whole civilised world believed in, nor of that political tendency which it has of late assumed. The fact is, that the Greek revolution was in its beginning of the nature of a religious war on the part of the people, fomented by political agents; and one of the chief faults of this valuable work is, that the distinction is not sufficiently obvious between a war of this kind and one for secular independence. Mr. Gordon has fallen into the common mistake of confounding the professors of the Greek Christianity with the classic Greeks, and it appears very early in the work; and will prevent the book from ever being considered more than as the history of a part of the Greek revolution, instead of that which it professes to be.

"It is well to premise, that under the same appellation (Greeks) we include not only all those quondam subjects of the eastern empire who speak the modern Greek tongue, and, owning spiritual obedience to the Byzantine church, are spread over Hellas, Macedonia, Thrace, the islands, and Asia Minor, but likewise the Christian Albanians of Roumelia and the Morea, who, differing from the former in language, physiognomy, and character, are allied to them by similarity of faith and suffering, and have borne a very active part in the contest for freedom."—Pages 27, 28.

Now, this is not correct as to the belief which the rest of the civilised world entertained of the Greek cause, though absolutely true. Our sympathy was for the descendants of our teachers of taste and masters of knowledge. We had no idea, in the first epochs of the Grecian revolt, that we were called upon to aid idolaters, if the worshippers by pictures can be so called, and yet the fact was so. With the whole of the operations of Prince Alexander Ypsilanti, the Greeks of Greece had nothing to do: they felt for the inhabitants of the countries in which they lay, but they were foreigners to them; they spoke a different language, and occupied a remote region, and he was not even a Greek by descent. The scenes of his warfare were in Wallachia and Moldavia, provinces beyond the Danube; he was the son of a hospodar of Wallachia, and selected for his Russian connexions and popular qua-

lities, rather than for his talents. There is good reason to believe that his family was originally Italian; it is certain that they were of the Fanar race, from whom, since 1716, the Turks have chosen the hospodars renowned for their diplomacy.

But although the error we have noted renders Mr. Gordon's book calculated to produce false impressions, it does not diminish the merits of the work as a history of important transactions. We are willing to allow that he has very accurately detailed the proximate causes of the Greek revolution; but still his work relates more to another subject than that of which it professedly treats. Nor do we entirely agree with him in thinking that the Hetœria association had at first any other than a political object; it was in imitation of the Illuminati of the Germans, and its freemasonry characteristics only shewed how generally it has become a custom to oppose recognised power by the occult influence of secret societies.

We do not say that Lyola was the father of the system; but it is curious in the history of man, that as opinion has encroached upon power, these secret societies have been more and more resorted to. We want still, however, an account of the United Irishmen: the Illuminati above mentioned we know something of. The Rosicrucians are also not unknown, and others might be named; but we shall for the present content ourselves with some account of the Hetœria, referring to Mr. Gordon's book for a more particular description of what it *is*, and the principles it professes.

The origin of this society is not understood. It is ascribed to the ex-hospodar of Wallachia, Prince Alexander Mavrocordato, an exile in Russia, formed with the ostensible view of promoting education. Others make Rega the father of it, and, consequently, make it older; but all this is matter of opinion. It is however certain, that about the beginning of the French Revolution a few Greeks began to scheme the deliverance of their country. Of these, were Prince Alexander Ypsilanti's father, who privately stirred up the Servians to rebellion, and Anthymos Gazi, editor of a journal published in the Romaic tongue at Vienna.

In 1815, whatever was the birth of this society, it assumed form and consistency. The Greeks at that time had expected that the congress assembled there would have effected a change in eastern affairs; on finding themselves disappointed, they resolved to emancipate themselves. The most distinguished person of their nation at that time was the Count Capodistria, of Corfu, who entered the Russian service in the humble station of private secretary to Admiral Tchitchagoff, and rose to be secretary to the Emperor Alexander, in which situation he proposed to himself the liberation of the Greeks, by separating them from Turkey, and converting them into dependents of Muscovy by the influence of the priests.

In this project he proceeded with address, by restricting his exertions to the encouragement of science, and raising up a higher tone of moral feeling among the people. He disavowed all open resistance to the Porte; but, in furtherance of his object, he established the Philomuse Society, and obtained for it the patronage of potentates.

When he had launched this institution, and knowing the course it must inevitably steer, he retired himself behind a curtain, but watched its movements. It immediately then underwent a political transmutation; and the following summary contains something of the change.

Every member had the right to initiate others, but was bound to make himself rigidly acquainted with the characters of the novices. Their whole life was, in fact, narrowly sifted; and the neophyte swore on his knees, at the dead of night, to be faithful to his afflicted country, to labour for her regeneration, not to disclose the secrets of the institution or the name of the person who initiated him, and to put to death his nearest and dearest kin, should they be guilty of treachery: he was then admitted into the first class of adopted brethren, to which all Greeks were eligible. It deserves, however, to be remarked, that, at first, no Wallachians nor Sciots were allowed to be adopted, as not being trustworthy. All which the brethren of the first stage were taught, was only that a design was on foot to improve the condition of Greece.

The next class was the order of bachelors, and selected with discrimination. These were apprised that the object of the society was to effectuate a revolution.

The third class were termed the priests of Eleusis, and were drawn from the better orders of society. To them it was confided, that the period of the struggle approached, and that there were higher ranks in the Hetœria than theirs.

The fourth grade were called prelates, and never in number exceeded one hundred and sixteen; but they were all distinguished men, and were appointed to superintend different districts, and to correspond directly with the grand arch, or managing committee, which consisted of sixteen mysterious and illustrious personages; among them were the Russian autocrat, the crown-princes of Bavaria and Wirtemburgh, Count Capodistria, &c.

The orders of the grand arch were written in cipher, and were signed with a seal, bearing in sixteen compartments as many initial letters.

The Hetœrists had private signs for recognising each other.

For the first class, a pressure of the hand on the breast, with the words "sipsi" and "sacrouchia;" the interrogating party taking an opportunity in conversation to introduce the first word, the other answering with the second.

For the degree of bachelors, the name of the respondent's mother was inquired, and put down in cipher on the back of a letter of recommendation, which they carried from the provincial superintendent as a guarantee that they were brethren.

The Eleusian priests recognised each other by arbitrary phrases, and the signs we have mentioned: their particular signs, however, were a touch of the right hand, and making the joints of two fingers creak; then folding the arms and wiping the eyes.

The prelates recognised each other by pressing the wrist in shaking hands with the fore finger, reclining the head on the left hand, and pressing the right on the breast. To this a reply was given, by gently rubbing the forehead. The inquiring party then went over the words assigned to the first three classes, and, if the other answered aright, the recognition was completed. All degrees except the lowest received letters patent.

When a novice was admitted, he delivered to his initiator a sum of money for the common fund. But we refer to Mr. Gordon's book for a more particular account of this important and very curious association. To statesmen, the existence of such a society is at this moment highly interesting, and cannot be doubted.

Mr. Gordon, like most other travellers who have visited the eastern side of Europe, appears to have a very just notion of the superiority, in one respect, of the Russian government. He does not write expressly in approbation of that government; but that he has received a general impression in favour of its strength and intelligence to attain its purposes, is obvious in every part of his book. Had he communicated that impression more directly, he would have rendered an essential service to his country; for here, it is not to be denied, we ascribe the character of the Russian people to the government. Nothing is more erroneous,—the reverse is the case. The Russian government, as if under the special care of Providence, has, from the time of Peter the Great, been the most enlightened in Europe, while the nation has been the most barbarous. But before we offer any reflections on this point, or assign any reason for our assent to the opinion of Mr. Gordon, we shall briefly point out the sources from which, in his book, we have inferred this notion; and at the same time shew the undisputed bravery, as it may be called, of the czarish diplomacy.

"Besides the steady and admirable sagacity that has guided the counsels of Russia, and the advantageous positions for attack she has gradually occupied in Europe and Asia, she possessed in her religion a lever fitted to shake Turkey to its foundations, and stir up the enthusiasm of the Porte's Christian subjects over the secret and irreconcilable enemies of their own government, but almost equally repelled by the Romish tenets of the Germans and Italians."—Page 26.

There is, however, preceding this passage, two sentences more emphatic, in which he says:

"Muscovy entered the lists at the commencement of the last century; but she became suddenly terrible to the Porte, which for fifty years has thought only of parrying the blows aimed at her existence by that youthful power. It was long ago predicted, that the northern eagle would devour the crescent; the prophesy is hastening to its accomplishment; and it seems evident, that Russia (herself as yet unpolished) is the instru-

ment chosen by Providence to civilise the middle regions of Asia, and overturn the superstition of Mohammed, which cannot be extinguished otherwise than by subjugating the countries where it is rooted."—Page 26.

Further on, in speaking of Czerni George, he mentions, that this hero "manifested an impatience of Russian interference in the affairs of Servia; and to this latter cause we may attribute his downfal;" meaning, that "that singular, cruel, and energetic barbarian," was found by Russia opposed to her schemes; nor can it be doubted, that a man who possessed so many heroic qualities, in other respects should be regarded by a government, who made the improvement of its subjects a first principle, as obnoxious to its cause. He shot his father, when he found the old man deaf to his entreaties, and intended to betray him to the infidels: he caused one of his brothers to be hanged, and a priest to be buried alive;—but he asserted the independence of his country.

The designs of Russia on Turkey in Europe are well known; it is also known that they have for a long time been systematically pursued: the details, however, of that policy are not in this island so generally understood as they should be; and the date of the particular epoch in which the system was formed is hidden in the secrets of cabinets. Certain it is, that prior to the year 1737 that growing empire had caused little apprehension to the Ottomans, who were destined to receive from her the most fatal assaults. But to return to the object in view in this part of our consideration of Mr. Gordon's work, namely, the uniform style with which he speaks of the policy of Russia, we shall quote other instances:

"The bold and judicious policy of Catherine II. cleared away those obstacles."—Page 14.

"Europe was then at peace, and Russia having leisure to interfere."—Page 16.

"As the political atmosphere of Vienna is ill-fitted for hatching conspiracies, the grand arch (Hetœria) fixed its lodge at Moscow, and from thence held intercourse from every part of Europe, by means of itinerant emissaries, called apostles, who cloaked the real purpose of their frequent journeys by pretending to be engaged in works of charity, &c." Page 46.

——— of these apostles, to the best of our recollection, were in London about the year 1815.

"It is certain that nearly all the Hetœrists were warm partizans of Russia, not so much from a community of religion, as because they knew her to be the natural enemy of their oppressors."—Page 49.

But although it was not evident, from the whole of Mr. Gordon's book, that the Greek revolution proceeded from the machinations of Russia, and that these were conducted with admirable sagacity both as to means and measures, the general impression on the minds of all Christian travellers in the east of Europe would of itself be sufficient. The Hetœria was clearly a Russian artifice; and, from the pains taken to persuade the rest of Europe that it was not, we infer the exact contrary, notwithstanding a work written apparently for the purpose of exculpating Count Capodistria from any share in the machinations that brought it on. By the by, it is asserted in that work, that two Moreote deputies were sent to St. Petersburgh, to ascertain whether the Emperor Alexander was disposed to aid a revolt in Greece; and that one of them, who received assurances from the count that no assistance would be given, was assassinated. Mr. Gordon mentions, that the result of inquiries in Peloponnesus touching this subject was, that the two persons mentioned did, in fact, go to Russia, and were supplied with money at Hydra, "both came back in safety, and were the bearers of a message from the Russian minister, exhorting the Greeks not to stir until the court of St. Petersburgh should be embroiled with the Turks."—Page 144.

But it is needless to enlarge on this subject. No political fact is better known in Europe, than that it has been the policy of Russia, for a number of reigns and years, to excite the revolt of those subjects of the Turks who professed the religion of the Greek church, as one of the means of extending the Russian empire. Mr. Gordon's book proves this; and it proves also, that our sympathy has been awakened from an erroneous notion of the Greek revolution. We sympathised with that "wonderful people, the heads of the human race," only; but we have been deluded by the adroit policy of Russia

to extend our bamboozled good nature to the professors of the Greek religion. It is necessary that this should be known, for there is a wide difference between the two. Those that we intended to sympathise with were the descendants of that glorious race to whom mankind owes so much; the others have been, from times beyond the reach of history, the most brutal, ignorant, superstitious, and fraudulent of the whole human race, whether they professed old idolatry or Christian dogmas.

Mr. Gordon mentions a very striking instance of Russian diplomacy, to which we request particular attention.

While the emperor made a parade of his love of peace, his cabinet was patiently ripening schemes which for many years had been the very marrow of Russian policy; his minister presented to the principal European courts a project for the pacification of Greece. According to this plan, the revolted territory was to be split into four divisions, governed by hospodars and municipal magistrates, named by the sultan, and tributary to Alexander; but it was rejected. It was too obvious that the hospodariats were sure to become dependencies of Muscovy, whose consular agents would have obtruded themselves as arbiters in disputes between the Greeks and the Ottoman garrisons which were to be left in the fortresses. This project, conceived with boldness, and proposed by folly, was of course declined; but will it be believed that, within three years, a plan not very dissimilar in its tenour was proposed by England, and actually signed at St. Petersburgh? but was it ever discussed in the House of Commons? Such transactions as this are apt to make the rest of the world believe that statesmen are selected from ninnies.

The history of Russia has never been properly considered. We are no admirers of the means by which it accomplishes its ends; but its ends are glorious. It is the only government of Europe that has for a long-continued period had for its objects the improvement of the condition of its subjects. In England, from the weight of public opinion, the government has been rather the agent of the people in the course of improvement than the directors, and has not consisted for a long time of the wisest selection that might have been made of its statesmen. In France this has been, with a few exceptions, scarcely different; but it is still fermenting with revolution, and affords no criterion to judge by;—the grand mistake of all its rulers has been for many years in supposing the predominant race to consist of Frenchmen, and all others their enemies. In Russia this has been different; and startling as the assertion may seem, we call upon those who are of the contrary opinion to shew that the aims of its government have not been the promotion of man. In saying this, we admit that for such a people as the English the Russian government is yet too primitive. But what we require to be shewn is, that, including the reign of Peter the Great, it has ceased to drag its subjects from barbarism, and made their improvement the end of government.

Who first gave the impetus to this noble career is hidden from the world: history ascribes it to Peter the Great, and dates from him the grand characteristics to which we have alluded; but it was in his time too much of a system to have been of his parentage. No doubt his great talents and magnificent unassorted mind were in unison with that to which we refer; but to us it is matter of suspicion, founded on some authority, that even in his great mind we are to look but for an instrument. Indeed, we consider his establishment upon the throne as an indication of the country having been previously divided into two factions, the barbarising and the civilising. Peter, instead of being the father, was the agent only of the latter. It is otherwise not easy to conceive that Russia in his time should have started so resplendently in a new career, and have so long continued and persevered in it, had the springs of the impetus from which it proceeded existed in the heart of any individual. Of Peter himself this is not the place to speak; but his residence at Deptford and Zaardam were any thing but to his honour. What he learned in those places that an emperor might not have learned in his closet, remains to be shewn; it is certain that at Deptford he was never seen but as a coarse bullying boatman. It was not the handling of carpenter's tools that was to make him great, but the policy of that government which flourished in his absence, and whose

green head at this time it is the sinister policy of feeble statesmen to decry. In a word, the life of Peter the Great is a work that yet requires to be written; and the sooner the existing trash about this gigantic barbarian is shovelled into the fire the better.

But to return from this digression to the work before us. It may appear to the world, who think that the first accounts of events can be authenticated, that Mr. Gordon has not sufficiently attended to this circumstance; but the answer is plain, he had not the means: and it is curious that the first respectable account of the Greek revolution should have been compiled, as were the ancient histories of that celebrated land, from the personal knowledge of the historian, and reports collected from others. We must therefore take it as he has given it. To those who know any thing of the man, his character is an assurance that the details are as correctly given as he had the power to ascertain. The part he took himself in the contest adds to the value of his observations. We still think, however, that in a work of this kind he might have (without adding, we grant, to its value) increased the interest of the book by omitting the campaign in the Trans-Danubian principalities, and the ecclesiastical discontents in which the war originated, and which the systematic policy of Russia turned to her own account, till the other governments of Europe discovered their *mistake* in believing that the Greeks sought only religious liberty, and clung only for this to the skirts of Russia, the great protector of the Greek church.

It was not till the revolt took a political character that the sympathy for the Greeks was awakened. This, we acknowledge, is made out in the course of the narrative; but the account suffers an eclipse in its clearness by the religious character ascribed to the insurrection in the beginning. The author, however, is probably not aware of this obscurity; for it is only among those who have all along in the contest discriminated the Hellenists from the members of the church that it has been attended to. Russia herself does not appear to have been very nice in making the distinction, nor was it to be expected from her; on the contrary, it served the purposes of her policy, rather that the religious colouring should be preserved than that more correct notions should be entertained. It is true that the projects of Catherine II., under Count Orloff, in the Morea and Archipelago, sufficiently shewed that the church had very little to do with the matter; but there was a haste and precipitancy in those projects, which the Russian statesmen of latter times have repressed and rectified. Mr. Gordon is very right when as he now and then shews that the political conduct of Russia towards the Turks admits of no justification. If, however, the internal welfare of a people is to be put in competition with temporal thraldom, the case deserves a different consideration.

In a political point of view, no foreign power, according to the law of nations, had any right to interfere between the Turks and their Greek subjects, until the former were deemed by events incapable of repressing the revolt of the latter; but Mr. Gordon's book — a commentary on the time — not only shews, that with the Russians the revolt of the Greeks of the church originated; that throughout the controversy they acted as latent belligerents; and, ultimately, as an open party to the cause: diplomacy, in a word, affords nothing equal to the machinations of the northern power, as it may be emphatically called. The satirical speculations of the Florentine sink into insignificance when compared with the realities of the policy of this ambitious government towards the Greeks. But it is now found out, and we wish that it may be as jealously watched as it ought. In the meantime it is a striking fact, deserving of no inconsiderable degree of attention, that, notwithstanding the grand arch of the Hetæria fixed its lodge at Moscow, since the year 1817 its chest, papers, and secretary, have been stationary at Munich; from which city, Otho, the new king of Greece, has been selected (his father was spoken of as one of the sixteen mysterious and illustrious persons who constituted the managing committee of that society). In a word, the world has never before presented so complete an organised association, to effect a political purpose, as the Hetæria; and we would ask Mr. Gordon if it has yet ceased to be influential? It is not now so requisite to be secret in its operations as it was at the beginning, and the time is fast passing

when it may be dispensed with; but it has set an example of a mode of combining individual power against political dominion that will not be soon forgotten, whatever may be the reflections of the British government on the subject. Otho, as the king of Greece, is the creature of the Hetæria; and though Mavrocordato was the first who suggested Leopold to be chosen for that office, it is not equivocal that Count Capodistria set himself with a determination to frighten the prince from accepting it, and did succeed. The fortunes of Napoleon engendered among private adventurers the desire to become kings, and Capodistria himself was deeply smitten with the mania.

But were we to notice the half of the scattered particulars which we have heard, and which Mr. Gordon's first-rate performance recalls to mind, we should forget to express that his work, to be adequately reviewed, greatly surpasses our limits, for it is not one of those books of which an idea of the merits can be conveyed by extracts. Some passages might be given in testimony of its superiority; but there is a candid spirit pervading the whole work, of which no just notion can be given but by referring to the book itself; and yet it abounds with lucid pictures, and some of the most interesting passages that are to be found in modern literature. It will not, perhaps, be so popular as such a work deserves, but it will furnish materials for a more entertaining production. It is a classical work on a classical subject, and it will greatly disappoint us if it be not raised to a permanent rank with works of that description.

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## ENGLISH POETRY.

### BARRY CORNWALL, MOTHERWELL, AND LEIGH HUNT.*

"Poesis nihil aliud est quàm historiæ imitatio ad placitum," is the observation of Bacon. The daily experiences of life are sublimated by the soaring efforts of an ardent imagination; the disappointments and sufferings of our rugged existence find solace in dreams of ideal beauty, perfection, and happiness. All poetry, however, is based on actual observation — its foundation is on facts. Byron told the world that his heroes were not from the standard of his own person, but the world remains convinced of the contrary. Klopstock and Gothe, in all their poems, wrote from the convictions of truth, which had sunk down into their inmost souls, and become portions of self. The same may be observed of Dante, of Milton, of Scott, of Southey, Wordsworth, and Shelley, and every other poet of eminence. When writers have said that fiction is the perfection of poetry, they do not mean to aver that fiction is used by them antithetically to truth: fiction, thus used, signifies only the elaborate working of the imagination around truth for its centre. The mind of the poet is ever on the stretch after views of superhuman loveliness, or goodness, or beatitude, just as his worldly experience may have taught him to direct his own mental ken. Cowper has finely said —

> "A terrible sagacity informs
> The poet's heart. He looks to distant storms,
> He hears the thunder ere the tempest lowers;
> And arm'd with strength surpassing human powers,
> Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
> And darts his soul into the dawning plan."

Imagination is the great source of poetry, and the more original and independent its aspirations, the more widely separated are its modes of thought from the creeping every-day occurrences of life, the closer is its approximation to perfection. Professor Stewart, when he asserted of Burns that his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusi-

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* 1. English Songs, and other Small Poems, by Barry Cornwall. London, Edward Moxon. 1832.

2. Poems, Narrative and Lyrical, by William Motherwell. Glasgow, David Robertson, Trongate. 1832.

3. The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. London, Edward Moxon. 1832.

astic and impassioned temper, than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition, was decidedly correct. "A genius exclusively adapted" would sink down, of necessity, into a retailer of small-beer effusions. All men have the same endowments, only different in degree. Those of the poet are more fully developed; his vivid imagination creates for him a world of his own, and in that world he enacts deeds, and speaks a language superior to those of the denizens breathing the murky atmosphere of vulgar existence.

The poet's mind can be called into action by the minutest and subtlest agencies. "I never hear," writes Burns to a friend, "the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul, like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry." The poet's sympathies will be excited by the most trifling incidents: the shadow cast by floating clouds — the undulations of fields of springing corn — the smile of the modest grass-flower, will awaken his sensibility as speedily as arrayed armies, an earthquake, or the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, or mighty caravans winding their course over vastest deserts. And as all things awaken the thoughts that with closed wings lie slumbering in his bosom, so do these objects enkindle his soul with rapture and love. Byron, in his moodiest fits of misanthropy, loved to gaze upon the face of nature, whose beauties alleviated the raging fever of his soul. Regard any of the descriptive passages of Scott or Wordsworth, and you cannot but perceive in your own mind a solemn inspiration of devotion. Th has it been said, that "a poet w love were a physical and metaphy impossibility." Even the very infidel, sharing the gift of poetry, do the lavish scenes of nature lift up above mate rial darkness and incomprehensibility; while their influence allays the desecrating force of his pride and passion, breathes into his heart the chastening and melting eloquence of devotion, and teaches him "almost to be a Christian." Poetry is religion, and religion universal love. But it is not of poetry in the abstract, or of the productions of the mighty masters of song, that we are about to speak. No such knotty arguments have we reserved for discussion on the present occasion, although such an investigation would not only make ourselves but our readers better men. Our present object is to produce results, exemplified in three several individuals, of the long and ardent cultivation of poetry.

"England," says Barry Cornwall, in his prefatory remarks, "is not a lady barren of song-writers. There is no song-writer," the poet continues, "whose songs form the distinguishing feature of his poetry. The little lyrics, which are scattered like stars over the surface of our old dramas, are sometimes minute, trifling, and undefined in their object; but they are eminently fine: in fact, the finest things which our language possesses." The whole of this introduction is well written, and an excellent example of easy and elegant composition. It contains many truths in few words — conveys the essence of much reading and reflection — but is, nevertheless, given forth without the most distant air, or pretension to arrogate more than what is due to the humblest of writers.

"It may be thought paradoxical to assert that the songs which occur in dramas are more natural than those which proceed from the author in person: yet such is generally the case. If, indeed, a poet wrote purely and reasonably only,—that is to say, if his poetry sprung always from the passion or humour of the moment, the fact might be otherwise. But it may easily be seen, that many rhymes are produced out of season; and are often nothing more than the result of ingenuity taxed to the uttermost; or otherwise, are simply the indiscretions of 'gentlemen at ease,' who have nothing, or nothing better to do. Now Poetry is not to be thus constrained; nor is it ever the offspring of mere idleness or languor. It demands not only the 'faculty divine' (so called), but also that it should be left to its own impulses. The intellectual faculties are in no one always in a state of tension, or capable of projecting those thoughts which, in happier moments, are cast forth with perfect ease,—and which, when thrown out by the imagination or the fancy, constitute the charm, and indeed form the essence of poetry.

"Much of what I have said applies to verse in general; but it applies more especially to songs and small pieces of verse — those *nugæ canoræ*— which, at the time that they plead their 'want of pretensio ' ke due care, but too often,

to justify their professed defects. When a writer commences a poem of serious length, he throws all his strength into it: he selects the happiest hour; he condenses, and amends, and rejects; and, in short, does his best to produce something good. But in a song, or 'a trifle in verse,' he feels no responsibility. He professes nothing, and, unfortunately, little more.

I be said that a song is necessary matter; but, if good, it is a trifle of at least a different sort. And to make even a trifle perfect or agreeable, should satisfy a moderate ambition. It demands some talent. Where poetry is concerned, it requires even more; for it requires that this talent should be of a peculiar order, and should be exerted at a happy time. I am by no means forward to imagine that these two requisites have at *any* time concurred in my case. But I hope that I have, in a few instances, so far succeeded as to allure other writers (having more leisure than I possess) to direct their powers to this species of verse. It has been too much disdained. Poets have in general preferred exhibiting their tediousness in long compositions, and have neglected the song. But the brevity, which is the 'soul' of song, as well as of wit, is not necessarily allied to insignificance. The battle-songs of Mr. Campbell are a triumphant proof of the contrary. So also are many of the songs and ballads of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Moore, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Hogg, my friend Allan Cunningham, and, finally, the charming songs of Burns. To my thinking, the *sentiment* in some of Burns's songs is as fine and as true as any thing in Shakespeare himself. I do not speak of his imagination, or of his general power, (both which in the Scottish poet are immeasurably inferior), but of the mere sentiment or feeling—that fine natural eloquence which a warm heart taught him, and which he poured out so profusely in song. There is an earnestness and directness of purpose in Burns, which, if attended to, would, I think, strengthen the poetry of the present day. As an instance of his going at once to the sentiment, without any parade of words, or preliminary flourish, one may refer to the lines—

'Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied,
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside,
Jessy!'

in which the sentiment is exquisitely tender and beautiful. We do not, I think, deal thus fairly with our thoughts at present. We accumulate multitudes of words around them, as though the idea were unable to support itself. Our verbiage is the Corinthian capital, which has succeeded the finer Ionic. One might almost suspect that 'the Schoolmaster,' who is every where abroad, has generated rather a facility of spreading common thoughts, than a power of originating new ones. At all events, the verbiage which I have alluded to is a manifestation of weakness rather than of strength, and indicates (if one may judge from analogies) a declension, at least as much as refinement in taste. Feeling this—and feeling also that I myself am far from exempted from this defect—I have occasionally introduced some poems in this volume which are bald enough in expression; and which, in fact, have little beyond the mere sentiment to recommend them. But this ought to be sufficient. If it be not sufficient in my case (for it *is* so, frequently, in Mr. Wordsworth's poems), I can plead nothing beyond a good intention; and must throw myself on the charity of reader.

"It cannot be [illegible] flattering to self-love, to observe, that all the song-writers, except Mr. Moore (and—I ought to have added Dibdin), are *Scottish* poets. In *our* songs, however, we differ—not only in merit, but frequently also in character, from the songs which have proceeded from Scotland. The latter approach more nearly to the ballad, which comprises *a story*. A song—(adopting the English model as the fit one) may be considered as the expression of *a sentiment*, varying according to the humour of the poet. It should be fitted for music; and, in fact, should become *better* for the accompaniment of music; otherwise it can scarcely be deemed, *essentially*, a song.

"The character of Poetry has always fluctuated with the times; and songs, as well as the epic poem and the drama, have partaken of each successive change. In early ages, they were spontaneous and necessarily rude productions; in refined times they became artificial. Neither of these two periods are, I apprehend, the most favourable to poetry. The mind of the poet requires to be somewhat cultivated and enlarged by reading; but it should not be perplexed by too many critical distinctions, nor weakened by excessive refinement. The age of poetry precedes that of criticism, as the act precedes the law which is made to control it. It is *then*, in the youth and first manhood of literature, that all imaginative writings are the best. If they exhibit not the fastidiousness and superfluous accuracy of later ages (which, in many cases, is little better than the 'ridiculous excess'), they make

amends for such deficiencies by the freshness and beauty, the originality and undaunted vigour of their images. In effect, it is a species of paradox in criticism, to insist upon minute and mathematical niceties in things which deal mainly with the passions.

"In our country (and I believe in most others), the ballad preceded the song. The achievements of the warrior were reflected in the magnifying verse of the minstrel. There scarcely ever was an age so dark, or a people so barbarous, as not to have possessed bards who sang the praises of their heroes. These two seem, in fact, to have been almost necessary to each other, and to have gone, hand in hand, together, illustrating the soul and sinews of the times. The soldier would have lacked one strong incentive, had a minstrel been found wanting to shout forth his deeds; and, without a hero, the minstrel himself would have had but little or no subject for his song. For all the subtleties of thought, which writers in more advanced ages pour out so profusely, are beyond the range of an uneducated poet. He knows and sings only what he sees and hears. The sheep and their pastures,—the struggles and bloody feuds of his province, form the staple of his verse. His heroes are renowned, like the racer, for blood, and bone, and sinew. All else is beyond his limit—beyond his power. It is the educated poet only who subdues abstract ideas to the purposes of his verse, and lets loose his imagination into daring and subtle speculations. There is no one with whose works I am acquainted who falsifies this position, saving perhaps Shakespeare, who is an exception to all things!

"The ballad-writers of our country were men of great talent, but they did not go beyond their age. They roared out Bacchanalian songs, over sack and the 'blood-red wine:' they bruited about the deeds of their favourite heroes, till the heroism of the verse bore the same proportion to the original actions that vapour does to water. In return for this, they were paid—in bed and board; in wine, and meat, and broadcloth; and in huge quantities of praise! Occasionally, indeed, when some rich and puissant baron was transformed into a god, or his dame or daughter were exhibited in flattering comparison with the foam-born Venus, by the false glamour of poetry, the minstrel became master of a jewel, or an ounce of gold. Subsequently to all this, our ballad-makers and players wandered about to fairs and revels. Private beneficence was often found wanting (perhaps it was sometimes taxed too heavily), and the men who had wares for all tastes, wisely left the individual for the multitude. And hence began the patronage of 'the public.'

"The competition for public favour, however, was not long confined to professed minstrels. The arts of reading and writing opened a new prospect of ambition to our noble ancestors. The spirit of chivalry, which had previously manifested itself in hard blows alone, sought opportunities for exhibiting its gentler qualities in song. Love, devotion, constancy, generosity, and the various other virtues (which do not consist merely in the muscles, or spring from the sheer insensibility of the animal man), found historians. Surrey, Wyatt, Sidney, Raleigh, and a host of others, form part of this early class of poets. Their style and gallantry (with such small gradual change as is always occurring in literature) remained till the death of Charles I. Upon that occasion the belles lettres, as well as monarchy, were overturned for a time, but refashioned,—the former in a new guise and thoroughly degenerated,—with the courtiers of his son. From that period, till the time of Thomson and Collins (for I refer Milton to the earlier period), all our songs, and most of our poems, were evidently written by the celebrated 'Lady of Quality.'* I recollect scarcely a single *English* song of high character which has been ten years before the public. And yet, Burns and other Scottish poets have, for almost half a century, been scattering among us the seeds of a better taste. Let us hope, that in an agreeable (although not very important) department of literature we are destined to some improvement."

In almost all that Barry Cornwall says we agree; but we have a few observations to make upon National Song, before we proceed to the consideration of the volumes before us.

The Saxon language continued to be

* "Dryden and Pope, and a few others, form of course illustrious exceptions to this censure.

"* * * Since the foregoing Introduction was written, I have submitted it to the perusal of a friend, whose opinion I respect; and he tells me that I have not done justice to the song-writers who have flourished since the Restoration. Perhaps I have relied too much on my old impressions, instead of examining the facts again."

spoken for a century and a half subsequently to the Norman subjugation. After lingering in unprofitable existence, it was extinguished in the reign of Henry III. From that period dates the origin of the English tongue. The most ancient English song now extant is one in praise of the cuckoo; which has been lately copied into one of the cheap publications of the day. Dr. Burney and Sir John Hawkins refer it to the middle of the fifteenth century; but Ritson is of opinion that the manuscript is two hundred years older,* approximating to the latter part of the reign of Henry III.

Svmer is icumen in.
Lhudé sing cuccu.
Groweþ sed and bloweþ med
And springþ þe wdé nu.
Sing cuccu
Awé bleteþ after lomb.
Lhouþ after calué cu.
Bulluc sterteþ.
Buckė uerteþ.
Murie sing cuccu
Cuccu cuccu
Wel singés þu cuccu
Ne swik þu nauer nu."†

In the succeeding reign we can proceed with greater certainty. In the British Museum is a folio volume, of about the period of Edward II., containing songs and poems by various authors, in French and English; for the most part, as it appears, of the preceding reign. They are either amatory or satirical. The libel on Richard, king of the Romans, introduced by Bishop Percy in his *Reliques*, is copied from this collection. Ritson gives the first verse of "a song in praise of the author's mistress, whose name was Alisoun:"—

Bytuene mersh & apil
When spray biggi
Þe lutel foul hap hire wyl,
On hyre lud to'synge
Ich libbe in loue longinge
For semlokest of all pynge
He may me blisse bringe
Icham in hire bandoun
An hendy hap ichabbe yhent
Ichot from heuene it is me sent
From alle wymmen mi loue is lent
And lyht on Alysoun.‡

The last four lines make the burden of the remaining stanzas.

Chaucer improved our language by his masterly delineations of character. Of the date of Richard the Second's reign no song is extant. Henry V. forbad his subjects to extol his victory at Agincourt; but, in spite of this prohibition, one of these pieces may be seen in Percy's *Reliques*. Henry the Sixth's reign gave birth to a multiplicity of metrical productions; among which, those of Lydgate are conspicuous. The most curious pieces of the period are the one upon the fight of Otterburn, and the other on an imaginary conflict, founded on the same famed pass of arms, known under the name of *Chevy Chace*. This last was celebrated in the time of Elizabeth, and Sir Philip Sydney has mentioned it in terms of exceeding praise. "I never heard," says the accomplished knight, "the old song of *Percy and Douglas*, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; yet is it but sung by some blind old crowder, with no rougher voice than rude stile: which being so evill apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivill age, what would it worke trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare!" The time of Edward IV. is barren of songs; during that of his unfortunate son there is one by Anthony Widville, Earl Rivers, while imprisoned by Gloster, in Pontefract Castle. Richard's time is equally barren with that of his gay and brave brother; and Skelton wrote his gross and insipid ballads during the reign of Gloster's successor. Many hymns, carols, and religious pieces are extant of bluff Hal's time; and also some songs on

* Ritson's English Songs, vol. i. p. lix. 1813.

† "*i. e.* Summer is come in; loud sings the cuckoo; now the seed grows, and the mead blows (*i. e.* is in flower), and the wood springs. The ewe bleats after the lamb; the calf lows after the cow; the bullock starts, th buck verts (*i. e.* goes to harbour in the fern); merrily sings the cuckoo. Well singest thou, cuckoo. Mayest thou never cease."

‡ "*i. e.* Between March and April, when the branches begin to spring, the little birds indulge their inclination to sing in their language, I live in the longings of love, for the seemliest of all creatures. She may bring me happiness. I am in her bonds. I have obtained a happy lot. I wot [believe] it is sent me from heaven. My love has left all other women, and is alighted upon Alisoun."

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth—
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Yet though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the maid,
That goodness Time's rude hand defies—
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.

It would be ungrateful in us not to mention the sweet song of the milkmaid in "honest Izaak Walton,"—*Come live with me and be my love.*

The songs by Barry Cornwall are the best among the productions of later times. Without the deep sensibility of Burns, or the profound philosophy of Wordsworth, or the intense and rhythmical harmonies of Coleridge, or the chivalrous enthusiasm of Scott, or the exuberant fancies of Wilson, or ornamental figures and devices of Moore, the verses throughout the volume manifest an excessive love for all things created—a mind sufficiently at ease with itself, and a soul overflowing with love and goodness for his fellow-creatures. He has met, perchance, with manifold sorrows and achings of the heart; but these, so far from choking up the fountains of compassion, friendship, and charity in his bosom, have, by their mystical operation, made the currents to run in yet fuller streamlets—blessing and regenerating, and gifting with the fulness of empurpled beauty, every slender flower and fragrant leaf upon the banks. The disappointments and ingratitude of the world have failed in changing his native goodness into scorn and contempt—all is gentleness and peace.

Thus constituted, he is about to quit the world of imagination and of song, for that of prosaic reality and the wearying struggles of every-day existence. These songs are the last warbles of the poet's lute. He is like the friend on whom he has written the epitaph at the end of the collection of songs—in all things save two:

"He came, and, baring his heaven-bright thought,
He earn'd the base world's ban;
And, having vainly lived and taught,
Gave place to a meaner man."

In the present dearth of literary and poetical merit in this country, we can ill afford to lose even one with not half of the rich endowments of the author of the exquisite pieces under consideration. In retiring he certainly gives place "to a meaner man." But, like the breathless and clay-cold object of his laudation, he goes away, not with the "world's ban," but with the deepest esteem, love and attachment, and the best wishes of all who know him. Nor yet "has he vainly lived and taught." Every line that he has written goes to the heart, which it cannot fail to inspire with gentle and hallowing emotion—emotion which shall soar up untoward feeling, angry passion, or despondency, and shed the inspiration of melting charity and love. The perfection of poetry is to humanise man's breast, and by breathing into it new and good thoughts, make way for improvement in virtue. Mrs. Jameson, who has written an exceedingly pretty book, *On the Loves of the Poets*, has dwelt with a truth-telling hand on the circumstance of Barry Cornwall's attachment. Hear how the poet pours forth his thoughts to the affectionate partner of his existence:—

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;—
All else is flown!

Ah! with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!

Look where our children start,
Like sudden Spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time!

The following is upon his child:—

A year—an age shall fade away
(Ages of pleasure and of pain),
And yet the face I see to-day
*For ever* shall remain
In my heart and in my brain!
Not all the scalding tears of care
Shall wash away that vision fair;
Not all the thousand thoughts that rise,
Not all the sights that dim mine eyes,
Shall e'er usurp the place
Of that little angel face!
But here it shall remain
For ever; and if joy or pain
Turn my troubled winter gaze
Back unto my hawthorn days,
There, amongst the hoarded past,
I shall see it to the last;
The only thing, save poet's rhyme,
That shall not own the touch of Time!

Here are images of the poet's mind, given in the fulness of thought that defied control, and portraying his native excellence. That Barry Cornwall regrets this separation from the lovely muse who has long been his source of inspiration, it is natural to conceive. Listen how he addresses his friend Lamb, "on his emancipation from clerkship:"—

Dear Lamb, I drink to thee,—to thee
Married to sweet Liberty!

What, old friend! and art thou freed
From the bondage of the pen?
Free from care and toil indeed?
Free to wander amongst men
When and howsoe'er thou will?
*All* thy drops of labour spilt
On those huge and figured pages,
Which will sleep unstirr'd for ages,
Little knowing who did wield
The quill that traversed their white field?

Come,—another mighty health!
Thou hast earn'd thy sum of wealth,—
Countless ease,—immortal leisure,—
Days and nights of boundless pleasure,
Chequer'd by no dream of pain,
Such as hangs on clerk-like brain
Like a nightmare, and doth press
The happy soul from happiness.

Oh! happy thou,—whose all of time
(Day and eve, and morning prime)
Is fill'd with talk on pleasant themes,—
Or visions quaint, which come in dreams
Such as panther'd Bacchus rules,
When his rod is on "the schools,"
Mixing wisdom with their wine;—
Or, perhaps, thy wit so fine
Strayeth in some elder book,
Whereon our modern Solons look
With severe ungifted eyes,
Wondering what thou seest to prize.
Happy thou, whose skill can take
Pleasure at each turn, and slake
Thy thirst by every fountain's brink,
Where less wise men would pause to shrink:
Sometimes, 'mid stately avenues,
With Cowley thou, or Marvel's muse,
Dost walk; or Gray, by Eton towers,
Or Pope, in Hampton's chestnut bowers,
Or Walton, by his loved Lea stream:
Or dost thou with our Milton dream
Of Eden and the Apocalypse,
And hear the words from his great lips?

He, too, would fain have liberty of action and of thought; but his legal engagements deny him now all freedom of choice. He is bound down to the desk, and compelled to pore over the dark lore and black-letter erudition of ancient lawyers and puzzling jurists. But his profession brings him much gold; and the time will arrive, we hope, when perfect independence in worldly condition will enable him again to hold commune with those bygone spirits of song and inspiring eloquence, over whose pages his young imagination loved to revel, unconscious that there were racking anxieties and aching cares inevitable to this our sublunary existence.

Barry Cornwall's name has been long known as the author of *Dramatic Scenes*, *Marcian Colonna*, the *Girl of Provence*, and *Mirandola*. The last gave a new impulse to the hopeless languor of tragedy, and was mainly instrumental in bringing forward the energies of Macready. It was full of the power of our early dramatists, whom the poet had made his models of fable, construction, and language. Let it not be supposed, however, that it was an imitation. The author brought high poetical conception to the task, fervour of imagination, zeal, assiduity, learning, and knowledge of the human heart. He was familiar with the productions of Marlow, Massinger, Ben Jonson, the lyrical rhapsodies of Milton, and the sweet writings of Beaumont and Fletcher. He could for ever meditate upon the tender and delicate touches in the characters of Juliet, Imogen, Perdita, and Miranda. He is also well endued with the spirit of the writings of modern poets, especially of

Shelley; and great has been his relish for the moving descriptions of Dante, and the melting touches of Boccacio. The extract from his preface to his songs (which we have already given) affords evidence of his diversified acquaintance with the masters of English poetry. We shall now content ourselves by giving a few specimens.

There is much vigorous display in the following:—

THE SONG OF THE OUTCAST.

I was born on a winter's morn,
Welcomed to life with hate and scorn,
Torn from a famished mother's side,
Who left me here with a laugh, and died;
Left me here, with the curse of life,
To be tossed about in the burning strife,
Linked to nothing but shame and pain,
Echoing nothing but man's disdain.
O that I might *again* be born,
With treble my strength of hate and
I was born by a sudden shock,—
Born by the blow of a ruffian sire,
Given to air, as the blasted rock
Gives out the reddening roaring fire.
My sire was stone; but my dark blood
Ran its round like a fiery flood,
Rushing through every tingling vein,
And flaming ever at man's disdain;
Ready to give back, night or morn,
Hate for hate, and scorn for scorn!

They cast me out, in my hungry need
(A dog, whom none would own nor feed),
Without a home, without a meal,
And bade me go forth to slay and steal!
What wonder, God! had my hands been
red
With the blood of a host in secret shed!
But, no! I fought on the free sea-wave,
And peril'd my *life* for my plunder brave,
And never yet shrank, in nerve or breath,
But struck, as the pirate strikes, to death!

Not less stirring and energetic are the lines on Belshazzar:—

Belshazzar is King! Belshazzar is Lord!
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board:
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood!
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;
And the crowds all shout,
Till the vast roofs ring,
"All praise to Belshazzar—Belshazzar the king!"

"Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold,
Which my father tore down from the temples of old;—
Bring forth, and we'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone.
Bring forth!"—and before him the vessels all shine,
And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark wine;
Whilst the trumpets bray,
And the cymbals ring,—
"Praise, praise to Belshazzar—Belshazzar the king!"

*Now* what cometh—look, look!—without menace or call?
Who writes with the lightning's bright hand on the wall?
What pierceth the king, like the point of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?
"Chaldeans! magicians! the letters expound!"
They are read—and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!
Hark!—the Persian is come
On a conqueror's wing;
And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king!

The Chevalier Neukomm has set the verses on "The Nights" to music; as he has many others of the poet's productions. The adventitious aid of music may popularise such a sweet emanation of vivid fancy among the thoughtless or vulgar; but to the mind possessed of a native instinct for poetry, the words of the song convey a music to the inward sense transcending even the abundant abilities of the Chevalier, even though one of the best composers of Europe.

Oh! the summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne;
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odour,
From the bud to the rose o'erblown.

But the autumn night
Has a piercing sight,

And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of the thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea.

And the winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain;
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And warm spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain.

Oh, the night! the night!
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time;
For sorrow then soareth,
And the lover outpoureth
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep
To the forests deep,
The forest-bird to its nest;
To Care bright hours,
And dreams of flowers,
And that balm to the weary—rest.

What a picture do the following lines convey! Youth, beauty, innocence, all fading slowly, silently, gradually, beneath the eyes of loving and affectionate hearts, and yielding in meek and angelic submission to the cold embraces of unrelenting Death. The words contain so vivid a colouring, that you can fancy you see the raven-tressed and dark-eyed girl succumbing to grim Necessity.

She sate by the river-springs,
And bound her coal-black hair;
And she sang as the cuckoo sings,
Alone, in the evening air,
With a patient smile, and a look of care,
And a cheek that was not dusk, not fair:
She sate, but her thoughts had wings,
That carried her sweet despair
Away to the azure plains,
Where Truth and the angels are.
She sang—but she sang in vain:
Ah! why doth she sing again?

She mourns, like the sweet wind grieving in
The pines on an autumn night;
She will fade, like the fading evening,
When Hesper is blooming bright:
And her song?—it must take its flight!
So pretty a song
Must die ere long,
Like a too, too sharp delight.

She *was*—like the rose in summer;
She *is*—like the lily frail;
Yet they'll welcome the sweet new-comer
Below, in the regions pale!
And the ghost will forget his pain,
As he roams through the dusk alone:
And *we*?—we will mourn in vain,
O'er the shadow of beauty flown!

The following has the true vein of our olden ballads:—

In the hollow tree, in the old grey tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised, in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk he's abroad and well.
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away.

*O when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,*
*Then,* then *is the reign of the horned owl!*

And the owl hath a bride, who is fond and bold,
And loveth the wood's deep gloom;
And, with eyes like the shine of the moonstone cold,
She awaiteth her ghastly groom.
Not a feather she moves, nor a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill!

*O when the moon shines, and dogs do howl,*
*Then,* then *is the joy of the horned howl!*

Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight!
The owl hath his share of good;
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord in the dark green wood.
Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate,
They are each unto each a pride;
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside!

*So when the night falls, and dogs do howl,*
*Sing ho! for the reign of the horned owl!*
*We know not alway*
*Who are kings by day,*
*But the king of the night is the bold brown owl!*

With all his intensity of feeling and delicate perception of the beautiful, he is sometimes moved with joyous emotions, and can give vent to his inspiration in an Anacreontic lay:—

Sing!—Who sings
To her who weareth a hundred rings?
Ah! who is this lady fine?
The Vine boys! the Vine!
The mother of mighty Wine.
A roamer is she
O'er wall and tree,
And sometimes very good company.

Drink!—Who drinks
To her who blusheth and never thinks?
Ah! who is this maid of thine?

The GRAPE, boys! the GRAPE!
O, never let her escape
Until she be turned to wine!
For better is she
Than vine can be,
And very, very good company!

Dream! — Who dreams
Of the god who governs a thousand streams?
Ah! who is this Spirit fine?
'Tis WINE, boys! 'tis WINE!
God Bacchus, a friend of mine.
O better is he
Than grape or tree,
And the best of all good company!

With these specimens of Barry Cornwall's excellence in song-writing, we must bid adieu to this poet.

Turn we now our attention to Mr. Motherwell, whose modest and unpretending volume contains many admirable specimens of lyrical genius. We are, we confess, surprised to see any publisher hardy enough to take upon himself the expenses of a work of this nature. Mr. Motherwell, had he been in this our great metropolis, might have gone from house to house in fruitless search for a man of enterprise, who would have befriended genius, and ventured a few pounds towards the promulgation of the name and talents of a deserving individual. Poetry has been long voted a drug by the Tonsons and Lintots of London. They only follow the shallow dictates of worldly wisdom. They are simply traffickers — men bent on acquiring money, which they worship with intensity of feeling, because on money they would fain build their worldly consideration. Rising, for the most part, from *unimportant* * grades and conditions of life, they are goaded, by a teasing, tormenting, restless anxiety, to the acquisition of that wealth which will give them consequence, draw to their tables men obsequious to their beck and call, and push themselves and their families into the class beyond that from which they originally sprung. Little matters it, therefore, to them whether they publish a *Paradise Lost*, or a shilling primer, or a trashy novel, provided only they obtain a speedy sale for their publication. This feeling, so engendered, is a death-blow to all enterprise. In Germany, the author of a work of originality is speedily remunerated—his labours are circulated, and obtain an extended sale; while in England one of the most philosophical spirits of the age is obliged to take his *Life of Luther*, or another production of genius and originality, on which he had for years been engaged, from house to house; and although he offered to make a present of his manuscript, would the publisher only bear the expense of printing, his tender cannot find acceptation; and the only terms on which any one will venture on either one MS. or the other are, that the author shall pay down 100*l.* on each work, to shield the publisher from ultimate loss †. This is a good example of worldly prudence, and love of the Mammon of unrighteousness. What care publishers of this stamp for the kind of mental food which is doled out to the public? In the name of all goodness, let it be the baby's primer rather than to them the *trifling* volume which is calculated to add to the true refinement of society, and lead the manly mind to the consideration of deep lessons of unquestionable philosophy. Publishers, however, do in this respect only imitate those above them. The originators of mental cultivation—they who first spread the essence of Greek, of Roman, and of biblical learning, throughout Europe, were printers and booksellers. They, however, did not suffer in worldly consideration. Present publishers may feel the emotion of pride rise up and tickle their throats when they are taken familiarly by the arm by some young and conceited lordling or would-be man of fashion; but their brethren of the olden time were the acquaintances of kings and princes. These last, however, spread civilisation throughout modern Europe, while their descendants do only at best ape in mawkish guise their superiors at humble distance.

* By this word we do not wish to convey an offence to any class of society, for all grades are, in our opinion, equally important. We use the word, not in its philosophical but in its worldly sense.

† This actually occurred last year to the first German scholar, and one of the deepest thinkers, in this country.

Being satisfied to gather a fortune by what, perchance, may not be the highest species of traffic, they make up their minds with that which they suppose stoical manliness to follow the taste of the town, instead of contriving measures for taking every advantage of their posture in society, and by the stirring, wisdom-working labours of duly instructed and able minds—for striking at the follies and frivolities of the age—dealing out true cultivation to the ignorant, and sources of thought to the thoughtless and unlearned—checking the giddy passions of the high and the noble—and laying down lessons of redeeming wisdom for all. The frivolities of society have for a long period distracted the public mind: The virility of English intellect has for some time been dwindling into insignificance—the high-toned fervour of genius has been silenced—the vigorous display of emulative energies, for which our countrymen once stood conspicuous, has been destroyed by the poison of dissipation and the foul breath of fashion. The later efforts of Byron almost failed of success at the period of their appearance—Shelley's poems did not pay the printer for money out of pocket—the already-mentioned *Life and Times of Luther* could not find a publisher; while *Harriette Wilson's Memoirs*, and many other books of licentious detail, found their thousand readers in as many minutes. Moore's *Life of Byron* was not purchased in greedy haste by an over-anxious body of readers, in consequence of any intrinsic merit which the piece of biography might possess, as the composition of the author of the *Irish Melodies*, (because all men were aware that, from his conspicuous failure in his volumes upon poor Sheridan, he had no discriminative judgment or power for that species of writing); but the world expected to find endless scandalous details, and displays of sensuality, low-mindedness, jealousy, and hatred, —all tending to diminish the dignity of human nature. Does the reader remember the affecting picture which Mr. Lockhart has afforded us in his *Life of Burns*, who, after he had been the prime favourite of the learned *coteries* of Edinburgh, was contumeliously treated by his quondam *friends*? If not, here it is for such reader's deepest reflection:

"A gentleman of that country, whose name I have already more than once had occasion to refer to, has often told me that he was seldom more grieved, than when riding into Dumfries one fine summer evening about this time to attend a county ball, he saw Burns walking alone, on the shady side of the principal street of the town, while the opposite side was gay with successive groups of gentlemen and ladies, all drawn together for the festivities of the night, not one of whom appeared willing to recognise him. The horseman dismounted and joined Burns, who, on his proposing to cross the street, said, 'Nay, nay, my young friend, that is all over now;' and quoted, after a pause, some verses of Lady Grizzel Baillie's pathetic ballad:

'His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane look'd better than mony ane's new;
But now he lets't wear ony way it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the cornbing.

'O were we young, as we ance hae been,
We sud hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it ower the lily-white lea!
*And werena my heart light I wad die.*'

It was little in Burns's character to let his feelings on certain subjects escape in this fashion. He, immediately after reciting these verses, assumed the sprightliness of his most pleasant manner, and taking his young friend home with him, entertained him very agreeably till the hour of the ball arrived."

All classes of society lead but an artificial existence. The highest is sunk in over-indulgence—the middle, in inapt imitation, follow the pernicious example of those above them—the lowest, sunk in irreclaimable ignorance, is beyond the reach of even the sagacious and far-famed *schoolmaster*, in spite of the sale of five-and-twenty thousand copies of the *Penny Magazine*. Out of these there may be many bright exceptions; but exceptions to the rule do not form the rule. Lord Mahon's *War of the Succession*, and his *Life of Belisarius*, are books of research, erudition, and great promise as to the author's future performances; Lord Porchester's *Moor* was a poem of considerable merit;—but no one would take these studious and over-zealous young noblemen as predications of the whole nobility of England. The mind of England (so to speak) has a great inaptitude for cultivation.

Sunk in dreams of self-aggrandisement, in dissipation, or folly, it is aware that it can acquire worldly distinction without the intervention or aid of mental efficiency; and it is too satisfied with its existing condition to arouse itself from its lethargic indolence, to give indication of laborious exercise in the field of endeavour and enterprise. Genius and talent are rare plants, and only to be seen in irregular instances; for men of original powers can scarcely be expected to devote their days to unfruitful employment, or work daily and nightly for an ungenerous or ungrateful public — especially when their own hourly necessities are craving aloud for satisfaction. The rich are too lazy and dissipated, and the poor too needy and oppressed; — the one fly to the readiest enjoyments for relaxation, and "sweet diversion of aching thought," while the other are too much enthralled by want to illumine their fellow-creatures by their ingenuity, assiduity, or talent; and thus the world is left in an almost utter state of darkness.

We are under great obligations to the publisher at Glasgow for the production of Mr. Motherwell's volume. Glasgow has already witnessed the first efforts of Lockhart, Wilson, and Campbell; and it has added to its wreath of desert by fostering the tuneful labours of the poet before us. He is already known as an occasional contributor to periodicals of various degrees, and for an admirable collection of the ancient ballads of Scotland. The pursuit and study of these specimens of quaint composition have given him a taste for matter of similar structure, and in the volume are to be seen some most happy instances of his art. In these the discrimination of the antiquarian, and the taste and pathos of the poet, are happily combined. He is well versed in the discipline of Runic measures, and in the incidents of Scandinavian history. He has selected some heroic passages from the feats commemorated by the skalds, and has given them forth with a force and brilliant success sufficient to place him among the leading poets of the day. There is, alas! too ample room and verge for new poetical spirits to delight in, now that those masters of song, whose names are familiar to our youthful recollections, are passing away in gradual order to their eternal rest. Byron, Keats, Shelley, Crabbe, and Sir Walter Scott, are no more. Wordsworth is silent, though his eyes wander in daily admiration over scenes which in times of yore were wont to kindle his beating heart into inspiration; Southey cultivates the field of prose, in preference to that of poetry; Coleridge is involved in an eternal maze of metaphysics, and leads a life almost useless to the world, though his genius might illumine nations; Wilson seems to have bidden a long adieu to poetry. Thin and scanty are the numbers that remain. Mr. Motherwell may now take his stand among these latter ones, and they may be proud of such companionship.

We are sorry that we are unable to give the poem with which the volume opens, entitled *Sigurd's Battle Flag*, on account of its length; and to curtail it would be injustice to the author. This, as the title implies, is a specimen of Norse composition, and taken from the northern sagas, although the poet has only adopted the incident of the magic standard, which carries victory to the party by whom it is displayed, and certain death to the bearer. We pass over the second, called *The Wooing Song of Jarl Egill Skallagrum*, for the same reason. The third, denominated *The Sword-Chant of Thorstein Raudi*, we take the liberty of laying before our readers.

'Tis not the grey hawk's flight
O'er mountain and mere;
'Tis not the fleet hound's course
Tracking the deer;
'Tis not the light hoof-print
Of black steed or grey,
Though sweltering it gallop
A long summer's day;
Which mete forth the lordships
I challenge as mine:
Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand
I clutch in my strong hand,
That can their broad marches
And numbers define.
Land Giver! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses,
Base tillers of earth,
Gaping, ask me what lordships
I owned at my birth;
But the pale fools wax mute
When I point with my sword
East, west, north, and south,
Shouting, "There am I lord!"
Wold and waste, town and tower,
Hill, valley, and stream,
Trembling, bow to my sway
In the fierce battle fray,

When the star that rules fate is
  This falchion's red gleam.
Might Giver! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding
  In brave bower and hall,
I've drank the sweet music
  That bright lips let fall,
I've hunted in greenwood,
  And heard small birds sing;
But away with this idle,
  And cold jargoning,
The music I love is
  The shout of the brave,
The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When this arm wields Death's sickle,
  And garners the grave.
Joy Giver! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean
  Thy lightning have known,
And wide o'er the main land
  Thy horrors have shone.
Great sword of my father,
  Stern joy of his hand,
Thou hast carved his name deep on
  The stranger's red strand,
And won him the glory
  Of undying song.
Keen cleaver of gay crests,
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of heroes,
  And scourge of the strong.
Fame Giver! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding
  Than that the heart knows,
For maiden more lovely
  Than summer's first rose,
My heart's knit to thine,
  And lives but for thee;
In dreamings of gladness
  Thou'rt dancing with me,
Brave measures of madness
  In some battle-field,
Where armour is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
And cloven, yawn helmet,
  Stout hauberk and shield.
Death Giver! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye
  Soon may depart,
And light is the faith of
  Fair woman's heart;
Changeful as light clouds,
  And wayward as wind,
Be the passions that govern
  Weak woman's mind.
But thy metal's as true
  As its polish is bright;
When ills wax in number,
Thy love will not slumber,
But, starlike, burns fiercer
  The darker the night.
Heart Gladdener! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perished
  By war or by wave —
Now, childless and sireless,
  I long for the grave.
When the path of our glory
  Is shadowed in death,
With me thou wilt slumber
  Below the brown heath:
Thou wilt rest on my bosom,
  And with it decay,
While harps shall be ringing,
And Scalds shall be singing
The deeds we have done in
  Our old fearless day.
Song Giver! I kiss thee.

The bold, enthusiastic, and eloquent language of the dauntless sea-rover, bears the characteristic of truth. The words are in keeping with what we read of these Norsemen in the productions of Scott, Weber, Jameson, Herbert, and Mallet's *Antiquities* (translated by Bishop Percy); or, if we regard the old authorities of Verelius or Snorre, Wormius or Saxo Grammaticus, we shall be more fully satisfied that the character which the poet attempts to portray in his soul-stirring lines is in admirable keeping with the exploits of the Vikingr of the North. Thorstein Raudi's courage is akin to Ragnar Lodbrog's, when, cast into prison and stung by venomous snakes, his soul found refuge in his Quida, or Death-Song, and revelled in the sweet recollections of all his ferocious exploits.

To the superficial reader, *The Madman's Love* will doubtless appear inconsistent, contradictory, and wherewithal unmeaning. Madness, however, deals forth unconnected rhapsodies, and a regular detail of grievances is incompatible with a disordered brain. The Madman had a noble soul, and loved a maiden, who returned his affection, and plighted her troth to him by the holiest asseverations. He goes abroad, fights against the Paynims, is taken prisoner, released, returns with honour to his native land, and finds that the lady of his love has proved faithless and married his younger brother. Listen to the proclamation of their mysterious fate:

"'Judgment ne'er sleeps!' the war-worn said,
  As, striding into light,
He stood before that shuddering maid—
  Between her and that knight.
Judgment ne'er sleeps! 'tis wondrous odd,
  One gurgle, one long sigh,

Ended it all. Upon this sod
Lay one with unclosed eye;
And then the boiling brine that night
Flung on its banks a lady bright."

The madman always haunts the spot where the woman's perjury stood revealed and the fearful catastrophe occurred. He tells his tale in broken fragments, embracing faint shadows of reality, and conveying a forcible idea of the gloom that obscures his once noble intellect. He is only conscious of the efficacy of material objects. He fancies himself the centre of the world, —all created things administer to his necessities, and are obedient to his high behests. For him exclusively the sun labours upwards to his glorious meridian,—for him the lovely moon sheds her serenest smiles and benignant influences,—for him the stars rain fatness and loveliness on the earth, and each flower and tree yields its fragrance and riches, and each bird of heaven expands its plumage and carols forth its notes of gladness. We have only room for the vigorous commencement of this rhapsody.

Ho! Flesh and Blood! sweet Flesh and Blood
As ever strode on earth!
Welcome to Water and to Wood—
To all a Madman's mirth.
This tree is mine, this leafless tree
That's writhen o'er the linn;
The stream is mine that fitfully
Pours forth its sullen din.
Their lord am I; and still my dream
Is of this Tree—is of that Stream.

The Tree, the Stream—a deadly Twain!
They will not live apart;
The one rolls thundering through my brain,
The other smites my heart:
Ay, this same leafless, fire-scathed tree,
That groweth by the rock,
Shakes its old sapless arms at me,
And would my madness mock!
The slaves are saucy—well they know
Good service did they long ago.

I've lived two lives: the first is past
Some hundred years or more;
But still the present is o'ercast
With visionings of yore.
This tree, this rock that's cushioned sweet
With tufts of savoury thyme,
That unseen river which doth greet
Our ears with its rude rhyme,
Were then as now—they form the chain
That links the present with past pain.

Sweet Flesh and Blood! how deadly chill
These milk-white fingers be!
The feathery ribs of ice-bound rill
Seem not so cold to me;—
But press them on this burning brow
Which glows like molten brass,
'Twill thaw them soon; then thou shalt know
How ancient visions pass
Before mine eyes, like shapes of life,
Kindling old loves and deadly strife.

Drink to me first!—nay do not scorn
These sparkling dews of night;
I pledge thee in the silver horn
Of yonder moonlet bright:
'Tis stinted measure now, but soon
Thy cup shall overflow;
It half was spilled two hours agone,
That little flowers might grow,
And weave for me fine robes of silk;
For which good deed, stars drop them milk.

Nay, take the horn into thy hand,
The goodly silver horn,
And quaff it off. At my command
Each flower-cup, ere the morn,
Shall brimful be of glittering dews,
And then we'll have large store
Of heaven's own vintage ripe for use
To pledge our healths thrice o'er;
So skink the can as maiden free,
Then troll the merry bowl to me!

Hush—drink no more! for now the trees,
In yonder grand old wood,
Burst forth in sinless melodies
To cheer my solitude;
Trees sing thus every night to me,
So mournfully and slow—
They think, dear hearts, 'twere well for me,
Could large tears once forth flow
From this hard frozen eye of mine,
As freely as they stream from thine.

Ay, ay, they sing right passing well,
And pleasantly in tune,
To midnight winds a canticle
That floats up to the moon;
And she goes wandering near and far
Through yonder vaulted skies,
No nook whereof but hath a star
Shed for me from her eyes;
She knows I cannot weep, but she
Weeps worlds of light for love of me!

Yes, in her bower of clouds she weeps
Night after night for me—
The lonely man that sadly keeps
Watch by the blasted tree.
She spreads o'er these lean ribs her beams,
To scare the cutting cold;
She lends me light to read my dreams,
And rightly to unfold

The mysteries that make men mad,
Or wise, or wild, or good, or bad.

So lovingly she shines through me,
Without me and within,
That even thou, methinks, might'st see,
Beneath this flesh so thin,
A heart that like a ball of fire
Is ever blazing there,
Yet dieth not; for still the lyre
Of heaven soothes its despair—
The lyre that sounds so sadly sweet,
When winds and woods and waters meet.

Most of Mr. Motherwell's poems are ill adapted for quotation, on account of their length. This is a matter, however, only between the author and his critic; the public have nothing to do with it. The *Demon Lady* comes under this predicament; yet, it is written with such vividness of thought and execution of purpose, that we run all hazards in giving it. The idea is taken from the many stories of temptation undergone by some primitive fathers at the hands of the devil. He here presents himself as the *Demon Lady*:

Again in my chamber!
Again at my bed!
With thy smile sweet as sunshine,
And hand cold as lead!
I know thee, I know thee!—
Nay, start not, my sweet!
These golden robes shrank up,
And showed me thy feet;
These golden robes shrank up,
And taffety thin,
While out crept the symbols
Of Death and of Sin!

Bright, beautiful devil!
Pass, pass from me now;
For the damp dew of death
Gathers thick on my brow:
And bind up thy girdle,
Nor beauties disclose,
More dazzlingly white
Than the wreath-drifted snows:
And away with thy kisses;
My heart waxes sick,
As thy red lips, like worms,
Travel over my cheek!

Ha! press me no more with
That passionless hand!
'Tis whiter than milk, or
The foam on the strand;
'Tis softer than down, or
The silken-leafed flower,
But colder than ice thrills
Its touch at this hour.
Like the finger of Death
From cerements unrolled,
Thy hand on my heart falls
Dull, clammy, and cold.

Nor bend o'er my pillow—
Thy raven black hair
O'ershadows my brow with
A deeper despair;
These ringlets thick falling
Spread fire through my brain,
And my temples are throbbing
With madness again.
The moonlight! the moonlight!
The deep-winding bay!
There are two on that strand,
And a ship far away!

In its silence and beauty,
Its passion and power,
Love breathed o'er the land,
Like the soul of a flower.
The billows were chiming
On pale yellow sands,
And moonshine was gleaming
On small ivory hands.
There were bowers by the brook's brink,
And flowers bursting free;
There were hot lips to suck forth
A lost soul from me!

Now, mountain and meadow,
Frith, forest and river,
Are mingling with shadows—
Are lost to me ever.
The sunlight is fading,
Small birds seek their nest;
While happy hearts, flower-like,
Sink sinless to rest.
But I!—'tis no matter;—
Ay, kiss cheek and chin;
Kiss—kiss—thou hast won me,
Bright, beautiful Sin!

*Ouglou's Onslaught* is a noble battle-song, breathing the breath of oriental vigour, and carrying the reader, with its truly lyrical vehemence, into the midst of conflict between the cross and the crescent. Mighty is the chief whose advent is proclaimed in such fire-winged words.

"Tchassan Ouglou is on!
Tchassan Ouglou is on!
Abroad on the winds all
His horse-tails are thrown.
'Tis the rush of the eagle
Down cleaving through air—
'Tis the bound of the lion
When roused from his lair.
Ha! fiercer and wilder
And madder by far—
On thunders the might
Of the Moslemite war.
Alla il allah!

There are various battle-songs in the volume, each full of the same forcible thoughts and lyrical enthusiasm. Under this class come *The Covenanter's Battle-Chant*, *The Cavalier's Song*,

*Song of the Danish Sea-King, The Merry Gallant, The Knight's Song, The Trooper's Ditty.* From these we give the last, an admirable specimen of its kind:—

Boot, boot into the stirrup, lads,
And hand once more on rein;
Up, up, into the saddle, lads,
A-field we ride again:
One cheer, one cheer, for dame or dear,
No leisure now to sigh,
God bless them all—we have their prayers,
And they our hearts—"Good bye!"
Off, off we ride, in reckless pride,
As gallant troopers may,
Who have old scores to settle, and
Long slashing swords to pay.

The trumpet calls—"trot out, trot out"—
We cheer the stirring sound;
Swords forth, my lads—through smoke and dust
We thunder o'er the ground.
Tramp, tramp, we go through sulphury clouds,
That blind us while we sing—
Woe worth the knave who follows not
The banner of the King;
But luck befall each trooper tall,
That cleaves to saddle-tree,
Whose long sword carves on rebel sconce
The rights of Majesty.

Spur on, my lads—the trumpet sounds
Its last and stern command—
"A charge! a charge!"—an ocean burst
Upon a stormy strand.
Ha! ha! how thickly on our casques
Their pop-guns rattle shot;
Spur on, my lads, we'll give it them
As sharply as we've got.
Now for it—now, bend to the work—
Their lines begin to shake;
Now, through and through them—bloody lanes
Our flashing sabres make!

"Cut one—cut two—first point," and then
We'll parry as we may;
On, on the knaves, and give them steel
In bellyfuls to day.
Hurrah! hurrah! for Church and State,
For Country and for Crown,
We slash away, and right and left
Hew rogues and rebels down.
Another cheer! the field is clear,
The day is all our own;
Done like our sires—done like the swords
God gives to guard the Throne!

The collection, however, is not devoid of pieces of solemn sentiment and the inspirations of devotion. Of this order are, *The Solemn Song of a Righteous Heart, A Solemn Conceit, A Sabbath Summer Noon, A Monody, Change sweepeth over All, In the Quiet and Solemn Night.* The space, however, which we have already occupied warns us to turn away from the manifold attractions of Mr. Motherwell's pages. Our last extract, therefore, shall be the following simple, melodious, and exquisite stanzas:—

The bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,
As spring's rath blossoms die,
And sadness hath o'ershadowed now
Thy once bright eye;
But, look on me, the prints of grief
Still deeper lie.
Farewell!

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary,
Thy step is sad and slow,
The morn of gladness hath gone by
Thou erst did know;
I, too, am changed like thee, and weep
For very woe.
Farewell!

It seems as 'twere but yesterday
We were the happiest twain,
When murmured sighs and joyous tears,
Dropping like rain,
Discoursed my love, and told how loved
I was again.
Farewell!

'Twas not in cold and measured phrase
We gave our passion name;
Scorning such tedious eloquence,
Our hearts' fond flame
And long imprisoned feelings fast
In deep sobs came.
Farewell!

Would that our love had been the love
That merest worldlings know,
When passion's draught to our doomed lips
Turns utter woe,
And our poor dream of happiness
Vanishes so!
Farewell!

But in the wreck of all our hopes,
There's yet some touch of bliss,
Since fate robs not our wretchedness
Of this last kiss:
Despair, and love, and madness meet
In this, in this
Farewell!

Our parting wish is, that Mr. Motherwell may speedily bestow upon us fresh samples of his poetical treasures.

The next and last in order is Leigh Hunt. It has been the fashion of numbers of that political party, to be a component member of which is both

our pride and our pleasure, to throw all imaginable abuse on the name and productions of this individual. We will imitate our political brethren in their good and laudable qualities—we will not participate in [illegible] absurdities or acts of injustice—no one will presume to deny us the meed of loyalty to Church and King—no one will be bold enough to insinuate that we are not Tory to the back bone. Indeed, the capital fault which our bitterest opponents can bring against us is, that our senses are sometimes perverted by our excessive political prejudices—that our opinions are too much of the Conservative order. What is thus brought against us as a fault we glory in, and shall continue of the same persuasion till a change be wrought in our conscientious conviction. Such being our political bias, we cannot be accused of partiality in speaking as we intend to do of Mr. Hunt and his compositions.

A large portion of injustice has been dealt out to this gentleman. We have ourselves sometimes aimed at his person our slight shaft of ridicule. But this was in bygone times—before, as we ignorantly imagined, disappointment, want, and wretchedness, had become the daily partners of his life. For the pain which we then inadvertently inflicted, we endeavoured to make amends in a former Number, when he assumed the editorship of the *Tatler*, wishing him good speed and success in his undertaking. What were the circumstances which dissevered Mr. Hunt from the paper in question, we neither know nor have we ever inquired—nor can we say if the *Tatler* be still in existence; but it was sufficient for us to hear that Mr. Hunt was by such separation thrown out of all literary employment—that his worldly circumstances were of the worst kind—that he had a large family who looked to him for daily support—that his friends were subscribing towards a new edition of his poems, as the best means for placing immediate pecuniary means in his power. We earnestly hope they have effected their object. We have used our inadequate means to assist him, although he and his friends are ignorant of the fact. We also hope that Englishmen of every rank, denomination, and colour of politics, casting aside in manly spirit all asperities and repugnance, will assist in the work of saving a family from destitution—of rescuing talent from worldly oppression—of extricating an honest man from the hard clutch of necessity—and averting from our national character the disgrace of adding the name of another poet to the list of those of whom it may be literally said, that they asked of their country for bread and received a stone.

We have said that Mr. Hunt is a honest man;—we stand to the word. We detest his politics—we avow many literary delinquencies on his part; but we aver that he has fallen a victim to his honesty of purpose. Let us be generous even in our hostilities, and freely award to every man his du But we do not intend these observa tions on Mr. Hunt as a vindication of that gentleman—we are alive to the truth of some of the charges against him. His former volumes abounded in conceited thoughts, affected idioms, and constant attempts at euphrasy, which commonly ended in flatulence. Too many of these still remain and disfigure the volume before us. His ear is too frequently unmusical; and often, when he supposes he has wrought out for himself a melodious piece of rhythm, his lines may not untruly be called specimens of jingling prose. He says, in his preface to the new edition, "I have availed myself of the criticism both of friends and enemies; and have been so willing to construe in my disfavour any doubts which arose in my own mind, that the volume does not contain above a third of the verses I have written. I took for granted that an author's self-love is pretty sure not to be too hard upon him, and adopted the principle of making the doubt itself a sentence of condemnation. Upon this I have acted in every instance, with the exception of the *Fragments upon the Nymphs*, the *Sonnet on the Nile*, and the passages out of the *Bacchus in Tuscany*." The motive by which he was actuated was a good one—we only wish it had come into fuller operation. He was right in keeping the passages from the *Bacchus* and the *Fragments*; but we could not only have spared the *Sonnet on the Nile*, but the seven other sonnets that accompany that effusion. Mr Hunt has no hand for the sonnet: he should be satisfied with the gifts which nature has given to his keeping, and not strain after objects too high for his attainment. His thoughts are sweet-

flowing, delicate—but not lofty or majestic; nor can he effect that sudden and powerful concentration of idea and language which can alone be moulded into the vigorous display of the sonnet. The best of his compositions do not exceed the second order of the lyrical; but then he stands first among the poets of this class.

Mr. Hunt is right in saying that poetry, like trees and flowers, is not of one class only—but that if the plant comes out of nature's hands, and not the gauze-maker's, it is still a plant, and has ground for it. We could have spared him the quotation from Scripture. Shortly after he writes in the following fashion:—

'Poetry, in its highest sense, belongs exclusively to such men as Shakespeare, Spenser, and others, who possessed the deepest insight into the spirit and sympathies of all things; but poetry, in the most comprehensive application of the term, I take to be the flower of any kind of experience, rooted in truth, and issuing forth into beauty. All that the critic has a right to demand of it, according to its degree, is, that it should spring out of a real impulse, be consistent in its parts, and shaped into some characteristic harmony of verse. Without these requisites, (apart from fleeting and artificial causes), the world will scarcely look at any poetical production a second time; whereas, if it possess them, the humblest poetry stands a chance of surviving not only whatever is falsely so called, but much that contains, here and there, more poetical passages than itself; passages that are the fits and starts of a fancy without judgment,—the incoherences of a nature poetical only by convulsion, but prosaic in its ordinary strength.

"Thus, in their several kinds, we have the poetry of thought and passion in Shakespeare and Chaucer; of poetical abstraction and enjoyment in Spenser; of scholarship and a rapt ambition in Milton; of courtliness in Waller, (who writes like an inspired gentleman-usher); of gallantry in Suckling; of wit and satire in Pope; of heartiness in Burns; of the 'fat of the land' in Thomson; of a certain sequestered gentleness in Shenstone; and the poetry of prose itself in Dryden: not that he was a prosaic writer, but that what other people thought in prose, he could think in verse; and so made absolute poems of pamphlets and party-reasoning.

"The first quality of a poet is imagination, or that faculty by which the subtlest idea is given us of the nature or condition of any one thing, by illustration from another, or by the inclusion of remote affinities: as when Shakespeare speaks of moonlight *sleeping* on a bank; or of nice customs *curtsying* to great kings (though the reader may, if he pleases, put this under the head of wit, or imagination in miniature); or where Milton speaks of towers *bosom'd* in trees, or of motes that *people* the sun-beams; or compares Satan on the wing at a distance to a fleet of ships *hanging* in the clouds; or where Mr. Shelley (for I avoid quoting from living writers, lest it should be thought invidious towards such as are not quoted) puts that stately, superior, and comprehensive image, into the mouth of a speaker who is at once firm of soul, and yet anticipates a dreadful necessity,—

'I see, *as from a tower, the end of all:*'

or, lastly, where Mr. Keats tells us of the *realmless eyes* of old Saturn (as he sits musing after his dethronement); or of the two brothers and *their murdered man*, riding from Florence; that is to say, the man whom *they were about* to murder; or where, by one exquisite touch, he describes an important and affecting office of the god Mercury, and the effects of it upon the spectators in the lower world,—calling him 'the star of Hesthe;' by which we see that he was the [illegible] right object which visited the [illegible] region. [We behold him rising o[illegible] horde

The first one or two of his positions have our concurrence. The critic, however, has a right to demand more than Mr. Hunt by his canon would allow him. Something more than "characteristic harmony of music" is required. The character of the verse may be uncouth to the critic's eye, and unmusical to his ear; while to the author it may appear arrayed in purest form, and breathing the melodies of heaven. The bagpipe is not pleasing to foreign ears, though among his own countrymen the performer may be hailed with rapturous applause. His definitions of the styles of the poets of England, in the second paragraph, are not happy, because they are not distinct. Milton's poetry contains something more than "scholarship and rapt ambition;" Burns's than "heartiness;" and Dryden's more than the "poetry of prose." What he says in the third paragraph about Mr. Keats's "realmless eyes of old Saturn," is an attempt at straining a point to catch a beauty. To us, Mr. Keats, in the three instances, seems to be guilty of great affectation. The preface is long, and may truly be said to be a rambling one; but pleasantly written, though

not founded on just views throughout. But what Mr. Hunt has said flows, we are satisfied, from his deep-wrought conviction.

In another part he adds: "It was the mistake of the criticism of a northern climate, to think that the occasional quaintnesses and neologisms, which formerly disfigured the story of *Rimini*, arose out of affectation; they were the sheer license of animal spirits." If so, now that Mr. Hunt's frothing gaiety has subsided, there was greater reason for his giving the poem his severest revision. His politics, as he intimates, may perchance have drawn upon him the hostility of some; but we, who give him all credit for the sincerity of his political creed, though we regret his indulgence of it, assure him that the strictures of adverse critics were in many cases borne out by facts. We can see a great many alterations for the better in this new edition of *Rimini*; yet we would gladly allow him the use of such words as "*swirl*" and "*cored*," and a dozen other such neologisms, had he but taken the pains to get some friend to mark out all the harsh expressions, unmusical passages, and unrhythmical lines which still remain to disfigure this otherwise beautiful composition. The volume contains a new poem, denominated *The Gentle Armour*.*

The following are Mr. Hunt's remarks on the authorship of this poem:—

"More is said of the *Gentle Armour*, as well as of some of the other poems, in their places in the volume. It is here published for the first time; and is the first poem of any length which I have written for many years, having been debarred from that delight by ill health, and the constant necessity of writing prose. What I felt when I found I could again recreate myself in this way, and when the verses came flowing again, I will not say, lest I should excite awkward comparisons between what I delight in doing, and what it amounts to when done. But as Gray wished that he could lie all his life upon sofas, reading 'eternal new novels of Marivaux and Crebillon,' so, notwithstanding the helps afforded us by the grander notions of the age, or rather, in consequence of the very helps they afford, I can conceive no mode of existence more exquisite (apart from the affections) than after contributing a portion of one's morning to the furtherance of the common good—the better if in the same way—to devote the rest of one's time to reading romantic adventures, and versifying the best of them. What golden days would not such be for a builder of palaces 'with words!' What country-houses would he not possess in all quarters of the world,—and of time! What flights not take from Greece to Araby, from Normandy to Cathay, from the courts of Charlemagne and of Arthur,

* As we shall not insert this poem, we give Mr. Hunt's own preface to the production:—

"The main circumstance of this story—a knight fighting against three, with no other coat of mail than the delicatest garment of his mistress—is taken from one of the Fabliaux that were versified by the late Mr. Way. The lady's appearance in the garment, after the battle, is from the same poem. The turn given to these incidents, the colouring, and the sentiment, are the work of the present writer. The original is a curious specimen of the license of old times. A married woman, who has a good-humoured craven for her husband, is made love to by three knights; to each of whom, as a trial of his affection, and by way of proving the tenderness of her deserts, she proposes that he shall mix in the fight of a tournament, with no other covering to his body than the one just mentioned. Two of them decline the experiment; the third accepts it, is victorious, and, in order to be on a par with her in delicacy of sentiment, requests that she will make her appearance at her husband's table in the triumphant investment. She does so; the guests are struck with admiration;

> 'While the good spouse (not bold, 'twas lately sung)
> Cast down his honest eyes, and held his tongue.
> 'Speak, guiltless damsels! Dames, in love well read!
> Speak, Sirs! in chivalry and honour bred;
> Who best deserves—the lady or the knight?
> He, death who braved, or she, censorious spite?'

"Allowance is to be made for the opinions of a different age; and we see, even here, right and wrong principles struggling in the perplexities of custom. But the cultivation of brute force is uppermost; and nothing can reconcile us to the disposition of the woman who could speculate upon such a tribute to her vanity. It is hoped that the heroine of the following version of the story, without being wanting in self-love, is a little better, and not unsuited to any age."

to the corners of the sea, and the house of Morpheus! With what transport not wake up, and find himself in the company of his beloved old books, content to be master of the world when he had his wings on, and to look for no better footing for the sole of his feet than the hearth of an uninsulted poverty. *O felix ter et amplius!* No man ever deserved even to wish to be a poet who could not think in this manner, or not think it as much at forty as at twenty."

Of his own gossiping preface, he says in the following pleasant vein:

"I fear I have indeed been gossiping in this preface, and that I shall be thought by some to have wasted a great many words upon rhyme and numbers, things a little too much forgotten perhaps in the general poetry of the age. There is enough romance however in my volume to save me from the charge of a mechanical impertinence, when I venture to congratulate the reader on the manifest failure of that prophecy, which announced the downfall of all poetry and fiction in the ascendency of the steam-engine, and would fain have persuaded us, that the heart, and imagination, and flesh and blood of man, were to quit him at the approach of science and utilitarianism, and leave him nothing but his ribs to reckon upon. O believe it not! Count it not feasible, or in nature! The very flowers on the tea-cups, the grace with which a ball of cotton is rolled up, might have shewn to the contrary. You must take colour out of the grass first, preference out of the fancy, passion out of the blood. Nay, the more drought the more thirst. The want makes the wish. You may make sects in opinion, and formalise a people for a while, here and there; but you cannot undo human nature. The very passion that makes them obstinate in what is formal, shall counteract itself in the blood of their children, and betray them back to imagination. Opinion may dogmatise; science may be mechanical in its operation; but in explaining one cause, it only throws us back upon another, and opens a wider and remoter world for the fancy to riot in. And the operators, by very reason of the solid footing they require, are apt to lose themselves most if they do not hold fast. Newton himself got into strange border-lands of dissent. Pascal was a hypochondriacal dreamer. With the growth of this formidable mechanical epoch, that was to take all *dulce* out of the *utile*, we have had the wonderful works of Sir Walter Scott, the criticism of Hazlitt, the imagination of Keats, the tragedy and winged philosophy of Shelley, the passion of Byron, the wit and festivity of Moore, tales and novels endless, and Mr. Wordsworth has become a classic, and the Germans have poured forth every species of romance, and the very French have thought fit to Germanize, and our American brethren have written little but novels and verses, and Sir Humphry Davy has been dividing his time between coal-mines and fairy-land, (no very remote regions); and the shop itself and the *Corn Laws* have given us a poet, and Mr. Crabbe has been versifying the very parish registers; and last, not least, the Utilitarians themselves are poetical! Dr. Bowring is not satisfied unless we hear of the poetry of the 'Magyars;' and if you want a proper Bacchanalian uproar in a song, you must go to the author of '*Headlong* Hall,' who will not advance utility itself, unless it be jovial. It is a moot point which he admires most, Bentham or Rossini."

Mr. Hunt, among other accusations, has been charged with holding a religious creed at direct variance with the tendency of the Christian religion. He attempted, it is affirmed, to preach up the doctrine, that the pleasures of intellect and sense are not to be regulated according to the doctrines and discipline of revealed religion, but should become the first object and grand aim of life. Than this there cannot be a more pernicious rule of action. Still, let us not be stern and unrelenting in our earthly justice. We do not sway the Rhadamanthian sceptre which inflicts punishment, but never is waved for the assuaging of pain. What Mr. Hunt wrote formerly was in the heyday of reckless manhood—he had not been bowed low by calamity, nor chastened by the sharp infliction of adversity. Early creeds may have been abjured—early doctrines repudiated—and he may have a heart truly repentant for former follies. He has for some time led a harmless life—with truth of purpose for its cynosure, and full of charity to all men. We have already said that he was the victim of his own honesty. We have no doubt that had he swerved from his early political principles, many of his opponents might have liked him better, and greater might have been his worldly rewards. For our parts, however, we should have abominated such treachery; and, however serviceable he might have been to our party, we should have despised the traitor. We should have served him

worse than Lord Balcarras did Arnold, the traitor of the American war, who endeavoured to be useful to our country by an equally monstrous dereliction of duty. The anecdote runs thus:—General Arnold was with the king when Lord Balcarras, who was under General Burgoyne in the Saratoga campaign, was presented. The king introduced them. "What, sire?" said the earl, drawing up his form and retreating, "the traitor Arnold?" The consequence was a challenge from Arnold. They met, and it was arranged that the parties should fire by signal. Arnold fired, and Earl Balcarras turned on his heel and was walking away, when Arnold exclaimed, "Why don't you fire, my lord?" "Sir," said Lord Balcarras, looking over his shoulder, "I leave you to the executioner."*

Had Hunt turned renegade, he would have had our scorn—as it is, we wish him well. We like honesty of purpose, although we extremely regret that there should have been any perversion of rightmindedness. But before we lay one or two extracts of the author's before the judicious reader, we cannot help asking how he could possibly have retained such puerile stuff in his volume as the address to little J. H., which is ornamented by the following extract from Frugoni—

. . . . "Pien d' amori,
*Pien di canti, e pien di fiori.*"

The verses may be full of baby love, but they are neither ornamental nor useful; and posterity can never feel complimented by the legacy of five pages of such jingling and unmeaning nursery rhymes. The translation of Walter de Mapes' *Confession* is done with much fidelity and exceeding spirit. Camden, it seems, has borne honourable testimony to the Archdeacon of Oxford, who, in the time of King Henry the Second, filled England with his merriments, and confessed his love to good liquor. The original song commences in this manner:

"Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori:
Ut dicant, cum venerint, Angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius huic potatori," &c.

I devise to end my days—in a tavern drinking,
May some Christian hold for me—the glass when I am shrinking;
That the Cherubim may cry—when they see me sinking,
God be merciful to a soul—of this gentleman's way of thinking.

A glass of wine amazingly—enlighteneth one's internals;
'Tis wings bedewed with nectar—that fly up to supernals;
Bottles cracked in taverns—have much the sweeter kernels,
Than the sups allowed to us—in the college journals.

Every one by nature hath—a mould which he was cast in;
I happen to be one of those—who never could write fasting;
By a single little boy—I should be surpass'd in
Writing so: I'd just as lief—be buried, tomb'd and grass'd in.

Every one by nature hath—a gift too, a dotation:
I, when I make verses,—do get the inspiration
Of the very best of wine—that comes into the nation:
It maketh sermons to abound—for edification.

Just as liquor floweth good—floweth forth my lay so;
But I must moreover eat—or I could not say so;
Nought it availeth inwardly—should I write all day so;
But with God's grace after meat—I beat Ovidius Naso.

* * * * *

Neither is there given to me—prophetic animation,
Unless when I have eat and drank—yea, ev'n to saturation;
Then in my upper story—hath Bacchus domination,
And Phœbus rusheth into me, and beggareth all relation.

The next specimen of Mr. Hunt's powers which we shall select, is his translation of Andrea de Basso's *Ode to a Dead Body*. Andrea de Basso was a churchman of Ferrara, and lived in the fifteenth century. The only

* Three Years in North America, by James Stuart, Esq., vol. i. p. 467.

objection which we have to the effusion is its repulsive nature; but the reader may perhaps be curious to know how so out-of-the-way a subject is treated. Every line is full of bitter scorn; and Mr. Leigh Hunt truly says its ferocity is of a grand and appalling nature.

Rise from the loathsome and devouring tomb,
Give up thy body, woman without heart,
Now that its worldly part
Is over; and deaf, blind, and dumb,
Thou servest worms for food,
And from thine altitude
Fierce death has shaken thee down, and thou dost fit
Thy bed within a pit.
Night, endless night, hath got thee
To clutch, and to englut thee;
And rottenness confounds
Thy limbs and their sleek rounds;
And thou art stuck there, stuck there, in despite,
Like a foul animal in a trap at night.
Come in the public path, and see how all
Shall fly thee, as a child goes shrieking back
From something long and black,
Which mocks along the wall.
See if the kind will stay,
To hear what thou wouldst say;
See if thine arms can win
One soul to think of sin;
See if the tribe of wooers
Will now become pursuers;
And if where they make way,
Thou'lt carry now the day;
Or whether thou wilt spread not such foul night,
That thou thyself shalt feel the shudder and the fright.

Yes, till thou turn into the loathly hole,
As the least pain to thy bold-facedness.
There let thy foul distress
Turn round upon thy soul,
And cry, O wretch in a shroud,
Thou wast so headstrong proud,
This, this is the reward,
For hearts that are so hard,
That flaunt so, and adorn,
And pamper them, and scorn
To cast a thought down hither,
Where all things come to wither;
And where no resting is, and no repentance,
Even to the day of the last awful sentence.
Where is that alabaster bosom now,
That undulated once, like sea on shore?
'Tis clay unto the core.
Where are those sparkling eyes,
That were like twins o' the skies!
Alas, two caves are they,
Filled only with dismay.
Where is the lip that shone
Like painting newly done?
Where the round cheek? and where
The sunny locks of hair?

And where the symmetry that bore them all?
Gone, like the broken clouds when the winds fall.

Did I not tell thee this, over and over?
The time will come, when thou wilt not be fair?
Nor have that conquering air?
Nor be supplied with lover?
Lo! now behold the fruit
Of all that scorn of shame;
Is there one spot the same
In all that fondled flesh?
One limb that's not a mesh
Of worms, and sore offence,
And horrible succulence?
Tell me, is there one jot, one jot remaining,
To shew thy lovers now the shapes which thou wast vain in?
Love?—Heav'n should be implored for something else,
For power to weep, and to bow down one's soul.
Love?—'Tis a fiery dole;
A punishment like hell's.
Yet thou, puffed with thy power,
Who wert but as the flower
That warms us in the psalm,
Didst think thy veins ran balm
From an immortal fount;
Didst take on thee to mount
Upon an angel's wings,
When thou wert but as things
Clapped, on a day, in Ægypt's catalogue,
Under the worshipped nature of a dog.

Ill would it help thee now, were I to say,
Go, weep at thy confessor's feet, and cry,
"Help, father, or I die:
See—see—he knows his prey,
Even he, the dragon old!
Oh, be thou a stronghold
Betwixt my foe and me!
For I would fain be free,
But am so bound in ill,
That struggle as I will,
It strains me to the last,
And I am losing fast
My breath and my poor soul, and thou art he
Alone canst save me in thy piety."
But thou didst smile perhaps, thou thing besotted,
Because, with some, death is a sleep, a word?
Hast thou then ever heard
Of one that slept and rotted!
Rare is the sleeping face
That wakes not as it was.

Thou should'st have earned high heaven,
And then thou might'st have given
Glad looks below, and seen
Thy buried bones serene
As odorous and as fair
As evening lilies are;
And in the day of the great trump of doom,
Happy thy soul had been to join them at the tomb.

Ode, go thou down and enter
The horrors of the centre:
Then fly amain, with news of terrible fate
To those who think they may repent them late.

Our last specimen from the volume before us is one of the pure gems of the English language. As long as feeling holds empire in man's breast, Mr. Hunt must be considered a true poet, were it only for this specimen of his taste and feeling.

TO T. L. H.

*Six years old, during a sickness.*

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little, patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly, midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too;
My light, where'er I go,
My bird, when prison-bound,
My hand in hand companion,—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed"—
"His voice"—"his face"—is gone;
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
It's very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile:
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of Cherubim,
Who say, "We've finished here."

We reluctantly close the volume, having overrun our space. Every friend to genius should immediately give it room in his library, under the assurance that it will not disgrace its station, and be serving the worldly interests, and adding to the fireside comforts, of a deserving though a mistaken individual.

# ON THE CHANCES OF THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE TORY PARTY.

## Chapter I.

### SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF PARTIES FROM THE REVOLUTION TO BURKE.

Is there no chance of a reconstruction of the Tory party? This is a question which is asked in all quarters, where an interest is felt or pretended for the conservation of those institutions which we at least have been always in the habit of considering as of vital importance to the honour, the happiness, the fame, and the religion of our country.

The answers, of course depending much on the individual temperaments of those who hazard any, vary according as the speaker is sanguine or sombre. Some see in the very Reform-bill, which has been the principal object of our resistance, and in the elections in which we have been so generally discomfited, the elements of future and no distant triumph to Toryism; others contend, that the gloomiest anticipations which were formed during its progress will be instantly verified. *Hunc spes, hunc timor agitat.* It is a matter, however, which it will become us most carefully and calmly to examine, laying aside, as much as it is possible in such cases to lay aside, all the influences of passion or apprehension.

We are constantly told, that the old appellations of Whig and Tory are now little better than nicknames—that there is no more any such thing as a true Whig or a true Tory than there is a true Guelph or a true Ghibelline. In one sense of the word, this is undeniable. The original Whig was a Scotch clown—an insurgent Cameronian; the original Tory was an Irish thief—a rebel papist. The whimsies of faction applied these names to great parties in the state, and the primary meaning was lost long before the days when Marlborough or Locke assumed the one, and Mordaunt or Swift the other. Not merely the original meaning of the words, but soon again the first great ground of difference between the parties was changed, and the Jacobite Tory and Hanoverian Whig expired by a natural death, as the cause of the lineal descendants of the house of Stuart became hopeless. Until that period, the history of faction never presented any thing more curious than the reciprocal position of these parties. The ruling section of the state professing *revolution* principles, asserting in their speeches and pamphlets doctrines closely verging upon republicanism, and using "liberty" *ad nauseam* as their watchword, carried the just powers of the crown to their utmost limit, and felt no scruple in extending its indirect influence, by all the means of intimidation or corruption, to the very greatest latitude; and the opposition party, originally pledged in their hearts to the most arbitrary principles, even to the right divine of kings, and in their flowing bowls to the restoration of a dynasty that had always unshrinkingly acted upon such principles, clamoured, with "downright Shippen" and others, against the proceedings of the court; framed ideas of patriot kings with Bolingbroke, or vented truculent and unsparing libels with Swift against kingcraft and statecraft in general. Neither party was in its true position. We have the same effects produced by the same causes in France at the present moment. The Carlist of the *Gazette de France* is advocating states-general, and revelling in fancies of regal republics; while the citizen-king—the king of the barricades—he who was to make the charter a reality, is, in the manner of the Walpolian Whigs, with liberty ever flowing from his lips, governing by all the rigid machinery of martial law.

The battle of Culloden, and its consequences, speedily put an end to this anomalous state of affairs. Some sanguine Jacobites still continued to dream of a restoration of the exiled dynasty, but they were few in number, and feeble in influence. Every year diminished both. A successful war against France—ever the true drastic to carry off the ill humours of England—finally put all notion of the Pretender out of the heads of the people; and Chatham, though he said that he gloried in the name of Whig, laid the foundation for that reign of the Tories which his greater son consolidated. The cause of Charles Edward was lost on the plains of Minden and

*the heights of Abram; and the monarchical* principles of the Jacobite Tories had now but one object towards which to be directed. Fortune had decided, that he whom they had so long considered as king *de jure*, could never be king *de facto*. Victory and extension of empire had swelled the heart of the nation, and it was impossible that rights which, by the lapse of so many years, had become rather matter for speculative jurists than for practical men, could any longer have interest sufficient to arrest the attention of the queen of colonies, the mistress of the sea.

Just at the moment died George the Second, the poorest caricature of royalty that ever sat upon a throne. He never considered himself secure in England, and scarcely took the trouble of understanding its politics, which he left to his minister—and Walpole, it is on all hands allowed, in spite of many defects, had great and shining qualities as a statesman—or his queen. His mind was of the smallest order; he was scarcely qualified for any thing better than a military martinet—as an adjutant he would not have been despised. It was the practice of the Jacobite wits, and others of higher degree, to call him a German, as if that were any disgrace. Germany was, however, in those days under an intellectual slumber—even her hero, Frederick, as Goethe says in one of his ballads, despising the genius of his countrymen, then about to awake with so much freshness and vigour; and all that we saw of the Germans was the plodding honesty and hereditary valour of the people, and the ridiculous pedantry of their paltry courts. In the latter, George the Second was quite at home. In his inmost heart he thought more of the idle ceremonials of the mock empire of which he was a mock elector, than of the real empire of which he was a king; and felt a deeper interest in the petty diplomacy which secured a parish to his little states in Germany, than in the management of those parties on which his security on a mighty throne depended.

Such a prince, in fact, could not command any deep-rooted respect from either Whig or Tory here. His memory will be chiefly preserved by Horace Walpole; and we believe that the sketch which we have above attempted is not far from that which posterity is likely to accept as the true one. He was the last of the four monarchs under, or over, whom the Whigs played the parts of courtiers. Of these four, William, a great soldier and a European statesman, whose name has accidentally, and but accidentally, been mixed up in the angriest details of our local and domestic politics, thought of nothing but putting down the designs of Louis XIV. against the liberties and independence of Europe; and if he could revisit the glimpses of the moon, would be equally astonished at the hatred and the veneration which his memory excites in the sister kingdoms. The reign of Anne was the reign of Marlborough. Blenheim and Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet, banished all non-military ideas from the popular mind; and the triumph of those who brought that great man into unpopularity was short, and disturbed, and closed in hatred and contempt. George I. had submitted wisely to Walpole; George II. had done the same as long as he was allowed. In the closing years of his life he was a puppet, for whom no person felt any regard. It was true that he preserved vast etiquette; and we have often fancied that the solemn stupidity of the heads of our great Whig families is a second-hand reflection of the manners of the last Whig king.

George III. was a prince of a different character. He came with a clear title to the throne, acknowledged by all Europe, and disturbed by no pretension that could be of practical importance. He was an Englishman without German prejudice, or the littleness of mind almost inseparable from a German court. His first speech [" *I* taught the boy to speak," said Quin, himself the model of English elocution] identified him with the nation. Since the days of James II., always an unpopular and ungracious monarch, the voice of an English gentleman had not been heard from the throne. The king who spoke in 1760, assumed his crown with the popularity, and unstained by the profligacy of Charles II. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, that the Tory party, now that the disturbing power was annihilated, gravitated towards him. From this moment dates another change in the history of parties among us.

We hold it idle to refer to the stories of the influence of Lord Bute, or to the

factious nonsense of Wilkes, who well knew that it was nothing but nonsense he was writing, except in relation to the end he proposed—his own personal benefit. Secondary causes may of course have had their influences, but the main cause of the alteration of the position of the parties, at the accession of George III., was the re-union of the Jacobitical interest with that of the Hanoverian Tories, a race of men who had naturally grown up in the progress of two generations, and swelled that Tory party, originally a minority of the body, who had concurred in all the measures which followed the revolution. Lord Bute was but the froth-bubble which indicated the current of the general stream. It was soon evident enough, that the old Whig party, which had governed in one shape or another, with the slight interruption at the end of the reign of Queen Anne, for seventy years,* had lost its power. They were not the men tamely to surrender what they had so long enjoyed, and after some vain attempts to regain the court, betook themselves to opposition, of a kind which the Tories when out of office, either from want of power or inclination, had never attempted. *The Whigs stirred the rabble.*

During the long period they had held office, no party had ever curbed the populace with a higher hand. The riot act was of their making, and they never scrupled to put it in force whenever there was any occasion. The habeas corpus act was frequently suspended—the utmost severities used against high-church mobs—military sent repeatedly to Oxford, or encamped in Hyde Park. It is useless to recapitulate what every reader of our history must know. That strong necessity existed for most of those measures, must be acknowledged; but they made a strange contrast with the sounding phrases of liberty, which rang forth from every coterie of Whiggism. On the other hand, the Tories never could hope that their principles could recommend them to the rabble of towns, although oppression or distress, which, whenever it is felt, the lower orders always attribute to the existing government, whatever that may be, united them occasionally in opposition to ministers. The Tories might clamour against an excise law, and appeal to the feelings of the populace in favour of freedom and gin, but they could not appeal to them on any points of general policy or government. They had no tempting lures of political equality or legislative power to throw out—could offer no pictures of reform in the foreground, with revolution and rapine in perspective. Their opponents were in a different predicament. Accident had made them conservatives—to borrow the word now in fashion—their principles led directly the opposite way. They could, without violation of their original creed, call in as allies those turbulent feelings, which, when directed against themselves, they had so well known how to repress. For the first time in our history, the principles of constitutional law and practice were submitted to the multitude, and, as was to be expected, were urged before such an audience with ignorance, tumult, and sedition. The wiser among the Whigs regretted this alliance; but it was too late for the whole body to recede. Had not that faction thrown its weight, and wealth, and rank, and talent, into the scale of the mob in the first ten years of George III., much of the mischief which has since afflicted the world might have been spared.

Soon another class of men—the truer-bred demagogues—made their appearance, and of course in London. Ireland was almost a foreign country, and its concerns had little or no attraction here. Scotland was barely emerging from the evils of intestine commotion and provincial depression, and scarcely stirred in politics. The great towns of England had not obtained any thing like their present importance, even relatively to London; and political information, as to the movements of heads of parties, came slowly among them. London at that time occupied something very like the situation which Paris has, for the misfortune of France, always occupied in French affairs. In the game which the Whigs played for the discomfiture of the Tories, they

* Those who are curious in coincidences may remark, if they please, that it required another period of seventy years, with a short interval in the mean time, to bring them back. We hope that the duration of their eclipse and appearance is not to be periodical. We should be sorry, for the sake of the present and succeeding generations, that party ascendencies were to be calculated like comets.

were not long allowed a monopoly of the chances. The local demagogues of the corporation, in the eyes of its own members and the town rabble a sort of rival parliament to that sitting in Westminster, bade against the Whig aristocrats, who were soon compelled to adopt, though with reluctance and loathing, the views of their new associates. The pettiest matters of police were now made questions of national importance. All England was stirred to its centre, because a brace of malefactors were ordered to be *sus. per. coll.*, not on Tyburn-tree, but in Spitalfields. A clamour, as if of impending ruin, was raised, when mercy was extended to two Irish chairmen, convicted of having killed a man in an election riot. The writings of Wilkes and Horne Tooke are filled with denunciations of these and similar enormities, from which they predict consequences the most disastrous. Wilkes speedily became the idol of the rabble, and then the power of the Whigs proper over them was well nigh gone. The existing ministry had put themselves in the wrong in Wilkes's case, because general warrants, though sanctioned (*ut fit*) by the voice of the law officers of the crown, and liberally used by the Whigs in their day of power, are scarcely compatible with legal freedom,—are, at all events, liable to monstrous abuse, and, with regard to Wilkes, had been used in a wholly indefensible manner. The injudicious opposition which the ministry offered to his return for Middlesex, only increased his popularity, and by giving the populace repeated opportunities of triumph, taught them their strength. The Whigs of that day are the lawful parents of Wilkes — but the Tories nursed him. From that time forward, there has always been in London a man of the people, who, from Wilkes down to whoever may be deemed the holder of that office at present, has been uniformly what Warburton would call "an irrecoverable scoundrel."

Even in this hasty sketch it may be expected that, as we have arrived at the first decade of the reign of George III., we should say something of Junius. We shall comply with the expectation, but have not much to remark because we confess that we have always considered his influence — we mean his direct influence—as but slight upon the public mind. Literary men will continue to amuse themselves by endeavouring to solve the riddle of his name. It is perfectly clear that he was some statesman, or *employé* of a statesman, who did not look an inch beyond ministerial movements; — one of that crawling race, not yet extinct, in whose eyes the *personnel* of a cabinet is a matter of infinitely greater moment than the character of a party, or even the safety of a country. His letters contain few general reflections—scarcely any expositions of constitutional principles; his thoughts, his views, his reasonings, are all personal. He hates the king, he hates the Duke of Bedford, he hates the Duke of Grafton, he hates Lord Mansfield — clearly because they stand between him and place; and that hatred he expresses in trim and polished sarcasms, out of which it is vain to attempt the extraction of a single principle. He abuses them with the same bitterness for trifles absolutely unimportant in themselves, or swelled into importance only by the most designed misconstructions of faction, as he could have bestowed upon crimes of the greatest magnitude.*

* Lord Byron calls him as one of the witnesses against George III. in the *Vision of Judgment*.

"Canst thou upbraid,
Continued Michael, George Rex, or allege
Aught further. Junius answered, you had better
First ask him for his answer to my letter."

My charges upon record will outlast
The brass of both his epitaph and tomb."

We request any unprejudiced reader to ask himself what these charges were. We would use the old English argument of laying any wager, that not three readers in a hundred could recollect, and that not one in five dozen of those who remember any thing about them, considers them to be more than paltry exaggerations of trifles, or downright falsehoods. Lord Byron is pleased to wind up his description of Junius by—

There is nothing in Junius to indicate that, if in office, he would not have pursued precisely the same course that forms the theme of his rhetorical vituperation. What he wanted was place; and, as his vizard prevented the *argumentum ad hominem* from being resorted to, he cared not how inconsistent his unacknowledged writings might be with his public conduct, past or future. It was this consideration principally, we believe, that made him keep his secret so closely. Junius, or Junius's patron, had done or intended to do precisely the same things as those which aroused all the indignation of his laborious pen; and quotations from his own letters might have been at least embarrassing and incommodious.

The literary men of the time, naturally enough, considered Junius as a person of vast importance. He was one of their own caste—at least he fought with an instrument, and annoyingly, if not successfully, which they too could employ. Besides, he had the merit of devising a new style—a worthless one, if considered by the canons of the higher criticism, but one which is showy, and calculated to catch attention. He had evidently a knowledge of official habits, and had mixed with the great—a matter of much moment in days before clubs had made us "a nation of gentlemen." Hence ministerial men dreaded him, and swelled the noise which attended his appearance. With the people he was nothing. Horne Tooke (who has always appeared to us to have had the better in the controversy between them, in style as well as in the trumpery quarrel which called it forth) was a man of far greater calibre and weight. Junius's writing was too finical for the crowd, and his want of principle was soon detected. It was felt, that if Bubb Doddington had possessed Junius's manner, that distinguished diarist would (when out of place) have written with the same patriotic and independent spirit, and for the same reason. The indirect effect of Junius in creating, as he or Woodfall did, the modern system of political essay-writing in daily papers, and the consequent improvement and influence of these vehicles of party, was great; but he could not have contemplated such a result; and we have neither room nor time to enter upon its discussion at present. We may remark, however, before we leave the subject, that Junius's disciples of the newspapers (without wishing to feed the vanity of "the gentlemen of the press," already inordinate enough,) so often surpass the writings of their more vaunted master, that he would be no wonder now.

The time was not yet when the deep-rooted institutions of England were to be shaken down in England herself. The storm had begun there, but its first effects were felt in those colonies where our institutions had never been firmly fixed, and where the dependence on the mother-country was little more than nominal. The American provinces were at all times republics, in which reverence for monarchy was scarcely pretended. No pains had been taken to connect them substantially with the empire. The Whigs, when in power, with their usual disregard or contempt for the church, had never listened to the propositions so often made (by Berkeley among others) for giving to those dependencies an ecclesiastical establishment, that firmest link between colony and mother-country. The his-

"Passion, cried the phantom dim,
I loved my country, and I hated him."

It would have puzzled his lordship to have discovered this love of country in Junius. The verse would be truer, if it said,—

—— cried the phantom dim,
I hoped for place or pay by slandering him.

His lordship, it is fair to say, only introduced Junius in a parody on Southey, who has, we think, given the nameless libeller far too prominent a place; but for those who have an ear for English hexameters, Southey's verses are capital.

"Nameless the libeller lived, and shot his arrow in darkness;
Undetected he passed to the grave, and leaving behind him
Noxious works on earth, and the pest of an evil example,
Went to the world beyond, where no offences are hidden.
Mask'd had he been all his life, and *now a visor of iron,*
*Rivetted round his head, had abolish'd his features for ever.*"

tory of all colonial empires warrants us in this assertion. Spain, a state infinitely feebler than England,—defeated in continual wars, deprived of all command of the sea,—held colonies of greater wealth and extent than the United States for forty years after we had lost ours, and did not surrender them *de facto* (she claims them *de jure* still) until after a contest of far longer duration than we, in the plenitude of our power, were able to maintain against our revolted dependents. And why? Simply because Spain had taken care to identify the church establishment of her transatlantic territories with her own. Nor was the want of this most binding link supplied in any degree by other bonds of union, in our case. No attempt to organise aristocratic distinctions in those new regions, though constantly talked of and recommended, was ever made. In every state were set up republican establishments, with as much freedom as made them desire more, and power sufficient to suggest to them the feasibility of attaining it. On colonists so situated, the doctrines broached at home were not lost. The turbulent resistance to authority in London soon found imitators in New England; and the same spirit that returned Wilkes for Middlesex resisted the imposition of the stamp duty in Boston.* According to all intelligible principles of colonial law, as then understood, nay, as the Americans would themselves enforce them at this moment if they had colonies, England had the *right* to impose that duty—the *policy* of the imposition is a different thing; but the god of battles having decided that the states should be rent from us, we shall not stop now to moot a question as useless as that which engaged the schoolboys of the days of Juvenal, when they debated whether Sylla should have abdicated or retained his dictatorship.

Even while we write, the United States are affording a proof of the truth of our assertion, that they would have acted precisely as we did, if they had been in our place and we in theirs, at the period of their original insurrection. General Jackson is urging in his proclamations against the refractory South Carolinians the same remonstrances, and will enforce them by the same means, that the English cabinet employed in 1776; and the Carolinians are combating him with arguments drawn from the state papers or speeches of the fathers of the republic. But the discussion of this point would lead us too far away from our subject.

Since America departed from our sceptre we have been frequently assured that the loss was in reality an advantage—that the United States are of more service to our interests in the condition of a separate nation than as provinces—that it was absurd for us to expect to retain permanent possession of regions so distant and internally so powerful—with many other topics of similar consolation. We fear that the principle on which these soothing arguments are applied to us, is pretty much the same as that which induced the fox to declare a tail a most useless and disagreeable incumbrance after he had lost his own. It is at all events certain that, before the American war commenced, no person had made the discovery that the loss of colonies was an addition to power; nor until that war began to be disastrous was such doctrine believed in. The common sense of mankind—we shall not here stop to inquire whether it is mistaken or not—has uniformly decided that loss of territory is loss of strength and influence; and even the philosophers, who soar above ordinary prejudices, must admit, that if cession of provinces be occasioned by defeat, and

* We agree with Simond: "Our new world," says that intelligent traveller, "has generally the credit of having first lighted the torch which was to illuminate, and soon set in a blaze, the finest part of Europe; yet I think the first flint was struck, and the first spark elicited, by the patriot John Wilkes, a few years before. In a time of profound peace, the restless spirit of men, deprived of other objects of public curiosity, seized with avidity on these questions, which were then much agitated with so much violence in England, touching the rights of the people and of the government, and the nature of power. The end of the political drama was in favour of what was called—and in some respects was—the liberty of the people. Encouraged by the success of this great comedian, the curtain was no sooner dropped on the scene of Europe, than new actors hastened to raise it again in America; and to give the world a new play, infinitely more interesting and brilliant than the first."

forced upon a reluctant mother-country by triumphant arms, it is a serious calamity. A writer in the last *Edinburgh Review*—Mr. Macaulay, we believe—maintains that England never stood higher than immediately after the loss of America. He has forgotten the voice of all contemporary authority, foreign and domestic. All those who, abroad or at home, wished ill to our fame and fortunes, thought that the critical moment was at hand when "the modern Tyre," declining from her greatness, was about to follow the fate of the ancient city—"the destroyed in the midst of the sea." The victory of Rodney preserved to us our maritime greatness, and our navy covered the conclusion of the war with a splendour more peculiarly national; and that, with the growing greatness of our Indian empire, prevented us from sinking in the scale of nations: but no one will say, who has adverted to the views of the continental powers, that they did not look upon our greatness as being seriously diminished by the loss of the United States.

During the contest, it was taken for granted by all parties, that the success of the Provincials was in the direct ratio of our loss—but during that contest the Whigs were out of office, and, as usual, the consideration of country was secondary to the views of faction. Had they been *in* office, we are firmly of opinion that they would have proceeded in the same spirit as Lord North, and much more vigorously; being warranted in that belief by our recollections of the manner in which, some thirty years before, they had suppressed rebellion in Scotland; but as they were *out*, the new doctrines of allegiance broached in America, which indeed were clearly deducible from the doctrines of the Whigs themselves, found in the opposition of the day most strenuous defenders. Zeal, real or affected, for the cause of liberty in general, deprived them of all feeling for their own country in particular. A defeat of the Americans was described to be a blow to British freedom—it would have been difficult to have proved *how*—the victories of our troops were stigmatised as so many triumphs of tyranny. Every thing that the studied malignity of faction could effect was put in requisition to blacken the motives or the proceedings of our generals in America,—their military efforts were ridiculed, misrepresented, depreciated,—those of their antagonists extolled with the most extravagant praise. It may be admitted that our armies were ill-managed, and our commanding officers during the American war—the Cornwallises, Burgoynes, Howes, &c.—beneath contempt; but we must say, nevertheless; that no battle was lost in the field—not one. The soldiery of England, badly officered as it was, fought with its hereditary valour; and on behalf of its ill-omened commanders, it should be recollected that they went into the field with the halter round their necks. They knew that success in a campaign might be followed by an impeachment in Parliament; and that the blood of one insurgent colonist was of more consequence in the eye of faction than the lives or honour of a British army. They, therefore, dared not give fair play even to their paltry talents, and wretched and degraded as Burgoyne was in the only campaigns by which he is remembered, and contemptible as Cornwallis shewed himself throughout life in every situation, as soldier, statesman, or diplomatist, the catastrophes of York Town or Saratoga are not so much attributable to them as to the Whigs whom they dreaded more than they did the enemy. And at the end of the war, when we had respectable bodies of force in possession of some of the most advantageous positions of the states—when we had many a gallant little army of loyalists (whom we most basely abandoned to their fate)—when we had, thanks to Rodney, the command of the sea—when France and Spain were heartily tired of the contest, from its pressure on their finances, their maritime defeats, and the ill success of the siege of Gibraltar, which especially mortified the latter—what but the prevalence of Whig clamour could have extorted from us a treaty of total cession of States, which the shabby armies of Washington could not have held even in appearance, if we had continued the war for another campaign. To the Whigs, we repeat, must be attributed the disgraces of the American war.

The generals had the example of India before their eyes; indeed it was Burgoyne himself who moved the impeachment of Clive amid great approbation. We shall not now stop to point out the relative position in history of the heroes of Saratoga and

Plassy — the gallant founder and the coward loser of an empire. In other times, he who had won such possessions as those given to us by Clive would have been treated as a demi-god by the people on whose behalf he conquered; but in his own times, Clive was driven to suicide. The man who in the cabinet had consolidated Clive's victories — Warren Hastings — was exposed to a merciless persecution for many years, and died a pauper dependent on that Company who owed almost all their riches to himself. The generals in the American war might with every degree of justice have expected that speeches as lamentable as those made over the Begums, or Omichund, or Nundcomar, would have been made with equal success over the foes of defeated insurgents in America; and that the safest way to escape punishment or disgrace at home, was to give their enemies abroad no opportunity of complaining of the license attendant on victory.

In the affairs of India the conduct of the Whigs, whether nationally considered, or with regard to the narrower views of faction, was infamous. Our empire there had grown up without the assistance of any party in the state, and when its patronage was worth seeking, the Whigs had lost their power. A desperate effort was made by them to regain it, or, in failing in that attempt, to destroy it altogether. Hence the exaggerated or wholly lying stories of oppression—hence the pictures of misery inflicted on Hindostan, and the overthrow of dynasties or petty tyrannies hated by the people —hence the lamentations over the suppression of governments which ruled by murder, tearing out eyes, mutilations of the several parts of the body, and by the most merciless and soul-destroying prostration of body and mind. In the Whig speeches and pamphlets of the times, the most sanguinary and perjured brutes, or the most degraded blockheads, were exalted into martyrs; and our own countrymen, gallant in action and almost always far-seeing and benevolent in motive, were set down as so many Avatars of destruction. All this was but preparatory to the introduction of the famous India Bill, the beginning, middle, and end of which had no other object than the transference of India patronage to the hereditary rulers of Whiggism; and for that object Clive and Hastings were sacrificed with as little scruple as Columbus or Cortes by the scoundrels of their day.

A great name is miserably mixed up in these transactions. Fox, with all deference to those who hailed him as their leader, was a mere house-of-commons man, and nothing more. Look for proof at the wretched fragment of history which he has left behind. Sheridan — but nobody cared about Sheridan. It is a vulgar word to use, but nothing else will express our meaning so well as to say, that every one felt that Sheridan in politics was only a *humbug*. No one did him the injustice of attributing to him even the pretence of principle. The author of the best comedies of his day— of the best prose comedies in the English language (and, excepting Molière, in any language)—had a sort of right to consider the house of commons as no more than another shifting of a scene in which he had to play a part in person, instead of writing one for John Palmer or Miss Farren. The rest of the party are consigned to the destined oblivion which awaits the second-raters in all professions or buffooneries; and there remains prominent amid the mischief of the day the name of our greatest orator, Edmund Burke.

But Burke deserves more ample consideration than we can give him in the middle of a paper. We shall therefore reserve for another Number the task of shewing how far he contributed to calling into destructive power that revolutionary spirit which, at the end of his life, he so strenuously combated when it appeared before him in another form.

## THE HARP OF SALEM.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem!
Thou wert of earth the fairest gem;
But who, alas! shall strive to tell
Thy starry splendours, ere they fell?
Who shall recall thy prophets' strain?
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again! *

Deserted Queen of Palestine!
What peerless beauty once was thine,
Ere on thy stately turrets came
The wrath of the avenger's flame?
Thy diadem was placed upon
The palm-crown'd top of Lebanon,
And Carmel, with her groves of bloom,
Around thy borders shed perfume.
All desolate and faded now
The dazzling lustre of thy brow;
Dimmed is the brilliance of thine eyes.—
Is there no gifted voice to rise
And bid the soul of rapture shed
A living halo round the dead?
Who shall recall thine ancient strain?
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again!

Deserted city of the Lord,
That heard'st the echo of His word!
To slay the victim at the shrine
Of the Invisible was thine,
And spread the pomp of sacrifice
Before the Ruler of the skies;
But now the harp is all unstrung,—
The censer on the earth is flung,
And silent now as Chilminaar *
The prophets' raptured voices are.
Who shall recall their parted strain?
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again!

Deserted pride of Israel,
How beauteous ere thy glories fell!
But they are furrow'd with a trace
Which dewy time may not efface.
Look to yon mountain,—is it thine,
Ill-fated Queen of Palestine?
Look up, and blight thine azure eye,—
That mountain-ridge is Calvary!
Look up—then hang thy heavy head
Upon the spot where blood was shed,
And say if Salem's harp may deign
To chant thy glories o'er again!

Away, away! thy claim hath fled,
Its strain is all unmerited;
But, oh, if justice may not bring
One tone from thy enchanted string?
Yet, Harp of Salem, deign to wake
Thy choral voice, for pity's sake.

* Persepolis.

Thou wert not silent when the words
Of inspiration touched thy chords;
There is no inspiration nigh
To wake thee into ecstasy;
Yet, to the last and pitying cries
Of dying nature, deign to rise.
Time was when o'er Judea's land
The mountains smiled at thy command,
And sullen Jordan paused to hear
Thy plaintive spirit murmuring near.
Awake, as in that early hour
When nature owned thy syren power,
And shed upon the world again
One echo of thine ancient strain!

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

## IRISH AGITATION.

### CHAPTER I.

A MOST voluminous treatise might be written on the similarities which exist between the bodies politic and corporal, and the courses which are pursued with regard to each by the regular and irregular professors of government and medicine. We have not time for a full discussion of the subject, and can touch on it only incidentally in an article on that stirring subject, "Irish Agitation."

This is the age of "Radical Reform," and agreeably to its spirit, the root of every evil should be inquired into and acted on. Science and philosophy require that the past and future, as well as the present, should be considered; but what care quacks for science and philosophy?—not a button. Reason and experience suggest that every symptom should be attended to, the connexion of each with its cause be discovered, the effect of the proposed remedy for each be traced; but what care quacks for reason and experience? would you learn? look at "Irish Agitation." Until lately, old women have been the most numerous intruders, in most parts of the world, into the walks which properly belong to the regular practitioners of the healing art; but for years, ay, ages, quackery has been practised in the county of Cork (a part of Ireland) by old men. The patient having been for the usual time left to nature and whisky, the sage is at length sent for: the house of woe being gained, with all the speed which the deliberate wisdom of age permits, the old man is hailed by the sobbing mother, who points to the spot where the beloved son lies, at one time listless and despondent, at another rendered furious by the excitement of disease, and again apparently exhausted by the vain workings of useless exertion. The wise man contemplates every symptom, but looks not beyond them—"Oh, thin, Mick, jewel!" cries the afflicted mother, as she watches the hesitating countenance of the last earthly hope on whom she can rest, "What opinion have you iv my poor boy? is there any thing in the walls of the world that can save him?" The old man, thus passionately adjured, looks doubtingly in the mother's face, and while he bespeaks the negative he seems to deprecate, replies, "You would not like to put a blisther on him, Judy?"

"A *blisther*, Mick! ogh, jewel, no—if he's for death it can't be helped, but my poor boy shall never, with my good will, go into the other world *disfigured*—ogh! Mick, Mick, is that your last word?" It is not; Mick has the comfort in store for Judy which he had administered in many a thousand cases before, with equal discrimination and success.

"Well, then, Judy, honey, I'll tell you what you'll do: get a pot *iv porther* and put it an the fire, and put a naggin *iv sperrits* in id, and a pinnyworth iv blak pepper, and a bit iv ginger, and some allspice, and a lump iv salt *buther*, and give id to him as hot as he can swallow id; and thin, Judy, iv he has a *faver* he'll show id."

"Oh thin wisha no doubt, Mick, and id's yourself can't be asily matched for a dhrink for a sick man! but if

the *faver* shews, Mick, jewel, what will you do with id?"

"Whin *id* does, Judy, never fear agra, but I'll bleed id out iv him entirely."

Such is the course taken with the son of Judy, and for something similar a conspicuous quack is now and then convicted of MANSLAUGHTER; but "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety"—*for themselves;* and while "Ould Ireland" is made drunk by one, spiced and gingered by another, and buttered by a third, she is bled with perfect impunity by all, who pretend to cure, but who in reality rob her. Such is the course of "Irish Agitation!" Agitation without a grievance would indeed be unreasonable; and therefore, while we are always treated with one or two prominent "insufferables," under which men have prospered for ages, we have a few dozen more, standing modestly in the background, ready to take their station in front, while more are waiting in almost total concealment, to be fully unmasked at a moment's notice.

Two extraordinary circumstances always attend these "grievances:" 1st, They are totally irreconcilable with each other; and, 2dly, The benefits which are to attend the removal of one are indefinitely postponed by the sudden appearance of others, which could have never been seen had their predecessor been allowed to keep its place. It may be right to support these positions by a few examples.

Beginning alphabetically: Absenteeism is a grievance. Why? Because the education and moral influence of the absentee proprietors are wanting in Ireland, and their rents are spent out of the country. Granted. But the mischief is in some measure mitigated by absentees being only joint, and not sole proprietors. So much of the rent, which is equivalent to the tithes, must be spent at home; and, were it practicable to do so, it would be highly desirable to increase the proportion belonging to the clerical proprietor, which must be spent on the spot, and to diminish the proportion belonging to the laity, who can spend it where they please. This position seems incontrovertible; but immediately starts up a new grievance, viz., that the profession of the receivers makes the payment intolerable; and that it is better to give all to absentees than keep any thing at home, if dedicated to such a purpose as that of supporting a church.

Want of education ranks high among the grievances of Ireland; but what says Agitation? There are about two thousand highly-educated and well-conducted men in the country; banish them forthwith. You object, that the removal of so many will diminish the number of educated men, not merely by checking the education of those who actually go into the church, but of several who are brought up for it, but who never take orders. No matter, says Agitation; the Irish people want to be educated, but they cannot bear the existence of a set of men who, learned as they may be, are heretic. The people of Ireland want employment, cries Agitation to-day,—what will it say to-morrow? The ministers of the established church have 700,000*l.* a-year from their profession; they possess as much more of private property: all is spent in giving employment in Ireland, the greater part of which might, but for the church, be spent out of it. What then? Away with the church, and let us improve the condition of the peasantry, by getting rid of the expenditure of a million a-year among the industrious classes in every part of the kingdom. These are a few examples of the "contradictory grievances," the arguments for removing any of which are quite irreconcilable with the ill consequences attributed to the rest.

Emancipation has already furnished us with an example of the hydra-headed nature of one Irish grievance. What is nonsensically called "the abolition of tithes" seems now to be the favourite. We call the phrase "abolition of tithes" nonsensical, because tithes cannot be abolished. They may be alienated, but the property must exist: it would be as wise to talk of the abolition of every tenth acre as of the abolition of tithe; the property in each must ever exist: it may be taken from A and given to B, but it never can be "abolished." But to call things by their right names never serves the objects of agitation. The application of this property, and not the property itself, is the real grievance; and it is for the alienation, no matter to whom, that the popish priests of Ireland have raised the howl of agitation. But be it abolition, or be it alienation, is there in existence any

one man connected with one penny-worth of property in Ireland who *thinks* that the list of Irish grievances will be diminished by yielding to this cry of Rob, Rob, Rob? if there be, let him attend to us for a page or two.

Do our readers exactly understand the component parts of Irish agitation, and the relation in which the different performers stand to each other? We must be allowed to take the liberty of assuming that they do not; but, as a set off, we will, in a very few words, open to them what is a mystery to his majesty's ministers, the great officers of state, and the two houses of parliament.

## Chapter II.

Taking our readers, for the present, no further back than to the commencement of the present century, we find the same elements of agitation that are now in action existing in rather a quiescent state. In every country, there always are some turbulent spirits eager for change, clamorous against restraint, and reckless of consequences. When supported by numbers, inflamed by bigotry, and rendered desperate by want, they are hurried into action; and if they do not succeed in effecting a revolution, their defeat invariably strengthens for a time the power against which their efforts are directed. Defeated in two rebellions, the troubled spirits were laid for a time; and England was able to keep Ireland, to extend her territories, to defy the world, and to conquer France.

The three great recruiting officers of agitation are liberty, religion, and want; the troops raised by the first two are often deluded, and most ready to enlist when they have least cause of quarrel; while the ranks furnished by the last are slow to engage, though goaded by privations which would soon take down the courage of their fellow-soldiers, whose grievances often grow out of the wantonness of wealth and ease, acquired and enjoyed amidst real freedom and true toleration.

The great grievance of Ireland was the want of the (so called) "Catholic emancipation." During the earlier years of this century it was modestly advanced. The aristocracy of Catholicity, alone concerned in its success, were indefatigable in their exertions, but temperate in their language and adroit in their movements. Protestants became interested, and the subject was in the hands of the legislature, where it was fairly and ably discussed. The progress of the war, paper-money, and high prices, had given to the farmers of Ireland unusual wealth; the priests were enjoying their share of the profits, and they allowed emancipation, in which they took no interest, to make what way it could. Physical force was not yet called into action, but the seeds of misery were widely sown; no scanty crop was at hand; and when summoned to the field, "millions" of the most degraded, the most injured, the most neglected, and the most reckless peasantry that ever lived, allured by hope and inflamed by bigotry, lent their physical aid to the heartless villains, who, for their own base and selfish purposes, play upon their passions, their ignorance, and their want.

Though it is easy to point out the source of the miseries of the Irish peasantry, it is tedious to trace them all, and impossible to find language in which they can be faithfully depicted. Paid not in money but by barter, their necessities are taken advantage of, and they are plundered by means of a system the most iniquitous that ever was devised. Fraud and usury combine with the necessities of poverty to plunder them at every step. Their numbers are increased by the same system which prevents their having employment; their difficulties are enhanced by every attempt which they make to escape them; and, neglected equally by their natural and their volunteer protectors, they are left a prey to the needy villains who cajole to plunder them.

The system by which they are enslaved, though long working to the same end, has met with occasional checks. At the time of which we are treating, the demand for agricultural produce, the institution of forty-shilling freeholds, the reclaiming of bog and mountain (encouraged by the war), the army, the navy, and the demand for labour in England, Ireland, and Scotland, together with emigration, checked the evils which have since become so manifest and so pressing.

The agitators were thus circumstanced while the war continued. Meantime, the foundation of a great change in other respects was laid in Ireland. From the Reformation to the Union, the exertions of the established church had been paralysed by the

paucity of churches and glebe-houses, and the plunder effected by the agistment vote. For a few years subsequent to the union, the wants of the church were supplied by the legislature with a liberal hand; the result was, that in the eighteen years that elapsed from 1800 to 1820, 493 churches and 522 glebe-houses were built, while in the century preceding, only 97 churches and 163 glebe-houses had been erected. The Protestant clergy availed themselves of the opportunities thus afforded them: supported by a society established in Dublin, they were quietly and gradually, but steadily and effectually, introducing the blessings of a sound and wholesome education; they diffused a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures; they practised, without favour or affection, the duties of charity and benevolence; and, both as ministers of religion and as country gentlemen, unopposed, if not supported, they commanded the respect and gained the affections of those whom they could not at once convert, but whom they would neither neglect nor persecute.

This state of things, which was doing so much, and promised more, was doomed, however, to meet with interruptions, from causes from which they should have been least expected. But never yet has any system, founded upon reason and justified by its practical results, been allowed a fair trial in Ireland. Success appears invariably the signal for abandonment or alteration.

Two societies had been established in Ireland,—one for the education of the peasantry, another for the dissemination of the Bible; and among the modes which the patrons of both adopted to obtain funds, and to make known their views and to further their objects, public meetings on a large scale frequently held, particularly by the Bible Society, gave many and ample opportunities for public speaking. No exhibitions are more attractive than those which furnish oratorical displays. A spirit of inquiry was abroad—there was no charge for admittance. These meetings were attended by crowds, who were addressed by able and energetic speakers, who conceived that the best possible mode of insuring their success among the Roman Catholics was to expose priests, papists, and popery, in the most unmeasured terms. They could not recommend any other form of Christianity as a substitute, for the society, not being an exclusive body, were not agreed among themselves as to what form was the best; and this circumstance operated most probably as a powerful drawback on their exertions. But, as it is our object only to state facts and results, it forms no part of our plan to discuss the wisdom or the weakness of the course which was pursued. The facts are as we have stated them; and one result was, that the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland became aware that they were placed in a new position. It has never been any part of the plan of their church to court public investigation, or to challenge public inquiry; they prefer working by authority rather than by evidence, and they found it necessary to adopt some mode by which the consequences now likely to ensue might be averted. The Roman Catholic religion was made a subject of discussion among those who, having hitherto dutifully taken their religion on trust, were now seeking "a reason for their hope;" and however capable their church might be of imparting conviction, it does not consist with the spirit of their religion to do so. But something must be done; and the priests were not slow in adopting a plan, the value of which, for the time, has been proved by the success which has attended it. They determined to substitute politics for religion, as a subject well calculated to cause a diversion in their favour; they took up the cause of emancipation, and brought to the Catholic aristocracy the weight of their influence, with the opportunities their profession afforded them, and the physical force of their flocks, now, by the course of events (consequent upon the peace), prepared to adopt any even the most desperate course.

The Roman Catholic chapels became now the stages on which the different scenes of the political drama were acted. Sermons either on the doctrines or the duties of any religion gradually gave place to political harangues, in which the people were told that Catholic emancipation and their religion were identical; that they were robbed and plundered of their rights by a faction whom they could easily overcome; but that it was absolutely necessary, in order to insure success, that they should burn the Bible, eschew Protestant schools, pay the Catholic

rent, and swallow, without scruple, every dictum of the church of Rome.

Nothing is more wonderful than the influence of an unexplained word. You shall have your "rights" was roared out from one end of the year to the other. The crowds of peasants who hung on the lips of agitation had nothing; and though no one ever condescended to tell them what their "rights" were, still, if they obtained any thing, the change would be an improvement. Each, however, was at liberty to translate "rights" as he pleased. The most liberal construction, therefore, universally prevailed, and the imagination revelled in visions of lands and houses rent-free, high wages, if any one chose to work, and a total freedom from the restraints or punishments of law and justice.

The great reaction caused by the transition from war to peace, the failure of both landlords and tenants, the reduction of the army and the navy, and the ruin of manufactures, rendered labour (never profitable in Ireland) almost totally valueless. That system which renders the life of the Irish peasant an unbroken chain of misery and suffering, and upon which the hand of reformation has never yet been laid, now shewed its baneful power in almost ungovernable strength; and "WANT" was enabled to bring up its full complement of troops, taught by their wily leaders that all their miseries would be terminated by the acquisition of emancipation, by which they would be restored to their "rights!!!"

The long looked-for *night* came at length. The mails left Dublin bearing the intelligence that "manshipashun" was come: the bonfires blazed — the hills and the plains were spotted with fire — the air was rent with shouts and acclamations, but the "rights" came not with the dawn. Rent was still demanded—taxes were collected—and labour, though still necessary, was as badly paid as ever. The elections had been carried by the breach of old ties and connexions, and were followed by ejectments and *distresses*—misery was increased — but the "rights" were sought in vain. A few Roman Catholics were elected: they drove their miserable tenants to scrape up money for the journey to London; — they started with new clothes and light hearts, but left the millions behind as ragged and wretched as ever.

## CHAPTER III.

What was now to be done? The Roman Catholic peasantry had been estranged from their landlords, duped by their leaders, and were soured by the disappointment of their fondest hopes. To the leading agitators, however, who hoped to reap profit by the opening of St. Stephen's Chapel, they were still necessary; and the priests became apprehensive that religion might again become the subject of inquiry. The dupes were now told that emancipation was only a means—that the end was to come—that another pull was necessary—and that "the people" should then have their "rights." It was found, however, that elections were too unfrequent, and too transient, to excite and keep agitation up to the mark. "The people" grew impatient —they wished for something in hand; a bounty in a tangible shape became necessary, and the abolition of tithes was proposed, as the most plausible and stirring subject to occupy their attention and excite their exertions.

But here, for a time, there was a difficulty; few, comparatively, of the "millions" paid tithe: but without the "many" the "few" could not take the field. The law was strong. In four cases out of five the payers had received the Composition Act with eagerness and thanks; they had expressed the utmost satisfaction at the change of system, and they required some little excuse and some great support to carry them through. But the many had been duped before, and they must know for what, as they say themselves, before they stirred, as they would not again become "volunteers;" who, as we learn from Fenning's *Spelling-Book*, are "Irishmen who serve their country without pay." An arrangement was at last made. It was proposed that all should unite, and that as soon as tithes were abolished the farmers should raise the wages of the labourers. The conjuncture was favourable, for the Whigs were in power; Dr. Doyle therefore published *the* manifesto, and the salvation of soul and body was made to rest on the non-payment of tithes.

Such being the state of things and parties, we assert, that were tithes alienated, or, in the language of agitation, abolished to-morrow, agitation would instantly produce new demands

growing out of that abolition; and the war of spoliation would be continued, not only with unabated but with increased vigour and effect. We will shew hereafter, that the country is now much better prepared than it was a year ago for carrying on the contest. Our readers must by this time be aware, 1st, That, so far as the Roman Catholic priesthood are concerned, the mere destruction of the property of the rival church is not their only object in resisting the payment of tithe to it: the priests feel that they must *ever* keep the minds of their flocks occupied with some subject which shall stand between them and religion; their being able on the present occasion to kill two birds with one stone, is no more than a fortunate coincidence. 2dly, That the actual payers of tithes would not of themselves carry on the present resistance. 3dly, That the alienation, or abolition, can directly bring no benefit to the non-paying peasantry, who are the life and soul of the "passive resistance." And, 4thly, That ulterior means will be taken to insure the latter their reward. It is now our duty to point out the course in which it will be attempted to effect this purpose, and to shew how well disposed the country is for executing the measures on which a great and important revolution is depending; and to the consideration of which we invite the landed proprietors of Ireland.

The first attack will be made on the landlords through their tenants, and will commence in a demand on the part of the labouring peasantry for an advance of wages, a reduction in the price of con-acres and of cabin-rent, grounded upon their services to the farmers in obtaining a remission of tithes. The farmers will in vain object, that their gains by the remission will not admit of any alteration; that their rents are too high; and that, as leases fall, the landlords will no longer be satisfied with their original portion of the rent, but will insist upon having the whole value of the land. To these objections little attention will be paid. It will become the law of agitation that rents shall never advance — that the allowing of any increase would be a direct acknowledgment that the landlord was to gain what the parson had lost; a transfer which would at once render useless the plunder of the church.

Be existing rents, then, ever so low, the landlord may be assured that, if tithes shall cease to be levied, those rents may be reduced, but they never can be raised. A standard of rents, *pursuant to a valuation already made*, is ready for promulgation in every parish; and woe to him who will dare to transgress the new Irish *valor beneficiorum laicorum*.

Among the sophisms used in discussions on the tithe-question, none is more frequently advanced than this: "that the tenant gets nothing for the tithes," though it is obvious that he gets the land. Poor as the sophism is, the landlords of Ireland may find that it will outlive tithes. For every acre that is let in that country by the direct grantee of the crown, there are fifty leased by those who are themselves tenants, at various rents, from a shilling to a guinea. It is clear, that no man should pay rent if he gets no value: it is easy to assume — as in the tithe case — that the land can be obtained from one person only; and if the *terre* tenant choose to assume that the head-landlord is the only one who gives an equivalent, he may, by paying him only, soon oust the intermediate proprietor of all but his right and title to an empty inheritance. Inconsistent as it may be with one we have already mentioned, the landlord is exposed to another danger should tithes be given up. In that case it will be alleged, that the landlords have obtained a property to which they have not in any legal or equitable way become entitled — that they should be considered as holding it in trust for the people, to whom it is but justice that they be made to account for every fraction — that a land-tax must be imposed, of which the priests of Ireland must be the commissioners, to administer according to the "wants and wishes of the people," and the "objects and maxims of the church." "Very well," say the landlords; "the tithes amount to 700,000*l.*, or may be 800,000*l.*: we are ready to pay that sum to any one." "700,000*l.* or 800,000*l.*!" reply the "agitators" and "the people," with mingled indignation and contempt. "Oh, no! most noble lords and gentlemen; the amount must be settled upon principles of strict justice. Such may be the value of the tithes of Ireland *now*, neglected and mismanaged as they have been since the

Reformation: their late proprietors have been so careless of the property, that they retained little more than the shadow. Had tithes remained in the hands of the true, faithful, and original trustees of the people, their amount would be nearer their true value; but whatever the clergy lost you have. We will not look for the mesne rates; but as you have been so long in possession of the people's 'rights,' it is but reasonable that, in making restitution, you should pay the full annual value. Where is the tithe of agistment? the tithe of young? of milk? &c. &c. &c. &c. As the eighth acre is considered a fair equivalent for the tenth of the produce, we must have the eighth of the rental of the Island of Saints, and a fair composition for the tithe of fish, mines, bogs," &c. &c. &c. We do not say a word about absentees; we leave them to enjoy their own thick-coming fancies of the things that may be hereafter.

"This is going too far," some sanguine blockhead cries; "the law is too strong; nothing of the kind has ever been attempted. My Lord A and Mr. B assure me that they get their rents and let their lands. The combinators are not prepared for such proceedings, and never will be able to accomplish them," &c. &c. Here is a specimen of the talk of those who know nothing, absolutely nothing, of "the gem of the sea."

Law!!! there is no such thing in Ireland. Law consists in a body of social institutions, the authority of which is submitted to with respect and cheerfulness by the great majority of the community—and the authority of which, if in a few cases it be occasionally resisted, is promptly and effectually asserted with a high and dignified, though merciful, hand. Is there any thing of this kind in Ireland? Nothing; and beyond the range of military protection there is no security for life or for property. But the military power is limited, and all beyond it is anarchy and misrule. The military force in Ireland is able to control some great offences only; and the impunity with which others are committed is every day sapping all the foundations of law and order, and, adding to the numbers of those who are combined and organised for the most powerful exertions of "agitation."

Will the House of Commons procure an enumeration of the lands which now lie waste because no honest man dare hold or till them? No; because the number would shame the thing called government. Will the House of Commons obtain an enumeration of the unpunished murders? No. Or of the murderers to punish whom attempts have been made in vain? No. *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.* Where, then, is law? Certainly, not in Ireland. Can liberty exist without law? Liberty is *potestas faciendi quod per leges licet;* and law and liberty have vanished during the viceroyalty of Anglesea.

Meantime "the people," flushed with success, are eagerly pressing on to the attainment of other objects; they are not only able to keep possession of their conquests, but to gain new ground. The government, content with being able to keep up a semblance of power in some particulars, have abdicated in all others. Illicit distillation is spreading—unlicensed whisky houses abound (one in every mile in Ireland would form a moderate estimate of the latter). In these the spirits of agitation discuss and are discussed; here the plans of Captain Rock and Terry Alt are laid—their orders given; and hence issue, unchecked and unnoticed by law or authority, crowds who quickly kindle a blaze, by which the bloody proofs of their devotion may be seen, but are never traced.

In these houses thousands and tens of thousands, who twelve months since stood aloof from active service, are now enlisted in the cause of agitation; and every night adds to the number of those already organised. Here it is settled who *may* take land, and who *must* give it up. The power of illegal combination may be collected from a single instance:—*Without its permission, attested by a pass, the navigation of the canals is not free!* Of the object of this restriction his majesty's ministers know not even as much as they do of the navigation of the Scheldt. We may hereafter explain it.

Against these objects of agitation, and the powerful combination by which they are supported, his majesty's ministers will no doubt propose new laws, of the value and sagacity of which we may form an estimate from the specimen proposed in the report of the select committee of which Sir H. Parnell was chairman, the machinery of which is as simple as its ope-

ration is mild. It is there proposed to institute a nocturnal inquiry, the use and object of which may be collected from the following dialogue:—*Magistrate.* "Are you within, Pat?"—*P.* "I am, your honour."—*M.* "That is right. What are you doing?"—*P.* "Sleeping, your honour."—*M.* "You are a good boy; but where were you last night, Pat?"—*P.* "Was not I here, your honour?"—*M.* "Then why did you not answer, Pat?"—*P.* "Sorra one of me can tell, barring I dreamt I was out some place, and didn't hear your honour."—*M.* "Well, I am glad to find you are a good boy, Pat; but, mind, don't be dreaming again when you are asleep, but answer me always."—*P.* "I will, your honour."

But we tell the government that this kind of work will do no longer: Pat is more sinned against (ruffian as he has been made) than sinning. It is the business of good government to protect and redress the injured, and to leave them without motive or provocation to take the law into their own hands. For the peasants of Ireland nothing has ever yet been done or attempted; and every thing which has been done for their leaders has been a direct cause of the increase of the peasant's misery. Among these leaders, however, are the true criminals for whom no excuse or palliation can be offered; these the government have *manifold* never to punish—this we can *prove*. We admit that coercion is necessary for the present—it has too long been wanting; but mere coercion will do nothing. A remedy must be applied to the real source of the peasant's distress.

The true way to repress agitation is to place the tools of the leaders beyond their reach, and to take care that no profession or station shall screen the original delinquents, whose practices are now winked at and unpunished. Of all these matters more anon.

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## SONNET.

### ON AN OLD GERMAN PICTURE OF THE THREE KINGS OF COLOGNE.

THERE were no crowns, no gold, no jewels bright
Of strange tiaras, on the saintly brows
Of Mary Nazarene, what time she rose
Beside the manger, trembling at the sight
Of the three wanderers, and their new starlight.
They were no kings; nor were their garments those
I see before me, rich in deepen'd glows
Of Eastern crimson, zoned with chrysolite.
Yet would I not from yonder frame remove
One colour or one form; nor for the show
Of real things those higher truths let go,
Fresh on this canvass from the painter's soul—
Pure elements of faith, and joy, and love,
Wrought into one by Art's divine control.

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## THE FRASER PAPERS FOR FEBRUARY.

CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING LORD BYRON, MR. ROGERS, MR. MURRAY, THE COURT JOURNAL, MR. MOORE, MR. COLBURN, MR. CROKER, LORD BROUGHAM, THE BYRON GALLERY, SIR J. HOBHOUSE, THE TIMES, MRS. BURNEY — R. M. BEVERLEY, CAVALIER LOVELACE — LISTON BULWER, THE ABBOTSFORD SUBSCRIPTION, THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, LORD TENTERDEN, THE ATHENÆUM, MR. PICKEN, THE PENNY-A-LINE MEN, TOM HAYNES, JOHN LOCKHART — PRINCE TALLEYRAND — THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, STEWART OF GLENMORISTON — MANY OTHERS — WITH A HEALTH TO JOLLY BACCHUS, IO! IO! IO!

As usual, a vast quantity of correspondence is to be pulled up. But here goes——

First, of that topic on which we have had a hundred letters, all of which will find answers in the article on

### LORD BYRON, MR. ROGERS, OURSELVES, AND OTHERS.

Much are we astonished to find that our publication of Lord Byron's verses on his old and esteemed friend Sam Rogers has excited a sort of outcry among various sensitive individuals. The curiosity, it seems, is intense to discover how and from whom it came into our pages.

The *Court Journal* informs us that Murray is an object of deep suspicion :—

"A great bibliopole in the west-end of town is said to be suspected, erroneously, it is added, and, we believe, correctly so, of having been *particeps* in the publication, in one of the magazines, of the extraordinary lines written on Rogers by Lord Byron. The poet of *Memory* is said to be greatly offended at what he supposes a breach of confidence. The bibliopole declares, however, that the only copy of the verses which he ever had he burned about ten or twelve years ago. Mr. Moore has been solicited to use his good offices in the matter, as an arbitrator or 'mutual friend.'"

Colburn would not permit his journal to pollute its pages with the name of a work which, he may flatter himself, is considered to be a rival to the *New Monthly;* and, accordingly, we are set down anonymously. Delicacy towards his brother-publisher makes him suppress the name of Murray; but the great unnamed western bibliopole is our friend of Albemarle Street, and the great unnamed magazine is FRASER'S.

Now we think it merely an act of justice to Mr Murray to exculpate him, wholly and totally, from the crime of having given us the verses; and we fully believe his assertion, that he has destroyed the only copy that he possessed. Why is Rogers so unjust as to visit our sins on the unoffending head of the patriarch of publishers? Let him take our word for it, the emperor is innocent, and he may ask him to dinner, or go to dinner with him, with a safe conscience.

But Mr. Moore, it seems, is charged with the task of reconciling the parties. How good of Mr. Moore! And the author of the *Fudge Family in Paris*, the *Twopenny Post-Bag*, and many other innocent little publications of the same kind, is, of course, very much shocked that any such thing should exist in the world as satirical verses, especially if they be directed against those from whom favours have been received and patronage accepted.

However, we may as well let Mr. Rogers know that Mr. Moore had these very lines before him, and that he *published* some of them. In the 398th letter of Lord Byron, which will be found in the fifth volume of Murray's edition, we have the following. It is addressed to Mr. Murray:

"*Ravenna, 9bre 9°*, 1820.

"The talent you approve of is a amiable one, and might prove a national service; but unfortunately I must be angry with a man before I draw his real portrait; and I can't deal in generals — so that I trust never to have provocation enough to make a gallery. If 'the parson'* had not by many little dirty sneaking traits provoked it, I should have been silent, though I had observed him. Here follows an alteration: put—

'Devil, with *such* delight in damning,
That if, at the resurrection,
Unto him the free election
Of his future could be given,
'Twould be rather hell than heaven.'

* A joke, we believe, on Wilson Croker's way of pronouncing the word "person."

That is to say, if these two [qy. four?] new lines do not too much lengthen out and weaken the amiability of the original thought and expression. You have a discretionary power about shewing. I should think that Croker would not disrelish a sight of these light humorous things, and may be indulged now and then."

Our copy — no matter whence derived — did not contain the last four lines here published by Mr. Moore. The penultimate paragraph, as we published it, ended by

"Devil whose *sole* delight is damning."

The kindness of Mr. Moore will enable our readers to complete their copies, if the second conclusion should hit their taste.

Here, then, in plain prose, Lord Byron justifies himself for having written such a poem, on the ground that Mr. Rogers deserved it at his hands, from many little dirty sneaking traits of meanness, &c. With this we have nothing to do — it is possible that in this, as in many other transactions, Lord Byron behaved very badly. It proves satisfactorily that the poem was known in the literary world, and that it was in the hands of Mr. Moore, although he suppressed all generally intelligible allusion to it. Had the lines related to Leigh Hunt, he would have published them without scruple. It proves, also, that a new edition of Lord Byron is much needed, for the benefit of the curious. Who could understand this 398th letter, if we had not supplied the means of furnishing the proper commentary?

The newspapers in general have made remarks on the poem. The *Journal*, we see, calls it *extraordinary*. How is it extraordinary that Lord Byron should have written bitter verses on all who were connected with him? The letter we have quoted shews that it was proposed to him to form a gallery, in the same style; and he declined acceding to the proposition, solely on the ground that he had not a sufficient stock of personal hatreds. That he did, however, write some other sketches is undeniable; and we may perhaps, in course of time, unearth some of them. Brougham, certainly, was one of the Byron Gallery. Lord Byron always suspected — and, we believe, justly — the chancellor in embryo of that felonious review of his *Hours of Idleness*, which put him into so towering a passion. In some of his notes on the orators of his time, after criticising Sheridan, Canning, &c. &c., he pauses at the name of Brougham. "Of Brougham," says he, "I say nothing — for I hate the man," or some words to the same effect. We may promise our readers some amusement from the Gallery. Sir J. C. Hobhouse has a copy of the verses on Brougham, but he will not give them up. We shall get them nevertheless; and we shall perhaps find also the *real* verses on Hobhouse himself — we do not mean the little squib of "my boy Hobbio," &c. Is Mr. Moore quite sure that he — "Tommy who loves a lord" — has escaped! He plainly suspects that he suffered on one occasion (vol. iv. p. 224), when, after a sneer in the *Fudge Family* on the Werther-faced corsairs of the Byron school, he was told by his lordship that he had gone so far as, in his first moments of wrath, to contemplate some little (?) retaliation for this perfidious hit at his heroes. "But when I recollected," said Lord B. "what pleasure it would give the whole tribe of blockheads and blues to see you and me turning out against each other, I gave up the idea." Was the idea given up for ever — or at all! We doubt.

Of all our newspaper critics, the *Times* is the most severe.

"LORD BYRON AND MR. ROGERS.

"Every body who has read Lord Byron's life and poems with attention, however slight, will feel little surprise that a person so destitute of sound principles, and combining with the utmost levity of thinking the most obstinate and unreasoning self-will, should utter the most contradictory opinions, both of men and things, according to the caprice of the moment, or, perhaps, no better cause than the influence of the wind. It is notorious to all who knew him that he lampooned his dearest friends, and amused one set of companions by caricatures of another, whom he in turn favoured with ludicrous representations of the first. Every body knew that this was the condition of all acquaintance with him, and nobody was stupid enough to suppose that the weakest of mankind could be capable of sincerity, much less of so firm and sacred a relation as friendship. His mind, highly gifted as it was with various talents, had no intellectual dignity, and was incapable of appreciating the higher duties and virtues of life. He was like a child with a doll, — now dressing

fit with all the finery at hand, and caressing it with all the endearments within the reach of its fancy, then dashing it to pieces because a pin or a plait was out of place. It is obvious that the praise or censure of such a man, however ably written, cannot be of the least worth or injury to any human creature, as it may always be presumed that, in his lordship's portfolio, if not in his printed works, some set-off will be found for every panegyric and every calumny. We have been led to make these remarks from seeing lately a most malignant and atrocious satire against Mr Rogers, which must have been written at the time the *noble* bard was publicly bedaubing his friend with flattery. We are certainly of opinion with those who think the '*slaver*' of the flattery more injurious than the 'bite' of the libel. But the slander can do no injury to Mr. Rogers. The united voices of perhaps the most numerous circle of friends possessed by any man in England will indignantly repel the calumny, which will merely be remembered as another item in the almost incalculable list of the mean and dirty qualities of its author. We would, however, recommend, as a curiosity, to the readers of the satire the following encomiastic sonnet [sonnet!], written by Lord Byron, on the same gentleman on whom he has, in the lampoon, emptied all the venom which even his black bile could generate.

*Written on a blank leaf of the 'Pleasures of Memory.'*

"Absent or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell who share, like me,
In turn thy converse and thy song.
But when the dreaded hour shall come,
By friendship ever deem'd too nigh,
And "Memory" o'er her Druid's tomb
Shall weep that aught of thee can die,
How fondly will she then repay
Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,
And blend, while ages roll away,
Her name immortally with thine!

'*Ap.* 19, 1812.' [Vol. ix. p. 28.]

"One thing is certain, that the true account of Lord Byron is yet to be written; for though his real character peeps out through all the mist with which the incense of flattery or friendship has enveloped it, a faithful picture is still wanting, in justice to the man himself, whose character requires explanation, and to the world, who have been absurdly accused of using him worse than he deserved."

To this article is appended a note, which says that the libel so deeply lamented over was

"Published in the last Number of *Fraser's Magazine*. How did it get there?"

Ay, that is the question!—but the *Times* must excuse us for not answering it. How did the inquest on Mrs. Burney get into the *Times?* Let them give up their authors, and we are ready to give up ours.

Without going further into the subject, or discussing the merits or demerits respectively of Byron and Rogers, or printing any more eulogies of the former on the latter, to counterbalance lampoons published or unpublished, we find the *Times* calling for a new edition of Lord Byron, in order to set his character right. Yet the *Times* was very angry with Galt, and admitted Moore's snarling verses against him, for writing such a life as it now declares is necessary for the satisfaction of all parties. So true it is that we can bear with more patience the cutting off another man's leg than the treading on our own corns. All the Whigs were in ecstasies at the abuse on Southey—a man somewhat greater in the literary world than Rogers. We have heard from them many laudations of those truly blackguard verses on poor Mrs. ———

"Born in a kitchen, in a garret bred."

His lordship's memory was not maligned for his thousand escapades in *Don Juan*, and elsewhere;—his sarcasms on his "mathematical * * * * *," contained in letters to this very Mr. Rogers, and published by Mr. Moore, lost him no caste in Whig estimation;—but the moment that it is discovered that his impartial portfolio contained satires on the great stars, literary or political, of Whiggery, that moment it is discovered that he was a man of rotten heart, and assailed in such epigrams as the following, which we extract from the *Times:*—

EPITAPH ON LORD BYRON.

Here lies a bard
Most evil-starr'd,
And ne'er to be forgotten:
His head was strong,
And flourish'd long
After his heart was rotten.

Had a Tory written this — we hope, by the by, that a Tory would have written better — there would have been an outcry about "insulted genius," "no reverence for the illustrious dead," "paltry spite of faction," &c. &c., that would have been echoed from the Land's End to John o' Groat's house. A change has come over the spirit of the Whiggish dream, and Lord Byron is sacred no more.

The truth is, that a coterie has long existed on nothing but the somewhat litionary fame of being the friends and associates of Lord Byron; and these people defended his renown as if it were their personal property, in order to swell their personal importance. *We* have *changé tout cela.* His lordship's heart is now on the wrong side, as in the days of Sganarelle; and those who, a little month ago, were champions of his fame are armed to run him down with the sharpest lances of their tilt-yard.

The end of it all will be, as we have already said, a totally new edition of Lord Byron, *not* edited by Mr. Moore. We hope that, in the mean time, Mr. Murray's edition will continue to sell, as hitherto, in its tens and twenties of thousands; and we see no reason why he should not be the publisher of the edition which we project. Will he let *us* choose the editor? If he does, we promise him a glorious sale. How differently the exclusive admirers of his lordship will honour his memory after *our* book appears! There would be among them wailing and gnashing of teeth. In the words of Croker's famous parody on one of Lord Byron's finest songs, then would

"The waiters at Brookes's be loud in their wail,
And mournful the Holland-house temple of Baal."

A correspondent from the North is so kind as to expose the following most flagrant piece of literary humbug in the case of the notorious

R. M. BEVERLEY, ESQ.

So great is Mr. Beverley's celebrity, that it would be an ill compliment to any reader of this Magazine to suppose him to be ignorant of that gentleman's merits, either as a determined adversary of the Church of England, or a zealous lay preacher, of no particular church. It is possible, however, that Mr. Beverley's claims to distinction as A POET may be less generally known; and therefore no small hopes are entertained, that an attempt to establish those claims on a firm basis cannot but be agreeable to the candid and liberal of all denominations. The following verses (with the signature of R. M. Beverley as their author)—verses which, it is presumed, will be read when those of many a lofty rhymer shall have been forgotten—appeared in a monthly publication, entitled the *Congregational Magazine.* With regard to the lines opposite to those of Mr. Beverley, it must be observed that the *Congregational Magazine* does not contain the slightest allusion to them. They proceeded from the pen of Richard Lovelace (an enamoured swain and obstinate loyalist in the times of Charles I.), and are printed, along with those of our dissenting bard, for the sole purpose of enabling the reader to compare the two productions, stanza by stanza. In this way, the real difference between our modern nonconformist and the ancient cavalier (from whom, it must be confessed, some expressions have been derived) will become eminently conspicuous.

A CHRISTIAN CAPTIVE'S HYMN,

*Supposed to be the Thoughts of an imprisoned Missionary in Jamaica.*

When love, with unconfined wing,
Comes to my prison-gates,
And from Jehovah help doth bring,
In spite of iron grates;
When Jesus says I am his care,
And always in his eye—
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

SONG.

*To Althea, from prison.*

When love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye—
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When living streams from Zion's Hill
Pour through my panting soul;
When God's sweet grace my heart doth fill,
And occupy the whole;
When in the fountain of his love
I bathe my conscience free —
Fishes that through the ocean rove
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like, I, though confined,
With joyful anthem sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
And glory of my King;
When I declare aloud how good
He is, how good *will* be —
The enlarged winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Redeemed souls in patience take
That for their heritage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

*Beverley.* R. M. Beverley.

(See *Congregational Magazine* for December 1832, p. 762.)

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free —
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be —
Enlarged winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

R. Lovelace.

(See *Lucasta*, 1649, or a modern reprint; or *Percy's Reliques*; or *Ellis's Specimens of early English Poets*, vol. iii. p. 277.)

There are several touches in Mr. Beverley's poem which cannot fail to interest the reader; but we point out, as laying especial claim to admiration, the lines —

"When God's sweet grace my heart doth fill,
And occupy the whole."

The former of them is in itself extremely poetical; and the latter in the highest degree corroborative of its predecessor.

Mr. Beverley's censures of the clergy of the establishment (more especially the dignified and beneficed) indicate a noble superiority, on his own part, to that class of persons; and, to say the truth, it would be difficult to find an individual amongst them possessed of feelings and talents which would have permitted him to present the foregoing effusion to the world, as Mr. Beverley has done. The taste and propriety with which ancient love verses have been converted into a pious hymn, and the judgment with which all reference to the original composition has been avoided, are fairly beyond the reach of the great body of the clergy of this realm.

One to whom our very soul is knit writes to us about the infinitely mean blackguardism of Bulwer, in his *New Monthly Magazine*. Mark our words for it — that fellow is on the high road towards becoming a very by-word of scorn, as an incarnation of every thing that is shabby.

Respected Oliver, *Jan.* 10, 1833.

It is impossible not to be amused by the small portion of notice which you condescend to bestow on Mr. Lytton Bulwer in the Magazine of this month, so tracingly put to the well-known ritornella of "Whiston and Ditton." But I confess that, as a member of the Abbotsford Committee, I am disappointed at your not having remarked the colloquial observations of that gentleman (or of some one for whom he stands responsible) on the subject of their proceedings, in the *New Monthly* of last December. You are probably aware that Mr. Bulwer's name is also on the list; and I beg to add that, if indeed he was present, he was dumb at the general meeting held on the 9th of November.

The supposed speaker is indignant "that the aristocracy, who, as it seems, manage the Committee, should sanctify the worst of all laws, that of entail, by a popular instance." They certainly must plead guilty to having followed the *unpopular* precedents of Blenheim and Strathfieldsay, for want of his better advice, which at least would have been listened to with courtesy. If his modesty shrunk from taking

a part in the definitive discussion which took place among fifty noblemen and gentlemen, it might have also suggested that possibly they were right in the views unanimously adopted. The cant which I have quoted is all very well in the way of trade, as a clap-trap for the "Destructives." But I believe that the laws of good faith, business, and courtesy, as understood among *gentlemen* voluntarily co-operating in a given project, enjoin that objections, withheld at the proper time for stating them, should not be subsequently obtruded on the public, for the purpose of damping and defeating the measure. The honour of Mr. Bulwer's name, which he still condescends not to withdraw from the side of Wellington, Peel, and Brougham, is hardly a recompense for his betrayal of the cause by the very means by which he might have advanced it; a cause, too, connected with the dearest living wish of the man for whom his own preface to *Eugene Aram* expresses such unbounded reverence, but whom he now designates as "poor Scott."

I cannot guess what unfortunate collision with his superiors can have so soured Mr. Bulwer's sympathy with the pomp and circumstance, as well as with the good things of high life, so strongly evinced in his novel of *Pelham*. In the Monthly Commentary of December, we find the virtuous and wise proposal, that the nobility should retrench their expenditure to the purchase of legs of mutton, and such necessary comforts, and devote their superfluity to the supply of the labouring classes with periodicals. In plain English, starve trade and public charities to feed the printer. Take bread from the stomachs of your coachmaker's and upholsterer's journeymen, and supply the vacuum with the intellectual food of New Monthlies (now at a lamentable discount).

But to proceed with Mr. Bulwer's scruples as to Abbotsford. "The house, with its inadequate estate, is likely some years hence to be an incumbrance instead of a blessing." And again: "Rewards to public men should not partake of the nature of family benefits." That is, should be so contrived as not to gratify the most cherished wishes of those who have deserved well of their country. Mr. Bulwer does not perceive the inference, that the entail which he deprecates is the very best means of fulfilling his rigid notions of justice against the family of Abbotsford.

On the ground of a similar lack of logical perception, I acquit Mr. Bulwer of any desire to attack the private character of a man of whom he evidently knows nothing—a desire which might be (and by some has been) inferred from the following sentence: "Especially when the son, who receives the honour, is not publicly distinguished by a single one of the qualities of the father, for whose virtues and talents, not for whose name, they ought to be designed." Let me explain for Mr. Bulwer or his stupid satellite. His meaning is not that the present Sir Walter Scott may not possess talent as a major of hussars, or worth as a private man, but that (as is not generally known) the gallant baronet is as dull a novelist and poet as Lord Hill himself. *Ergo*, that he ought not to be the conservative of an honour paid to one who, as is well known, loved him as an affectionate son, and valued him as a manly and accomplished soldier.

Sir Walter must, however, content himself with the moderate share of depreciation awarded to him as a simple baronet, by his father's professed admirer, for it seems that the abuse of the *New Monthly* ascends in a series graduated by the rank and merits of its objects. The Duke of Buccleuch, in behalf of his subscription of 100*l.* to the late Sir Walter's proposed monument, is called "a niggard from motives of delicacy;" and the death of the venerable and upright Lord Tenterden, hastened by his sense of judicial duty, is exulted over with the coarsest obloquy, in the Monthly Commentary above mentioned. This will swamp his employers' interests. It reminds one of the Persian's curse, "May asses defile your father's grave."

This propensity to "bite against a file" is sometimes to be deprecated for the biter's own sake. It is not natural that Mr. Bulwer should understand the scruples of a really delicate and unostentatious man possessed of a princely fortune; but he

generous. By the by, (to use Mr. B.'s expression,) I do not see that gentleman's name as yet on our subscription list, but have no doubt that he has ere now conceded his better principles to the vulgar errors of those who are not instructed by the *New Monthly*. It will be at least one of his most pardonable inconsistencies.

I remain, Honoured Oliver,

Faithfully yours,

Scotophilus.

Of the last part first. That Mr. Bulwer's name should be put on any committee above such as take into consideration the affairs of the Garrick Club is

absurd—that he should have been put on that which had any connexion with the memory of Sir Walter Scott, was an absolute affront to the deceased; but that he should not have paid a shilling towards the subscription will not astonish any one who remembers certain police-office revelations respecting the want of a sovereign in the pocket of a literary M.P. to pay for an outside place on (we believe) the Gloucester mail.

Some paltry spite or jealousy, of course, actuated Bulwer. "Poor Scott!" What beastly impertinence! A writer in the *Athenæum* of last week has fairly exposed one of the most nauseating characteristics of Bulwer's writing:

"The author of *Pelham*," says one who signs himself "A Literary Man," in that paper, "is a great employer of the term Penny-a-line-man. Whether he be doubting the existence of FRASER'S MAGAZINE, or addressing Mr. Picken, or prefacing a novel with a statement of his personal feelings, or noticing the lives or deaths of men to whom, it may be, Nature has given less talents [*stuff*], but at all events to whom Fortune has been less propitious than to himself, we are favoured with his penny-a-line allusion. It is difficult to know the precise import of the term as used by this gentleman; but the general impression left by a perusal of his successive touches in this way, is, that Mr. Bulwer thanks God that he is not like the rest of literary men—*i. e.* that he is a man of family [*not he*], a member of parliament, and that he gets more guineas than many others labouring in the same vineyard. On this latter point, I may remark, that Mr. Bulwer, like all other literary men, writes for as much money as he can get,—and, whether this be a guinea-a-line or penny-a-line, depends not so much on the talents of the writer as on the greater or less want of money in which he may happen to find himself. If he can afford to be, or rather to seem, indifferent to the question of payment, his price will be proportionately high. If he be understood to want money, then he will find himself in the publisher's list of those who must take what they can get, and he will be paid accordingly. Mournful instances of the truth of this could be readily furnished.

"Thus we see, that this often-uttered sneer, if it apply to remuneration, is, like every other impertinence, contemptible on inquiry; if it apply to station, it will as little bear the test. What are Mr. Bulwer's claims to conduct the *New Monthly Magazine*? Will he corroborate the testimony of his enemies so far as to say, that he owes this post to the influence, real or supposed, which a seat in Parliament may have given him in the eyes of his publisher? If this be the case, then, indeed, he is at liberty to out-Brummel all recent performers in the not very recondite art of ridiculing the horrid common people. But if, on the other hand, Mr. Bulwer owes a profitable sinecure in literature to his labours, past and present; if he be one of a class of men whose pursuits he deems it not derogatory to share, so long as they prove pecuniarily advantageous, his sneers at 'the craft,' &c. &c. can hardly 'tell' with much effect."

We know somewhat more about penny-a-liners than the *Athenæum* or its correspondent can do, and we have occasionally expressed our opinion concerning them in no measured terms; but we were never guilty of such injustice as to compare Tom Haynes with Bulwer. Tom is at heart a gentleman, and is we hope so circumstanced in pocket as to be able to maintain the character in the vulgar sense of the word—and the author of the epistle to the editor of the *Quarterly*, in the last number of the *New Monthly Magazine*, is a poor *valet de plume*, and nothing better. That letter we had an intention of dissecting; but there is no use of cracking a cockroach on such an anvil as ours. In criticism absurd, in feeling base, in expression low, in conception creeping and degraded—it is beneath *our* notice. As the writer in the *Athenæum* truly says, such a letter may be worthy of the author of *Pelham*, but never can be suspected of coming from the pen of one accustomed to the "adventures of a gentleman."

As for Bulwer's ignorance of *Fraser's Magazine*—that day is past. He knows very well that such a periodical has a substantial existence—*and he knows who write in it.*

Adieu, sir!———

Justice to the character of Prince Talleyrand compels us to print the following letter in his defence. We assure our correspondent that we never for a moment doubted that his hero was a most consistent character.

MR. EDITOR,

I was surprised to find in your last Number a mere epilogue of all the declamations which bigots, Jacobins, and Napoleonists, have incessantly uttered

against M. de Talleyrand, instead of an original, independent, and fair sketch of his political life. With the private life of the Bishop of Autun, and still less with his juvenile transgressions, I apprehend, Mr. Editor, we have nothing to do; nor is it to be expected that the political life of the first French statesman of our age, who has had a hand in all the leading transactions of the last forty-five years, should be entirely free from blemishes and errors. Keeping this in view, I do contend that M. de Talleyrand is one of the most consistent, and, as far as we can judge, one of the most honest public men which France has produced since the Revolution.

In 1789, M. de Talleyrand declared himself for a constitutional monarchy; and his well known opinions on the *mandats impératifs*, on the *veto*, and other leading points, are irrefragable proofs of my assertion. The republican party detested him; they accused him of being a royalist; and had he been in France during the Reign of Terror, there is very little doubt that he would have ended his days on the scaffold. After the 9 Thermidor he returned to France; and, on his being appointed minister for foreign affairs subsequent to the 18 Fructidor, the treaty of Campo Formio was concluded. He retired, disgusted with the imbecility of the Directory, which was becoming more contemptible every day, and was furiously attacked by all the jacobinical rabble, then attempting to seize once more the government. When Buonaparte sent the Directory to the right about, Talleyrand joined the man whom he knew to be capable and determined to crush the Jacobinical party, and to pave the way to a constitutional throne. Minister for foreign affairs, and one of the most intimate counsellors of Napoleon, the Prince of Benevento was, nevertheless, innocent of the horrible murder of the Duke of Enghien; and his determined opposition to the treachery of Baionne caused him to lose the good graces of the man who governed France with a rod of iron. M. de Talleyrand could not like the despotism of Napoleon more than that of the republicans or of the old government of France, and became a supporter of the French constitutional throne of Louis XVIII. As representative of this monarch at the Congress of Vienna, he zealously defended the interests of the house of Bourbon; and the King of Naples conferred upon him, as a mark of approbation, the title now taken by the lovely and accomplished Duchess of Dino. On Buonaparte returning to France from Elba, M. de Talleyrand prevailed on the Congress to outlaw the ex-emperor, and was prime minister of Louis XVIII. after the battle of Waterloo. Thinking that the conditions which the allies meant to impose upon France were too humiliating for his country, M. de Talleyrand resigned his place rather than sign a treaty which appeared to him disgraceful to the nation. He, however, supported the King's administrations as far as he could. When he felt himself compelled to oppose them, his opposition was very moderate, free from any spirit of faction or suspicion of disloyalty. Had he been minister of Charles X., the heroism of July would not have been put into requisition, the citizen king would now be scheming how to earn an honest penny, and Charles X. would still confess and go to mass at the Tuileries. Well might M. de Polignac say, "Nous avons changé tout cela." M. de Talleyrand accepted office under Louis-Philippe for the same reason that the Duke of Wellington recognised the King of the French: the elder branch of the Bourbons being driven from France, it was necessary to support the new dynasty, to keep out the republicans.

Facts are stubborn things, Mr. Editor; and these prove that M. de Talleyrand was consistent in his principles—which may be erroneous, if you please, but certainly are not immoral; and until the contrary be shewn, he must have the credit of having been prompted by pure and patriotic motives in acting as he has done. The stupidity of those who find fault with M. de Talleyrand for his diplomatic talents is not worth noticing, nor yet for his perspicacity in foreseeing the fall of the several governments from which he has seceded. This proves that he is no fool; and if this be a crime, I am sure that those who accuse him of it cannot labour under such an imputation.

*Jan.* 17, 1833. A Lover of Truth.

We know not where else than here to put a short article of mixed prose and verse which we had prepared concerning

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD AND STEWART OF GLENMORISTON.

Dear to us, and to all who know him, is the Ettrick Shepherd. We love him for his genius, for the goodness and simplicity of his character, and the wonderful variety and excellence of his writings. The world, we are sorry to say, has latterly gone ill with James; and he has been scurvily used by some, who, considering the benefits they have received at his hands, should have treated him very differently: but no matter; Hogg keeps up his spirits, and is the same good-humoured, uncomplaining, guileless fellow, that he ever was. Whether inditing a beautiful ballad or tale for Regina, spearing salmon at Altrive by torch-light,

or, *mirabile dictu!* conquering, at the age of *sixty-two*, the young and stalwart bowmen of the borders, with Stewart of Glenmoriston — one of the best shots living, whether with gun or bow — at their head. We say, in whatever capacity he appears, be it ballad-monger, tale-writer, salmon-spearer, or *Sagittarius*, he is at all times formidable; and a very likely customer to bear away the belt, in whatever contest he may be engaged. The following paragraph, which we copy from the Scotch newspapers, has delighted us much; exhibiting as it does the Shepherd in a new light, and one which, we are sure, will give great pleasure to all his friends and admirers: —

"*Archery.*—The St. Ronan's bowmen of the border met on the banks of the Tweed, in the neighbourhood of Innerleithen, on Friday last, to compete for a prize-bow given by the club. The competitors were rather numerous, and, after a very keen and anxious contest, the honour of the day was *declared in favour of the Ettrick Shepherd*, who beat Mr. Stewart of Glenmoriston by a single shot. A sweepstakes was afterwards shot for, *which was also gained in beautiful style by the old Shepherd.* At five o'clock the bowmen, together with their friends, sat down to an excellent dinner in Cameron's Inn, Innerleithen. After the cloth was removed, and the usual toasts of the day were disposed of, the health of the Earl of Traquair, the patron of the club, was neatly and feelingly proposed by Mr. Hogg, the *president* of the meeting, which was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm. During the evening many of Mr. Hogg's beautiful songs were sung in *excellent style*, both *by himself* and his friend, Mr. M'Crone, from London. The meeting was kept up with much hilarity until the ninth hour, when the vibrating notes of the musical band announced that the nymphs of the Tweed were assembled, and anxious for the dance; who tripped it lightly on the fantastic toe until the *wee short hour ayont the twal.*"

The above is admirable. Here we have Hogg *gaining the prize-bow* — then *sweeping* away the sweepstakes — then *presiding at Cameron's Inn* over his vanquished rivals — then *singing his own songs* — and, lastly, stepping forth at nine o'clock and *dancing with the bonnie Tweedside lassies till one in the morning*; and all this, be it remembered, at the good, ripe, joint-stiffening age of *sixty-two*. Such exploits are well worthy of being celebrated in prose and verse; and we certainly would have taken the subject in hand, had we not been already forestalled by divers bards and sundry, who have favoured us with a variety of effusions, descriptive and laudatory of the *arco-sagittarial* contest, in which the authors strive to do all manner of homage to the victor, proving him to be the greatest archer since the days of Teucer or Paris. That he would have taken the shine out of either of these heroes, and made Robin Hood, Little John, and Friar Tuck (to say nothing of Adam Bell, Clim of the Cleugh, and William of Cloudeslie), die of spleen and envy, we have no manner of doubt. The poems in question, however, are so numerous, that, to insert them all, is out of the question. We shall therefore confine ourselves to a single specimen from Kelso, which, whatever may be its poetical merits (and they are truly of a sublime description), possesses that of being a very paraphrastic rendering of the newspaper paragraph, and, *par consequent*, a true and faithful account of the interesting scene which it attempts to describe. Here it is: —

Though not exactly the *Small Known*, nor yet the great *Incog.*,
I beg you'll lend me both your ears while I speak of Jamie Hogg,
And of the mighty victory obtain'd by him, indeed,
Over Stewart of Glenmoriston, and others, near the Tweed.

For writing of a ditty, it is perfectly well known,
That our well-beloved Shepherd he standeth quite alone;
Scott, Moore, and Allan Cunningham, eke Burns and Byron too,
Have ne'er done aught like what he's done, and what he yet may do.
And as for prose, if you except Galt, Cobbett, Scott, and such,
I'm certain there is not a scribe has written half as much.
But 'tis not of his famous prose, nor yet more famous verse,
That I the great renown just now am going to rehearse;
'Tis of the mighty victory achieved by him, indeed,
Over Stewart of Glenmoriston, and others, near the Tweed.

Well, then, upon a Friday morn St. Ronan's bowmen came
To Innerleithen's neighbourhood — each archer's soul on flame.

'Twas not, as in the times of old, to kill the fallow deer,
That all this gallant company was congregated here;
But for a prize-bow to compete, awarded by the club
To those whose shafts the *bullock's eye* most frequently would drub.
Great Stewart of Glenmoriston, and many, many *mo'*,
Most famous archers, were at hand, each ready with his bow:
The Ettrick Shepherd—aged sixty-two—was also there,
To say nothing of his friend M'Crone, and the Earl of Traquair.

Right soon the shooting did commence, and noble sport there was—
It could not well be otherwise, and that you see; because
The bowmen were so excellent, and plied their work so well,
That for a long time who was best 'twas difficult to tell.
At last the umpires all agreed, without a single nay,
That Hogg or stout Glenmoriston must bear the prize away.
The shooting of both candidates was so extremely good,
'Twas like a match 'twixt Friar Tuck and famous Robin Hood,
Or lion bold and unicorn, a-fighting for the crown;
Till at last the Shepherd's star went up, and Stewart's it came down.
Hogg by a single shot obtain'd the prize-bow of the club,
Far dearer to his pastoral heart than whisky-punch or grub.
And thus a mighty victory was obtain'd by him, indeed,
Over Stewart of Glenmoriston, and others, near the Tweed.

You'd naturally, I'm sure, suppose one victory quite enough;
But, no! the Shepherd's soul was made of more ambitious stuff.
A sweepstakes—not a bow, but ready cash—there yet remain'd
To be contested for; and this he beautifully gain'd.
Thus gaining for the second time a triumph great, indeed,
Over Stewart of Glenmoriston, and others, near the Tweed.

The shooting over, all sojourn'd, without a noise or din,
And had an excellent dinner at Cameron's cheerful Inn.
The chair was fill'd extremely well—as needs must be—by Hogg,
And the company amused themselves with quizzery and grog.
The Shepherd sung his own sweet lays, which are surpass'd by none;
The same was done in pleasant style by his London friend M'Crone.
Each vanquish'd bowman soon forgot his own severe defeat,
Nor felt ashamed their conqueror, the matchless Hogg, to greet;
Although a mighty victory was gain'd by him, indeed,
O'er them and stout Glenmoriston beside the river Tweed.

Talking of Hogg naturally reminds one of the jolly god; and we therefore wind up the article with

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Who cares a potato
For Solon or Plato,
Those dull philosophical pedants of yore?
A glass of good stingo
Is better, by jingo!
Than all their flash sayings, their wisdom, and lore.

What is gruff Aristotle
To a well-plenish'd bottle?
With daffy can Socrates ever compare?
If grief should attack us
We'll call upon Bacchus,
Renown'd for his hatred to sorrow and care.

Let's all set a-brewing
Strong ale and blue ruin—
In puncheonsful studiously let us distil!
For sound man or cripple
There's nought like a tipple:
Have at it, ye lush coves! and sing off your fill.

With chaffing stupendous
Some blockheads would rend us,
And swear that to booze, and so forth, is a sin;
Let's laugh at the asses,
And fill up our glasses
With what we can get, be it black-strap or gin.

Ye mealy-faced noodles!
Ye soft-liver'd doodles!
And tea-sipping quakers! come, answer me; pray,
What makes us pugnacious,
Good-humour'd, sagacious,
But tippling the jorums and soaking our clay?

Accursed by the Muses
Is he, who refuses
Each day to get muggy at Lushington's bar;
Or cheer with good toddy
The soul of his body,
And wage with dull sense and sobriety war.

The soul needeth fuel,
And drink is a jewel,
Which wise men and true can ne'er value enough;
Blue devils it scatters,
Tears sorrow in tatters,
And floors in a jiffey despair and such stuff.

If aught should perplex us,
Bamboozle or vex us,
Heavy wet will assuredly give us relief;
Rum, brandy, and whisky,
Or hollands so frisky,
O! these are the prime stuffs for banishing grief.

Then who cares a potato
For Solon or Plato,
Those dull philosophical pedants of yore?
A glass of good stingo
Is better, by jingo!
Than all their flash sayings, their wisdom, and lore.

But—

The commons are sworn in to-day—to-day—
The commons are sworn in to-day—
Since the ark of old Noah,
No menagerie could show a
Collection of beasts such as they—they—
Collection of beasts such as they!

So three cheers for the Gully parliament. Would that Jack was made the Speaker!

*Martyrdom of Charles*, 1833.

J. Moyes, Castle Street, Leicester Square.

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

# TOWN AND COUNTRY

No. XXXIX. MARCH, 1833. Vol. VII.


## IRELAND AND THE PRIESTS.

It has been remarked, and assuredly not without grounds, that the people of England are occasionally subject to fits of public madness, during the prevalence of which all subjects but one are forgotten, and under whose influence reason and justice are altogether lost sight of, and a most strange affection evinced for objects, which, in a season of greater sobriety, would create no feelings but those of dislike or contempt. Henry Hunt and the Radical reformers, her late gracious majesty of spotless reputation, the highly gifted but unhappy Thurtell, and the sentimental Fauntleroy, have by turns excited the sympathies and roused the feelings of the sober-minded into a sort of national delirium. There were, to be sure, a few persons who suspected the patriotism of the Radical gang, and the purity of her majesty—who thought Thurtell a cold-blooded villain, whose deed of discovered murder was one of the darkest which the history of crime recorded, and whose character gave too much reason for suspecting him guilty of many more which were undiscovered —who saw in Fauntleroy but a ruthless scoundrel, coldly and wilfully consigning numbers of unprotected families to absolute beggary, that he might be able to insult his wife by maintaining a prostitute in splendour superior to her own.

These fits, however, have generally been short in proportion to their violence; and the stream of public opinion has gone back into its accustomed channel, without leaving many traces of its inundation behind. The cause has been, either the temporary and insignificant nature of the objects which excited it—or, when these were more permanent or important, the wisdom of those who guided the helm of the state, and who refused to be borne on by the rushing stream.

The last fit was the reform question; and that it must for many years leave striking traces of its devastating progress, we have to thank those ministers who, far from treating the patient with a moderating hand, administered the most active stimulants to the fevered frame of society, and aggravated its frenzy to the highest possible pitch. The fever has indeed subsided — the reign of reason is gradually returning.

Ireland has at all periods displayed a disturbed and lawless aspect to the political observer; but we believe there never was a period in her eventful history in which she appeared so utterly loosed from all legal restraint, so entirely given up to violence, as at this moment. Fierce as the outbursts of popular fury may have heretofore been, they have always, until lately, been met by a determined spirit, and the efforts of the government been rendered successful by the zealous co-operation of a numerous and powerful body, devoted in their loyalty to the king, and sincerely attached to English connexion. But while the ministers at home were receiving their instructions from political unions, their brethren in Ireland were courting the Roman Catholic bishops, and endeavouring to coax Mr. O'Connell into pacifying Ireland in his own way.

The Protestants of Ireland, by whose efforts alone that country has been preserved to England, have been systematically slighted and insulted; the gentry, when applying to government for assistance against daily spoliation and nightly murder, have been answered with savage irony, that the existing laws were sufficient for their protection — laws, under the care of which their properties were laid waste, and the lives of numbers hourly sacrificed. These men, whose characters form a fine contrast to those of their Catholic fellow-countrymen, have been goaded into hostility by a government which denied them all countenance and protection, and driven to take up a position, if not of actual hostility, still of a very threatening character to English connexion. They feel that, standing alone, no Irish minister would have dared to denounce them as a contemptible faction; that, left to their own resources, and freed from the trammels of English policy, they have *physical* force sufficient to maintain the station to which their intellectual superiority entitles them; and that, should the fatal necessity arise, the sword that has waved triumphantly over so many fields will not be dimmed in their hands. They maintain, therefore, a sort of sullen neutrality between the law and the lawless, and, with well-organised and well-collected force, watch the current of events. The government thus apathetic, if not conniving, and the rank and property of the country standing aloof, no serious obstacle is opposed to the plans of those whose object it is to excite the populace to violence and anarchy; and, indeed, we fear that many of the Protestants even regard with something approaching to pleasure the progress of outrage among the Catholics, because they look upon it as hastening a crisis which they deem to be inevitable They wish for the combat while their strength is collected.

Let it not, however, be supposed that we place all the Protestants of Ireland in the same rank; there are, alas! too many, who, though if things came to extremity they would join with their fellow Protestants, yet, in the mean time, prefer a timid and temporising policy, and for the sake of present advantages, of security, repose, or political importance, close their eyes against the future. These are the most mischievous members which Irish society maintains. By publicly leaning to one side, and privately to the other, they prevent that open demonstration of the strength of parties, which, if once fully made, would go far towards preventing the crisis to which all things seem at present tending.

Whatever might be said of the right of voting in England being a vested right, partaking of the nature of property, it was in Ireland admitted to be so at the time of the Union, and compensation in money was allotted to those persons whose rights were infringed upon by that measure; and it is impossible that persons of no education could avoid regarding the Reform-bill as an interference with the property of those who were without compensation stripped of rights, which at another time were considered as a species of property, and would, if then required, have been purchased by the nation. It was seen, then, that the interests of the ministry and the clamour of a mob were sufficient for the overthrow of one species of property; and it followed, that when the same motives, or others equally strong, led to the overthrow of another species, it would with equal facility be effected. The consequence has been, that tithes and the property of the church are next assailed; and with this view every engine of conspiracy, intimidation, outrage, and murder, is put into play.

The most atrocious outrages are committed by vast bodies of men in the open day, and almost under the eyes of the executive. Every man who dares to gainsay the decisions of that secret tribunal which governs the movements of the deluded peasantry, is marked out for ruin or death; not for assassination under the veil of night, but for open, undisguised murder. There are few right-minded men who do not think that the laws of England are at all times unsuited to the political state of Ireland—as unsuited as its constitution was to any of the new-fangled states who endeavoured to imitate it; but there are none who are not persuaded, that there are frequently occasions (and the present is especially one) in which there can be no security for life or property in that country, but by arming the executive with extraordinary powers. It is in vain that the ordinary course is resorted to; the peasantry are too well trained and disciplined, too

active and vigilant, to allow much chance of informers creeping in among them; and their vengeance, so much more powerful than the protection of the law, is too certain and too dreadful to permit any but persons of extraordinary firmness to appear as witnesses against them. Even should a trial take place, and sufficient evidence be brought forward, the prosecution is sure to be defeated by the timidity of the middle orders, who, though secretly abhorring the violence of the peasantry, have not manliness to convict them; but pressed on one side by the demands of conscience, and on the other by fear of injury in their persons, their property, or their trade, make a compromise highly characteristic of the Irish Papist, or the Protestant who has suffered by long contamination, and refuse to give any verdict at all. While the gentry, who are not afraid of losing their popularity, are nevertheless deterred from interfering by the knowledge that they thereby undertake a thankless office, and expose their lives, and those of the police who accompany them, to a two-fold risk. If they fail in putting down violence, they run a great chance of being murdered by the mob, and if they succeed, they are almost sure to be abandoned by the government to the tender mercies of O'Connell, of perjured witnesses, and intimidated juries. Many of the Irish judges have displayed a vigour and manliness beyond all praise; but the machinery they have to work depends too much on the co-operation of others to allow much efficacy to their efforts. They must depend for truth amongst a body of men proverbial for their subtlety in equivocation, and their effrontery in falsehood; they must look for firmness and fidelity from those in whom the want of protection has bred incurable timidity, and whose consciences are not proof against the calls of temporary gain or the fear of loss. They may exercise their discretion in admitting the accused to bail; they may, in cases of misdemeanour, mitigate the penalty to the smallest possible amount; but when the jury bring in a verdict of murder, their power is at an end, and, however convinced they may be of the innocence of the prisoner, the prerogative of mercy belongs not to them—the government alone can save the victim of popular vengeance, and our present government has not the courage to provoke the clamour of the Liberals.

The ready excuse for all excesses is the extreme poverty of the people. The Irish peasantry are extremely poor and extremely ignorant—ignorant, not because they cannot read and write, but because they are without that education which traditional instruction, which habits of order, and association with civilised man, impart. True it is, that a country remarkable for its natural fertility, and abounding beyond the usual measure in ports for external commerce, and rivers and lakes for internal communication, can afford but the lowest possible quality of food to a population far unequal to its capabilities, and that its sons, by nature active, ingenious, and hard-working—distinguished for cleverness, readiness, and industry, when mingling with strangers, are at home indolent, unenterprising, ignorant, and superstitious.

The middle orders are scarcely better off than the peasantry: their trade is so precarious, and their profits so small, that they dare not speculate to any extent, however trifling—they cannot wait for distant returns—they live in continual fear of failure; and if any of them by chance accumulates a few thousand pounds,—a sum which an English trader would consider as merely sufficient to give him scope for carrying on his concerns with advantage,—he hastens, by a precipitate retreat from business, to secure it from the too probable risk of ultimate bankruptcy. The money holder—a rare bird in the sister island—seeks no higher return than the funds or a mortgage can afford; and the landholder, borne down by the failure of rent altogether in bad years, and constantly accumulating arrears even in the best, is delivered over bound hand and foot to the English capitalist, who has been handy enough to advance him money upon his estate. The lands of Ireland are in a great measure in that worst of all possible conditions, in the hands of embarrassed proprietors, but pledged to nearly their full value to distant capitalists. He to whom the land belongs has the encumbrance and the responsibility of a large estate, without the means of acquitting himself of the one, or supporting the other; and he to whom the revenues are paid feels himself free from the responsi-

bility, while he is divested of the name, of a landowner. The state of the country renders it impossible that estates to any amount should be sold: there is no money at home to insure a fair price, and strangers are not inclined to pay a large sum for the privilege of partaking in the miseries, and sharing the dangers, to which a residence in Ireland would expose them. One of the first consequences of a well-established state of society would be a great transfer of land, and the consequent substitution of unembarrassed for embarrassed landlords.

As the excesses of the Irish have been imputed to their poverty, so has their poverty been imputed to a want of capital, and consequent absence of demand for labour. The want of capital is indeed severely felt; but it is obvious that a well-regulated frame of society is necessary to its introduction. Were any thing like safety to be expected, the large returns that might fairly be calculated upon would tempt many — timidly at first, but, after a time, more boldly — to enter on a wide sphere for enterprise; and we should have capital flowing in from England and Scotland with a rapidity truly astonishing. Ill cultivated and without capital as Ireland is at present, it is, however, very far indeed from being overpeopled. While so much land remains in pasture, so much that needs not capital but labour to bring it into cultivation — while the land already in culture is amply sufficient for their maintenance — and while they are no more than sufficient for its cultivation, the people cannot be said to be too numerous; and, if not too numerous now, how much under the mark would they be, if skill and enterprise and capital should come to double the produce of the land already cultivated!

We are aware that many will be startled at our assertion, that the working men are not, at this moment, beyond the number necessary to the cultivation of the soil; though all will admit, who look at the monthly returns of imported corn, that the production of the earth is more than sufficient for their support. The people are subject to periodical famine — they are so, because the food they use is not capable of preservation beyond a year; and, therefore, the abundance of one season can never be made to supply the deficiency of another. They are idle eight months out of the twelve, and yet they are not more numerous than is necessary for the cultivation of the land. Although when the crop is in the ground there is no more employment for the peasant till the harvest comes round, and, when the harvest is gathered in, none till the spring visits him again, yet, under the present system of cultivation, the press for labour at these two particular seasons is so great, that want of hands is often much felt, and land left in consequence out of cultivation; and it is notorious, that a number of healthy sons are still felt to be a source of wealth.

The rent of land may be too high under the present system; but, with the exception of tithes and rates, we know of no other burdens of which the peasantry can complain. They pay no direct taxes, they consume no excisеable commodities but whisky, on which the duty in Ireland is now very low, and of which it is by no means desirable that they should extend their consumption. The duty on imported corn, which raises the price of bread, is an advantage to them as growers; and the county rates being expended amongst them, and roads an advantage of which they are fully sensible, are not the object of dislike. The church-rates are generally small, particularly that part which is not expended in building, and therefore in employing them; though small as it is, they have in many instances refused to pay it. But rent and taxes are the two burdens which are most seriously felt, and of the latter the tithes (which are by far the lightest) have particularly attracted their hostility.

To thinking men it would be easy to demonstrate the justice of that social law by which property is protected; it would be easy to shew, that the destruction of the inequality of its distribution would be a destruction of the strongest motive to industry and enterprise, of the source of civilisation, and of the only foundation on which national or individual prosperity can be built. But we must wait for some time, before the "march of mind," as the modern philosophers term it, shall have brought mankind so far onwards in their progress towards intellectual preferment, that the potato-fed peasant or the toil-worn mechanic can duly appreciate that law which invests his

idle superior with all the luxuries of life, while he, who toils to produce them, is almost denied its necessaries.

Until very lately, the peasantry had certainly looked upon the parson's right to tithes as equally strong with the landlord's right to rents: they took the land subject to both burdens; they saw that the law equally enforced the discharge of both. Whatever the origin of the right may be, it is one which principally affects the landlords, who are either Protestants, or, being Catholics, have taken the land under a Protestant establishment, and subject to tithe. We know that Irish gentlemen are fond of asserting the antiquity of their properties, and that many Catholic proprietors, who are now possessed of estates, would fain persuade the world that those estates have been derived from their remote ancestors, and from times when the Catholic religion was paramount; but we also know that there are very few, if any estates, belonging to Catholics in Ireland, which cannot be traced to the acquisition of some industrious farmer, some fortunate merchant, or some successful foreign soldier, of the last century. The repeated confiscations, and the operation of the penal code, had the effect of transferring almost the whole property of the island into the hands of Protestants; and we do not think, notwithstanding their vanity, that the Catholic proprietors of the present day would be willing to risk their possessions, by relying on any better title than that to be derived from the payment of them money to the Protestants of whom they purchased. There are, no doubt, many who have acquired recent titles to lands which were once the inheritance of their names; and the seniority of family is frequently allowed to those who enjoy the superiority of wealth; but were even a whisper to go abroad, that this superiority of wealth was the *consequence* of that allowed seniority of family, many a claimant would come forth from his obscurity, and each landholder would find as many competitors for his estate as would the O'Connor Don for the throne of Ireland, were the usurpation of the Plantagenets to be annulled. The landlords, then, have clearly no right to dispute the title of the clergy to tithe; and, indeed, we believe that very few of them are in their hearts disposed to do so.

We fear that the peasantry are not sufficiently enlightened to distinguish between a property and a trust, and they will feel inclined to extend the latter construction to rents as well as tithes, and insist that the landlord's right is equally a trust; which, not having been executed to their satisfaction, they are justified in resuming. Indeed, Captain Rock has before now taken upon himself the management of corn-acre rents, and though he has not utterly abolished them, has yet considerably reduced their amount in several counties. But, even supposing such a distinction to exist between the landlord's and the parson's right, and that the peasantry are capable of understanding it, there is no doubt that the law recognises the right to tithes, and any attempt to deny them is an infringement of the law; and, we ask, where is the experience which teaches that a populace, excited by acts of violence, and inflamed by triumphs over the law, will start back from the sanctuary of justice? We agree with the eloquent Sir William Smith, that, "so far from conceding a demand, not on account of its justice, but of the turbulence and bullying power of those who made it, we would rather consider the menace as raising an obstacle to even reasonable concessions, lest every surrender to unenlightened and overbearing power might but encourage further encroachments, and increase unjust demands;" for, as he most truly says, "no benefit that could be gained is equivalent to the mischief that is done, by giving unchecked predominance to that physical and vulgar force, which identifies itself with the ignorance and violence of the country."

Amid the distress, and the timidity, and the mental blindness of all around them, there is one class in Ireland who share not the distress, or the timidity, or the blindness of any,—who, sharp-sighted and keen in the pursuit of their own interest, bold and unscrupulous in their machinations, and advancing in prosperity amid general distress, intimidate (though by different means) the gentry, the middle orders, and the peasantry,—work upon all alike to improve their present condition, and further their future objects; and, so far from feeling an interest in the preservation of order, build all their ambitious hopes on the uptum-

ing of the whole social frame, and the overthrow of all established rights. That class is the Catholic priesthood.

There is nothing more difficult than to make an Englishman understand the character and state of society in Ireland, and to bring home to his mind a just idea of the influence exercised by the Catholic priesthood. He cannot conceive the existence of influence apart from wealth, or physical power, or mental superiority, or distinguished moral worth; he can form no idea of the boundless authority which delusion and priestcraft can command over an ignorant, imaginative, and superstitious multitude, arrived at that state of society in which the virtues of the savage are lost, and those of civilised man not yet acquired. Much has been said of late of the character and conduct of the Catholic priesthood, and it has been the fashion to cry them up as an active, humble, pious, and poor order of men, who, by kindness and attention, have wound themselves round the affections of the Irish heart; but, with the exception of the activity, there is no part of the character to which they are, as a body, in the least entitled. That they have acquired a character here of which they are undeserving, is attributable to their great influence in Ireland, and the extraordinary accuracy and rapidity with which the press conveys intelligence of all that is spoken in public to every part of the kingdom. We shall presently shew how their influence extends over all ranks of society, and particularly over those who have most opportunities of being heard in England; and under that influence, public men in public places find it their interest to extol the priests. And though in their own country they have not much hesitation in disavowing those praises in private, and heartily wishing the whole tribe at the devil, yet in this country, where people do not so well understand the national system of abusing a man at one moment behind his back, and pouring out to him at another the most earnest professions of esteem and friendship, they find it necessary to observe some consistency between their privately expressed opinions and their published declarations; and, therefore, being *obliged* to laud in the one case, they can hardly avoid doing so in the other. The liberality of an English Protestant leads him eagerly to embrace a favourable view of the priestly character; and should an *Irish Protestant* attempt to qualify the description, he is at once set down as an Orangeman, and, of course, as a person as little qualified to estimate the character of a Catholic priest as a West Indian planter is, in the eyes of Mr. Fowell Buxton, to judge of the condition of the negroes.

There never was a greater mistake committed, among the many which have marked the course of our Irish policy, than the establishment of Maynooth College. It at once changed the character of the priestly establishment from that of a humble mission to a church—and a church militant too—prepared to contend once more with Protestantism for the rights of superiority. Until then, each priest and bishop was an individual emissary from the church of Rome; he is now an integral portion of a well-connected and powerful establishment. It was ignorantly argued, and blindly believed at the time, that the priest, by his residence and education in a foreign country, imbibed notions hostile to English connexion and English government; and the spirit of Jesuitism was introduced and implanted in the soil, from the absurd apprehension, that men who had witnessed the degradation of their order in France, would introduce into Ireland the principles under which that degradation was effected. The baneful weed has thriven apace; religious houses abound at the present day in Ireland; and, indeed, it has become the favourite resort for those whom the progress of civilisation has driven from other lands.

The necessity for a more expensive education had the effect of generally excluding persons of a very inferior rank from the priesthood, and the consequence was, that the majority of the order consisted of men who, though not high-born, were sufficiently raised above the mass of their countrymen to have attained to a certain degree of civilisation before entering on their studies. They were, in fact, for the most part, of a class now nearly extinct in Ireland, and in some sort corresponding to the humbler English yeoman. The candidate for Maynooth, on the other hand, generally comes forth from the lowest ranks of society, and enters that seminary with all the

rudeness and ignorance of the savage about him. The priest of other days visited foreign countries, and was welcomed to and freely mingled in the society of the several capitals to which he resorted. He was acquainted with men of all professions, he was admitted to the palaces of the highest nobility, and even frequently attended in the courts of kings. He returned, with few exceptions, a gentleman in manners and education, and disposed to peace and loyalty. Thus qualified, he did in fact form a connecting link between the Protestant gentleman and his Catholic tenantry: and was always welcome as a guest in the houses of even the highest nobility.

The priest of modern days, entering Maynooth as he does with all the rudeness of his class, has no other chance of casting off his slough than by a severe and monastic intercourse with persons as rude and uncivilised as himself. The learning of the closet alone never civilised the human heart: the inhabitant of the cloister may pore over books of every description during his whole life, and may have embraced the whole compass of human learning; but if he has not had an opportunity of seeing the application of some portion of that learning to the circumstances of society — or, at least, of conversing with those who have had such opportunities—he is still an uncivilised being. Neither can an intercourse which is restrained to persons equally ignorant with himself, and having all one and the same object and interest, convert an uncivilised into a civilised being; for it is the jarring interests of society which soften down the asperities of the human character, and produce that spirit of allowance and conciliation, that regard for the interest and feelings of others, which constitute civilisation. The result is, that the young priest issues from Maynooth, though not as ignorant, to the full as uncivilised as he was when he went in. The unlettered ignorance of his youth is indeed changed for a large portion of the subtle learning of theological controversy, and the Jesuitical tactics of his order. Of varied reading, of light literature, of science, he has none; and his knowledge of the Latin language only extends to a translation of the Vulgate. He has been, during his residence, deeply imbued with the importance of promoting, by every means in his power, the interests, not of religion, but of the church to whose service he is devoted. He has been taught to regard its re-establishment as an object for which he is continually to toil, and he is well furnished with those subtle devices by which the clamours of conscience may be appeased, should the means necessary to that end sometimes appear too dreadful even for a heart schooled in the heartless precepts of Jesuitism. His individual interests have been made to depend on his zeal; and a bright field of ambition is opened out before him, should his efforts be rewarded by the enthronement of the Catholic religion. He has learned to contrast his acquirements with the ignorance of those amongst whom his early life was spent, and to invest *himself* with the dignity which, when a boy, he attributed to his parish priest, and thus he becomes fiercely proud of his own paltry attainments, and puffed up with a false idea of his own importance; his clerical character has elevated him above his old connexion, and his vow of celibacy forbids his entering into new: his course manners unfit him for the company of gentlemen; and, avoided by those to whose society he aspired, his wounded vanity is soon changed into rooted hatred, and every one above him becomes an enemy in his eyes.

But, independent of this evil simply considered, the reader will perceive, from the distinguishing features we have pointed out, how much more apt a tool, for the furtherance of papist ambition, the Maynooth priest is than he who was educated abroad. Temporal power is the first object aimed at; and for that purpose an influence must be obtained over public affairs, by wielding the Catholic populace against the Protestants and the higher orders in general. A separation of their interests from those of the higher orders, a transferring of the confidence of the peasantry in their landlords to themselves, and a disregard for the public peace, become a part of their tactics.

But the great evil of Maynooth is the concentration it gives to the intellects and the efforts of the Catholic priesthood. It is the focus in which the thousand devices, the collected subtlety, the craft and the genius of the whole fraternity, are collected, and brought to bear on a single object.

Before the establishment of that seminary, the priests came together from different and distant universities, unacquainted with the particular views of each other, and ignorant of the peculiar principles of action which the state of the church in Ireland might require. Now they are able to communicate their individual views, to take advantage of mutual counsel and extended experience; they have learned to emulate each other in their efforts for their common aggrandisement, and they have marked out the course which present circumstances and the peculiar situation of Ireland require. They are the mainsprings of every movement, and are surrounded with a body of followers educated under their very eyes, daily imbibing their principles, fully possessed of their views, and led by every motive of prejudice, of interest, of ambition, and of inclination, to follow up these views with the greatest zeal and to the utmost possible extent. Mean and cringing while creeping up to a higher place, though arrogant and ferocious when there; practising dissimulation as a habit, and aiming at plausibility for the purpose of concealing it; vindictive, ungrateful, active, and unscrupulous, without a qualm for the disorders his machinations may excite, without a pang for the hundreds who may perish in the furtherance of his views,—the devil never put into the hands of designing men an apter tool for mischief than this young first-fruit of Protestant liberality.

We now proceed to point out their influence; we say to point out, not to explain, for it is almost impossible to explain, or even to conceive, the means by which that influence is obtained: all we know is the fact well authenticated, that their influence over the minds of the lower order of Catholics for good or for evil, but especially for evil, is almost omnipotent. We have seen men brought up in the habits of deference to their landlords, and accustomed for ages to connect their interest with his,—men proverbially attached to the land, and singularly indifferent to politics, roused on a sudden from their apathy at the bidding of the priests, forgetting, at their command, the respect with which education and feeling had taught them to regard their landlord, rejecting every sense of gratitude, and even forfeiting their land and courting beggary We have seen how, before the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill, when it was considered advisable to give a proof of their power in this way, the disturbances of the south and south-west suddenly ceased, and perfect tranquillity prevailed, where, only a short time previously, there had been but one wide scene of rebellion, of violence, and murder. These two signal examples of their power we particularly notice, because they were not only admitted to be, but vaunted of as such.

We can readily believe that there was little difficulty in persuading the populace to give up a system of watching, of harassing fatigue, of great anxiety, of revolting violence, and of imminent danger, because we are fully persuaded that three-fourths of the persons engaged in such a system are unwilling agents; but that Catholic emancipation had any peculiar charm for the peasant, we altogether deny: if he had any notion at all of what the word meant, it was, that it was to restore, as the phrase was, the land to the poor, and to rid him of the burden of his rent. That he was excluded from the high offices of the state, that he could not sit in parliament, that he could not become a king's counsel, or aspire to a judgeship, was no grievance in his eyes; and the mere assurance that it was a question of religion, and one in which the interests of his church was engaged, is one that may be repeated with equal effect, and almost with equal truth, on all those occasions on which the priests may require his co-operation. We can much more easily fancy their being excited to the demolition of a church, or the murder of a parson, by being told it was for the interest of their religion, than to the act of voting against their landlord, particularly when they heard, as was frequently the case, that the candidate against whom they were desired to vote was one who had always supported that measure, and still continued to do so with unabated zeal.

The truth is, that the greatest difficulty which the priests ever had to surmount was the disinclination of the tenants to vote against their landlords, and the means taken to urge them to it would almost seem incredible. Excommunication here, and eternal damnation hereafter, were not the only motives of terror held out to them, but they were taught to tremble even for

their lives and properties, which might possibly not be respected when they themselves were outcasts from the church. We know, that at the time when the late Mr. Alexander Dawson stood for the county of Louth on the interest of the priests, such threats as these were employed; and we ourselves were frequently witnesses of the heart-breaking struggles to which the dreadful alternative gave rise. We firmly believe, that any act of open violence would have been preferred, on the parts of the unfortunate men, to that which placed them for the first time in hostility to their landlords.

While the forty-shilling freeholders continued to enjoy the franchise, the priests possessed this obvious means of directly operating on public affairs, and bending public men to their views; but though this franchise is now taken away, they have still great direct influence over the ten-pound freeholders, who are, many of them, as grossly ignorant and superstitious as any of the lower grade; and, indeed, in the particular class of life to which the ten-pound freeholders of the towns belong, the women are surprisingly superstitious and devoted to their clergy; and we need not say how much the influence of woman is felt in every department of public life. The direct, however, is nothing when compared with the indirect influence they employ through the agency of the populace. The poor tradesman who braves the anger of his priest is exposed to ruin and to danger in his person; and the poor farmer must look to the turning up of his land, and the houghing of his cattle, as the least evils that are likely to befall him. We do not say that all are governed by these influences, but we know that a great number are; and it is on this account that, even since the abolition of the forty-shilling franchise, a great proportion of the elections are completely in the hands of the priests But though this control over the elections is a weapon of vast power in their hands, their direct influence over the mob is still their great engine, and by it they not only can effect whatever is to be achieved by the combination of numbers, but they exercise a widespread dominion over the higher orders, and over the expression of public opinion. We have known a Protestant church almost deserted, because the officiating clergyman had ventured to impugn the doctrines of popery; while priests were listened to with attention, even in the presence of Protestants, calumniating their church; and, indeed, during electioneering times, in some parts of Ireland, Protestant gentlemen are too liberal to pay any respect to their own clergy, lest, by so doing, they should hurt the feelings of their Catholic fellow-countrymen. Many Protestants, too, of a better stamp, but too sceptical of the views of the priesthood, add to their strength by a culpable forbearance and false liberality, which wears the appearance of, though it be not, timidity; for while the latter eagerly seize every concession, they make none; and while readily availing themselves of the liberality of others, they never exhibit any themselves. Their zeal, their activity, their unity of purpose, their numbers, far exceeding that of the Protestant clergy, and their bullying and overbearing conduct, insure them the lead in all local affairs in which they are allowed to take part; and wherever their influence can at all have play, whether it be in a charitable committee or a parish vestry, they are sure to carry things in their own way, regardless of justice, and often even of common decency.

The money subscribed for the relief of the distressed in Ireland, the year before last, was, for the most part, administered by central committees; and that for the county of Mayo fell altogether under the control of the Catholic priests, who, by their violent and overbearing conduct, scared away all their opponents. Whoever has read the transactions of that committee, particularly with reference to a dissenting minister of the name of Allen, and also the manly, clear, and convincing letters of the Rev. Mr. Michael Seymour, on the conduct of the priests during that crisis, will require no other evidence of the truth of our positions; for a more degrading and disgusting exhibition of arbitrary injustice and gross misapplication than those documents afford, it has never been our lot to meet with.

It must be borne in mind, that no sort of reliance is to be placed on what the Catholic clergy themselves profess to be their object, although much information may be derived from the expressions let fall from them in moments of triumph, or when a desire to make

themselves understood by their followers, or the pressure of strong feelings, has thrown them off their guard. Such occasions as these furnished many close observers with accurate information as to their ulterior views, when the great mass of our legislators, and among them some strong minds, were hurrying into the fatal measure of emancipation, under the vain persuasion that it would be final.

To those acquainted with the history of the Catholic church since its first foundation, it will seem unnecessary to say, that the primary object of the Irish priesthood is the institution of popery on the ruins of our Protestant establishment; but there are, unfortunately, many who, notwithstanding the palpable contradictions which the few last years have given to such a doctrine, still believe, that the advancing spirit of the age is too strong for popery, and that it is impossible that a superstition, which is losing ground in every other corner of the world, should continue to progress in Ireland. Now we are fully persuaded, that truth will in the long-run prevail, and that popery will at length be driven from the earth; but we cannot help thinking the time is far more distant than is generally believed. The human mind is beginning to escape from the trammels of superstition; but when the chain that bound it down so long is broken, the strong rebound bears it too often past the truth, and it seeks a refuge rather in the licentiousness of infidelity than in the well-regulated liberty of true religion, and as despotism leads to anarchy, and anarchy again to despotism, so superstition and infidelity may continue to reproduce each other in a vicious circle for many an age to come. But what we have here to do with is not the moral, but the political, progress of popery, and we think a slight attention to facts will shew, not only that the great object of the priesthood is that which we have pointed out, but that they have made considerable progress towards its attainment; and that unless something be done beyond a mere appeal to the increasing intelligence of mankind, they will eventually succeed.

The extension of the privilege of voting at elections to Catholic forty-shilling freeholders, at once struck a fatal blow to the advance of Protestantism in Ireland, which, till then, was making rapid strides, and armed the Catholic clergy with a formidable engine of political power. Gentlemen who, before that period, were desirous of increasing their influence at elections, were careful to introduce as many Protestant freeholders as possible upon their estates, and, with this view, every encouragement was given to colonists from the northern counties. Amid the wild glens of the mountain districts, and on the borders of the uncultivated moors, rose up numbers of villages, the clean appearance and cheerful aspect of which assured the passers-by that they were inhabited by Protestants; for, by some agency of his creed not yet sufficiently traced, the moral superiority of the Protestant is not greater than that which, under any given circumstances, marks his physical condition. But since the passing of that ill-considered act, the Protestant freeholder has become comparatively valueless, and, as his habits of industry and notions of comfort did not comport so well with the minute subdivision of freeholds so prevalent of late, he has generally been superseded by Catholic tenants. Neglected by the gentry, not too well looked after by his spiritual shepherd, the Protestant peasant lost the feeling of class, and, between being deprived of the land, and intermarrying with Catholics, has gradually disappeared; and though the taste evinced in the situation, the yet visible remnant of superior comfort in the dwelling, and a few surviving but shattered trees, still mark the spot where he once flourished, he is himself among the things that were. From his downfal has sprung up the Catholic freeholder; and the Catholic mob has become more formidable by the removal of that important check.

In the year 1824, their first great effort was made, and the success which attended it astonished even themselves. They then, however, solemnly protested that their only object was the removal of the civil disabilities which affected their lay brethren—that they had no views of advantage to themselves—that they had no hostility to the Protestant church—and that they themselves were perfectly contented with their own humble and unambitious walk, which they affected to consider most consonant to the character of a Christian minister, and most conducive

to the interests of the Christian religion. These things they not only solemnly professed, but in many instances ratified with the sanction of an oath; and they, one and all, declared their conviction, that the single measure of relief would strengthen the Protestant establishment, and put an end for ever to all clamour, dissatisfaction, and disturbance, tend to allay religious animosity, and blend all Irishmen together in perfect and patriotic union. But while they professed these principles, and held out this flattering prospect to the legislature and the English public, they evinced considerable alarm lest they should mislead their Irish followers; and the equivocations, contradictions, and evasions, into which they were led, in endeavouring to give the latter glimpses of their ulterior views, without opening the eyes of the former, were pre-eminently disgusting, and must have attracted the attention of the minister of the day, had he not been urged on by some strong fatuity. So fearful were they that the elements they had set in motion should cease their play, when that first step was gained, that they did not even wait for the passing of the bill to declare their next ulterior views. It had not passed the House of Lords, its success was only barely assured, when they announced that they considered the measure merely as one important step—as a means to still higher ends. They had not yet courage openly to avow their hostility to the church establishment, though covert insinuations against it began to abound in their writings, and in the speeches of their lay allies, but the ferment of the public mind was kept up on various pretexts, and while the orators held forth the bait of Irish independence and the repeal of the union, the clerical scribes called for a transfer of the control over public education from the hands of the Protestant to those of the Catholic clergy. When the agitation of this question had directed hostility against the parsons, they found it safe to object to the *mode* in which tithe was collected, and to parade, with their accustomed disregard of truth, numerous instances of hardship to which the system gave rise; and when the formation of the present ministry, and the means taken to promote the measure of reform, had weakened the restraint of the law, and given revolutionary opinions the currency of fashion, they boldly announced their hostility to tithes altogether,—still, however, veiling their enmity to the other parts of the establishment, and imputing their hostility not to any desire to clothe themselves in the spoil of the parson, but to an honest conviction of the impropriety of the system altogether. The means they took to enforce those views, the countenance which ministerial policy in England gave to the violence of the Papist mob they had put in play, and the spirit of intimidation and outrage, produced such rapid and successful results, that they did not long hesitate to take one step farther, and to call, in the words of Dr. W. Hall, in his letter to Lord Grey, "for a repeal of the established church."

The Kildare Street Society and the system of scriptural education have been surrendered at their bidding; and the education fund is placed at the disposal of men whose creed is hostile to the spread of information, and whose principles are adverse to the established institutions. And though Mr. Stanley found it impossible to go the lengths he at first proposed in his concession, not less fatal than ignoble, to the demands of a lawless and tumultuous populace, his language in the House of Commons, and his timid and equivocating measures, have given an almost complete triumph to the enemies of our church. The reign of the Protestant establishment in Ireland appears to be drawing to its close; and even now recurrence is made to the early application of tithes, to the superior claims of the Catholic priests; and the public mind is preparing for a transfer of its rank and revenues to the hands of the Papists.

These considerations, in perfect accordance with all the evidence of history, can leave no doubt on any mind, not hopelessly given over to the pseudo-liberality of the day, that the Catholic priesthood in Ireland aim at nothing less than the complete establishment of themselves in the room of the Protestant church. Our evidence consists of notorious facts, known to every one who has attended to the current topics of the day during the last few years; but more direct, though not stronger, evidence is known to those who have been admitted to share the more private and unguarded hours of the priests. These gentlemen, it must

be confessed, have a very proper notion of good fellowship; and when an archbishop or bishop goes round to a visitation, or consecration, or confirmation, he is generally attended by the whole body of his clergy, who, while the period of the ceremony continues, live upon the priest to whom the parish belongs. He generally asks a few favoured lay friends, and among these sometimes Protestants, to meet his clerical brethren, and, whatever the dinner may be, oceans of whisky punch, and the sprightly conversation, the broad jest, the bold arousing toast, and the inspiring song, amply make up for its deficiencies. It is then, when the glass has circulated, and the proverbial hour of truth draws nigh, that their thoughts wander back to the days of their supremacy, and the song and the sentiment point to a period when the ancient order of things shall be again established. The repeal of the union, and the restoration of forfeited lands, are held out to dazzle the reeling eyes of the lay guests, who see in the dim distance those visions of principalities and privileges, to which every landless Milesian would of course consider himself entitled, were the days of *Old Ireland* to begin again.

In the course of the preceding observations, we have assumed that the hostility evinced towards the collection of tithes by the peasantry was excited by the Catholic priesthood, and we now proceed to give our grounds for that assumption. In the first place, it will be admitted, that, supposing our description of the priestly policy to be correct, the hostility of the peasantry to the payment of tithes could not have manifested itself at a period more exactly favourable to that policy than the very time at which it did. An earlier manifestation would have prematurely caused alarm, before things had gone so far as to give a fair prospect of success, and a later one would have been a throwing away of that favourable opportunity, when all things in England and Ireland tended to render safe a declaration of hostility against established institutions. Secondly, the people, who have for generations been subjected to that same exaction, and have frequently, during all that time, been in habits of violence and opposition to the laws, never before shewed any peculiar dislike to tithes, or resorted to those steps which have appeared to be so efficacious for their object; they have heretofore murdered tithe-proctors as well as rent-drivers, and the pressure of the present demand has excited their anger against the parson, as it has against the agent of the landlord, or against the occupier of land from which a previous tenant had been ejected; but nothing like a systematic hostility to tithe ever before existed, and much less an hostility so widely extended and so well connected as that of which we are speaking. Thirdly, tithes neither are, nor are felt by the people to be, more oppressive in their amount, or more grievous in their exaction, than other imposts, and particularly than the dues claimed by the priests themselves. Of the amount of these latter, we are enabled to present our readers with a tolerably correct view, from the information contained in a letter published by a Mr. Page, a Protestant curate in the county of Mayo, and addressed to a Mr. Hughes, a Catholic parish priest, and to which, we understand from the best authority, no answer was ever given, though Mr. Hughes was not a person by any means too modest publicly to repel the charges if he could. In the parish of Burnshoole, the tithes of the rector were valued, under the composition, at 350*l.* per annum, and the income of the priest derived from the same parish was calculated as follows:

| | PER ANN. |
|---|---|
| About 2000 houses, paying each 2*s.* . . . . . | £200 |
| Voluntary offerings at Easter and Christmas, paid by householders, unmarried persons, servants, &c., calculated, and much under the mark, at 1*s.* per house . . . . . | 100 |
| About 500 baptisms yearly, at 2*s.* 8½*d.* each — 67*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.* — say . . . . . | 70 |
| About 100 marriages, under the mark at 1*l.* each . . . . . | 100 |
| | £170 |

Making together an ascertained income of 470*l.* But besides these, there are charges for churching women after their confinement, generally 5*s.* each, which, stated at half that amount, would, on 500 births, amount to about 62*l.* per annum more; and then there are sums received for hearing con-

fessions and giving absolution, for administering extreme unction, for burying the dead, and saying masses to release their souls from purgatory; all of which amount to a very large sum, and make the income of the parish priest at least double that of the Protestant rector. Now we know that some of the above calculations are far below the truth, and particularly that which states the fees on marriages as being 1*l.* on each; they are never less than 28*s*, sometimes much more; and many a couple have been married in Ireland who were so utterly without means to begin the world, as to be obliged to borrow that sum. The policy of the priests of Rome, who, be it observed, never give credit, is manifest in the arrangement; for, while but small prices are fixed on those ceremonies that might be most easily postponed, such as confessions and baptisms, those which concern the passions, and with respect to which nature is impatient of delay, such as marriages and churchings,* are sold at a high price. These, it should be remembered, are independent of the offerings made in place of fees by the higher orders of Catholics, and which are very considerable; and also of offerings to the Catholic curate, who is paid so small a salary as to be chiefly dependent on them for his support. Such, then, is the income enjoyed by the Catholic clergy, and which, were he invested with the temporalities of the Protestant church to-morrow, would suffer no deduction beyond the 2*s*. per house; and the amount is not more burdensome than the mode of laying it is grievous. But, before adverting to that, we must not omit to state, that independently of all these sources of income, the priests are in the habit yearly of going rounds, and holding what they call stations, for the purpose of hearing confessions and giving absolutions; and that, in the course of those rounds, they fix upon some of the better order of houses for their quarters; and the unfortunate peasant —for such he always considers himself —who is honoured by their choice, is obliged (even should it be necessary for the purpose to sell some of his household goods) to make ready a feast for the priest and neighbours. Breakfast and dinner, with plenty of whisky, and often a bottle of wine for the priest, must be procured; and the consequence is, that it is known to be a visitation by which a poor man is affected for many months afterwards. The rector's tithe is gathered in, and assuredly with a very sparing hand, at a season when the peasant receives an increase to his worldly store; and if the payment of it be inconvenient, then he is allowed time on very slight security: we speak of course of the conduct of the parson himself, and do not mean to defend the exactions of the proctor, who, under a well-regulated system, might be wholly dispensed with. The demands of the priest come when a young couple are beginning life, and when every shilling is far more valuable than at any other time; when the birth of another child has added to the poor man's difficulties, when long sickness has wasted away his substance, and death has devastated his dwelling; and however great the pressure of the moment may be, the money must be paid before the required ceremony can be performed. The bridegroom must turn from the altar, the wife must refrain from her husband's bed, the sinner must die (as they believe) unaneled, the dead must be buried without Christian rites, and the departed spirit pine in purgatory, unless the money for the priest be forthcoming. These circumstances all together cause the exactions of the Romish priests to be felt as the most cruel and oppressive under which the peasant labours; and it is certain, that but for the great terror in which he holds their spiritual power, it is the very first that he would resist. When sickness and sorrow visit the poor man's dwelling, it is not to the priest, as Miss Martineau with amiable simplicity supposes, that he goes to seek relief or comfort, but to the Protestant clergyman, or the nearest resident gentry. If the parson exacts his tithe, he also constitutes a market for his fowl, his butter, his milk, and those various little articles which would otherwise bring little profit, and which the priest would only take when offered as a gift. Fourthly, anti-tithe meetings have been got up avowedly by priests in various parts of the country,

* Churching is, in the eyes of the Irish peasantry, a rite as necessary, and with the same view, as marriage.

at which the illegal measures of the mob were approved, and further violence encouraged by the language of the speakers and the resolutions. Fifthly, priests have been known to be present at assemblies of the populace collected for the purpose of defeating the collection of tithe. Sixthly, the Catholic bishops and priests have in their writings defended the conduct of the mob, and traduced and vilified those who endeavoured to enforce the law; and the Irish members who owed their return to the priests, and were in fact under their control, not only defended the same conduct, but applauded it, and appealed to it as an irresistible argument for the abolition of that impost: and, finally, the priests, who, as all will allow, could, if they pleased, have put an end to the resistance, were the only persons who could gain any thing from its being successful.

It has been attempted to avert the force of these arguments by a few rare and ill-attested stories of priests themselves having become the objects of popular violence. These stories are, we repeat, rare and ill-attested; but, supposing them true in their full extent, they do not militate against our conclusion. We never asserted, that there were not among the priests some few more scrupulous than the rest, who shrink from the violence and atrocities committed on their behalf, and who exert themselves occasionally to stay the lawless fury of the rabble. That there are some such we fully believe, and we equally believe that there is no vengeance more implacable than that with which the order pursues one of its own members who wilfully acts counter to its interests. We knew an old priest get drunk in the presence of a Catholic archbishop and bishop, and about twenty other priests who sat at his table reach, at least, a state of extreme exhilaration, without calling down the censure of their superiors; and yet, within a year afterwards that same priest was deprived of his parish by one of those dignitaries, on the plea of his addiction to that priestly propensity, but in reality because he refused to expose the freeholders of his flock to the enmity of their landlord, by constraining them to vote for the candidate of the priests; and we have no doubt that one who ventured to preach against practices sanctioned by the body of his brethren would expose himself to considerable risk. Besides, we must recollect, that the fiend sometimes becomes too powerful for the magician by whom it was evoked; and we cannot be surprised if the passions of the multitude, lashed into fury, occasionally overleap the bounds which those by whom they were aroused have set to their career. It is, however, a proof of the great influence exercised by the priesthood, that such instances occur far more rarely than, in reasoning generally from human passions, we should be led to infer: there are but two recorded, we believe, in the history of the last five years, and in neither did the violence proceed to extremity.

But while the great body of the *order* undeviatingly pursue their one great object, it is permitted to individual members to attend to others of a nature more particularly affecting themselves; and thus, when a contested election takes place, although their selection of a candidate is long determined, its announcement is delayed for a season: and while the candidates are in suspense, subscriptions are solicited for the building of chapels and schools, which are always about to be commenced, or in progress, or in need of enlargement, at those seasons of extraordinary liberality. Charity-sermons are preached in every chapel, and charitable institutions send round their collectors during the whole period of the canvass; and those reverend beggars never omit to give a spur to the generosity of the person they are applying to, by a high-flown encomium on the munificence of his rival. The hapless candidate has seldom nerve to resist their importunities, and has only to look out in vain for the rising of those numerous buildings to which he has contributed, or to make fruitless inquiries after the charities to which he has subscribed.

The first step to be taken, if we wish to avert the reign of popery from the land — if we wish to preserve the integrity of the empire, and to deal justice to the Irish Protestants, who have stood by us with unflinching fidelity in the worst of times, is to root out that nuisance — Maynooth College — from the land; to withhold the parliamentary grant by which it is sustained; and to enforce the laws, we believe already existing, against religious houses in Ireland. The act which accompanied emancipation, and

which forbids Catholic priests to assume the titles of Protestant bishops, should be enlarged and enforced; and the education bill should be immediately repealed. Never, indeed, was such an insult offered to the established church, as that pernicious measure. The Kildare Street Society had succeeded in extending the benefits of a Scripture education to between forty and fifty thousand poor children, of whom the vast majority were Catholics; and, notwithstanding the most violent opposition, that number was gradually increasing: but by the late act, not only are all these Catholic children deprived of Scripture education, but the Protestants are exposed to contamination from books recommended by a commission, in which it is evident the Papists have paramount influence. We say it is evident, because some of these books cannot possibly have been approved of by any sincere Protestant,* containing as they do assertions of tenets held by the Catholics, but denied by Protestants. These measures must be accompanied by a complete change in the policy of the government. Tumultuous assemblages must be put down with a strong hand; and where the ordinary means (which is generally the case) are found insufficient, the Insurrection Act must be called for, and vigorously executed: the people must be made to feel that law is again awakened through the land, and that there is no corner in which those who provoke its frown can escape its arm. Papist priests and demagogues must no longer be treated with distinction by the highest authorities, and courted by the viceroy, even when encouraging a breach of the laws by their incendiary writings; but the long-neglected and abused Protestant clergy must be protected and countenanced, the well-disposed must be made to feel that the law is able and willing to protect them, and the efforts of those who would put down disturbance, and seek to re-establish order, must be seconded and sanctioned. Since the second advent of the Marquess of Anglesea, loyalty and Protestantism have been obstacles in the way of those who professed them, and silk-gowns and assistant-barristers' places have been reserved exclusively for Papists, or for Protestants who, by a criminal sacrifice of principle, had identified themselves with Papists. These things must be put an end to, if the government wish to preserve the Protestant establishment — if they desire the unity of the empire — and, above all, if they are anxious to avert from their heads the guilt and danger of a civil war, as savage and as sanguinary as the history of man has ever recorded.

But whatever the government may do, let the Protestants of Ireland be awakened from one extremity of the land to the other; and, while they refrain from the sin of provoking civil strife, let them take every means in their power to insure success, should it unhappily be kindled. *They* know what the character and object of the priesthood are; let them also remember what their own duty should be. Let them be united to a man, let no private affection withdraw them from the path of public principle, and, above all, let them remember that the present is a struggle for life and death — that it involves not merely the continuance of their church, or the ascendency of their creed, but that their liberties are involved and their properties at stake, and that a portion — and perhaps a large portion — of the latter must be sacrificed, that the remainder may be preserved. Let Conservative clubs be established all over the kingdom, or, rather, let all parts of the kingdom contribute largely to the Dublin Conservative Fund; for unity is itself strength, and that club is guided by spirits who are equal to the crisis. Money is a powerful weapon for all purposes, and it is a weapon which the Protestants of Ireland have much more at command than their opponents. He who gives grudgingly now, may be left without the means of giving hereafter. The elections, though of great, are not at present of primary importance: the more Conservative candidates the better, and he who does not contribute to the success of such, to the very utmost of his power, will sin against the dearest interests of his country.

* See "The Worship of the Virgin Mary countenanced by the Commissioners for the Education of the Poor in Ireland, explained in a Letter by the Rev. Robert M'Ghee, addressed to the Editor of *The Record*." London, 1832, Seeley and Sons, Fleet Street.

But the great object should be to keep up the spirits of the Protestants, to protect their rights, to redress their wrongs, to encourage and support those who, in their various professions and trades, are suffering from their religious principles; and should the system of exclusive dealing be pursued, as we see that it is commenced, to retaliate with the utmost severity, and to withdraw their countenance and custom from every person, of whatever degree, not embarked in the same vessel with themselves. There is nothing more mischievous, nothing more hateful, than the system of exclusive dealing; but when one general proceeds to put his prisoners to death, even his humane opponent is obliged to retaliate, for the purpose of putting an end to the enormity; and let the Protestants of Ireland be assured, that exclusive dealing, if vigilantly and unflinchingly pursued, is a game of which their adversaries will be sure to tire first. A majority of the Irish bar avow liberal principles, because a great majority of the attorneys happen to be Catholics; and an affectation of a partiality towards the professors of that creed is necessary to the young barrister's success: but the clients are for the most Protestants, and there are Protestant attorneys enough to undertake their causes, should Catholics decline to employ Protestant barristers. A resort to such a course as this would silence half the spouters of the National Union, and lighten the brief-bags of many of our most liberal young advocates.

But, above all, let the Protestants of Ireland avert from their cause the horrible guilt of a union with the Catholics. Let them send back with scorn the offers of alliance held out to them by O'Connell and his gang; let the celebrated

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes"

never be out of their recollection; let the example of Stanley and the unfortunate Whigs be before their eyes; and let them not trust in the professions or the promises of those whose career is marked by broken faith, by disregarded pledges, by black ingratitude, by mean dishonesty in private, and bold profligacy in public life. The principles and characters of the Conservatives are far removed from those of the Unionists; let the line of demarcation between their conduct be equally broad and palpable; and however galled by the conduct of the ministers, however exasperated by insult and provoked by wrong, let not the opportunity of vengeance which the crisis affords, allure them for one moment from the posture of defence in which they stand, and which is best calculated to serve the interests of their country.

The conduct of the ministers, indeed! Their famous measure for the reform of the church in Ireland has at last been made public. It is sufficient at present to say, that it is a *Whig* measure, and therefore synonymous with whatever is base in morals and unconstitutional in policy. The church is to be robbed, not that the state may be benefited, but that absentee landlords may spend elsewhere the money that the Protestant bishop or clergyman would spend in Ireland. Wait another month, and we will make such an exposure of this enormous villany as shall calcine to cinders the cheek of every member of the present atrocious administration. They are plainly enough to be operated upon by the passionate influences of fear and of hope: we will see what effect shame may possess over their conduct. Such, however, is the opinion we have formed of their character, that, though we know them to be cowardly, we are only too apprehensive that they are shameless also. Mere politicians, and on that very account bad ones, to them the great interests of true religion are nothing—probably they have not made up their minds which is the true—and religion itself is but an instrument, to be used for the purpose of maintaining them in their places, and for the vilest ends of personal emolument and private advantage. But a day is coming when vengeance shall be taken; let them tremble in anticipation of its approach, for great and signal shall the Divine indignation be, before which they shall wither and be utterly consumed.

## No. XXXIV.

### GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS.

#### COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"Most gorgeous Lady Blessington." Here she is; and, for want of a better, we apply to her ladyship the liquorish epithet with which the late Dr. Parr, of Whig and wig memory, addressed her, in a note of thanks for a large, spicy, delicious, and magnificent twelfth cake, and because it is well known, all the world over, that there are no such judges of beauties and sweets as the priesthood.

It is clear that our ancient and reverend friend,

"With twinkling eyes and visage chubby,"

did in this renowned adjective endeavour to express, by one word, the many rare and racy qualities for which the countess is distinguished, blending the saccharine remembrance of the cake with his relish of her intellectual piquancy. As to her beauty, it would not have been becoming his cloth to have made more than a remote allusion; for, in consideration of their professional privileges, the clergy have renounced the enjoyments of the world, and only consent to plenish the earth in obedience to the first commandment given to man in the Book of Genesis.

The old doctor had, among the alloy of his Whiggish predilections and penchants, a very rich vein of opinion concerning Lady Blessington's understanding, and once said that she would be more interesting when an old woman, with her shrewd and masculine mind, than even now with all her beauty; adding, with a luxurious laugh, quite ineffable, "that meteors were not stars, however bright, though more gazed at."

Though Lady Blessington is not sufficiently of a "certain age" to entitle her to be ranked among the *bas bleus*, yet the prediction of the perspicacious doctor begins to be fulfilled, and she is now dawning to the public with the radiance that has long delighted her friends.

Since the publication of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, nothing of the kind so good as her *Conversations with Lord Byron* has appeared: their only fault arises from shewing his lordship always in his best bib and tucker, as if he had some innate apprehension that she saw through him. Indeed, it is a truth she did; for with a keen perception of his good qualities, she has not hesitated to shew his ridiculous affectation of seeming worse than he could be, by her verbatim version of what he said.

But she has been very indulgent, and put herself under a greater restraint than was at all necessary. She should have given the uninitiated world the names at full length, and told us something of the amiable sentiments which his lordship cherished for Lord Brougham, who did so much in the *Edinburgh Review* to make him a poet. Considering her sex, however, it is natural to suppose she stood in awe of the Lord Chancellor's—wig; for throughout her composition it is evident she had a due regard for the dogmatic critic who wrote in the aforesaid Review that exceedingly judicious article respecting the Spaniard Cevallos, and therefore she withheld every thing concerning him likely to render him ridiculous.

Her ladyship when abroad made, we understand, many sketches of eminent characters, which we hope she will be induced to publish; for if the *vraisemblable* is equal to the mirror-like reflection of Byron, they will be as acceptable, though some of the originals may perhaps not be so well known here. It is in the exercise of the feminine faculty of discerning the peculiarities of character that her ladyship excels; and in her talent for this species of portraiture she possesses a wand of enchantment that can only be duly appreciated by those who are acquainted with the subjects of her art and potency.

But we must conclude; for our brief limits only allow us to remark, that, although the *Conversations with Lord Byron* derive particular interest from the noble poet, the countess would "shew the glory of *her* art" better in an original work.

# THE STUDENT MORGENSTERN.

## A TALE OF BERNE.

### CHAPTER I.

CARL VON MORGENSTERN was born in the fine old town of Heilegenstadt, not far from Gottingen. His family was ancient, noble, and possessed of ample estates. At the fit season he was sent to Leipsig, and was noted for the boldness of his spirit and the wildness of his enthusiasm. The Germaps were at that time burning with national animosity against the French; they had, in truth, a long list of injuries and insults to avenge; and when the sword *was* grasped, the impelling hand was nerved by hatred, deep, silent, and everlasting; while the name of the Queen of Prussia was the rallying word in victory or death.

Amidst the band of heroes who constituted the free corps of the chivalrous Lutzow, and which the romantic Korner has immortalised, the student Morgenstern stood conspicuous. His companions selected him for their *oberjäger;* and in every way did he fully merit the choice of his comrades. He fought by the side of the intrepid Schill, when that officer died the death of a true soldier; and on more occasions than one he was known to have seized the standard of his own regiment, when the bearer was killed, and the tide of war was difficult to withstand. Then taking his ground like a rock, he rallied his friends around him, and led them forward to certain success. At length he was treacherously wounded, and taken prisoner at Kitzen, near Leipsig; and thence conducted to Mentz. Having, notwithstanding, effected his escape, just as the war had been concluded, he proceeded again to Leipsig, and prosecuted his studies with his natural vigour and determination for excellence.

Here then, however, his attention was diverted by the declamatory effusions of Professor Gorres, by whom he was entrusted with the task of obtaining signatures to a petition to the diet, reclaiming the fulfilment of some promises made by the princes of Germany to their respective subjects; and in consequence of his interference, the young student fell under the suspicion of the Austrian and Prussian governments, and by the latter was arrested. His trial proceeded under a commission appointed by the king; and the student being found guilty of treason, was sent to prison at Berlin, until the monarch should return to his capital, and have leisure to appoint the criminal's punishment.

Morgenstern was confined in a back apartment on the ground floor of the state-prison; and from the first moment of his entrance there he determined to attempt his escape. His ingenuity at length hit on an expedient, and though the result was the work of many days, he yet resolved on the effort; though failure would have ensured his certain death. There was a slight crack in one of the doors of his room, and at this he took his station, to watch the movements of those without. Immediately outside there seemed to be a kind of chamber, serving as a thoroughfare into an inner court; and through this he saw a man several times a-day pass with buckets, to fetch water from the court. On such occasions the water-carrier always left the doors open; and of that free egress our prisoner thought to avail himself.

There was yet another door to his apartment, and through this he was daily visited by his grisly Cerberus, except he bolted it from within, and stopped all personal interruption. Still the man was not to be balked in ascertaining the safety of his gaol-bird; and whenever the student was impertinent enough to close the door in the functionary's face, that worthy subject thumped lustily at it, beating a tune something similar to the devil's tattoo, with the view of making our young gentleman give specimens of the strength of his lungs. Our young gentleman, however, at all such times, chose to preserve a dogged silence; that, by accustoming the janitor to his taciturnity, he might be enabled to get a few hours' start of all suspicion about his scarceness, whenever he might give his gloomy prison the slip.

The lock to the first-mentioned door in his apartment was old and rickety; and with a clasp-knife, which Morgenstern had about his person, he forced back the bolt. The evening was closing, and he thought he could well escape without detection. He rushed into the outer room, tried the door,

and found it fast. Presently footsteps were heard in the corridor, and a key was applied to the lock. He stood back in breathless expectation. The door was opened — the water-carrier went gaily through with his buckets, making a clatter with his wooden shoes, and humming a song pretty loudly. Morgenstern, who was hidden behind the door, seized his opportunity—slipped from his ambush—ran along the stone passage, and was out in the street in a minute.

The gaoler knocked at the door, but no answer. "By Gott!" he exclaimed, applying his smarting knuckles to his mouth, "this student is as dull as a mule! The gentleman is accommodated with the best room, and is treated like a pet lamb, when he should be taught manners with a cudgel. As he cannot speak, he is perhaps afraid of opening his mouth; and that being the case he cannot, for certainty, eat. No supper, therefore, for my spark this night; and perhaps hunger with the morrow will teach him a little courtesy."

In the morning, then, he came; and still receiving no answer, he broke down the door with a levelling kick. The prisoner was gone!

Indeed Morgenstern hastened to the post-master, and demanded horses. He had no passport, but he had his student's diploma; and this he exhibited. He also said that he must hurry away by express, as his mother was dangerously ill, and required his presence. The post-master, however, was peremptory as to the necessity of a passport. Morgenstern then bethought him of a friend in the bureau of the police; and he determined, in his extremity, to hazard his discovery to this individual. They had been brethren of the same gild of *burschen* at the university, and the appeal being too potent for the *commis'* sense of duty, the passport was furnished; and, ere another half hour had elapsed, the fugitive was on his way to France. But he had not proceeded far, ere it struck him that he was running skelter into the lion's mouth: the King of Prussia was in the French capital, and he might perchance be discovered and caught. To England he would have preferred to go; but he was apprehensive of his safety being even there compromised, as he knew not what influence the great potentates of Europe might have over the minds of our cabinet. He thought therefore of Switzerland as the surest place of abode; but he still kept his course on towards the Rhine, with the intention of entering the country of refuge by the way of Schaffhausen.

After a tiresome and protracted journey, late in the evening the student arrived at Spires; but the city, to his horror, was in the possession of the Prussians. His passport was demanded at the gate, and the name was recognised at the police-office; for his trial and condemnation had occasioned a considerable hubbub amongst all the universities and burschenschaft, and ardent spirits of Germany. Morgenstern was early next morning waited on by a commissaire of gendarmerie, with a request to attend his superior. There was no alternative, and the young man yielded obedience. When he went to the bureau, the mayor questioned him as to his name, employment, place of destination, and reasons for travelling; significant glances, too, began to take place between the chief and his subaltern, the latter of whom was looking closely into a huge book, and every now and then tossing up his head to take a survey of the traveller's face and figure. He saw that these authorities were little satisfied with his averments; and in a short time, like all persons in the wrong, our young hothead began to lose all patience, and to fluster and bounce about the room in simulated anger. All, however, was of no avail,—the functionary of Spires refused point blank to put his seal of office to the document;—threats and sharp words fixed the old gentleman yet more firmly down to his determination. At last Morgenstern used an entreaty, and his ancient listener was softened. The old gentleman said he would speak to the city commandant up stairs; and departed for that purpose with his tail. The passport was in Herr Morgenstern's hand, and the syndic's seal of office lay with its handle towards him, like the air-dancing dagger in *Macbeth*. In one moment the passport was sigillated, and in another the paper slumbered in the student's pocket. Presently, down came the mayor's commis, and desired Morgenstern to ascend to the consulting officers. The young gentleman obeyed; but at the door of the upper bureau he stumbled against a soldier

with a drawn sabre, who effectually stopped the visitor's ingress. He donnered and blitzened — but to no avail; the grey-whiskered veteran was deaf to every thing save his duty: his commandant had desired him to let no one pass; and as the order had not been revoked, he grinned forth a smile of mulish obstinacy. This, however, turned out better than if the veteran *sabreur* had handed him in with the compliant graces of a Frenchman. An idea had struck the head of Morgenstern — "*Ja wohl, my good friend,*" he said; "I will not play footman to the Kaiser's self; when Herr Commandant wishes to hold parlance with Carl von Morgenstern, let him come himself and say so. I shall be in the bureau." And with that he descended, without one word from old moustache. When he arrived, however, at the bottom of the stairs, the front door was open; he looked out, the *porte cochère* was open also, and no one was moving. So, putting his hand into his pouch, and clutching his passport, which was safe and sealed, he sallied valiantly through both openings into the street.

There he met his host and friend in great consternation. Immediately that he saw the prisoner released, he seized him by the shoulder and hurried him along, first up one lane and then down another, until they came to the hostelry of the Angel; then, running into the stable, his friend pointed out to Morgenstern two horses ready for a journey, by one of which a guide was standing and prepared to mount. "Here, my friend," said the generous Spirer, "I have not forgotten that you must leave behind you your mantelsack: here is what will pay your journey. And now farewell, and may God preserve you! Mount, mount, good Carl—put spurs to your steed, for it is of English blood, and will vie in speed with the wind. And hark, make your way for Switzerland; at this moment it is the only land of safety."

Carl Morgenstern rowelled his horse sharply, and quick as lightning was on his merry way for Strasbourg.

The steed was excellent; and the fugitive, after passing with his guide through dark forests and wild wastes along the left bank of the Rhine, crossed that river at Mayence, and took up his night's quarters at Kehl. On the morning they rode briskly through the adjoining expanse of sand which marks the inundations of the stream, then traversing its *Campagna d'oro*, they dived into the recesses of the *Swarz Wald;* and after a protracted and wearisome journey, they came upon Schaffhausen. During the last few *stunden* of his flight, the exhausted student began to vent his impatience in the many rugged phrases of his native German. The guide appeared a little shocked at his oaths, and used every effort to appease him, by promising a speedy termination to the journey. At length the good-natured fellow gave a demi-volte in the air, like an awkwardly frisking mountain kid, and this was followed by an attempt at a caper, and then a guffaw of a laugh which rung along the crevices of the mountains like a distant thunder-peal. "*Achtzehn hunderten teufels*, ye pudding-headed varlet!" exclaimed the astounded Morgenstern, "what hath given thee this St. Vitus' dance, and be d—d to ye?"—"Ha, ha!" responded the guide, "yonder is the Grand Duchy of Baden; — there lies the dividing stream, and here is the free Switzerland, my worthy master."—"Say you so!—then hast thou indeed been a faithful guide to me;" and the lad embraced the gaping countryman. "And by the beard of holy Boniface that lies buried yonder in Mentz, we will eat at Schaffhausen as right wayworn travellers who have earned their meal, and we will drink of the sparkling grape-juice of the Rhingau, or of wherever else thou wilt, till thine eyes caper round even more rapidly than did even now thy feet. What wilt thou, *mein liebes herz*,— Markbrunner, or Niersteiner, or Steiner, or Hochheimer, or the Johannisberg of the old plotting politician."—"You forget, Herr Student," said the hesitating guide, "that this is a fast-day."—"We are travellers, man," exclaimed the student, "and our stomachs shall have license."—"But what will the Father Capucines of Altdorf say when they hear of your having eaten meat on Friday?"—"The father who?" demanded the student. "The Father Capucines of Altdorf, to be sure," retorted the guide. "They be ——!" said the student. "*Ja wohl, mein geliebte Herr* — damning your own profession that is to be!"—"My profession?"—"Yes, your profession;— it's an ill bird that befouls its own

nest; are you not going to be a Capucin yourself?"—"A Capucin?—Ha, ha, ha!—I have been a soldier, and am a merry student, and a worthy member of the burschenschaft."—"But," said the honest Spirer, "I thought all the while I was the guide of one desirous of being noviciated into the order of the Capucines. That was the reason why I led you into the most unfrequented mountain paths; for I know of the heavy penalty against any German youth who is obstinate in taking such orders in Switzerland."—"I, my worthy fellow," answered the student, "never had any intention of entering a monastery, or into any dronish order of monkery. Here I am, Carl von Morgenstern, a fugitive from Prussia and Prussian law, because I rose up in reclamation for the rights and immunities so solemnly promised by my monarch in his time of affliction. I have done my duty; and now I go to pledge deeply in this day's wine-cup success to the cause in which I have suffered. And thou, my comrade, shalt join me; and as my stomach is clamorous for provender, put spurs to thy nag—and now, so ho for the Wirth-haus at Schaffhausen!"

## Chapter II.

The morning dawned, and the student was on his way to Berne. He was surrounded by the glorious majesty of the mountains of Switzerland. "I felt," said the enthusiastic youth, to the writer of this brief record of his life, in a letter, "as though I had left behind me the coil of mortality, and was walking in a purer and sublimer atmosphere. At the sight of the purpureal gleams of the sky, and the rosy summits of the everlasting mountains, and the interminable forests of larch and fir, and the beautifully green and smiling valleys, along which floated the songs of the strolling herdsman and the jocund hunter of the chamois, the sorrows of my life were forgotten—my heart melted with tenderness, and I was happy."

Morgenstern settled in Berne, where he was allowed to give public lectures on history. He was also a poet; and he published a volume of poetry against the aristocratic temper of the Bernese state council, and the evils which they had caused to the agricultural inhabitants of the Oberland. The people of this once happy district were overwhelmed with distress, induced by the encroaching tyranny of the patricians of Berne. These were determined to break the proud spirit of the race of mountaineers. Their old rights were nullified—the mortgages on the various farms in the pastoral province were foreclosed—every mode of harsh treatment was lavishly expended on the heads of an inoffensive community. Advantage was also taken of a famine, and of a consequent stagnation in trade. The Oberlanders implored assistance; but the hearts of the haughty Bernese were deaf to the cry, and all aid was refused. The wealthy portion of the upland farmers, unable to liquidate their debts to their patrician masters, were remorselessly turned out of their possessions, and with their families were pauperised; other independent spirits felt themselves reduced by hard necessity into the unequivocal condition of serfs; while some few, whose circumstances were happily in better order, silently, although indignantly, left the house of their fathers, and moved their household goods to spots more propitious to their breaking fortunes. The business of election had become a complete farce. Out of the ninety-nine country members, scarcely one represented the Oberlanders, as the patricians had influence sufficient to get themselves chosen to the office. The consequence of all this was an insurrection; the flames of which were fanned into yet fiercer heat by the dithyrambic rhapsodies of the poet Morgenstern. A special invitation came to him from the mountaineers;—his ardent and high-wrought soul was elated at the distinction, and he determined to become the guest of the Oberlanders, and to play the part which Tyrtæus performed among the fainting Spartans.

But there was a special tie which bound him now to the soil of Berne, which he was with difficulty able to break. It was love. On his first arrival in that city, he had received much kindness at the hands of Julius von Muhlenfels, the syndic. The Fraulein Amelia was his only daughter, and beautiful in face as the new-born moon, and in form like the slim antelope of the desert. The soft glances from beneath the long fringes of her dark Ionian eyes awakened sentiments in the breast of Morgenstern to which he had hitherto been a stranger; they

communicated to his soul a passion which he cherished with his accustomed ardour. He told his tale of love in secret to the beautiful Amelia, and she plighted to him vows of eternal constancy, adjuring every bright star of heaven to bear testimony to the solemn engagement. But the father was known as the proudest of the proud patricians of Berne. He was a man of exceeding wealth, of haughty and indomitable pretensions and ambition. In his youth, he had been estranged from the land of his birth; necessity had obliged him to seek his fortune in foreign regions. He had travelled into many countries, and lived in most of the capitals of Europe; he had also resided in parts of the western world; and, from occasional anecdotes which he recounted, had apparently mixed with the Spaniards on the borders of the Northern Union. The proceedings of his early life, however, were, for the most part, overshadowed by mystery. The only person who seemed to be at all aware of any facts regarding him was a Spaniard, domiciled as a small innkeeper, under the syndic's patronage, in the neighbourhood of Berne.

It was agreed on all hands, that the syndic was a man of large fortune, but by far the more considerable portion of it had been laid out on various mortgages on the estates in the Oberland. If the insurrection of the peasantry succeeded, his money would be irretrievably lost, and he would be a ruined man; for, on account of the harsh and tyrannical temper he had always exhibited towards his debtors, and the grinding nature of the measures he had had recourse to, his name was held in execration from one end of the pastoral district to the other. No leniency would be shown by the victorious peasantry to one who had uniformly exhibited a determination for remorseless oppression. A deep object lay concealed under this harsh conduct. He wished effectually to crush the stubborn pride of the Oberlanders, make them easy and compliant serfs for his purpose, which was the return of his own immediate friends and dependants as rural members to the state council. Most of the two hundred patricians forming the other part of the council were under his influence; and Muhlenfels looked to the day when he should become perpetual prime magistrate of the aristocratic canton of Berne and its dependencies, and even perpetuate the office in the person of Adolphus von Boubenberg, a wealthy young nobleman, whose suit had been proffered and accepted by the father on his daughter's behalf. Amelia shewed repugnance to the youth; but the peremptory mandate of the syndic commanded instant obedience. What was any secret pain suffered by a fair and susceptible girl, tied for life to a man she did not love, compared to the realisation of his own ambitious aspirations?—only a feather in the balance

It has been said that, on his first arrival, Morgenstern was much noticed by the haughty syndic. Muhlenfels had that weakness common to all *parvenus*, an immoderate degree of vanity. To gratify its cravings, his equipages, furniture, mansion, mode of living, were more after the fashion of a petty potentate than a Bernese, of however aristocratic a temperament. The crowd were dazzled by his splendour; the patricians, for the most part, either feared him for his influence, or fawned upon him for his favours. He loved to see himself surrounded by dependants and parasites. Every stranger of note found immediate access to his table, for he wished his name to be echoed in terms of praise by the lips of foreigners; and he gave himself out as the patron of men of letters, under the avowed object of spreading mental cultivation throughout his native country. Morgenstern's genius was of too glowing and attractive a kind not to meet with immediate recognition from the syndic; he was his constant guest, till he fancied he saw somewhat of familiarity between the student and his daughter: then he became as stiff and unbending to Morgenstern as he had formerly been gracious and full of condescension; and when the student published his poems in favour of the oppressed Oberlanders, deep wrath took possession in place of every other feeling of the heart of Muhlenfels, who resolved to punish the bold young man for his audacious insolence. Such was his state of mind, when the reluctant avowal from the lips of his trembling and weeping daughter confirmed all his suspicions with regard to the pre-engagement of her affections. His face was darkened by angry passions; he walked in rapid strides across the room, with clenched hands and incoherent mutters; while his fair girl, with her

face covered by her hands, was weeping bitterly, and seemed like a drooping flower, bent and half-blighted by some noxious agency. At length his harsh and authoritative tone sent her to her chamber, while he resolved on the instant arrest and arraignment of the student, for abetting the insurrection of the Oberlanders. A secret note, however, warned Morgenstern of his danger; the note was without name, but he recognised the writing of the faithful Amelia; and half an hour after, his back was on the city of Berne, and himself hastening to the district of the pastoral insurgents.

## Chapter III.

Morgenstern hurried forwards to Sarnen, in order to mislead his pursuers, and thence he proceeded to the old castle of Unspunnen, where he had an appointment with two other of the insurgents; because there they could concert measures with more secrecy than if he had met the whole body of the peasantry in their own district. The road was marked by the fulness of the characteristic beauties of the land of mountains. The lake of Sarnen reflected on its azure bosom the majesty of the surrounding mountains and the blue depths of the laughing sky. Morgenstern then cleared the acclivities of the Brunig, which form the separating chain between the Unterwalden and the Bernese Oberland. The early mists that had enshrouded the mountain heights, and had brooded in gloomy length like a genius of evil over the valley, rolled away in sulky volumes, and laid bare the low and fertile country to the enraptured gaze of our young traveller. Far above the waters of Sarnen, and in the forest of Brunig, he came upon another lake, with a bosom of yet more cerulean hue. As he descended, the sun was for some hours darkened: the grey grim Thalvogt (governor of the dale) glided down into the valleys beneath, and obscured the lustrous beauty of the lowland scenery; the Myttenstein put on its hood; the breeze blew cold and raw from the Waterloch; and low murmurs came from the skiey cavities of the Fern. The Staubbache (or *dust-brooks*) fell with greater impetuosity over the ledges of the rocks, but ere they reached the ground they were scattered into the air in feathery luxuriance. A storm came on apace, and the student was glad to take shelter in the lonely hut of a mountain herdsman; and from this coign of observance he watched with increasing anxiety the conflict of the angry elements. The storm raged with undiminishing impetuosity; the blasts of the howling wind threatened to fling the tottering hut down into the valley below; torrents rattled from peak to mountain-peak; the forked lightnings threw their lurid light upon the lofty avalanches, and upon a huge cross about forty paces from the frail building—a mark to commemorate the death of some unhappy wanderer,—while the thunder rattled along the alpine sinuosities with the appalling sound of a thousand parks of artillery. Gradually, however, the storm subsided; the clouds that had girdled the mountain-tops in dense and dismal masses slowly unloosened their encircling wreaths, and, obeying the impulse of the changing wind, silently moved off, and disclosed the lovely valley of Meyringen, with its translucent cataracts. To the left was the descent of the Scheideck, and above the everlasting glaciers of Wilterhorn, Mettenberg, and Schrekhorn. So beautifully clear had the atmosphere become, that Morgenstern's eyes could easily distinguish the valley down which the Aar precipitates its waters from the Grimsel; and far on the right he could perceive the bright mirror of the lake of Brientz. For a while, the young wayfarer stood wrapt in deepest thought on beholding so entrancing a vision; but the waning hours warned him of the necessity of quickly resuming his journey, and with stout heart he set forward towards his goal. The sun was rapidly descending behind the western mountains, and the shades of evening were encompassing him, when the student heard the *Kuhreihn*, otherwise *Rans des vaches*, sounded from various heights above him. Suddenly the notes of the horn subsided, and one took up the note with a solemn and religious air; it grew louder as the last rays of the sun glimmered on the rosy summits of the mountains. Morgenstern cast up his eyes, and on the loftiest pinnacle of a neighbouring headland appeared the thin small figure of a herdsman. "Praise be to God," trumpeted forth the simple rustic, and his voice, notwithstanding the amazing distance at which he stood, smote the student's ears with the melody of sweetest music. The exclama-

tion received a hundred responses from living voices. Every projecting promontory was occupied by a shepherd, and each individual sounded his horn and repeated the solemn words of the leader. The mountains, so recently hoarse with the terrific thunder of the skies, now gave forth, in modulated reverberation, the sacred name of their Maker. Then followed a soul-subduing silence; the knee of each peasant was bent, while, with uncovered head, he offered his adoration to the Divinity. "Good night!" then shouted the leader. "Good night!" answered the others; and silence resumed its empire.

Morgenstern sped forward on his journey. It was very late ere he reached his mark. The ruins of the castle of Unspunnen are remarkable for the transactions of its ancient lords. On the death of the last King of Burgundy, in the eleventh century, his chief vassals refused allegiance to the emperor, and resisted the authority of his lieutenant, the Duke of Zöringen. The Baron of Unspunnen was lord of the whole extent of country from the Grimsel to the Gimmi. The valleys of Grindelwald and Lauterbrunn, and the district of the Oberland, were under his domination. Burkard, the last of this powerful race, was the sworn enemy of Berthold, the last of the Zöringens, and he had built the castle of Thun, at the other extremity of the lake, for the purpose of overawing the lord of Unspunnen. Burkard had an only daughter, Ida, celebrated for her loveliness; and Rodolph, of Wödenschwyll, the bravest and most accomplished of the knights of the court of Zöringen, had seen her at a tournament, and become passionately enamoured of her charms. Secret meetings had taken place; Ida's heart melted before the impassioned looks of her ardent lover, and she returned his passion with corresponding devotion. But the baron's pride was inexorable; he never would consent to the degradation of his family honours by his daughter's espousal with a dependant, and, worst of all, with a dependant of his deadly enemy. Rodolph, in despair, seized the opportunity, during the father's absence, of scaling the castle walls, flying with the fair Ida, and marrying her at Berne. The hostilities between the houses of Unspunnen and Zöringen were more bitter than ever, being carried on with deadly animosity for many years. At length Berthold, more generous than his opponent, determined upon bringing them to a close; and with that view he took with him Ida's young boy, and repaired to the abode of Burkard. The frank and magnanimous conduct of the lord of Zöringen, the calm smiling beauty of the fair-faced innocent boy, completely won the old man's heart; he extended his friendship to his foe, and his first warm overflowing affection to his daughter. The young boy, by name Walter, became in time owner of the lordly possessions of Unspunnen, and was appointed the first *avoyer* of the city of Berne. A rural festival and gymnastic games were appointed to commemorate the reconciliation. After the lapse of many years, these were revived, during the visit of Madame de Staël, who has adverted to them in her work on Germany.

In after-times, the lords of Unspunnen were involved, in their capacity of *bailiffs* of the empire, in disputes with the inhabitants of Oberhasli. These attacked the castle, but with such incautious precipitation, that their numbers were repulsed, and fifty of their company remained as prisoners within the walls of Unspunnen. For two years were they kept in durance; at length the Bernese came to their liberation, overwhelmed the baron with their forces, seized the castle, and so humbled the lord, that he was fain to become a burgess of the goodly city. The words of Schiller's high-minded Altinghauser were fulfilled,—

> "The nobles from their lofty tow'rs descend,
> And to the cities swear their Burger oath;
> Uchtland and Thurgau have already seen it.
> The noble Berne lifts high her lordly head,
> And Friburg is a fortress of the free.
> The active Zurich arms her corporations
> In war's array. The might of kings is wreck'd
> Against her firm and everlasting walls."

From that period, Berne took upon itself the office of imperial bailiff of the lands of Hash, the inhabitants of which were compelled to pay an annual tribute

for protection and the administration of justice.

On this celebrated spot did the meeting take place between the enthusiastic Morgenstern and the principal insurgents. They communicated to him their hopes and prospects; he enrolled himself of their number, promised never to desert them, agreed with them on their plan of operation,—then accompanied them towards the main body of the peasantry. Under the hallowing light of the unveiled moon was the council held. The words of the old German proverb were realised,—

"Was die dunkle nacht gesponnen,
Soll frei und fröhlich an das licht der sonnen."*

The morning witnessed the party in excellent spirits; and the insurgents gained evident advantages by the rapidity of their movements.

By his enthusiasm, and his ingenuity, and conspicuous bravery, the student won the hearts of his companions in arms. He had been appointed, by acclamation, second in command; and, in fact, was the right arm of the insurrection. Three hundred of the choicest troops of Berne had been worsted, many had been killed, and more taken prisoners. The Bernese had obtained aid from Fribourg, but had sustained another disastrous defeat. They had endeavoured to parley and temporise with the peasants; but these pertinaciously insisted on exorbitant terms. The patricians could not think of making such concessions, since most of their body, by being forced to abandon their possessions in the Oberland, would have been reduced to beggary. They hazarded a third engagement; but the star of Morgenstern was again triumphant, and the Bernese fled precipitately from the field. These reverses forced all eyes in Berne upon the person of Muhlenfels. He had been the prime mover of those harsh councils which had wrought the rural peasantry to a pitch of desperation. Evil tongues smote him with abuse; malicious reports were every where circulated to his prejudice; insinuations were cast out against his former mode of life, and the manner in which he had acquired his wealth; his greatness was every day on the wane; his popularity was gone. Hunted from society, he found no solace at home; for his daughter had become the victim of a silent and corroding grief. He guessed that it sprung from her attachment to Morgenstern. In his extremity, he turned to Boubenberg; but that young patrician—as much loved as Muhlenfels was disliked—treated him with discourtesy, under the impression of fancied wrong, in consequence of Amelia's coolness. The syndic had promised him his daughter's hand, and he should, Boubenberg thought, have fulfilled his engagement. Added to all this, the successes of the insurgents threatened the syndic with the loss of the various sums he had laid out in the Oberland; and to one of his ungovernable pride, death were better than poverty and worldly degradation.

## Chapter IV.

The insurgents had been advancing cautiously, yet firmly, towards the city of Berne. Many of the inhabitants fled in consternation. Amelia, cut off from all hope of union with Morgenstern, was weeping in her chamber, when the syndic softly entered the room, and carefully approached the couch whereon lay his wretched offspring; his eyes beamed with kindness,—a smile—which men of the world would have taken for the smile of simulation, but which his innocent child, when she looked up and beheld it, fancied the harbinger of relenting love—hovered about his firmly compressed lips; and when he spoke, his voice was full of gentleness. He took her hand, gazed at her for a few moments, and sighed deeply. "Amelia," he said, "I have done amiss, and I see my error. You have an aversion to Boubenberg; you love Morgenstern: the former was the object of my selection, but the latter has obtained mastery over your heart. Ah, me! my beloved and only child, little thought I, when first I received an unacknowledged stranger into my house, that he would rob me of my dearest treasure. Nay, weep not so, my child;" and he kissed her till she checked her sobs, and could again listen to him in silence. "Morgenstern," he continued, "has given me ingratitude for kindness, and by secret

* 'The web that 's spun at night
Looks fair and perfect in the morning light."

arts has he taken from me what I valued more than rank, station, and that wealth which by wedding you he must now inherit. Well, well; so be it. Rise up then, my girl, and give your sweetest smiles. José waits without; he is one in whom I can place every confidence, and will do my bidding with despatch and fidelity. The measure I am about to suggest is for thy happiness; and were it known that it was my contrivance, I were a lost man in our goodly city. I cannot constrain myself to put pen to paper; but go thou, and write to thine adored; bid him come secretly, and in disguise, accompanied by the faithful José, to-morrow—when the shades of evening will better aid his entry within the precincts of this city, to which he has wrought such grievous disasters. I will then see him, bestow on him my forgiveness, and give my consent to his union with my only child." The poor girl had gradually dried her flowing tears; her brow and cheeks had become smoother, and her eyes sparkled with the joy which had supplanted sorrow in her breast. She clasped her father to her heart, sobbed forth her thanks and gratitude, and promised to write the letter without the loss of another minute. The syndic left her, and she fell on her knees and gave thanks to Heaven for the marvel it had wrought in her father's bosom. Then she sat down to her gladsome task. Her missive was long and eloquent. It spoke of her father's return of love—of her own happiness—of the aching desire she had again to see her lover. It conjured him to come with all haste to the appointment, even were he compelled the next moment to snatch himself away from her embrace. The letter was sealed; and, with many a fond kiss impressed on the cover, it was given to her father, and by him consigned, in her presence, to the custody of José—who was ready for his journey, and started on the instant he had obtained his employer's instructions.

Morgenstern at earliest dawn received the letter from the hands of José. He could scarcely believe his eyes. Again and again he perused the epistle, with increasing astonishment. How had the rigid pride of the syndic been lowered?—how had his sworn hatred to himself been converted into the milk of kindness?—what inducement had he, now that he had wrought such mischief to the city of Berne, to forget his haughty indignation, and to bestow upon him the hand of his only child? Perchance to win him from the cause of the Oberlanders? Were that the case, he determined not to sacrifice honour to love—to die rather a martyr to his attachment, than live even with one he adored so enthusiastically, to be pointed at by the finger of scorn. No! he would not dishonour himself; but he could not resist keeping the tryst. What happiness to behold her once more—what bliss to win her and wear her—not under a father's curse, but with his approbation and blessing! He resolved, then, to accompany José. He called together the chiefs of the insurgents, acquainted them with his determination of meeting the syndic of Berne by his own invitation in secret, when he would try to make terms for the Oberlanders. They readily gave their consent to the measure. They were by this time heartily tired of a warfare which was unsuited to their ways and habits. They had been brought up in peace, wished again to return to their warm hearths, and pursue once more their daily avocations.

At mid-day Morgenstern and José, accompanied by a guide, set forward toward Berne by devious paths. The way was difficult; but at length it was accomplished, and they reached the Golden Stag, which was the wayfaring house kept, as we have already mentioned, by the Spaniard. It is scarcely necessary to say that this individual was no other than José.

The syndic's reception of the student surpassed his utmost expectation. He was affable in the extreme. He spoke of all that had betided him since he last saw the young man. He seemed to commiserate the affliction of the Oberlanders, and offered to do all in his power to assist them in their extremity. He next touched upon the celebrity which the student had acquired by his sagacity in command, and his prowess in the field. The blush of modest merit suffused our adventurer's cheeks at the eulogistic strains of one so much his superior in age and in worldly knowledge. At length he came to the subject of the young man's suit to his daughter. Long did the father dwell on the value which he placed on Amelia's hand and love. "I confess to you candidly, Von Morgenstern,"

he said, "that I part with reluctance from my daughter. My views in life would have led me to have selected some one (do not be hurt at my words) more suited to her in point of worldly substance; but when I see my child's happiness at stake, I can no longer withhold my sanction. Morgenstern, I consent to your union with my daughter. She is ready to receive you. Accompany me into the adjoining chamber, where Amelia expects you." He extended his hand to the amazed student, and conducted him to where his daughter was actually awaiting the youth in maidenly trepidation. Immediately after they had met, he left them to the undisturbed interchange of their thoughts.

We need hardly tarry over the meeting of the impassioned lovers. They were in a dream of ecstasy from the moment of their seeing each other to that of their parting. Many and large were the tears shed by the gentle Amelia; and high-toned and heartfelt were the asseverations of the student. At length the summons came from the father that their presence was required. His cheeks were beaming with smiles of satisfaction; his words were fraught with kindness. He told his daughter that her brow must once more resume its wonted smoothness, and her spirits their wonted gaiety, since he had determined that she should be united to Morgenstern. Lowly and submissively did the couple kneel before him, requesting his blessing; and readily and with deepest emotion did he lay his hands on their heads, and wish them good speed in life, and every happiness in the marriage state. He then began to speak, in rather an abrupt manner, to Morgenstern of the hopes and prospects of the Oberlanders. But to this the youth only shortly replied, that on that subject he was by honour bound to stand to certain stipulations, to which the Oberlanders had agreed in full council; and that it was out of his power to depart from those demands which the insurgents felt themselves entitled and enabled to enforce. This topic was then dropped, after, however, a shade of displeasure had passed over the features of the Bernese syndic. "Well, well," he said, "we will no longer, my son, dwell on this painful subject. If the peasantry of the Oberland are to prevail, we of the good city of Berne must needs vail our lofty heads. Even this, however, shall not prevent thee from becoming my well-beloved son. But, Morgenstern, thou must hence. The night is far advanced; and for thee to remain within these walls, were to endanger thine own life, as well as mine. Hence, my son! Amelia, take thy leave, and that speedily, for he must away." The young couple, in spite of the father's presence, rushed into each other's arms. "That is well," said the sire; "now away, away!—But stop—ere thou goest, take this, my son. Nay, no refusal—and Heaven be thy guide and thy protection."—He placed a huge purse of gold in the student's hand, and left the room, leading away the disconsolate Amelia. It was some moments ere the youth recovered himself, and to return the gold was impossible. At that instant José entered, and in peremptory terms called on the student to follow him. They went directly towards the suburbs; and, after José had shewn a special pass to the sentinel, they went forth together into the country.

The air breathed balmily, the full moon looked with an ardent gaze of love upon the earth, and Morgenstern and his companion wandered towards the Stag, where it had been agreed upon that the student should pass the early hours of night; and that, being aroused betimes in the morning, he should immediately pursue his journey under the kind auspices of the obsequious host.

They passed an hour pleasantly by a crackling fire and with a bottle or two of right good Niersteiner; while two wayfarers, who had entered, having joined them on the special invitation of José, who seemed to be well acquainted with them, sung several songs over the sparkling liquor; José related some capital adventures of his own in the Caraccas, and on several occasions insinuated that the syndic Muhlenfels had been concerned in the same proceedings. At length the two travellers began to yawn, and to shew symptoms of sleepiness. This seemed to be catching. Morgenstern yawned longer and oftener than they did. He could scarcely keep his eyes open. He nodded till he was fairly asleep. "Come, Herr von Morgenstern," said José, shaking him lustily by the shoulder, "arouse yourself, man, and take your share of the wine and the friendly

harmony. What, you wont?—Well, then, my brave soldier, let me shew you to your couch, where Heaven give you soft and invigorating slumbers till cock-crow—when, as you know, we must be wending on our way towards the army of bold blades that have made the old bones of the Bernese soldiery to rattle again in their carcasses." With this he half pulled the youth from his seat, and led him, more asleep than awake, up a narrow staircase, and then ushered him into a bed-room. Morgenstern appeared too tired and sleepy even to undress; he staggered towards his couch, and though he lay upon it in an uncomfortable posture, still he very soon sunk into a dull, deep sleep.

Long before cock-crow the door of the small inn was thundered at with such force, that the tenement shook in every joist and board under the severe infliction. The disturbing party consisted of six stout Oberlanders, who hammered at the door as though their lives depended on the swiftness and hardness of their blows. "Holloa! holloa! there. Here, José, or whatever your name be," shouted the assailants, "open, open, we say; or, by the blessed saints, down comes your door, house and all!" "How now, robbers and ruffians!" exclaimed the landlord, presenting a couple of huge horse-pistols; "would you break into my dwelling for lawless purposes? Hence, I say, or I will send a brace of bullets through the head of the first man that touches again my door." On an instant, six muskets were levelled at the head of the astonished José, and the leader of the assailants addressed him in a firm voice. "Herr landlord, we mean you no harm; therefore, put down your pistols, if you be wise; if you fire, expect a warm salute in return. Honest Oberlanders are we,—peaceful farmers,—wishing violence to no man, till the sense of the tyranny of others, and our own degradation, forced us to take arms. We seek here Von Morgenstern. Our errand is pressing. His presence is necessary in our camp, which is nearly surrounded by a body of Fribourgers and Austrians; so down at once, and let us see him of whom we are in search." "He is not here," quickly answered José. "His impatience was great to join his comrades, and he set out even before midnight." "It cannot be so," was the reply of another of the party; "there's Tschudi, the guide, whom we met on his road back to our camp; by him Morgenstern sent word that here he should lie till day-break." "But I tell you that he is gone." "But we say he is here." "Away, away!" "Down, down!" "Away, I say; he is not here." The party awaited not for another word, but with tremendous kicks split down the door, and rushed into the house. All was in darkness; but, by the dying embers of the fire, one of the party quickly lighted a torch which he had concealed about him, when, looking round the room, the Oberlanders espied the staircase, and simultaneously rushed up, till, on the lobby, they met with José. "Shew us our friend; where is his chamber? We must speak with him," shouted they at once. "There, then, gentlemen, is the room where he slept," answered the obsequious José. They opened the door; blood was in large puddles on the floor; they approached the bed,—Morgenstern lay there a mangled corpse!

"Horrible, most horrible!" exclaimed the Oberlanders in a breath. They saw José in the act of stealing down the stairs with the noiseless footsteps of a cat. After him they went, and clutched him by the neck. José called on every saint in the calendar to bear testimony to his innocence. He was dragged back, and confronted with the gory and gashed corpse. "Who did this deed?" asked the Oberlanders. "I know not, so help me Heaven," answered the innkeeper. "Thou art the murderer, and none but thou." "Alas, alas!" said José, "that ever so atrocious a deed should have been perpetrated in my dwelling! I am innocent. Search the other rooms. Two disbanded soldiers of the French army are in my house; they, doubtless, must be the murderers." Four of the insurgents searched the house, while the remaining two guarded José by the side of the maimed and distorted body. The back-door was found open; deep foot-marks were visible on the beds of a kitchen garden, over which the soldiers seemed to have run, and then clearing a dwarf wall, to have escaped. They came back to the room, and told José that he must go with them. They bound his hands behind him, and wrapped up the bloody remains of the youthful Morgenstern in blankets, which four of the Oberlanders

took upon their shoulders, while with ready muskets the two others led forward the innkeeper. Scarcely, however, had they issued from the door, under the first rays of the morning sun, and turned their faces towards their own district, when the shrill notes of a trumpet from behind saluted their ears. Suddenly the tramp of horses was heard; and, turning their heads, the Oberlanders saw, rounding an abrupt angle of the road, a small body of horse, and the gleaming bayonets of infantry. The ensigns of Berne were raised aloft. They were within sight of their enemies, and to fly was impossible. The cavalry was immediately upon them, and called on them to surrender: they yielded to numbers. In the midst of the horsemen was the syndic Muhlenfels.

He inquired into the circumstances which had made José the prisoner of the Oberlanders. José shortly detailed them. He called on the farmers for the grounds of their suspicions against the Spaniard. They could not adduce proofs of his guilt. He dismounted, and, with three or four of the cavalry-officers, entered the house, examined the rooms, particularly the blood-stained one where the student had slept; then descended into the garden, followed the track of the footsteps; and, after all, called for José, and applied his foot to the marks by the wall. José's was much smaller. He was pronounced not guilty, and set at liberty. According to martial law, a hole was then dug in the garden for the remains of poor Morgenstern; and then, with a few words from a priest, who happened to be of the party, the body was consigned to the cold earth. Muhlenfels shed a tear to his memory as he was cast into the receptacle, and afterwards despatched messengers to inform his daughter of the melancholy catastrophe, and offered a reward of two thousand florins to him who should discover the fugitive murderers.

The young Boubenberg had scarcely completed his toilette, when it was announced to him that a lady demanded an audience. He desired her to be ushered in; she followed, covered with a veil of deep mourning, which, on being withdrawn, discovered the charms of Amelia. The youth started back in amazement. "Hush!" said Amelia; "hush! Boubenberg. Thanks to Heaven, that gives me strength for my purpose; I have had a few moments of womanish weakness and folly, but they are passed. Boubenberg, you have long been my suitor. Do you still love me as your asseverations would often have fain made me believe that you did?" "As I hope for salvation," exclaimed Boubenberg, "man cannot love more truly or devotedly than I do." "I will put your devotion to the test, Boubenberg," said the maiden, measuring out her words with solemnity, while her large eyes were fixed with a scrutinising glance on the young patrician. "There, sir, there is my hand, if you will accept so poor a bauble, on one condition." "Name it," eagerly demanded Boubenberg. "My father," continued the maiden, with unabated tone, look, and manner,—"my father has generously offered two thousand florins to him who shall discover the murderer of Morgenstern (she appeared to be choking as she uttered the name); but I —but I—will, if you will do your utmost to the same end, give you my hand, and ever bless you for the deed!"

A few hours after this interview José was once more in custody, and under examination before the magistrates of Berne. The man declared his innocence, and challenged any present to produce proof of his criminality. On the night in question, he said, after he had led Morgenstern to his couch, he saw the two disbanded French soldiers to their room, and then lay down himself, unconscious of any act of atrocity being perpetrated under his roof; once, indeed, he thought he heard footsteps, but the rats made a great noise in his room, and he turned round and slept soundly, till he was aroused by the discordant clamour of the Oberlanders. That he disbelieved the reasons they gave for instantly seeing Morgenstern, and thought they only wanted to be admitted into his house for the purpose of plunder. This was his inducement for persisting in his account of the student's departure. That the foot-marks in the garden were neither his nor his servant's; that the two soldiers had escaped, and that they, and only they, were the murderers.

The man's ingenuous manner and plain statement convinced every individual but one of his innocence. This was no other than Amelia, who, ac-

companied by Boubenberg, had daily been present at the proceedings. She whispered her doubts to her lover; and it was arranged that the final examination, two days after, should be a private one, at the house of the expertest of the Bernese lawyers, Boubenberg's uncle.

Eight persons were present, and of the number was Amelia. She who in times past had been conspicuous for the gentle demeanour of the dove, had assumed the imperturbable aspect and rigid bearing of a Grecian statue. She leaned against the lofty side of a sort of couch, or dwarf bed, which stood on one side of the room. Boubenberg supported her. José was placed before the sofa, about a foot in advance, opposite to a mirror; and to his right sat the Herr von Eichtal, the magistrate, with his clerk and officers of justice. José had not that day the self-possession which had characterised him on his previous examinations: he evidently laboured under a nervous agitation. Shadows passed over his varying face, the muscles of which were in constant motion; and he was continually shifting his posture. The examination which he underwent was severe, and might even be termed harsh. He could scarcely withstand the piercing looks of the judge; and when, to save himself from the scrutinising glance of his penetrating eyes, he turned away, he beheld his own blanched face in the mirror, and the reflection of the figures of Amelia and Boubenberg standing by the couch, and watching him with intense anxiety. The examination was being continued, when he heard a rustling of silk behind him. He did not turn round his head, but looking askance into the mirror, he saw Amelia slowly raise the coverlid from the sofa, and, O horror of horrors! beneath it lay revealed the frightfully mangled corpse of Morgenstern. "Great God, save me! save me!" screamed the innkeeper, as he buried his face in his hands, and sank on bended knees before the discoloured aspect of the foully murdered student. José, without much difficulty, confessed himself the perpetrator of the deed.

When they looked for Amelia, there she stood with stiffened limbs, full gazing eyes, and colourless cheeks, like a figure of marble, with face turned to the mirror, and hand still upraised, holding the silken coverlid, as if to give his murderer a fairer chance of seeing once more the mangled body. She had been struck by catalepsy; and lingering for eight-and-forty hours, she died with a gentle sigh.

On the evening of the day when José stood confessed as the murderer of Morgenstern, he had recovered himself sufficiently to request an interview with the afflicted Boubenberg. The youth saw him, and José said that there was, besides the two French soldiers, yet another accomplice, and his name he would divulge under the promise of a pardon. Unless on this condition, no power on earth should extort the name from him If, however, the state awarded to him his life, he would not only reveal the fourth party, but give such information about the spot where the soldiers were concealed, that they could easily be taken. Boubenberg communicated this proposal to the magistrates, and the life of José was promised to be spared, on the condition of his making a full confession, and giving such information as should be sufficient to effect the capture of the three criminals. José complied with the terms. The officers of justice were despatched after the soldiers. The third was no other than the syndic Muhlenfels!

José's confession ran to this effect: The syndic's popularity, power, and fortune, depended on the subjugation of the insurgents: Morgenstern was the life and soul of the insurrection. He had been enticed by Amelia's letter into Berne; and then, after thrusting upon him a purse containing a large sum of money, the syndic suffered him to depart just late enough for the student to be belated at the commencement of his journey. José, who was well, and on other occasions intimately known to his employer, was told that if he wished for reward for his service, he must murder his man, and take from him the purse he had concealed about his person. José intended to effect this object, even though the student had not slept at his house. They, on their arrival at the Stag, were joined by two disbanded soldiers, known for a few weeks past to the landlord, with whom he had been concerned in sundry petty robberies. Their visit that night was unconcerted; but when once there, to make sure of his victim, he informed them of his intention, and they at once consented

to take part in the crime. The student's wine was well spiced and drugged;—nevertheless he defended himself heroically in his bed-room ere the slaughter was completed. The murderers shared the money amongst them; and the soldiers effected their escape when the Oberlanders attacked the door.

The Oberlanders had been routed, and their force irreparably broken. Muhlenfels was returning with the victorious troops, when he was arrested by the officers of justice. The mob would have torn him to pieces on his entrance into Berne, had he not been strongly escorted. Before his trial came on, however, he had swallowed poison.

His estates were confiscated to the canton. And Boubenberg had the last obsequies of the student conducted with becoming solemnity and respect.

## IRISH PROTESTANTS' EVENING HYMN FOR 1833.

BY SHARA.

HEAR us, gracious God, this night—
Hear thy servants' prayer;
Send thy holy angels down,
To have us in their care.
Guard us, Lord, from every harm—
From the fire, and from the sword:
Have us in thy holy keeping,
Mighty, mighty Lord!

We would lay down our heads to rest
In trembling and in fear,
But that thy faithful servants know
That *thou* art ever near.
To *thee*, to *thee*, O God! we turn,
And cry with one accord,
Have us in thy holy keeping,
Mighty, mighty Lord!

Few are thy servants in this land,
And many are their foes,
Who fear not thy almighty power,
And all thy ways oppose:
Men who delight to shed the blood
Of those who love thy word;—
But thou wilt have them in thy keeping,
Mighty, mighty Lord!

And as we have in many ways
Offended thee this day,
Forgive thy contrite servants, Lord,
For thy Son's sake, we pray:
Yes! for our blessed Saviour's sake,
Who has for us implored,
Have us in thy holy keeping,
Mighty, mighty Lord!

Not for ourselves alone, O Lord,
Breathe we this humble prayer;
Our brethren all throughout this land
Lie pressed in sore despair.
Extend thy saving help to them,
To them thine aid afford;
Have them in thy holy keeping,
Mighty, mighty Lord!

## NATIONAL ECONOMY.

## No. IV.

### SURPLUS LABOUR; AND THE REMEDIES PROPOSED:

### I. POOR-LAWS FOR IRELAND.

It is not denied, either by ourselves or by those against whom we are contending, that the existing state of the country and of the people presents to view a long catalogue of evils, which it is the obvious duty of the legislature to take into its immediate and most careful consideration. But we differ *in toto* both as to the *real causes* of those evils, and also as to the appropriate *means for their removal*.

The grand fundamental principle with the "political economists" is, that the people are too numerous, and that it is an inherent vice or misfortune of the species to increase beyond the means of subsistence. Their plans, therefore, for the amelioration of the condition of the poor, always begin with some scheme for keeping down the numbers of the people; for preventing their increase; for limiting the growth of the population. The favourite notion with them is, that the poor-laws act as "a premium on population;" and that, consequently, the first and most imperative duty upon the legislature is to provide for their repeal. To the consideration of this great preliminary question we have devoted the first three papers of the present series, and we trust that we have there shewn the utter groundlessness and irrationality of the whole scheme. Our path now lies onwards. If we have at all succeeded in shewing that the plans of these gentry are empirical and dangerous, the way is clear for us to proceed in the development of principles and plans of a more philosophical and practical nature.

A surplus population, proceeding from natural and necessary causes, we utterly deny: we deny its existence in the present case; we question its possibility in any other. But a surplus of labour in the market is a fact which it would be useless and absurd to dispute. The most important point to be considered is, how that surplus was produced. It will not do, merely because we find an excess of labourers at the present moment, to charge that excess upon God and nature, and to treat it as an evil against which legislators ought to provide. The natural cupidity and selfishness of man, indeed, if left unchecked by the power of the law, will soon produce this very surplus: and in this way it may be called a natural evil. But then it is obvious that it is the selfishness and cupidity of man, and not the laws of human increase, against which you have to provide. If this is not done, if no protection is given to industry, an apparent glut of hands will soon be brought about by the power of capital. This may be effected in a variety of ways. You may import workmen from other countries, because you can get them cheaper. This naturally tends to take employment out of the hands of the resident population, and to cause an apparent surplus of labourers. Or you may press infants into your service, as requiring smaller wages; and, by making children do the work of men, you may throw the parents out of employment, and thus also produce an excess in the market of labour. Or you may encourage a competition with the labourers of other and cheaper countries, and by that competition you may drive wages down so low as to oblige the workman to strive to do two days' work in one day, or the work of two men with a single pair of hands. In this way, also, you may throw multitudes of hands upon the market, and produce the surplus of which you complain. By either of these schemes, or by all of them, or by others that might be named, it is quite easy to render a population apparently too large, and to overstock the market of labour. And yet it is quite clear that neither God nor nature are responsible for the excess, but that that excess is plainly attributable to the schemes and operations of men, and to them alone.

Admitting, then, the fact of a surplus of labourers in the market at the present moment, but denying altogether that that surplus has been produced by merely natural causes, or is chargeable upon "the principle of human increase," it becomes our duty to point out some of the leading causes which have produced this state of things; and thus at the same time to indicate

the appropriate remedies for the evil.

We have already briefly adverted to two or three of these causes, neither the existence nor the operation of which can for a moment be doubted. They are:

1. The forcible attraction into this country of large bodies of half-starved labourers from Ireland, who not only throw out of occupation an equal number of English labourers, but also reduce, by their competition, the wages of those who are still able to retain employment. We call this a *forcible attraction*,—because so long as an unequal law exists, a law which administers relief to the indigent in one country, and denies it in the other,—so long must that part of the community which feels the pressure of indigence, or fears its approach, flock out of that district which denies relief, into that which affords it.

2. The change which the cupidity of manufacturers is continually striving to effect, by substituting the labour of children for the labour of men. New machinery is now constantly being invented, with the especial view of employing children at three or four shillings a-week, instead of men at eighteen or twenty shillings. Thus, throughout the manufacturing districts, the most frightful change is going on;—men and women, able and willing to work, being discharged, and their children, even at six or seven years of age, being constrained to give up the employments and the sports of youth, to labour in a factory for fourteen or fifteen hours a day, in order to support their own parents! We say *constrained*, for if the discharged workman goes to the parish overseers for relief, he is instantly asked, Have you any children? If you have, you must send them to the factories;—we shall give you no relief here!

3. The effect of bringing into the English market the goods manufactured at Lyons and other seats of continental manufactures. The poor creatures employed in those places are now working, as is well known, at sixpence or seven-pence a day. Obviously, therefore, those goods cannot be rivalled, at equal prices, in our own markets, if our English weavers are to be paid three or four shillings a-day. The master manufacturers seeing this, immediately reduce the wages of their workmen. The workmen being paid by the piece, struggle to make up their loss by doing more work. The poor man who knows not how to keep his wife and children in any comfort on less than his accustomed earnings, will, if prices be reduced one-third, instantly increase his day's labour accordingly, and will produce one-third more work than before. Here, then, we find two men doing the work of three; and very soon the natural effect is felt in a glut of the commodity; a large number of the hands are thrown out of work, and a fresh outcry is raised about *surplus population*.

The first of these three points will fully occupy our attention on the present occasion. The question of the establishment of POOR-LAWS IN IRELAND, though it be one on which men have now very generally made up their minds, is yet not one which can be dismissed in a few sentences.

We are now approaching it as it bears upon the empire at large, but, I. *More especially as it affects the main division of the kingdom, England.*

The idea of applying a different rule, in so vital and universal a question as this, to the different divisions of the same kingdom, would certainly strike a stranger with perfect astonishment. Absurdity cannot be greater. Only suppose for a moment that such a scheme was attempted as this,—That there should be poor-laws in Berkshire, but none in Essex; that any one willing to labour and yet suffering want, in Berkshire, should be entitled to the protection and aid of the parochial authorities,—but that in Essex, a man in the same necessity might starve and die without the least relief from the law or the legal authorities. Supposing, we say, that any thing so monstrous as this could be attempted,—who does not at once see that half the misery and want of Essex would naturally stream into Berkshire, and that measures must very soon be taken to assimilate the two, either by abolishing the poor-law in the one, or by establishing it in the other.

Now, Ireland is, to all practical purposes, nearer to Lancashire than Essex is to Berkshire. An Irishman goes on board a steam-boat in the evening, rolls himself in his big coat, sleeps through the night upon deck, and in the morning lands in Liverpool. Here he is at once a new man. At home, if work was not to be had, and the potatoes

were all gone, he might eat sea-weed if he could, and if he could not, he might die. Here, the law allows no one to be starved. If he wants food, there is always, somewhere within a couple of miles, an officer called a parish overseer, whose duty it is to provide him with it. It is true, the overseer will probably scold him, and send him away with a shilling; but a shilling is something to a man who, as an Irish member declared in the house of commons, is obliged to subsist, at home, on *two pence half-penny a day*.

But he is willing to labour, and his object is to find labour to do. And this to a man who is ready to undertake almost any description of work, who will accept of almost any wages, and who will walk over the whole kingdom in search of it, can never long be wanting. In fact, the Irishmen who visit this country in search of work do generally obtain it. The mischief is, that they cannot obtain it without at the same time depriving the English labourer of a part of that employment which is naturally his own, and for want of which he speedily sinks into pauperism.

And this mischief is twofold. It consists, first, of the simple and positive evil, of so much wages intercepted on its way to the pocket of the English labourer; and secondly, of the prejudicial effect produced upon the general market of labour, and upon the rate of wages, by this uncalled-for and mischievous competition.

Of the first it must be difficult to form an estimate approaching the truth, without being suspected of over-statement. And yet the number of labourers who pour into this country from Ireland during the summer season, by the various ports of Bristol, Holyhead, Liverpool, and those more northerly, may safely be calculated, without risk of exaggeration, at 50,000. An average of 10*l.* each, as their earnings, must certainly be acknowledged to be a low one. This would give a total of 500,000*l.* annually taken from the English labourer and given to the Irish.

But this is one class only of these emigrants. There is another and a more considerable body, who do not annually pass to and fro, but who have taken up their permanent abodes among us; and these, by their strength, their readiness for heavy labour, and the low wages they are willing to take, have already monopolised among themselves several entire branches of employment. If we are not misinformed, all the bricklayers' labourers in our great towns are Irish; all our excavators of canals and docks, and several similar descriptions of employment. And not only do they undertake the whole of these kinds of work themselves, but they drive away any Englishmen who may endeavour to share it with them, and thus confirm and strengthen their own possession.

If among our principal towns there are 25,000 such labourers—and this is certainly far within the mark—we cannot estimate their combined earnings at less than 1,000,000*l.* a-year.

*One million and a half*, then, at least, do we annually pay to these foreign auxiliaries, and the actual truth is probably nearer twice the amount,—the whole of which, it is plain, must and would be distributed among our own poor, supposing that Ireland were, as some have wished it to be, submerged amidst the waves which surround it. A fourth, at the least, of our poor-rates would, by this change, be entirely annihilated.

But this presents but a very confined view of the evil; for, secondly, we must consider the immense effect produced on the price of labour generally, by the immigration of such a swarm of foreign labourers, able to undertake any employment, and driven by their necessities to accept of the lowest wages.

The economists themselves profess to have in view, in all their plans, the relieving the market of labour from the mass of surplus hands which at present presses on it. Whether they recommend emigration, or whether they propose to discourage marriage, their object is the same, namely, that the labourers remaining, being only as many as are absolutely required, may be able to demand and obtain a just remuneration for their services.

And this being their view of the matter, it is somewhat strange that they appear so unconscious, or so careless, touching the effect produced on the market of labour by the perpetual immigration of the Irish poor. It inevitably and most powerfully depresses it, by causing a constant overflow—a never-ceasing excess.

Doubtless, the most safe and satisfactory state of the market of labour must be that of a constant equilibrium

—a steady and equable balance of demand and supply. A departure from this, on either side, brings with it unquestionable evils. If there be an excess of hands, the selfish among the masters can immediately beat down the rate of wages; while, if there be a scarcity of hands, the selfish among the men can, with equal ease, extort more than they ought to receive. And a very small excess or deficiency will do this. Suppose that the fair and just rate of wages in a certain district is 14*s.* a-week, and that sixty labourers are regularly earning this; six fresh hands, straying about in search of work, come into that parish: they can only hope to obtain it by offering lower terms than the regular labourers of the place. They go about, tendering their services at 12*s.* per week. They soon find out some needy or selfish man, who is glad to catch at the opportunity of saving himself 12*s.* a-week; they are engaged, and they displace six others. These six are now to seek for work in their turn; and they accordingly begin a similar course. Soon the next neighbour to the farmer who had first adopted the lower rate of wages, eager to obtain the same advantages, puts it to these unemployed and distressed men, whether they will work as low as the others. Rather than suffer want they accept the offer, and then six more are displaced; and immediately the rest of the masters, unwilling to be paying more than their neighbours, resolve that wages must be reduced to 12*s.*

Meanwhile it is easy to see, that if a deficiency of six hands, instead of a surplus, were to take place, it would be just as much in the power of the men, one party after the other, to obtain an increase of their wages to 16*s.* or 18*s.* Obviously, then, it is most desirable that, if possible, a just equilibrium should be preserved between the demand and the supply of labour.

Now this just equilibrium is absolutely destroyed by the present system, which sends every year swarms of foreign labourers to traverse the whole country, from east to west, from north to south; their visitations having the inevitable effect, wherever they go, of forcibly depressing the market-price of labour. And yet, while all this is going on, we find, in every agricultural district, complaints of the multitude of unemployed poor; and all sorts of schemes are hatching daily for keeping down, or for shipping off, our increasing "surplus population."

But it may be asked, What is the legislature to do? Would you have us *prevent* the Irish from coming here? Would you imprison them in their own island, or erect a wall of brass to keep them out of ours? We answer, that we propose nothing so outrageous; but that no proposition can be clearer or more indubitable, than that the unequal laws now existing, act as a powerful magnet;—constraining the Irish labourer, by the most urgent of all arguments—necessity, to wander from his own country; and constraining him, also, to seek for that which he needs, in this.

What is the state of the case with regard to a great proportion of our annual visitors from Ireland? They are mostly little cotters, who have been induced to take cabins and potato-gardens, at an exorbitant rent, from some middle-man, who makes a dishonest income by getting land from an absentee proprietor at 3*l.* an acre, and reletting it at 6*l.* Both of these persons,—the owner and the upper tenant,—are in Ireland free from all that responsibility which would attach to them in England, on account of the misery they create. In England, if a man fills his estate with paupers, he ruins himself by augmenting the poor-rates. In Ireland, if a man stocks his land with the same description of tenants, he absolutely benefits himself by the competition he creates for every unengaged half-acre of land.

However, the poor cotter having, with Irish recklessness, taken his little dwelling and potato-garden, finds that by a certain day in the year he will have eight, ten, or twelve pounds to pay for its rent. Possibility of raising such a sum in his own neighbourhood there is none; since, if work is to be had at all, it is at wages that do little more than keep body and soul together. What, then, is to be done? He throws himself upon England,—wealthy England,—knowing that, at least, he cannot starve there; and knowing, too, that at certain seasons work abounds, and wages are treble any that he could expect on his own side the channel.

Arrived here, his chance obviously depends upon his offering his services on lower terms than the native labourer. This he generally does, and the wages

he thus gains he takes good care to keep. Living ordinarily upon about *two shillings* per week, he contrives to scrape together, by the close of autumn, the necessary sum, and with it he recrosses the channel, pays his rent, and nestles himself down for the winter, with his wife and children, relying for the rest of the year upon his turf and his potato-garden.

And what becomes of the sovereigns he has carried with him? Paid over to his landlord, part of them speedily recross the channel, remitted to the absentee land-owner, who resides in Piccadilly, and who, while he gets his Irish rents well and punctually paid, is obliged to remit his English tenants as much as fifteen or twenty per cent. on the score of *increasing poor-rates;* —those poor-rates being so increased by the immigration of his own Irish cotters, and the consequent want of employment for his English poor!

Will any one say that this is a natural state of things? Will any one deny that it is a most artificial, unnatural, and absurd predicament for both, and for all classes? Are we then calling for any new shackles or constraints on trade or agriculture, when we call for the establishment of poor-laws in Ireland? Are we not rather calling for that without which nothing can be free, natural, or unconstrained?

Does the Irish labourer, of the class we have above described, take this long and toilsome journey, year by year,—a journey, too, not in search of pleasure and enjoyment, but in quest of hard labour with hard living,—does he undertake this journey of his own free choice, or in gratification of a roving disposition? Not so;—he is attached to his own cot, his own wife, his own children, or he would not live here upon bread and potatoes, and hoard up gold to pay for *their* dwelling and *their* potato-garden. Would not that attachment, then, keep him with them, if work or subsistence could be had in their neighbourhood? Give him only that which the English labourer has,—a right to subsistence out of the land; make it incumbent on the overseer to find him work, or to find him subsistence without it, and you will never see him wandering five hundred miles from home for that labour which his own country ought to furnish. Of all the thousands who annually visit this island from the sister-country, there are not as many hundreds who would take that long and toilsome journey if it was in their power to avoid it.

But I must not forget another objection which I have heard started; namely, that England could not do without the aid she thus receives;—that there is work to be done every returning season, which her own labourers are insufficient to master;—and that, if additional hands were not thus poured in from Ireland, the crops would rot on the ground for want of hands to get them in.

This objection is frequently heard, let it be observed, from the very same persons who are at other times telling us of the excessive superabundance of our population, and of the necessity of encouraging emigration! So that we have at once a surplus and a deficient population—a people who are both *too few and too many!*

But the key to this strange inconsistency is to be found where all such inconsistencies have their origin,—in the selfishness and cupidity of man. The object of good legislation is to interweave society together, so that man cannot injure his neighbour without at the same time injuring himself. The aim of the selfish and the unfeeling, on the other hand, is to isolate themselves, so that they may feel independent of their fellow-men, but especially of their inferiors; and may be at liberty to oppress them, without fear of retribution.

This selfish principle has been at work of late among our agriculturists. Many of them like these stray visitors, —these helps at busy times,—because this aid makes them feel independent of their own poorer neighbours. But in former times the case was different. A farmer then calculated upon the hands he should require when his work was brisk; and if he did not keep the whole number at all times in pay, he took care to have a good proportion of them. Had he neglected this, his hay or his corn would have run some risk of being left ungathered. And, then, having thus a good establishment of hands, he was able and willing, at leisure times, to employ them upon those little needful affairs which are always required to keep a farm from getting into disorder and decay.

All this, however, is changed. The farmer, assured of finding any number

of Irish labourers that he may need when harvest-time comes round, feels no necessity to attach any of his poorer neighbours to his interests. Prices are low, and retrenchment is needed; and as labour is a heavy item in the year's outlay, he determines to reduce his expenditure in this way. He therefore will only employ just so many hands as may suffice to plough up his fields, and get the seed into the ground; and when that is done, he sends most even of these to the overseer for their maintenance Meanwhile weeds may grow, and fences may go to ruin, and the land may look more like a wilderness than a farm; and yet there are swarms of able-bodied men on the overseer's list, and we are hourly dinned with the senseless outcry of a "surplus population." For this state of things, too, we may thank the annual Irish swarm, which renders the farmer "independent" of his poor neighbours; and thus is the latent cause of all this mismanagement and disorder.

But we have dwelt long enough on one point of this question, namely, the reasons derived from *our own* circumstances,—the reasons derived from the interests of *England*,—which plead for the establishment of poor-laws in Ireland. We must now proceed to say a few words on—

II. *The reasons derived from the state and circumstances of Ireland, which urge us to the same conclusion*

These reasons, however, are so numerous, and have been so frequently given to the public in various forms of late, that we can only hope to gain attention by being brief, and by endeavouring to avoid those topics which have become most familiar.

But the most prominent point in the argument,—a point which cannot be passed over,—is that of *the present distracted state of Ireland*.

All kinds of nostrums have been tried, in her case, during the last thirty years, and yet her only progress is from bad to worse. *Agitation*, we shall be told, is the main cause of her present miserable condition. Doubtless this is true; but how comes it that this trade of agitation can be carried on so much more extensively and successfully in Ireland than in England? Just because the people of that country are in an unhealthy condition;—because the very basis and foundation of a wholesome state of society remains still unlaid. The first rights of the people, the natural title which every man has to subsistence out of the soil he helps to cultivate, is not recognised; and till this is done, nothing can ever go on well,—since safety to life or property neither can or ought to exist.*

Look, for instance, at the frequent murders which occur, merely upon the ground that the murdered man has taken a farm previously occupied by him who slays him. And why is death thus held to be a fitting punishment for this offence? Obviously because the man so ejected sees nothing before himself and his family, as a consequence of his ejection, but starvation. It is with him a desperate choice:—"I must have a farm, or I must perish!" He says to the intruder—

> "You take my life
> When you do take the means by which I live:"

and in this feeling he thinks death itself a just infliction, and at the same time a necessary warning to all such interlopers.

And when we remember that the new comer has probably ejected his predecessor by the offer of a most unjust and exorbitant rent, being urged to that offer by his despair,—it being with him, as with the other, a choice of a farm or starvation,—we shall not excuse or palliate the crime, but we shall see a little of the horrors of the system under which such things are, and ever must be, of frequent occurrence.

The civilisation, then, of Ireland, must begin by an act of justice. The dominion of law can never be established, with the least hope of permanent endurance, except it be based in an acknowledgment of this universal right. That system of legislation which attempts to secure high rentals to the few, without first securing the means of subsistence to the many, neither claims respect, nor can ever receive it. But once proclaim to the great mass of the people, that henceforth in Ireland, as in England, it is to be made a fundamental law that no one is to be starved, and you instantly gain their attention,—you secure, also, their respect; and if you effectually carry this principle into practice, you will soon find that obedience paid to

the laws in general, which, without some such act of justice, can never be hoped for.

But, to proceed, *the whole history and experience of other countries* goes to establish this fact, that the civilization of a people, the safety of the life and property of the rich, and the comfort of the poor, must ever depend upon this fundamental point. Which are the countries at this present moment enjoying the greatest share of these benefits? There can be no hesitation. England, the United States of America, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Protestant Germany. Now in all these the principle of a poor-law is recognised, and it is also carried out into effective practice. But in Spain, and Portugal, and Italy, no such principle is known; and the misery and beggary of the people, and the insecurity of life and property in those countries, are just in agreement with the universal rule of which we have been speaking.

We ought, perhaps, also, to state broadly the main argument of all;—*the wants and miseries of the Irish poor.* We fear, however, to weary our readers with this endless and already well-used topic. Not, therefore, to go into all the details of Irish distress, the exhibition of which would be deeply painful, we will speak only, before we leave this part of the question, of one fact, the mere mention of which ought, with any man of common humanity, at once to decide the question. That fact is, the vast sacrifice of human life, which, under the present system, is regularly going on in Ireland.

When we speak of starvation as a thing occurring in Ireland, people are apt to suppose that we allude only to some two or three isolated and extreme cases, and that, in fact, there cannot really exist such a state of things as starvation in the gross, or the silent death, from want, of multitudes. And yet the latter is the truth, horrid as it may appear, and the former supposition is only a pleasant delusion of the imagination.

On this point, we can only arrive at a correct knowledge of the truth by consulting the main authority on all these topics, Mr. Sadler. In his second speech on the question of Irish poor-laws, made August 29, 1831, he thus revealed the appalling truth—

"But, sir, the house may think I am dealing with this important subject by figures of speech; I will therefore turn to another description of figures, namely, figures of arithmetic, and from them I will demonstrate, beyond the possibility of doubt or contradiction, the accuracy of the dark picture I have drawn of the miserable condition of the poor of Ireland permanently considered: facts, I think, which through the understanding will make a deeper impression upon the heart than the most pathetic appeal to the imagination, by whomsoever made, could possibly produce. I shall not then fatigue the attention of the house by pursuing a course which I might well take, and with much effect, namely, verifying my general description by appealing to the unanimous declarations of the most eminent political writers of that country; or by quoting the most intelligent witnesses which have appeared before the various committees of both houses appointed to examine and report on the distressed condition of Ireland; or by referring to those numerous and able medical reports, which have traced to that condition those peculiar and fatal diseases from which it is never wholly free; but I shall proceed to shew, by the uncontrovertible evidence of statistical facts, the terrible consequences of the unrelieved distress of Ireland.

"For this purpose I shall take the census of Ireland, and compare the rate of mortality which it exhibits, with that of England and Wales. In the latter, I find that in the total number of the inhabitants, whose ages were ascertained in the census of 1821, there were, under the age of forty years, 8,060,004 persons; of the age of forty and upwards, 2,469,667. In Ireland the number under forty were 5,593,855—what, then, was the number which ought to have been found above that age, had the condition of the people corresponded with that of England?—1,714,014. But, sir, there were only 1,199,375 remaining in existence: nearly one-half that amount, therefore, have been swept away by the cause to which I have been referring, unrelieved distress; or, to use the emphatic phraseology of Irish political economists, cleared! Nor, sir, does this comparison fully exhibit the existing difference. Much of the population of England is concentrated into towns, where, from other causes than distress, an undue proportion of mortality prevails. Let us, therefore, for the purpose of more accurate comparison, ascertain the same proportions in Wales, where the town population is not relatively so numerous, and in Connaught,—both mountainous districts, both principally engaged in the healthiest of all industrious pursuits—agriculture, but the latter the most thinly peopled

part of Ireland, and therefore always the scene of the deepest distress. We shall then see more clearly the fatal consequences resulting from the existing state of things in the latter country. There were in the disseminated population of Wales, in 1821, 530,770 inhabitants under forty years of age, and 169,440 above that age. In Connaught there were at the same period 927,393 under forty; what number ought to have been found above that age, had the physical condition of the Irish been equal to that of the Welsh?—296,650. There were above 60 per cent short of that number,—namely, only 181,644. As compared with Wales, then, for every surviving million in Connaught above forty, 629,836 have been swept off by untimely death, to say nothing of the havoc which disease, consequent upon destitution, has made in the earlier periods of life. Between six and seven then, to every ten, thus untimely perish! Merciful God, can this be so? It is! What is the havoc of pestilence and war, compared with these, the victims of unrelieved poverty! And before this constant and silent devastation has done its final work, what suffering and sorrow does not this state of things imply! Few and evil are the days of the human pilgrimage! was the touching exclamation of an ancient patriarch; but beyond the lot of mortality, to these poor Irish, those few days are thus diminished, and their evils thus embittered."

After this astounding statement, every other topic of consideration must seem tame and poor. What an awful picture!—and yet how unquestionable the facts, how inevitable the conclusions! No one has ever affected to doubt that if you would measure the actual prosperity of a people,—the comfort and happiness enjoyed by them,—the surest gauge you could employ would be that of the *average prolongation of life*. If the population of any country are well and paternally governed, properly and equally employed, appropriately remunerated, comfortably clothed, and lodged, and fed, the result is inevitable,—their lives will run to the full average term of human existence. Only one exception need be taken,—that of natural unhealthiness of soil or climate.

Now, this exception is totally inapplicable to Ireland. Her soil and climate rank among the finest on the face of the earth,—her peasantry among the strongest, healthiest, and most athletic. With English laws and English rights, then, how could it be that the lives of her people should be shorter, or their deaths more untimely?

But see the awful difference, and learn, that that starvation which is removed from the English labourer by his birthright, the poor-law, is no imaginary terror, no seldom-seen visitation, but an ever-present, ever-operative scourge; not merely removing here and there a victim, but sweeping off in its ceaseless course *hundreds of thousands throughout the entire population*. Look, for an instant, at the case of Connaught, as compared by Mr. Sadler with Wales. No one will deny the fairness of the comparison. It is not supposed that the two districts resemble each other in all points, but they are just those two which may with most propriety be compared with each other. But Connaught, it will be said, is poor. It is so, and poor it must ever remain, until *poor-laws* be established in it. So long as you permit the owners of the soil of Connaught to draw from it an exorbitant annual tribute, in the shape of *rent*, and to carry the main part of this tribute to foreign lands, so long will Connaught remain poor! Poor-laws, and nothing else, will retain *in* Connaught some portion of that wealth which is now abstracted from it, and will diffuse that wealth among the population; and then it will no longer be said that *Connaught is poor*.

But the point to which we wish to draw the attention at the present moment is this, that Connaught is *poorer than she ought to be allowed to remain!* We say that the legislature neglects its first and most pressing duty, if it allows death by want and starvation to prevail to any considerable extent in any part of the country. Now here the fact is laid open before us, that in a fine and genial climate, on a fertile soil, and themselves possessing healthy constitutions, the people of Connaught *perish by hundreds of thousands prematurely!* In Wales we find 530,770 inhabitants under forty years of age, and 169,440 above that age. In Connaught we have 927,393 under forty, but only 181,644 above that age. The number of the latter, had the duration of life in Connaught been equal to that in Wales, would have been 296,650! *One hundred and fifteen thousand souls*, then, in Connaught alone, had gone to a premature

death through want and starvation! This number was found missing, in one province only, in a single census of Ireland. If political economists had any hearts, would not this terrific, this astounding fact, silence, once and for ever, their petty cavils and objections to the establishment of English laws and English charity in unhappy Hibernia?

What, then, remains to be said? A few words on the objections which are commonly made to this great act of justice and common sense.

And such objections! To call them reasonings would be to burlesque the name. All manner of inconsistencies and contradictions are vomited forth in conjunction; and it would be difficult, indeed, to point out a single statement of the economists which has not been already contradicted or refuted by some of their own party.

Mr. Spring Rice, for instance, desired, in one of the debates, the English gentlemen to remember the great advantage they derived from the *absence of poor-laws* in Ireland, inasmuch as through that circumstance it came to pass that England was supplied with *labourers at so low a rate!*

Lord Oxmantown, on the last occasion, objected to the *introduction of poor-laws* into Ireland, because he thought it was clear that their tendency was to *reduce the market price of labour!* His lordship evidently cared little for the point-blank contradiction he was giving his friend Mr. Rice, who had in the former debate advocated exactly the opposite principle. And as little did he regard the decisive fact, that England had possessed poor-laws for three centuries, while Ireland had been without them; and that, instead of the rate of wages in England having been reduced below that of Ireland, it was, and had long been, more than equal to double the Irish average!

But the main stay of these objectors is found in the acknowledged abuses of the English poor laws. This is O'Connell's entire reliance. "When I ask," he says, "whether it be the English system of poor-laws that is to be transplanted into Ireland, I hear on all hands an exclamation, 'Oh, no! God forbid! not the English system!'" Now this is in the main untrue. What is proposed for Ireland is, the adoption of the English principle, but not of all those refinements and intricacies which have emanated of late from the school of Malthus and of Sturges Bourne, and which are, in fact, inconsistent with the spirit of the original enactment.

But allowing that these modern appendages to our English system have worked ill, and admitting them freely to be abuses of the worst description, still, when, we would ask, was it deemed allowable, with men of sincerity and common sense, to plead the *abuses* of a system against its *use?* Nothing more illegitimate, nothing more insulting to his auditors, was ever attempted even by O'Connell himself; and yet this is his main, and in fact his only, argument against the introduction of a system of national charity into Ireland. His real, but concealed, objection can be doubted by none. If once justice were done to the whole population of Ireland, the game of *agitation* would no longer answer.

At the moment of our present writing, O'Connell is pouring forth the following animated description, in the House of Commons:—

"Who, in Scotland, lowered the condition of her people, by working almost for nothing? The wretch flying from Ireland! Who filled the factories all over England, and reduced the already too-low rate of wages? The outcast of Ireland! Who made the poor-rates so burdensome? The Irish! Who brought such misery and ruin on the agricultural labourer? The forlorn Irishman, coming from the wilds of Connaught, a distance of five or six hundred miles, and slaving for that which an English labourer would turn from with disgust! What gentleman would suggest a plan for getting rid of this growing curse? There was no remedy but a Repeal of the Union, or, as some thought, the enactment of poor-laws. If they wanted a thorough disorganisation of society, throw poor-laws into Ireland. But they might say, that the Irish poor-laws should be an improved code;—to which it might be replied, '*Gentlemen, before improving a system for us, improve your own!*'"

Here we have the fullest, the strongest enforcement of our entire argument, followed by a reckless and audacious repudiation of the consequences which necessarily flow from it; at the same time, the motive of all this wicked inconsistency is made abundantly apparent. The Poor-laws and the Repeal are seen and confessed

to be *rival remedies*, or rather rival schemes,—for a remedy the Repeal panacea can hardly be called in itself, whatever might flow from it. Now, of these rival schemes, the first puts an end to that state of things which gives to Daniel O'Connell all his power. Hence his animosity! The other, the Repeal of the Union, if it could be carried, makes Daniel O'Connell, substantially, *ruler of Ireland*. Hence his preference. We are not sure that he would not himself propose Poor-laws in an Irish parliament;—nay, as we would not hastily believe him to be a fiend, or a political economist, we rather expect that he would. But meantime, while all this political chicane is going forward, the wretches in Connaught are dying by thousands!

One word, however, on his only argument. He says, that it is confessed that the English poor-laws want improvement; and he tells us, before we improve a plan for Ireland, first to improve our own! In answer to this, we tell him, *first*, that, admitting the existence of defects in our English system, still, even the transplantation of that system, with *all its defects*, into Ireland at once, would be a blessing to that country of *incalculable value!* That it would be so, appears most clearly from his own statement. He tells us that, with all our mismanagement and pauperism, the difference between the countries is still so immense, that every corner of the land is filled with "wretches flying from Ireland." Well, then, make Ireland only what England is, and these poor creatures will have no occasion to fly from it.

But, *secondly*, when he tells us, before we improve for Ireland a system of poor-laws, first, to improve our own! we answer, that the establishment of a similar system in Ireland is the first step to improve our own, and the only way by which they can be effectually improved. What is the great complaint, as touching our own poor-laws? That they are burdensome. And when O'Connell asks the question, "What makes the poor-rates so burdensome?" he himself instantly replies, "The Irish." In fact, relieve us from the pressure of these Irish, and three-fourths of the supposed evils of our poor-laws vanish at once. And, until this pressure is removed, nothing effectual in the way of improvement can even be attempted. But to insist upon our supporting, not only our own poor, but those of a whole kingdom besides, and then to taunt us with the burden we are bearing, is insulting as well as irrational; it is absurd as well as wicked.

But the government—what is the government doing in this matter? Just nothing; and that for two very good reasons. In the first place, they have among them such a strong admixture of political economists as may well suffice to neutralise any good intentions, if not to inspire them with bad ones. And, secondly, by the absurd impunity which they yield to O'Connell, they render themselves almost powerless for any decided or beneficial purpose. And this is not the vice of the present rulers of Ireland merely; it has equally been the character of many past administrations. They are perplexed and terrified; and waste their time in watching O'Connell's vagaries, and in trying to counteract them as far as they are able. Read the speeches of successive Irish secretaries for three years past on this very question, and see if such shifting, doubting, hesitating, uncertain specimens of legislation or government were ever before exhibited to a wondering, but not admiring world.

We have now, however, a new tribunal before which this question must be argued, and by which it must be decided. We have "a free and independent House of Commons;"—a house not, as heretofore, governed by the minister of the day, but one swayed and ruled by the public voice alone. Whether this be so or not, will greatly appear by their conduct on this question. The people have decided for poor-laws in Ireland: if the House of Commons be a fair representation of the people, it will come to the same decision!

## DISASTERS OF THREE DAYS.

" One wo doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow."—SHAKSPEARE.

IN the spring of the year 1814, I found myself, as a citizen of the world, a sojourner in that cluster of islands on the Norman coast, which nature evidently designed for the outposts of the maritime power of France; but which English prudence, policy, and prowess, have wisely converted into an appendage of the British empire. I roved from island to island of the Anglo-Norman Cyclades —from Guernsey to Alderney—from Alderney to Jersey—thence to the secluded loveliness of Sarke—and from Sarke to the shell-strewn shores of Herme. The island of Guernsey was then one of the gayest, and to me the happiest, spots of earth. Under the mild and almost paternal government of the good and gallant Doyle; the islanders seemed like a large family united in the bonds of peace and affection, and all distinction of rank gave way to the generous emulation of the governor's example.

I was then in the heyday of youth, and every charm of nature wore for me the bright and gladdening hues of that sweet spring-time of our being; and, whether wandering by the seashore, contrasting the wreathed forms and colours of shells and pebbles washed up by every wave, or boasting the breeze wafted with a keen and joyous freshness from the wilds of ocean, my days seemed one unchequered round of exquisite enjoyment, free alike from the bewildering mockery of romance, and the withering selfishness of worldly feeling.

But this day-dream of delight was too blissful to endure; and I was to be aroused from my blissful contemplation of human happiness, to the bitter conviction that in this world "there is," as Sir Philip Sidney said, "nothing so certain as our continual uncertainty." In walking down to the pier-head one day to inquire, "what news from England?" the first person I saw landing from the packet which had just arrived was my friend Charles Tempest; and as we returned together to the town, I learned from him that he had been for some weeks engaged in making a commercial tour, as the junior partner of a London establishment, and, before he returned to the great metropolis, was desirous of crossing over to the French coast, which the restoration of the Bourbons had recently thrown open to us, and proceeding on to Paris. I at once agreed to become his *compagnon du voyage*, as far at least as Cherbourg. Whilst we were discussing our project, we met a young gentleman attached to the ordnance department of the island, with whom we had formed an acquaintance some twelve months before; and on mentioning our meditated excursion to him, he told us that he was about to make a similar trip in the course of a day or two, and if we could so arrange the matter, he had no doubt he could procure us a passage in the pleasure-yacht of his friend Captain Courtoise, whom he intended to accompany as far at least as Granville; and as the captain and his lady were *en route* to the French capital, it might be still more agreeable to Tempest, whilst he should take the yacht round to Cherbourg, and place himself at my disposal as to our return. Nothing could be more acceptable to us than such a proposal, and the adoption of the plan now only waited the concurrence of the captain. We paid our respects, and were introduced in due form by our friend Gunning, as I shall call him; but we found the yachtman so little of the gentleman, and so well inclined to "play Captain Grand," that we instantly declined the accommodation he ungraciously proffered "to extend." As we found that Sunday would, for some private reasons of his own, be the most convenient day for this important personage to descend with becoming dignity to his barge, we immediately determined to avoid all chance of encountering him in our expedition, by deferring our departure to the Monday morning.

With the Sabbath's dawn, however, I stood upon the height from which Fort St. George frowns defiance upon the waste of waters below; and turning suddenly into a footpath that leads round the yawning chasm wrenched from the rock by the gigantic digits of "*the Iron-hand*"—for in the ravines of the cliffs surmounting *Fer-main* Bay,

the operations of the four fingers and the thumb of the Water-Demon may be traced by the curious in such matters—a female form caught my eye, and by her side stood—Gunning. In the little bay at the base of the acclivity upon which we had thus unexpectedly met, tradition reports that, in ages long since lost in the flood of time, a vessel from the southern world was wrecked, and all that the wild sea spared of her cargo was a mass of bulbous roots, from which the *Guernsey Lily* sprang. In grace and delicacy, the form of the lovely girl, who now stood abashed even in her innocence before me, might vie with the slender stem of the flower, whilst the crimson lustre of its velvet bell, powdered as it is with gold that sparkles gloriously in the sunbeam, yielded in splendour to the flush of virgin modesty that then suffused her cheek. The story of their affection was no secret to me, although they believed it hidden in their own fond hearts. But I had crossed their path more than once, when in the fancied security of the moonlight they rambled through the green lanes, or trod the upland solitude. Hastily waving my hand to Gunning, I changed my course; but in a few moments I saw him rapidly descending by a precipitous path hewn out of the rock, and springing into a boat that waited for him on the beach, he was speedily on board the yacht, that, in scarcely more time than the description would occupy, parted from her anchorage, and gave her white sails to the wind.

In the evening of that day I accompanied Tempest to a small but comfortable *auberge*, in the Braye du Val, it being our great object to secure all possible advantage of "time and tide" to speed our bark, which, though as tight a boat as ever swam, boasted no such rigging as the yacht of our friend the captain. Before "night's candles were burnt out," our *bateliers*, two hardy fishermen, roused us from our short uneasy stupor—for sleep it was not—and we had cleared the shore nearly half an hour before the day broke.

Away we went, gallantly borne on the swelling bosom of the tide, our hearts as light as the wave that sportively bounded beneath our prow, our spirits as unclouded as the blue sky above our heads. As soon as we had got from under the shelter of the headlands, a gentle and refreshing breeze wafted us swiftly on our way, till the gradual ascent and growing warmth of the sun lulled the air into repose, and our canvass flapped idly and unstrained against the mast. We then trusted to our oars for expedition, and before mid-day we approached Granville. By that time the tide had ebbed so far, that the huge and grotesque figures of the Norman wreckers, as they gathered sea-weed on the beach, seemed to us like labourers at work in the green fields. It was utterly impossible to reach the pier, near which we recognised the yacht, dancing on the light wave "like a thing of life," and pleased ourselves with the hope that Monsieur le Capitaine having wended on his way, we should have Gunning for our guide through Granville, and then under his command scud round La Hogue to Cherbourg. Having made this little anticipative arrangement, our next consideration was how to secure our landing on *terra firma*. We hallooed lustily, and the Normans stood up from the water in which they were immersed at least knee-deep; and the leader, taking off his broad-brimmed hat, and making somewhat in the shape of a bow, telegraphed our boatman to row to some small rocks a little nearer to the pier-head, whilst he and his compatriots waded out to meet and convey us to the shore. After an interchange of civilities, such as they were, the Normans, still unbonneted, with their coarse black hair frizzled out, till the head seemed "a wild and hirsute wilderness of wig," with immense queues, and every queue thick enough to serve for the cable of the gallant captain's yacht, agreed for a trifling sum, just enough to take away the sense of obligation from either party, to carry us on their backs ashore. We were in the act of taking our seats astride these human houyhnhnms, when, in order somewhat to exalt our importance in their eyes, and to propitiate their favour and still safer conduct, we made some inquiries about the arrival of the yacht, claiming—not kindred, certainly, but—companionship with the *voyageurs* whom it had borne to the hospitable shores of France, where the *agrémens* of society had, we doubted not, detained our friends so much longer than they had at first resolved upon.

"*Agrémens! Messieurs!*" groaned out the chief of the wreckers, as he

unconsciously let his hat fall into the receding wave. He picked it up, wiped it carefully, and then, to our consternation and deep sorrow, proceeded to inform us that "two fine young men —our friends, no doubt—had been drowned on the preceding morning in landing from that beautiful yacht."

"Then Courtoise and Gunning have perished!" I exclaimed; for I could associate nobody with Gunning, as "a fine young man," but the Count Fribble who commanded in chief. "But the lady!" I instantly added—"Madame has, I hope, been saved!"

"Oh, yes!—both Monsieur, whom they call capitaine, and Madame, arrived safely on shore in the boat sent out from the pier by the Granville boatmen; but the young gentleman and one sailor lad had perished."

"Where, or how?" I inquired eagerly—"on the passage?—and so fine a day, and the waters so tranquil!"

"No, no, Monsieur! not on the voyage, but here—here in the very harbour—here, even within the pier-head, and on the very beach."

We hurried on shore, hastily asking such questions as we could, whilst our carriers, to answer us, as they supposed, more satisfactorily, paused in the retiring waters during every reply, till ever and anon we began to apprehend that, in the intensity of their regrets, and their eagerness to afford us all the information they possessed, they might forget the burdens they bore, and give us a chance of perishing, like our unfortunate young friend, "on the very beach."

At length we trod the "firm-set earth" in safety, and hastening to the hotel, we found the sad recital all too true. The calamity had occurred just as they described it to us.

When Courtoise and his lady were about to leave the yacht in the Granville boat, they of course expected that Gunning would accompany them; but as he was expert at the oar, and a little proud of his dexterity as a sailor—as which of these youthful islanders is not?—he had been somewhat indifferent as to his personal apparel in coming on board; and wished, before landing, to exchange his coarse tar-stained jacket and trowsers for dress of a more seemly fashion. He therefore proposed remaining on board to see the vessel safely moored; and that duty done, he could easily be put on shore in the punt attached to the yacht, by his favourite boat-boy, and indeed his foster-brother, young Lamarque, whose father served Courtoise as steersman. The shore-boat landed its passengers in perfect safety. Courtoise and his wife hurried to the little inn that overlooked the place of debarkation, and having pompously ordered the most sumptuous repast that such an establishment could provide, retired to refresh themselves by ablution and repose. In half an hour afterwards, Gunning and the younger Lamarque stepped into the punt and shoved off from the yacht, deaf to the remonstrances and entreaties of the old steersman, who pointed out to them the risk they ran of being "swamped in such a cockle-shell," in the heavy surf that was then beating high up on the beach; for by this time the tide, fast ebbing from the pier, lashed itself into fitful foaming against the projecting buttresses. He besought them to wait on board but for twenty minutes more, when they might run the punt up on the sands "high and dry." But Gunning was impatient to join his friends. It would be an utter want of gallantry, he thought, to keep the breakfast waiting, and a lady in need of some refreshment; and where he dared venture, there would Lamarque venture too. At that moment, the sea for leagues and leagues around—even as far as the eye could reach—was as calm, as still, and as breathless as a hushed infant's slumber, as bright and as glassy as a mirror, save only where the surf still foamed as it broke upon the beach. Away went the punt; and the old seaman, as if foreboding some evil, let the rope which he was coiling drop from his hand, sprang forward to the prow of the yacht, and there he stood immovable, watching their approach to the shore. For some little space they pulled on smoothly and swiftly; but in an instant, before they could be aware of their situation, the punt struck the sands, and was capsized by the breakers. Stunned but for a moment, they recovered their footing, and stood erect amid the surf that beat about and over them; with the velocity of thought their feet were again swept from under them, and they rolled about in the foam. Again they sprang up; but, uncertain whither to guide or how to keep their footsteps, they rushed desperately forward, and were suddenly

plunged from the shingly fastness of the beach into a chasm beyond their depth. Crowds of people now hurried to the spot, and two brave fellows, fishermen of Granville, rushed in to their rescue. Lamarque was the first that disappeared. One of the fishermen dived after him, and doubtless would have preserved him, but the poor lad, in the agony of despair, grasped so firmly at his neck, that it was with difficulty he released himself; and regard to his own safety compelled him to forego an enterprise which his exhaustion in the first struggle now rendered hopeless. And what, meanwhile, became of Gunning? The sturdy Norman who attempted his deliverance, dashed into the hollow in which the strangers were struggling for life, succeeded in seizing Gunning by the hand, and was dragging him, as he hoped, triumphantly to shore; but just as the gallant effort seemed accomplished, the glove that Gunning wore slipped off in the grasp of the generous Frenchman, who thus unexpectedly loosed from his hold, staggered back a few paces, and sank overpowered by anxiety and disappointment on the sands: even his life was with difficulty preserved. Gunning, as it afterwards proved, even yet retained his consciousness, sufficiently at least to make one effort more to save himself; for though he sank—and sank, alas! to rise no more with life—yet when the last ebb of the tide left the bodies to the view of the gallant fellows who had so nobly but vainly struggled to rescue them, the ill-fated young man was found with his jacket pulled half way down from his shoulders. He had doubtless endeavoured to rid himself of the encumbrance of clothing—but the very attempt seemed to have rendered his fate still more inevitable, for his arms were completely pinioned behind him.

But where was the father all this time? where was old Lamarque while this dreadful scene was passing? He continued as motionless as a stony statue at the vessel's prow, in the very spot and in the very position in which he had uttered his last entreaty to those poor self-willed lads, and in which, as with an awful misgiving of their approaching doom, he had watched their every movement. He was some twenty fathoms from the shore, but in view of all that passed. Too far distant to aid them—too near not to witness even their death-struggles—at last he saw his poor boy sink from his sight for ever; and at that moment his heart died away within him—his brain rocked and reeled—a film passed over his eyes—the grasp by which he had clung convulsively to the foresail relaxed, and he fell insensible on the deck, as though life itself were extinct within him.

* * *

My next inquiry was to know where the bodies had been deposited. "In the hotel, of course," I concluded, "whither Captain Courtoise had doubtless ordered them to be removed." *No*, they were laid in the watch-house.

"Well," thought I, "that may suffice; it is indifferent to them now, poor lads!—between the gilded palace and the clay-cold grave the silent dead know no distinction. But it is, at all events, some satisfaction to know that such a friend as Captain Courtoise was on the spot when the fatality occurred. He, of course, exerted himself to the utmost, and caused all possible means to be used for the resuscitation of the vital principle."

"What! he?—Monsieur Courtoise? Not he, truly!"—And I could see that a strong feeling of honest indignation was rising up to the very lips of the honest peasantry as they spoke—"Not he! not one effort!"

"What! did he not order one of the many people about him to remove the bodies into the *auberge*, place them before the fire, or wrap them up in blankets, in the hope of restoring heat and life?"

"No, nothing whatever had been done, although every one hoped that the young gentleman—he who had worn the gloves—might have been restored to life, for scarcely three minutes had elapsed from the time of his last disappearance to the recovery of his body; and when brought ashore, and carried up the little paved acclivity* leading to the inn, and stretched on

* Upon that very spot, some sixteen years afterwards, did the fishermen of Granville arrest the ex-minister Polignac, in his attempt to escape to Jersey, disguised as the domestic of a lady of rank; whom he drove thither in a cabriolet.

the pier-wall, he heaved one heavy, deep-drawn sigh—his last on earth!"

"Shew me, then," said I, "to the watch-house."

It stood close to the *auberge*, and opened by a huge double gateway, nearly decayed. On the paved floor of that dreary place, dressed just as they had been dragged from their watery death-beds, and with their limbs drawn up as in the last convulsive struggle with mortal agony, there lay poor Gunning and his foster-brother — the playmate of his boyhood, the partaker of all his more manly sports, his companion even in death — the young Lamarque.

"Alas!" I mentally ejaculated, "Alas! for the unconscious hearts that are even this day, and at this very hour, beating high, in the fond expectation of your speedy return to cheer and bless them. In Gunning did a widowed mother find the support, the prop, and pride of her declining years—a sister, her steadfast friend, her affectionate adviser, her high-minded protector, and her dear companion. And, oh! there was ONE to whom he was something, if not more sacred, yet not less dear,—that gentle being — and good as gentle — lovely in her innocence, and pure in her loveliness, in taking an almost joyous farewell of whom I had unconsciously surprised him, it seemed, not many hours before. And here lay the hopes of all, crushed and crumbling into dust before me.

As I found that the bodies could not be moved till an officer from the head of the commune had viewed the remains, and taken an account of whatever property there might be about them, I resolved to remain in Granville till that ceremony had been performed, and then see that they were decently laid in the shells that Courtoise, the friend of one and the patron of the other, had, at least, had consideration enough to have made for them. I was not long kept in suspense on the subject. The officers soon afterwards arrived, and hurrying over the examination, retired with still more precipitation to the inn, where they consoled themselves for the fatigues of their official functions by a hearty repast, cheered by repeated potations of *l'eau de vie*. Having received their courteous permission to do all that humanity dictated in paying the last act of respect to the dead, in having the bodies laid decently in their "narrow bed," I sent for old Lamarque —being first assured that he was sufficiently composed to witness such a scene — and in his presence I ordered the clothes to be removed, the bodies washed and laid out, and the limbs (which, from want of earlier attention in this respect, were distorted) bound together with broad bandages. I then cut some locks of hair from poor Gunning's head, in the assurance that some such memorial of her poor son might be grateful to his bereaved mother; and as I looked upon him for the last time, and, with a feeling almost approaching to superstition, laid my hand upon his heart, to convince myself that it no longer beat, I felt a pressure as of some hard substance, and on opening the clothes found a locket, fastened round his neck by a chain of auburn hair. This, in the presence of Lamarque, I unclasped, and telling him of the parting interview I had witnessed near the fort, assured him that chain and locket should, on my return to Guernsey, be faithfully restored to Amelia Langley — the poor girl whose initials they bore. The inanimate forms were then stripped, decently composed, laid in the shells prepared for them, and human skill and human care no longer availed them aught.

It was now near evening, and as we determined to reach Cherbourg that night, Tempest ordered the only means of conveyance that Granville afforded — horses with packsaddles, and a guide. We then partook of some slight refreshment, and at six o'clock resumed our journeying, without even exchanging the ordinary courtesies of acquaintance with Monsieur le Capitaine Courtoise. Afflicted in feeling — maddened by the apathy with which a being bearing "the human form divine," and styling himself a gentleman and a soldier, could witness the extinction of life in one whom he called his friend — somewhat fatigued in body, as well as harassed and agitated in mind, I was but ill-adapted to the irregular jig-jog jolting of the animal I bestrode, or the ungainly substitute for a saddle upon which I was seated.

The very thought of that villanous packsaddle makes every bone in my body ache even now. The wooden frame — but I need not describe it: to

have felt it once in a man's lifetime is quite enough. But over that wooden frame a sack filled with straw was thrown, to make a comfortable seat. Alas! before we had jogged to the end of the first league, the stuffing of my saddle had worked its way down to the bottom of the sack on each side, and stuck my legs out in their stirrups of rope, to a most unseemly distance, whilst I soon learned—even before the Duc d'Angoulême made the notable discovery in his Cadiz campaign—what it was to have "*le posterieur legèrement endommagé.*" Smarting in mine agony, I jumped to the ground, determined to walk the rest of the way; but the second stride I made convinced me that I could not walk three paces, much less three leagues, which we had yet to accomplish.

Tempest suffered even more than I did; for having our guide mounted on the crupper of the horse he rode, the fellow, in swinging his legs to and fro, kicked poor Tempest at every lunge the animal made. And here we were, strangers in a strange country, unknowing and unknown, on an unfrequented road, the shades of night falling fast around us;—we, mounted upon two of the sorriest jades ever yet unyoked from the plough, with money enough to make us a good booty, yet without as much as an oak sapling to enable us to make shew of a good defence, and with still three leagues to travel before we could reach a town or see a human habitation.

At eleven o'clock our wearied jades, and their more weary riders, called a halt at the door of the Hotel d'Angleterre in Cherbourg. So worn out were we—what with the afflicting events of the day, and our evening's pilgrimage of penance—that we were literally carried into the hotel; and up to our beds we hurried, having first partaken of such "creature comforts" as almost exhausted nature craved for. We slept—how well or how long I cannot now exactly remember; but this I do know, that we were in no hurry to "see the lions." When we did stir abroad we walked leisurely, ay, and somewhat lamely, across "*le Pont tournant*," to avoid the general thoroughfare; paused midway, much rather to rest ourselves than to gratify any idle curiosity touching either, on the one hand the basin, with its circumference of eighteen acres, excavated by Napoleon when he made the ancient Cæsar-bourg "*un port national, qui a reçu l'immortelle dénomination de Bonaparte*:" or, on the other, the harbour in which the hulls of some of his famous flat-bottomed boats were even then rotting piecemeal. We passed the prison in which the convicts employed in the dock-yards during the day were confined at night; and soon found ourselves on the seashore, apparently as removed from human observation as if we stood on the sands of Juan Fernandez. Here we freely discussed the occurrences of the last eight-and-forty hours, and came to this deliberate resolve, that nothing in all our bygone years had more grieved us than the death of poor Gunning, or more shocked us than the heartless apathy of Courtoise.

"Hang him!" exclaimed Tempest, in a burst of manly indignation; "but that such a death were too honourable, he deserves to be shot as a disgrace to the service."

As he spoke, he stamped vehemently on the strand; and an unexpected plashing under his feet roused his attention. *It was blood!* We had heard, before leaving our hotel, that two soldiers of the artillery had that morning been shot, pursuant to the sentence of a court-martial, for betraying too grateful a recollection of the hero of Lodi, under whom even in that perilous enterprise they had served. We stood upon the very spot where they had been put to death but a few hours before—and we trod in human blood. We forgot our sufferings and fatigues; our limbs were stiff no longer; we walked back to our inn, with as much alacrity as though we had never crossed a packsaddle, or ridden two paceless garrons five leagues the night before.

To me Cherbourg had no novelty. I had twice or thrice before explored every street, lane, cranny, and nook of the town, viewed the fortifications, inspected the dock-yard, measured every side of the basin, admired the church which our "fifth Harry" assisted in completing, knew all that was to be known, and had seen all that was to be seen. Tempest was no lion-hunter; and so, as soon as we had got over the second shock, which the sufferings of mortality had inflicted upon us, we sat down to the *table d'hôte*, and quaffed "cups that cheer

but not inebriate" of our hostess's choice light wines.

Whilst we were thus solacing ourselves for the miseries we had undergone, a London newspaper, which one of our countrymen, just landed from Portsmouth, had brought with him, was handed to us. Tempest, anxious, as I supposed, to see the price of stocks, or the state of the market, began to read it; but in a few minutes he changed colour, and seemed deadly pale: then, calling loudly for some brandy, he struggled with the strong emotion that had seized him, and as soon as he became somewhat collected, begged me to walk with him into the open air. He then explained to me, that in that very paper the failure of the firm of which he was a partner was announced, and that all his prospects in life were blasted.

I was at that moment in the most trying situation in which I had ever been placed. I felt that advice and condolence were alike unavailing: no counsel could retrieve the misfortune of the past, no consolation could alleviate the suffering of the present hour; immediate action was much more calculated to afford him relief. We walked slowly and silently down the quay, but we perceived no vessel likely soon to sail for England; and it was ultimately resolved that Tempest should return with me to Guernsey, and cross over by the first packet to Weymouth. This determination was suggested by seeing a yawl that had that day arrived from the island, and which we soon learned was to return at daybreak on the following morning, "wind and weather permitting." Daybreak, however, proved to be "the breaking of the day" between the forenoon and the afternoon; for it was twelve o'clock before we stood out into the channel, in the hope of "catching a breeze." The boat was well-built enough—rough-hewn, but sea-worthy—had weathered many a gale, and was likely to weather many more.

But we were not the only passengers. Lounging against the mast, I recognised "a neutralised islander," as he was wont to style himself—a Guernsey grazier, named Wilcox; a fellow who had "done the state some service," and himself somewhat more, by combining the characters of smuggler and spy during the war. He was a tall, huge, brawny beef-eater, upwards of six feet in height—a mountain of flesh, but as good-humoured and jocose a gentleman as ever my conversation coped withal. Though he boasted a little of the perils he had encountered in his country's cause—of the decisive effect of *his* councils upon the conduct of every campaign—of the confidence he enjoyed in places that must be nameless—and of his influence in certain high quarters, yet he never presumed upon these advantages, that would have inflated other men with arrogant aspirings and presumptuous pride. There Wilcox stood, reclining his huge bulk against the movable mast, that seemed almost to bend beneath his weight; and on either side of him stood a cow that he had purchased, "poor beasts—great bargains—in the French market." The grazier was knee-deep in straw, holding in his brawny hands bundles of fresh grass, wherewith he fed his kine, as he said, "to prevent their being sea-sick." That Wilcox had been a smuggler in the olden time I knew, and I fancied it was not quite impossible that he might even now have been on a voyage of experiments in the same traffic: but that was no business of mine. For my knowledge of his "*official* employment," I was entirely indebted to his own communicative candour. But I own it puzzled me not a little to comprehend how a man, who could not speak ten words of their language, could, in the first place, hold any intercourse with the French fishermen; secondly, corrupt their integrity, and eventually root out the heart of mysteries that had baffled the skill and the intrigue of courtiers, diplomatists, and statesmen. But so it was; and upon the information thus picked up by a smuggler, it may be said, the fate of nations depended.

There was scarcely a ripple on the wave, or a breath of air stirring around, and the little way we made did as little credit to the labour of the rowers. The smuggler recounted his adventures,—the boatmen whistled for a breeze,—the cattle wistfully eyed the green pasture that seemed ceaselessly gliding from their gaze,—and, as the shadows of evening almost imperceptibly veiled the firmament, we found we were still at some distance from La Hogue. Of a sudden, the sky was overcast; dark and heavy masses of cloud were swept up channel by breezes from the south-

west, that first ruffled the surface of the sea, then howled dismally along the coast, and at length gave angry indications of a coming storm. Big drops of rain fell singly and heavily; the clouds swung black and angrily in the air, as they rolled into dense masses and sunk downwards to the earth. We had by this time reached a small bay, little more than a league from La Hogue; and as I had before encountered the perils of the race of Alderney, in stouter craft than now bore us, I at once recommended "all hands" either to lay at anchor where we were, and ride out the gale, or to get on shore, and seek for such shelter as we could find. For a time, my forebodings of danger were ridiculed, especially by the smuggling grazier, upon whose imagination the generous libations of genuine cognac in which he had indulged, had wrought the most exhilarating effects:

"Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills of life victorious."

The awful roaring of distant thunder, and the red glare of lightning flashing through the gloom, seemed suddenly to sober him; and, finding that "I was resolute and would not be ruled," he at last inclined to my way of thinking. The fact I afterwards found to be, that, sundry and divers considerations him thereunto moving, he was not particularly desirous of entering the port of St. Pierre in the broad daylight. There were a set of officious people always lurking about that pier-head, and prying into every body's business; and he had at all times an insuperable objection to their obtrusive civilities. Now there was no peril by flood or field that this experienced sea-farer would not more cheerfully encounter than the smiling obsequiousness of these men; their very bow implied suspicion; but their familiar salutation was the signal for the most awkward scrutiny that ever smuggler underwent. The race of Alderney had no terrors for our "man-mountain" compared with the race of a custom-house officer; the turbulence of the wildest wave was more welcome to him than the insinuating wave of the hand about to dive into the recesses of his hidden treasure. Had we held on our course, Wilcox could have contrived to slip on shore in the darkness of the night,—and, having stowed away the "*personals*," he might swagger down impudently enough next morning to claim the cattle. But now, to lose the finest chance that ever a cloudy sky presented to a bold adventurer, sadly discomfited him. However, a counsel of our small crew was held; and it was definitively determined, that the yawl should be anchored close in shore, an awning formed with the sails to protect the cattle from the weather, and passengers and crew should repair to the *Haumettes*, a mean little cabaret some quarter of a mile from the beach. We hailed some fishermen ashore, who put off in a small boat; and, the smuggler taking the command, Tempest and I were safely landed under his orders. But the first object that attracted our attention on land was any thing but prepossessing,—a gaunt grim figure wrapped up in a rough boat-cloak, the head covered with an immense hairy cap, a broad black belt crossing the breast and supporting a large sabre, whilst the left hand carried a long musket, stalked to and fro in the increasing darkness. Having paused for a moment, and eyed us with a suspicious lour, he gave a loud shrill whistle, which was quickly answered; and at some twenty paces beyond us we saw another figure similarly accoutred. What could these men be stationed here for? They might be robbers, and, if so, they might also be murderers: they were armed—we had not as much as a pocket-pistol to fire a signal of distress. The boatmen who brought us to the bay were still on board the yawl; and here we were, defenceless, and without the means either of resistance or of flight. A moment put an end to our doubts, if not to our apprehensions. I asked the fisherman who had rowed us to land, "Who these fellows were, and what brought them to the beach?" "They were *douaniers*, stationed there to prevent smuggling." When I explained the matter to the grazier, he heartily and audibly wished me and my advice that had tempted him to remain in such a cursed cut-throat place at the bottom of Alderney race. There appeared to me now no help for our misfortune but to put a bold face on the matter; and therefore I went up to the guardians of the coast, explained to them our position, and begged them to direct me to the *Haumettes*. They made no difficulty in the affair, but,

pointing down the narrow lane that lay before us, said we should find the way to the cabaret at the next turning. The night became every moment darker and darker, and the rain pattered about our ears: still we kept on, but could find no turning. A tremendous crash of thunder, followed by the flare of arrowy lightning, burst above us, and the rain descended in torrents. What was to be done? I feared the smuggler could not keep pace with us, and, as I had brought him into the dilemma, I could not bear to "leave him alone in his glory,"—little as he deserved commiseration or consideration at our hands.

Crash! crash! crash! the thunder pealed through the firmament, and the forked lightning flashed far and wide; and it seemed as if the very clouds were rent asunder, and pouring down torrents upon torrents. We hallooed loudly to the smuggler to follow the path we took, and then ran onward, neither knowing nor caring whither that path might lead. We recklessly held our course for somewhat more than a mile, when we found ourselves at the entrance of a small straggling village. Here, at least, we should find shelter, and, it might be, a little brandy, to counteract the effects of the rain, which had now saturated our clothes. But, alas! we were doomed to disappointment,—though a strange accident saved us from despair.

> "There was not a taper and scarcely a sound
> To be seen or be heard in the cottages round."

We knocked lustily, however, at the first door that presented itself, though for some time in vain. At length we succeeded in rousing one of the inmates, and great was my surprise at hearing my own name called aloud in accents of glee. The door was quickly opened. Pierre Nicaud, the *garçon* who occasionally was my *factotum* in Guernsey, had, since the reopening of communications with the French coast, formed a *liaison* with the daughter of a farmer in this village, and had come hither a day or two before to make formal proposals for her fair hand. After this brief but most satisfactory explanation, we would fain have taken up our quarters under the roof of Nicaud's father-in-law elect, and have ran all risk of regaining our boat in the morning; but the poor fellow, with great delicacy, reminded us that he was only there in a state of probation, as it were, himself, and that he could not venture upon so great a liberty as introducing strange guests at such an hour, when the family were all retired to rest and the fires extinguished. This reasoning was irresistible. There was no cabaret nearer than the *Haumettes*, the road to which we had missed in the dark; and we were nearly two miles from that place of rendezvous. We might as well ask for Burgundy as for brandy; and so we resolved to scramble back our way, Pierre undertaking to guide us by the nearest route to the *auberge*. Having secured the cottage-door in such a way that he himself could regain admission, my quondam valet led the way. The storm still raged with unabated violence, and we ran with unabated alacrity, Pierre keeping some paces ahead of us; when, just as we approached the termination of a row of trees, that seemed to form a natural avenue as we passed along, a crash of thunder, more terrific than any that had before awed us, rang through the heavens—earth, sky, and air, appeared one blaze of light—and the crackling of the boughs as they fell to the ground startled us with the certainty that one of the trees on the right hand of our dreary track was rent to pieces and struck to the ground. For us there appeared no safety "in flying hence, or tarrying here;" but the excitement of action seemed necessary to our very existence. We ran on, but more cautiously than before, and almost groping our way through the gloom—for the evanescent glare had only plunged us deeper into "the palpable obscure." At length the fallen trunk of the tree impeded our course for a moment;—but what was our consternation and dismay when, in that moment, a vivid flash of lightning shewed us the body of poor Pierre Nicaud laid prostrate beneath the broken branches! He was stunned, but the body retained heat; and he still breathed, though faintly and with great difficulty. The storm had no longer any terrors for us, while we cherished the hope that his life at least might not be sacrificed in his generous attempt to lead us to safety and to shelter. In an instant he was raised from the ground; and, supporting him as best we might, we carried the poor

lad onward, till at length the sight of lanterns passing hither and thither on the beach, and the hallooing of boatmen, assured us that we had nearly reached the goal. In ten minutes more we were in the *Haumettes*, and the still breathing body of Pierre Nicaud lay stretched on the hearth before a blazing fire of wood. We poured some brandy down his throat, chafed his limbs, and had soon the satisfaction of seeing animation and consciousness restored.

But now another trial awaited us: the smuggler was no where to be found! We had almost begun to despair of ever seeing him in mortal form again, when a terrific yelling and shouting announced the approach of a party of fishermen and our boatmen, who had luckily fallen in with the lost man. His own account of the affair blended the ludicrous with the lachrymose: "You must know," said he, "that as soon as ever you ran away from me, I made up my mind to run after you, and so I did till I was fairly blown; and then I rested, it may be a quarter of an hour, against a gate-post, till I recovered my breath, and groping my way along the road as well as I could in the dark, at last I saw a light that seemed to me to issue from a cottage-window, it might be a couple of hundred yards, or thereabouts, from me. And so, thinking I should be safe and sound if I could only once get to the door, I scrambled over the stone wall that bounded the road, and rather rolled than ran across one field. Then came a tremendous ditch and a low furze-hedge to stop my career; but I looked on t'other side, and there nearer and nearer still I saw the light I longed for. So over I scrambled, though pretily I suffered—for see how the furze have lodged their thorns in my face"—[and as he said, so it was; his face was wofully scratched and torn:]—"but what of that? I gave you two up for lost men, and only thought of the danger of catching my death of cold if I should be exposed unsheltered to the horrors of such a night. Well: I cleared hedge and ditch, and with breathless and almost blind eagerness I rushed towards the light that still twinkled before me, for all the world like a farthing candle in a cabin casement. But just as all my hopes seemed realised, and I was about, as I thought, to knock at the door—trying to remember a word or two of the *parley voose*, by way of salutation—I discovered that it was nothing but—*a glow-worm!* I say nought of my disappointment, for that gave way to my anxiety as to how I was to get back; and I cursed my own stupidity a thousand and a thousand times, for not having given myself in charge to the watchmen on the coast; which I certainly should have done, only I thought they might entertain some ill-founded suspicion of my dealings, and take impertinent liberties. Well, I hurried back as well as I could, till, getting to that unlucky ditch again, in trying to escape the furze and briars, I made a false step, and souse I sunk well nigh up to my middle in the mud! and I bodily fear I have sprained my ankle. I roared to be sure for life or death—for I had no chance before me but being smothered in the mire, or shot by the excisemen; when, luckily, these jolly boys heard me and brought lights to my assistance, dragged me out of the grave I thought I had digged for myself, and carried me here safe, if not sound. To be sure, they wanted to take off my boot at the watch-house and examine my leg; but I'd sooner have that leg amputated to-morrow than ransacked to-night, for there's no knowing the mischief these clumsy, busy, meddling rascals might do me. So here I am—more frightened than hurt, and more glad to escape the thieves of the customs than either: and therefore give me a tumbler of the best cognac the house affords."

His wishes were speedily complied with; but it was quite evident that he had applied his favourite specific to his inward bruises pretty copiously on the way to the *Haumettes*; and he was not long seated in the great arm-chair before the cheerful hearth, ere he forgot, for a time, his rambles and glow-worms, furze hedges and sprained ankle, ditches and douaniers, and snored most sonorously. So here were the adventurers all snugly and safely housed.

Our minds were too much agitated to be speedily composed to sleep; but however inclined to somnolency we might have been, the hilarity of our boatmen, whom we had rewarded for their recovery of the smuggler with "potations pottle-deep," would have kept us waking. It was long past the witching time of night, when at length,

worn out with fatigue, I began to lose the consciousness of what was passing around me; but, just as I gave myself up to sleep, the loud yawn of the smuggler, and a blow from his huge arm, that fell from its outstretched eminence upon my head, banished all drowsiness. I lay still and motionless, to watch his movements. He rubbed his eyes, stared about him, as if wondering for some time where he could possibly be, and "how the devil he got there" The pain of his ankle soon restored his recollection; but whilst the inordinate libations he had quaffed still somewhat confused his faculties, he seemed strangely puzzled how to bring back his thoughts to their accustomed train. Something was stirring within him; but whether it was conscience or the brandy, it were difficult to determine. It seemed, however, to flit across his bewildered imagination, that he had disturbed the poor cottagers in their matin devotions—for it was dawn; and to atone for his impropriety, he resolved to betake him to prayer likewise. Preparatory to this act of expiation, he thought it might be as well to give them a spice of his quality in religious matters, to convince them that no impious scoffer and scorner had interrupted the exercise of their piety; and forgetting, like poor Goldsmith amongst the Dutch, that he could not speak French, and that they could not understand English, he began his exhortation. But soon muttering something, in which prayers and execrations were sadly mingled, he slept and snored again.

The morning was one of the loveliest that ever the summer sun brightened. The sky was as cloudless, as purely brilliant, and as brilliantly serene, as if cloud had never obscured its brightness, nor storm shed terror or desolation beneath its glorious expanse. The air was fresh and crisp, but mild and balmy; and though the wave "seemed to heave as remembering ills that were o'er," yet every thing in nature smiled, as indicating a swift and stormless passage to our island-home. Pierre would fain have accompanied us; but then gallantry forbade; and so parting from him on the shore, we were speedily under weigh, and before noon had cleared Cape La Hogue. But from that point the rapidity of our course gradually declined. The heavy swell of the sea, that had the night before been lashed into fury, retarded our progress; and the danger of sudden squalls from the headlands, made us trust less to our canvass than to the tide and the strength of our rowers. Constantly, too, the current hurried past fragments of oars and spars and boat-masts, casks and planks, and broken rudders, that too plainly told what the fury of the gale had been, and how providential was our escape from its ravages. We had scarcely ceased our self-gratulations on our safe deliverance from the horrors of the preceding night, when a shadow seemed flitting between us and the sun, and the gathering together of clouds and vapours, that had floated unheeded in their separate state, foreboded another storm before the close of the day; and ever and anon, as our small craft sank in the trough of the sea, we looked wistfully to the islands ahead of us, and computed, with almost breathless anxiety, what were the chances of our reaching even Sarke in safety, in the event of the gale freshening again.

The shades of evening hung over earth and sea, when my old friend the smuggler roused me, with a request that I would take charge of a few trifles he had deposited in his boot; for they so hurt him, by pressing on his injured limb, that he should never be able to walk swift enough to escape the vigilance of the inquisitorial inspectors at the pier-head. I evaded compliance with this modest request, by recommending him to feign himself much more hurt than he really was, and as being, in fact, unable to move the limb at all, from the violence of the sprain; for which, I had no doubt, the captain and crew would vouch, especially as he had lain quietly in one position all day long. Little time was there now for deliberation; for Castle Cornet was close in view, and half an hour more would see us within the pier. We landed. The grazing smuggler played his part to admiration; and whatever his booty may have been—silks or laces destined for the island or the English market—I never knew; but he bore them all off in triumph, and once more, at least, outwitted the searchers.

For me, a severer ordeal than I had yet encountered was still reserved. My first inquiry on landing was for the arrival of the yacht bearing the bodies of poor Gunning and his ill-fated companion the young Lamarque. The

vessel had arrived only that morning, and Gunning's remains had been removed to his mother's now desolate dwelling. It instantly occurred to me, that the melancholy duty I had imposed upon myself might much better be performed that evening, whilst her mind was yet struggling with its first great grief. From the moment that she saw the coffin carried within her doors, she appeared lost in stupor,—tears and speech were alike denied to her sorrow. I saw her, and, with as sincere condolence as ever the heart of man dictated, or the lip of man uttered, I besought her to have comfort; but she heeded me not. I then placed before her the lock of hair I had taken from her poor son's head as he lay in the sleep of death. As if I had touched upon the only heart-string that was yet unstrung, she looked wistfully in my face for a moment, seized upon the last relic of the child n v lost to her for ever in this world, and burst into an agony of tears. The young and gentle girl I beheld on the hill-top, taking a fond leave of Gunning, sleeps in the churchyard by the side of her lover.

## CRITICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF LORD BYRON'S POETRY.*

Lord Byron was the creature of circumstances. But circumstances make not man their creature, unless he first suffer himself to be taken captive in those strange meshes which they weave. One act of free agency is permitted to every man — whether or not he shall yield to the fascination by which his steps are led into the snare of the fowler; but once so led, from that moment he is a bondslave. Scarcely, then, shall even the truth set him free; and hardly shall it find him out in the pitfall, wherein he is hidden from daylight and the sun-god. Neither Apollo nor Uriel are keen-eyed enough to detect his lurking-place in the dungeon of sin and sorrow. Pitiful prisoner! Where then, O Will! is thy liberty? No freedom accompanies the volitions of him who has chosen for their channel the things which are about or on him. Enough is it for spirit to be transfused into other moulds than the spiritual: to be ordained by Fate ever to begin and end with the ever-about-to-be of Nature, is sufficiently irksome for that which claims *to be*,—in the right of being, to be. Yet well is it if that nature, though not true being, still aim at that which is true being; so long it works in harmony with, and in subservience to, the spirit and the will of unconfined and liberal humanity. But it is evil—and the more unfelt the greater — if the spirit and will aim the rather to lower itself to the caprices and evolutions of that inferior life which only appears, and not is,—finally to be, indeed, even as an appearance, lost in the shifting changes of phenomenal existence. It is true, that in such case a certain harmony is maintained between the operations of spirit and of nature; but it is by the subjection of the former to the mastery of the latter And what a mastery! Shade of the Honourable Robert Boyle! thou canst tell us of the unreasonable service to which those who do suit thereto must inevitably be subject.

Reader! have you ever perused this great philosopher's *Free Inquiry into the Vulgar Notion of Nature?* No? We thought so. "The vulgar notion of nature," he says, and says truly, "is prejudicial to religion and philosophy." And yet this vulgar notion, what a thing it is! how creditable in itself to both! A sword with double edge, as all those weapons are which proceed out of the mouth of Truth — of Truth as represented to the soul, and born of the soul—an edge of use and an edge of abuse. They are the best things ever which are thus two-edged. For this vulgar notion originates in the fact, that the human soul, being itself a true and positive being, is apt to conceive all other things as such; whence it thinks and speaks of chimerical things, and of negations or privations, as of true and positive being. Hence men ascribe most of the admirable things to be met with in the world rather to a certain nature, which they knew not what to make of, than to its great Author and Governor; apparently

* Works of Lord Byron. Vols. VII. to XI. London: John Murray, 1832.

conceiving that he has appointed an intelligent and powerful agent as his vicegerent, continually to watch for the good of the universe *in* general, and of the particular bodies that compose it. But of such an agent revelation suggests no hint. The word, says Boyle, is not once mentioned in Scripture by Moses, in his account of the creation; and, indeed, till the Israelites were overrun and corrupted by idolatrous nations, there was for many ages a deep silence as to such a being. But the acceptations in the course of time in which the word nature has been employed, makes it easy, as the sage accurately remarks, for the generality of men (without excepting those who write on natural things) to impose upon others and themselves in the use of a word so apt to be misemployed, that, in the manner in which it is generally used, it is either unintelligible, improper, or false. I therefore heartily wish, exclaims Robert Boyle, "that philosophers and other leading men would, by common consent, introduce some more significant and less ambiguous terms and expressions, in the room of the licentious word nature, and the forms of speech that depend on it; or, at least, decline the use of it as much as conveniently they can; and where they think they must employ it, declare in what clear and determinate sense they use it. For unless somewhat of this kind be done, men will very hardly avoid being led into mistakes, both of things and of one another; whence such wranglings about words and names will be still kept on foot, as are usually managed with much heat and little advantage."

Boyle had a very great objection to the notion, that the nature of a thing was the law that it receives from the Creator, which he considered to be an improper and figurative expression. Against this defective idea of nature he argued, that it "omitted the general fabric of the world, and the contrivances of particular bodies; which yet are as necessary as local motion itself to the production of particular effects and phenomena: and, to speak properly, a law being but a notional rule of acting according to the declared will of a superior, it is plain that nothing but an intellectual being can be properly capable of receiving and acting by a law. For if it does not understand, it cannot know what the will of the legislator is, have any intention to accomplish it, or act with regard thereto. Now 'tis intelligible that God should, at the beginning, impress determinate motions upon the parts of matter, and guide them as he thought requisite for the primordial constitution of things; and that ever since he should, by his ordinary and general concourse, maintain those powers which he gave the parts of matter, to transmit their motion to one another. But I cannot conceive how a body, destitute of understanding and sense, truly so called, can moderate and determine its own motions; especially so as to make them conformable to laws that it has no knowledge of. And that inanimate bodies, how strictly soever called natural, properly act by laws, cannot be proved by their acting sometimes regularly, and, as men think, in order to determinate ends: since, in artificial things, we see many motions very orderly performed, and with a manifest tendency to particular and designed ends. Thus, in a watch the motions of the spring, wheels, and other parts, are so fitted and regulated, that the hand upon the dial-plate moves with great uniformity, and seems to moderate its motion, so as not to arrive at the points that denote the time of the day either a minute sooner or a minute later than it should do. And when a man shoots an arrow at a mark, so as to hit it, though the arrow moves towards the mark as it would, if it could, and did design to strike it; yet none will say that this arrow moves by law, but by an external impulse."

This is wisdom. What think ye, that Nature is exceeding wise, and that all her works are performed with understanding? What think ye, that she doth nothing in vain — never fails of her purpose — always does what is best — always acts in the shortest manner — is never too lavish nor too sparing in necessary things — always preserves herself — cures diseases — always watches to preserve the universe — and dreads a vacuum? Fools! Nature is nothing, according to Boyle, but the aggregate of the bodies that make up the world in its present state, considered as a principle; by virtue whereof they act and suffer, according to the laws of motion prescribed by the Author of things. To look upon merely corporeal, and often inanimate things, as endowed with life, sense, and under-

standing, and to ascribe to Nature and some other beings things that belong to God alone, is to revive polytheism and Gentile idolatry — in short, to idolise Nature. But such a nature seemed to Robert Boyle to be either asserted or assumed, without sufficient proof. He had met with no physical arguments, either demonstrative or considerably probable, to evince the existence of such; which, moreover, he esteemed to be unnecessary. "Supposing the common matter of all bodies to have been at first divided into innumerable minute parts by the wise Author of things, and these parts to have been so disposed as to form the world as it now is; and supposing the universal laws of motion, among the parts of matter, to have been established, and several conventions of particles contrived into the seminal principles of various things; all which may be effected by the mere motion of matter, skilfully guided at the beginning of the world: supposing all this, together with God's ordinary and general concourse — which we very reasonably may — I see not why the same phenomena that we now observe in the world should not be produced, without taking in any such powerful and intelligent being, distinct from God, as Nature is represented to be. And, till some instance is produced to the contrary, I shall think that the phenomena we observe will genuinely follow from the mere fabric and constitution of the world." Bravo, Boyle!

If Nature were the intelligent, powerful, and vigilant being contended for, several things would not be done which experience assures us are done. Does she prevent or replenish a *vacuum!* Boyle proves, that either her endeavours to hinder a vacuum are superfluous, or that where they succeed not, such a vacuum is really produced; and at best, that either she must be very indiscreet to trouble herself, and transgress her own ordinary laws, to prevent a danger she need not fear; or else her strength must be very insignificant that is not able to fill a small vacuity, or to break a little glass bubble. Doth she ordain that heavy bodies descend to the earth's centre, and light bodies ascend to heaven's? Yet Nature, in such cases, often "plays a very odd game; since she forces a ball, against the laws of heavy bodies, to ascend several times upwards, upon account of that very gravity whose office it is to carry it downwards the directest way." So of a pendulum: on account of its gravity it falls to the perpendicular. Well! is it not a motion proceeding from the same gravity, that the swinging weight passes beyond the perpendicular, consequently ascends, and often makes a multitude of vibrations; and, therefore, very frequently ascends before it comes to rest in the perpendicular! Have not persons been choked with a hair? Kind and provident, indeed, this Nature! always at hand to preserve the life of animals, and to succour them in their danger and distresses! Yet, "like a passionate and transported thing," she opposes the hair, which might better have been resolved or consumed by the juices of the body, or removed by some favourable accident, "with such blind violence, that, instead of ejecting the hair, she expels the life of the person." How the care and wisdom of Nature will be reconciled to so improper and disorderly a procedure, Boyle leaves her admirers to consider; and so doth Oliver Yorke. Pregnant women have been made to miscarry with the physician, by the smell of an extinguished candle; which would before have indeed displeased, but not endangered life. Nature, surely, in this "seems very far from being so prudent and careful as men usually fancy her; since by an odour she is put into such unruly transports, and instead of watching for the welfare of the woman, whose condition needed an extraordinary measure of her care and tenderness, she violently precipitates her charge into a danger that often proves fatal, not only to the child but also to the mother."

This neglected sage goes on to consider her blind doings in regard to monsters. To leave this point, however, for one more important, namely, that unless a contriving, managing, regular, and methodical Nature be admitted, there will appear no visible footsteps or proof of Divine Wisdom. As to this objection, however, short work may suffice; since no endeavour need be made to suppress the manifest token of wisdom and design observable in the wonderful construction and orderly operations of the world and its parts: it is enough that these indications of wisdom be referred to the proper cause, that is, to God, and not

to another most watchful and provident being, called Nature. Neither is the vulgar distinction of motion into natural and violent so clear and well grounded, as to oblige us to admit that there is such a being as the naturists assert; and as little will the vulgar notion of a crisis, when examined, serve the purpose. Crises are properly attributed to the wisdom and ordinary providence of God, exerting itself by the mechanism of that great machine the world, and of that smaller engine the human body, as constituted in the patient's circumstances. It was Boyle's settled opinion that Divine Providence is, at least, often concerned in a peculiar manner about the actions of men, and the things that happen to them. The sovereign Lord and Governor of the world may, not only sometimes by those signal and manifest interpositions which we call miracles, act in a supernatural way, but frequently give, by the intervention of rational minds, as well united as not united to human bodies, several such determinations to the motion of parts in those bodies, and of others which may be affected by them, as by laws merely mechaneal those parts of matter would not have had. And the sage of whom we are discoursing was not ashamed to think, that "it becomes a Christian philosopher to admit, in general, that God sometimes, in a peculiar though secret way, interposes in the ordinary phenomena and events of crises; but that this is done so seldom - - at least, in a way that we can certainly discern —that we are not hastily to have recourse to an extraordinary providence, and much less to the strange care and skill of that questioned being called Nature, in a particular case, if it may be probably accounted for by mechanical laws, and the ordinary course of things." He conceived the most wise Creator at first so framed the world, and settled such laws of motion between the bodies, which, as parts, compose it, that by the assistance of his general concourse, the portions of the universe are lodged in such places, and furnished with such powers, as by the help of his general providence, they may have their beings continued and maintained as long as the course he thought fit to establish amongst things corporeal requires.

God fails not of his ends, but nature often. The sap raised by nature to feed the fruit of a whitethorn, is by grafting brought to nourish a fruit of quite another kind. So, when the maltster makes barley to sprout, whence nature intends to produce stalks and ears, it is perverted to a very different purpose. Moreover, if nature acted by the shortest ways—another attribute for which her admirers give her credit—would a little sphere of marble or steel, that after having long fallen through the air, lights upon a horizontal pavement of hard stone, rebound again, and so for several times successively, before it approaches as near as is permitted it to the centre of heavy bodies? Would it rebound at all? Take a good seacompass, and suffer the magnetic needle to rest north and south—then hold the proper pole of a good loadstone at a convenient distance, on the right or left hand of the lily, this will be drawn aside from the north point towards the east or west, as you please; and then the loadstone being quite removed, the lily of the needle will indeed return northward, though not stop in the magnetic meridian, but passing on several degrees beyond it, it will thence return without stopping at the meridian line, and so, by its vibrations, describe many arches, still shorter and shorter, till at length it come to settle on it, and recover that position, which, if nature always acted by the most compendious ways, it should have rested at the first time it had regained it. Take also an oblong and conveniently shaped piece of light wood, and having sunk it to the bottom of deep stagnant water, give it liberty to ascend, it will not only regain the surface of the water, where, by the laws of gravity, it ought to rest, and did rest before it was forced down, but rise far beyond that surface, and in part, as it were, shoot itself up into the incumbent air, then fall down again, and rise a second time, and perhaps much oftener, and fall again before it settles in its due place, wherein it is an equilibrium with the water that endeavours to press it upwards. But it is boasted that nature does always what is best. Does she? Are not, on the contrary, several things done that are neither the best, nor so much as good, with regard to the welfare of particular bodies? Fruit-trees, especially when grown old, will, for one season, be so overcharged with fruit, that they decay and die soon after; and even whilst

they flourish, the excessive weight upon them sometimes breaks off the branches, and thereby both hinders the maturity of the fruit, and hastens the death of the tree—a fatal profusion which would have been prevented if a *wise* nature, harboured in the plant, did, as is presumed, solicitously watch for its welfare. Is it not a part of the physician's work to appease the fury, and to correct the errors of this pretended nature in the diseased body? Hath she not also, from time to time, destroyed multitudes of men and beasts, by earthquake, pestilence, and famine! But then does she not sometimes cure diseases? Wounds are healed without medicines. Well; but are not wens and scrofulous tumours nourished in the body? And in wounds, fungi are as well produced and nourished by the aliment brought to the wounded part as the true and genuine flesh. Warts and corns grow again after they are cut. Boyle had seen a woman, in whose forehead nature was careful to nourish a horn above an inch in length, which he fully examined while it was yet growing on her head, to avoid being imposed upon. Nature importunately craves for drink in dropsies, but the physician denies it. The chirurgeon often hinders nature from closing up the lips of a wound, as she would unskilfully do before it be well and securely healed at the bottom. "In short," says Boyle, "I look upon a good physician not properly as a servant to nature, but a counsellor and a friendly assistant, who, in his patient's body, furthers those motions, and other things, that he judges conducive to the welfare and recovery of it; but as to those that he perceives likely to be hurtful, either by increasing the disease, or otherwise endangering the patient, he thinks it his part to oppose or hinder, though nature manifestly seems to endeavour to exercise or carry on those hurtful motions."

Such is nature, then, according to Boyle; to whose views Oliver Yorke has to add, that not only the nature which surrounds man, but the nature which is on him, and is called human, is the same unwise, unintelligent, vain performer—the same failing purposer, ill or least-good doer—the same incompendious actor—the same too-lavish and too-sparing merchant—the same unskilful mediciner, alike incompetent to preserve itself or to cure diseases—and alike unwatchful to preserve the universe, any alleged abhorrence of a vacuum notwithstanding. No man illustrated this truth, in his conduct and character, more than Lord Byron! No man, moreover, more illustrated the truth, that there is also in man, independent of this nature, a true and positive being—a living soul, which that nature is not, although he considers it to be. Whatever it has of true and positive being is derived from the soul; but it is itself a mere passive recipient, subject unto spiritual laws, bound fast in fate by him who left free the human will. Free! Yes; and it is free to follow out, if it will, all the unwise, unintelligent, vain, defective, imperfect, injurious, incompendious, too-lavish and too-sparing, destructive, improvident, and corrupt courses of that same passive subject which it animates; a subtilised serpent then, but still a serpent, and doomed ever to crawl on its belly, and dust to eat all the days of its life. But from that moment, and while the will chooses to remain in such recipient, it submits to the same constraint as the recipient itself is held in. Expressing itself in sense, it becomes sensualised; and all the more hopelessly because by its own consent. Its very freedom is against it; for to will otherwise it cannot be constrained, but must be renewed in the spirit of the will. This it is which makes so hard the redemption of the natural man. What he is, and what his state, is expressed by Byron in his *Prayer of Nature*—a voice as fearful as that of St. Paul, when he exclaimed, "Wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Such a body of death is nature; and still it travaileth in pain from the beginning until now. Hear its first groanings in the heart of Byron! —more sublime than the outcry of Ajax for light, as the darkness which enveloped the English poet was more intense than that which wrapped the Grecian hero!

This poem (to which, for want of room, we can only refer the reader) is, with the exception of some verbal faults, a poem as beautiful as it is pathetic. But of what nature is it the prayer?—not of inanimate, but of human. Emphatically *human*, because animated with the living human soul. It is

dumb nature speaking with the voice of eloquent humanity—of a humanity which had become a willing servant to that senseless lump, moving only according to its capacity of motion, and limited within the sphere of its prescribed relations. But the humanity is not unconscious of a better state; like Ajax it knew what light was, because it had experienced the same previous to its passage into darkness, and calls aloud for its return. Byron, as we have seen, had read his Bible, and glimpses of that old revelation haunted him yet; and in the memory of what had been, from the dark obscure of nature he shouted "accents of despair." It is the human soul, then, not nature whether human or inanimate, which utters the fearful exclamation; but, nevertheless, the soul oppressed with the cloud which she was meant to irradiate with spiritual glory. Save for those old memories thus opposed, she would have recognised no Father of Light—no God of Heaven.* And now that she doth indulge in such recognitions, are they not dimmed with its films! and, but for the unquenchable life in the soul, would they not fade into oblivion! Dimmer and more dim they grow, until that paternal deity to its agonising offspring appears — what! the Father of Spirits!—O no! but rather, or, perhaps, only as the author of nature—only his father in the sense in which all things which God has made are his offspring.† In this respect (to use the sublime language of Hooker), "they are *in him* as effects in their highest cause; and He likewise actually is *in them*—the assistance and influence of his deity is *their life*." For "all things," says the judicious defender of our ecclesiastical polity, "which God, in their times and seasons, has brought forth, were eternally and before all times in God, as a work unbegun is in the artificer, which afterwards bringeth it into effect. Therefore, whatsoever we do behold now in this present world, it was inwrapped within the bowels of Divine Mercy, written in the book of Eternal Wisdom, and held in the hands of Omnipotent Power, the first foundations of the world being as yet unlaid." Mercy, wisdom, and power,‡ too, are the three attributes principally recognised in the *Prayer of Nature*, by Lord Byron.

It is an interesting question, How it was that at so early an age our poet passed from light into darkness, and more particularly, as even in the following year he continued, or appeared to be, yet a boy in his feelings and manners. "Next Monday," says Miss —— "is our great fair. Lord Byron talks of it with as much pleasure as little Henry, and declares he will ride in the round-about; but I think he will change his mind." Moore also remarks of this period that his letters were boyishly written. Alas! But these were not the only respects in which he was a boy; for, according to the same authority, there is another sense in which the state of boyhood may be interpreted. Lord Byron had so little improved to practical ends the religious and other instruction which Providence placed in the way of his childhood, that in respect to his *moral* humanity he was yet immature. Moore expresses this sentiment thus:

* "Father of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?
Father of Light! on thee I call!
Thou seest my soul is dark within."

† "Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—
Thy laws in nature's works appear."

‡ "Thou who can'st guide the wandering star
Through trackless realms of æther's space,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace,—
Thou who in wisdom placed me here—
* * * *
To thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past."

BYRON'S *Prayer of Nature*

"We observe here,* as in other parts of his early letters, that sort of display and boast of rakishness which is but too common a folly at this period of his life, when the young aspirant to manhood persuaded himself that to be profligate is to be manly. Unluckily, this boyish desire of being thought worse than he really was, remained with Lord Byron, as did some other feelings and foibles of his boyhood, long after the period when with others they are past and forgotten; and his mind, indeed, was but beginning to outgrow them when he was snatched away."

In respect to his moral character, then, Lord Byron never was a MAN! This is an important truth, of which, though his biographer seems to have got here a glimpse, was yet never fully revealed to him. The poet Byron never was a man! His poetical capacity itself was one reason why he fell short of the perfect character, and yet only by means of his poetry could he hope for enlargement to the full stature of a man. Genius is an excellence only in one direction; and in proportion as that direction is exclusively followed out, the character of the human being is imperfectly, because only partially, revealed. It may, however, be doubted if more than partial developement is permitted to any individual; for who in history or society may be named as a perfect, an absolute man! Only one such has appeared these six thousand years, and him men have pronounced God; and such an one is a god, and includes in his own person, in a certain degree, all that is conceivable of deity. To this condition, with all, submission is necessary; and a man must be content to work out his personal redemption in that direction in which it is appointed him intellectually, morally, or physically to labour. A fact this, though grievous to human pride, and reducing our high-flown or high-flying professions to mere trades, and howsoever by such supposition they may feel degraded! But by such humility of self-esteem, who knows but that they may be ere long exalted? Oh! for a Man! a Man! God made such a creature surely, but where is he now to be discovered? On what unknown shore or isle—in what far-off main or continent—in what new-found world?

Even so. But there were special circumstances which kept back Byron's developement, though it still progressed, but by gradual and ascertainable steps, and in concurrence with certain external influences—perhaps in consequence of them. Of these special circumstances, the one just indicated is as it were an Aaron's rod, including all the rest; namely, the absurd opinion that to be profligate was to be manly: though it may be doubted if this was the precise form in which it presented itself to his mind. Ignorance of the world, and a desire to know it better, led Byron away from the tree of life, under which his childhood had been sheltered. Providence had placed him where for his poetical faculty food might be found in abundance; had awakened in him the energies of the contemplative life; and formed him, by mental exercises and opportunities of observation, to express at once the mysteries of spirit and the phenomena of nature in no inharmonious guise. What then? This was comparatively a solitary employment, and in comparative solitude had been prosecuted. But there was a world beyond—*the* world; and for this he desired to forsake the shades of retirement, and in so doing passed into a different nature. The poet was no more: that only thing in which lay all his excellence, and out of which he had no excellence, vanished at once. We have his own confession for it. "Society and genius," said Lord Byron to Lady Blessington, "are incompatible, and the latter can rarely, if ever, be in close or frequent contact with the former, without degenerating; it is otherwise with wit and talent, which are excited and brought into play by

* The letter alluded to begins as follows:—

"MY DEAR ELIZABETH, *Trinity College, Cambridge, Oct. 26, 1807.*

"Fatigued with sitting up till four in the morning for the last two days, at hazard, I take up my pen to inquire how your highness and the rest of my female acquaintance at the seat of archiepiscopal grandeur go on. I know I deserve a scolding for my negligence in not writing more frequently; but, racing up and down the country for these last three months, how was it possible to fulfil the duties of a correspondent?"—*Notices of the Life of Lord Byron*, vol. i. pp. 173, 4.

the friction of society, which polishes and sharpens both. I judge from personal experience; and, as some portion of genius has been attributed to me, I suppose I may, without any extraordinary vanity, quote my ideas upon the subject. Well, then," (continued Lord Byron), "if I have any genius (which I grant is problematical), all I can say is, that I have always found it fade away, like snow before the sun, when I have been living much in the world. My ideas became dispersed and vague; I lost the power of concentrating my thoughts, and became another being,—you will perhaps think a better, on the principle that any change in me must be for the better; but no—instead of this, I became worse; for the recollection of former mental power remained, reproaching me with present inability, and increased the natural irritability of my nature."

Into this world, then, he found himself incapable of transferring that spirit, and embodying that genius, which he had reared up in solitude. But he seems not to have known that they were *essentially*, not occasionally only, incompatible. "You will believe me, what I sometimes believe myself, mad," said Byron to the lady just quoted, "when I tell you that I seem to have *two* states of existence—*one* purely contemplative, during which the crimes, faults, and follies of mankind are laid open to my view (my own forming a prominent object in the picture); and the other *active*, when I play my part in the drama of life, as if impelled by some power, over which I have no control, though the consciousness of doing wrong remains. It is as though I had the faculty of discovering error, without the power of avoiding it. How do you account for this?"

This, it must be admitted, was a question that might puzzle some wise heads, and might well perplex a fickle female's. Accordingly, her ladyship answered, "That, *like all the phenomena of thought*, it was unaccountable;" and then, womanlike, proceeds to account for it, by adding, 'but that contemplation, when too much indulged, often produced the same effect on the mental faculties that the dwelling on bodily ailments effected in the physical powers; we might become so well acquainted with diseases, as to find all their symptoms in ourselves and others, without the power of preventing or curing them; nay, by the force of imagination, might end in the belief that we were afflicted with them to such a degree as to lose all enjoyment of life, which state is termed hypochondria; but the hypochondria which arises from the belief of mental diseases is still more insupportable, and is increased by contemplation of the supposed crimes or faults; so that the mind should be often relaxed from its extreme tension, and other and less exciting subjects of reflection presented to it. Excess in thinking, like all other excesses, produces reaction; and add the two words 'too much' before the word thinking, in the two lines of the admirable parody of the *Brothers Smith*,—

> "'Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
> And nought is every thing, and every thing is nought.'

and, instead of parody, it becomes true philosophy."

Does it? Her ladyship adds, "We both laughed at the abstract subject we had fallen upon." This is admirable. But the subject is not such a laughable one as her ladyship would seem to think. This contest between the speculative and the practical—this opposition between the laws of the spirit and of the nature—must prevail ever where the speculative and the practical operate in two regions of action,—where, in short, the distinction is possible which Byron felt, between the contemplative and the active,—where it can be predicated that the latter remains a boy while the former advances on to manhood. In Byron, the tendency of the contemplative was indeed to a precocious manhood, which, however, was retarded and clogged in its approaches by the defects of the active, or, rather, by reason of the sphere in which it moved; for, be it known, as a truth worthy of all acceptation, that the contemplative itself can only attain its manhood by union with the active, and must pause in its course if the latter stay behind, awaiting its arrival to whatever goal it may have itself attained, being unable itself to attain to its utmost goal until the speculative be identified and at one with the practical. To embody in the character and conduct the law of a wise will is the highest possible aim and attain-

ment of man, whether in the fallen or unfallen state,—it is, in a word, to manifest the god

"in human limbs array'd, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight."

Not to be despised, therefore, but recognised as a divine instinct, is the desire of any man to emerge from the obscure of solitude,—however in such dark place shines brightest the light of spiritual worlds,—into the busy walks of life, where that same light may be made to shine before men. A different result, however, will be produced, if, instead of taking with him the light of his solitary hours into social scenes, the divided man adopt the precepts of his conduct from the practice of the world, and cultivate his active faculties in a direction precisely different, and in a degree opposite to that in which his merely intellectual have been wont to travel. To reconcile a being so contradictory,—to make truth (*true being*) of such a Living Lie, is the hardest of tasks both for the individual himself and for his critic. Just about the period of his death there are indications that Byron had begun to effect such reconcilement. How his critic may be able to solve this important problem, is now in tolerably fair process of development.

Byron felt much difficulty in introducing himself into the world, and was from an early period very shy in company. This *mauvaise honte*, however, in time wore off; and he became, during his visit at Southwell, a frequenter of their assemblies and dinner-parties, and even felt mortified if he heard of a rout to which he was not invited. His horror, however, at new faces still continued; and if, while at Mrs. Pigot's, he saw strangers approaching the house, he would instantly jump out of the window to avoid them. There was other reason for this than natural shyness; he was desirous of keeping aloof from the acquaintance of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, from a mortifying consciousness of the inadequacy of his own means to his rank. When envious critics talk of the advantages of Byron's rank in making and taking the fame of a poet, they should set off, on the other side, some of the disadvantages also. This was one of the ills to which a lord may be born—one of the inconveniences of being a nobleman. Byron had a proud dread of being made to feel his pecuniary inferiority by persons to whom in every other respect he knew himself superior. This self-consciousness he has left on record in some lines addressed to the Rev. J. T. Becher, who had rebuked him for his apparent unsociableness. He had nursed himself in the opinion, that he despised the world, as a sort of consolation for not being able to mix in it in the way he wished; not but that he would, indeed, condescend to visit it if "the senate or camp" required his exertions. But tasks less ambitious were unworthy of a genius like his, which, already, he anticipates as being of a volcanic order. "The fire," says he,

"The fire in the cavern of Etna concealed,
Still mantles unseen in its secret recess;—
At length in a volume terrific revealed,
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.

"Oh thus, the desire in my bosom for fame
Bids me live but to hope for posterity's praise;
Could I soar with the phœnix, on pinions of flame,
With him I would wish to expire in the blaze."

It was two years after the *Prayer of Nature* before Byron commenced the composition of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (Oct. 31, 1809), having passed his one-and-twentieth year. He was then at Joannina, in Albania. The second canto was finished on the 28th of March, in the succeeding year, at Smyrna. During those years, we are somewhat enabled to trace his progress in his art, by means of certain short pieces, which Mr. Murray has now, for the first time, published. In a poem called *The Adieu*, written under the impression that the author would soon die, he has repeated certain sentiments—some in the same words—of *The Prayer of Nature*. He bids adieu to the favourite scenes of his youth,—the hill of Harrow, "the spires of Granta's vale," Loch na Garr, Newstead Abbey, the river Grete, and Annesley; nor is he unmindful of individual associations by which the scenes were attached to his heart,—Mary Duff, and Eddlestone the Cambridge chorister. Then he thinks of death, and that he shall die without his fame, for which, to him horrid thought, no consolation may be found but in di-

recting his mind to heaven; and, in his despair, he again calls upon the Father of Light! But still his "soul is dark within," and he feels himself only "a child of dust."

On these poems, Moore has made, in his flashy way, some thin observations about the rarity of infidelity or scepticism finding an entrance into youthful minds. "That readiness," says he, "to take the future upon trust, which is the charm of this period of life, would naturally, indeed, make it the season of belief as well as of hope. There are also there, still fresh in the mind, the impressions of early religious culture, which, even in those who begin soonest to question their faith, give way but slowly to the encroachments of doubt, and, in the mean time, extend the benefit of their moral restraint over a portion of life where it is acknowledged such restraints are most necessary." We cannot make room for the same writer's would-be profound arguments on infidelity, which are just worth nothing,—contenting ourselves with adding that, in Moore's words, "with Byron the canker shewed itself 'in the morn and dew of youth,' when the effect of such 'blastments' is, for every reason, most fatal,—and, in addition to the real misfortune of being an unbeliever at any age, he exhibited the rare and melancholy spectacle of an unbelieving schoolboy." There is very little philosophy in this style of writing. There is no fear of that scepticism which is the result of inquiry; let the sceptic only inquire on, and he will be found to have doubted only to believe more firmly. Byron had inquired largely—at least as far as reading is inquiry—and has left us a list of books which by the time he was nineteen he had perused. It consists of nearly all the standard histories and biographies in Greek, Latin, French, English, and German literature, either original or translated,—Blackstone and Montesquieu in law,—Paley, Locke, Bacon, Hume, Berkeley, Drummond, Beattie, Bolingbroke, and Hobbes (the last his detestation), in philosophy,—certain geographers,—all the dead poets, and most of the living,—orators, Demosthenes, Cicero, Quintilian, Sheridan, *Austin's Chronomia*, and parliamentary debates from the revolution to the year 1742,—divines, Blair, Porteus, Tillotson, Hooker,—miscellaneous writings, such as the *Spectator*, *Rambler*, *World*, and novels by the thousand. True it is, that a man may read all these books, and yet be a sceptic; nay, from this mass of reading accumulate materials for doubt. Facts and arguments he can thus acquire in great plenty, but no demonstration. That he must find in himself,—in himself and in his moral being must grow up the evidence which he needs; then, verily, these treasures of learning and knowledge will come in aid as the graces and ornaments of an accomplished manhood; but otherwise they will be only as so much rubbish in the lumber-room of memory. At Harrow, Byron had "devoured with exceeding eagerness all sorts of learning, excepting only that which, by the regimen of the school, was prescribed for him." A little incident this, which, by shewing his restiveness to moral restraint in this humble guise of school discipline, marked that state of spiritual rebellion from which he needed redemption, ere he might or could be redeemed from the torment of doubt.

The intellectual, however, was by these means furnished with appropriate aliment. "The same rapid and multifarious course of study he pursued during the holydays; and, in order to deduct as little as possible from his hours of exercise, he had given himself the habit, while at home, of reading all dinner-time." It was not to be expected that his mind would be very particular in its fare. "In a mind," says his biographer, "so versatile as his, every novelty, whether serious or light, whether lofty or ludicrous, found a welcome and an echo; and I can easily conceive the glee—as a friend of his once described it to me—with which he brought to her, one evening, a copy of *Mother Goose's Tales*, which he had bought from a hawker that morning, and read for the first time while he dined." As an intellectual man, we repeat, though not as a spiritual man, this course of study was to him beneficial. Moore rightly attributes thereto "that mastery over the resources of his own language with which Byron came furnished into the field of literature, and which enabled him, as fast as his youthful fancies sprung up, to clothe them with a diction worthy of their strength and beauty." To this result this kind of self-education has been found con-

ducive. Pope, Congreve, and Chatterton, were thus left to a free course of study, and, by leaving the dead for the living, were enabled at first hand to supply their own intellectual wants and tastes. Pope, says Spence, "thought himself the better, in some respects, for not having had a regular education. He (as he observed in particular) read originally for the sense, whereas we are taught, for so many years, to read only for words."

However this may be, Byron was not merely laying up stores of diction for more mature works, but using them meantime as he might in diverse poetic experiments. His fancy, whenever excited, teemed with rhymes, as if spontaneously. Thus, when he first went to Newstead, on his arrival from Aberdeen, he planted, we are told, a young oak in some part of the grounds, and had an idea, that as it flourished, so should he. On revisiting the abbey, during Lord Grey de Ruthven's residence there, he found the oak choked up with weeds, and almost destroyed. This was a circumstance which certainly had poetic capabilities, and five or ten stanzas were readily produced on the subject. The lines will probably make the oak famous,—at least so the editor of the poem thinks. To him we are indebted for the information that, "shortly after Colonel Wildman, the present proprietor, took possession, he one day noticed it, and said to the servant who was with him, 'Here is a fine young oak, but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place.' 'I hope not, sir,' replied the man; for it's the one that my lord was so fond of, because he set it himself.' The colonel has, of course, taken every possible care of it. It is already inquired after by strangers as 'THE BYRON OAK,' and promises to share, in after-times, the celebrity of Shakespeare's mulberry, and Pope's willow, and the oak of Sir Philip Sydney." Perhaps—we hope the days of such idolatry are over. At any rate, it is sometimes productive of ill effects, as in the instance of the Irelands, old and young, superstitious worshippers and forgers of the Shakesperian divinity.

Another instance of the sort may be quoted. When at Harrow, a friend of Byron engraved on a particular spot the name of both, with a few additional words as a memorial. Afterwards, on receiving some real or imagined injury, the author destroyed the frail record before he left Harrow. We accordingly have four quaint stanzas on this high argument, written under, on revisiting, the place in 1807. To one of these occasional pieces a mystery is attached. It is addressed *To my son*—but neither the recorded conversations of the poet, nor his letters or diaries, furnish any trace of evidence that such a son ever existed. On one occasion, however, he wrote to his mother that he had lately had a good deal of uneasiness on account of a young woman, whom he knew to have been a favourite of his late friend Curzon, and who, finding herself, after his death, in a state of progress towards maternity, had declared Lord Byron the father of the child; and he was accordingly desirous of his mother taking charge of it, which, however, she was spared, though willing, by the death of the child. The verses, whether they relate to this incident or not, are, to our minds, the most pleasing of the occasional pieces. In a like occasional manner originated his celebrated *Lines inscribed upon a cup from a skull.* The poet has given us the account himself. "The gardener, in digging, discovered a skull that had probably belonged to some jolly friar or monk of the abbey about the time it was demonasteried. Observing it to be of giant size, and in a perfect state of preservation, a strange fancy seized me of having it set and mounted as a drinking cup. I accordingly sent it to town, and it returned with a very high polish, and of a mottled colour like tortoise-shell."*

Projects of greater scope and aim occupied the author's mind at this period. We find him boasting, in his correspondence, of having written 214 pages of a novel, a poem of 380 lines, and which afterwards appeared, in an enlarged form, under the title of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*,—560 lines of a projected twelve-book epic, called *Bosworth Field*,—and 250 lines of some other poem in rhyme.

His reputation, however, until the commencement of *Childe Harold*, must rest on certain short essays of considerable beauty, written during the years

* It is now in the possession of Col. Wildman, the proprietor of Newstead Abbey.

1808 and 1809. One of these is an *Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog*, and which was preceded with an epitaph to his memory. Boatswain was his master's favourite—the poor animal had been seized with a fit of madness; Byron was so little aware of the nature of the malady, that he more than once, with his bare hand, wiped away the slaver from the dog's lips during the paroxysms. He seems to have admired the dog for retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do the least injury to any one. The verses of his master shew a more misanthropic mind than the poor animal was capable of possessing, with but too little of that kindness of disposition by which the inferior creature was, as with the dawn of a higher nature, distinguished. Pope, when about the same age as Byron, passed, as Moore phrases it, a similar eulogy on his dog, at the expense of human nature; asserting, that "histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends." It may be added, that Wordsworth has also written a tribute to the memory of a dog. The different way in which the poets have thought and expressed themselves is deserving of attention.

The Lake-poet has preceded his tribute with the relation, in rhyme, of an incident characteristic of the faithful animal. In pursuit of a hare, a greyhound, in endeavouring to cross a river crusted thinly by a one-night's frost, falls through the breaking ice; the dog to which the tribute is rendered, unlike her fellows, strives to save her struggling friend:

"From the brink her paws she stretches,
Very hands as you would say!
And afflicting moans she fetches,
As he breaks the ice away.
For herself she hath no fears—
Him alone she sees and hears—
Makes efforts and complainings; nor gives o'er
Until her fellow sunk, and re-appeared no more."

Such is the dog to whom the poet has devoted an eloquent tribute. The following is the way in which it commences:

"Lie here sequestered:—be this little mound
For ever thine, and be it holy ground!
Lie here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath the covering of the common earth!
It is not fit that needless sculpture tell
Of human weakness, rising hope, and fall,
And pity's dictate o'er unconscious dust.
Unmarked the spot where stones and turfs contain
The stanch companion, faithful friend, and true,
Unchanged by fortune, and unwarped by pride,
Honour and sorrow mingle in his doom.
Unhappy dog! unconscious of thy worth,
Or want of love, that here no stone we raise;
More thou deserv'st; but *this* man gives to man,
Brother to brother, *this* is all we can.
Yet they to whom thy virtues make thee dear,
Shall find thee through all changes of the year;
This oak points out thy grave; the silent tree
Will gladly stand a monument of thee."

The tomb which, in a wise reverence for humanity, Wordsworth has refused to this noble animal, Byron thought fit ostentatiously to rear to another—nay, a monument, "the most memorable tribute," says Moore, "of the kind, since the dog's grave of old, at Salamis." It is still a conspicuous ornament of the gardens of Newstead. These are the terms in which the inscription is conceived:

Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
*And all the Virtues of man without his Vices.*
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed o'er human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, November 18, 1808.

The verses have evident traces of imitation from those of Wordsworth's, a poet to whom Byron, in every thing written by him, was greatly indebted, notwithstanding his insane censure of a mightier minstrel than himself. Both are composed in the same measure.

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of wo,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:

But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend—
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
Whose firmest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone,
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
*Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:*
While man, vain insect, hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
*Degraded mass of animated dust!*
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none ye wish to mourn;
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,—
I never knew but one—and here he lies!"

The "degraded mass of animated dust" expresses a truth which is found no where more strongly asserted than in revelation; yet, if the poet had meditated a little reasonably, he would have apprehended that all the qualities for which he esteemed his humble friend, were, after all, reflections, and those dim, of that humanity, though fallen, which he began to take a pride in outraging. Had he learned to disrespect it in his own person or in that of others? Also, was it not by similar reflection that he inferred the possession of a soul by the "kindred brute?" Klopstock, in his finest ode, *Die Fruehling feyer*, addresses *the vernal worm* with peculiar pathos in reference to this very subject. "Aber"—he says,

"Aber du Fruehlingswuermchen,
Das gruendlichgolden neben mir spielt,
Du lebst; und bist vielleicht
Ach nicht unsterblich!
Ich bin heraus gegungen anzubeten,
Und ich weine? Vergieb, vergieb
Auch diese Thraene dem Endlichen,
O du, der seyn wird!
Du wirst die zweifel alle mir enthuellen,
O du, der mich durch das dunkle Thal
Des Todes fuehren wird! Ich lerne dann,
Ob eine Seele das goldene Wuermchen hatte."

The tears of Klopstock became him better than the scorn of Byron. The argument of both assumes that man possesses actually what is claimed for the brute and the worm. How much better, then, is it, from the facts apparent in the relation of man and brute, to infer the lofty and cheering truth of which it naturally forms a symbolical portion—namely, that every nobler trait in the inferior creature is a reflexion of a higher. See you the shadow of the human in the brutal? What is it which is shadowed in the human? What spiritual intelligence still superior looks down into the soul of man in admiration of those qualities which are most assimilated to its own? Might not such possibly, in comparison—while contemplating some finer specimen of humanity, a Milton or a Newton—prefer in a Byronic vein (if a vein like this may be supposed of intelligence so elevated above the mists of earthly passion) the human creature, as he the brutal, to some one or other of his angelic fellows in his own superior sphere of being, whose character and conduct happened not to be in harmony with his individual moods and idiosyncrasies? This mode of philosophising will restore tenfold to man the dignity of which a limping Byron, in his puny wrath, would deprive the majestic creature, whom God made upright, though he hath found out many inventions, nor all of these to his discredit. The light which lightens every man who cometh into the world, is a light from heaven—a light, nevertheless, apprehended and apperceived as his own—a true and a living light. That which informs the lower animals is again a resemblance of that divine translucence, by which they are enabled to act, as by a spiritual influence, according to a law of order which they understand not, even morally and rationally in their degree. Thus it is that in the economy of bees and ants we see no unworthy images of government and prudence—such indeed as are inseparable from wisest intelligence; but the intelligence is not theirs, but His with whom was wisdom before the hills, and ere the foundations of the earth were laid. Whatever is, is a reflexion of his intelligence and wisdom. Such is the mood in which man may worthily contemplate himself—nay, his God—in the inferior creation; and in this sense we can sympathise with a Wordsworth, a Pope, a Byron, in their affection for a faithful animal. Such affection—as

also that of Rousseau for his dog; that of Burns for his sheep, as expressed in his elegy on the death of his favourite "Mailie;" that of Cowper for his little spaniel "Beau," and that of Sir Walter Scott for his "Maida,"—becomes all the more touching, and acquires even a high degree of sublimity, when critically apprehended in reference to these philosophical principles. In respect to these only may poets rationally and allowably indulge those sympathies which, in proportion as they can "aloft ascend," are privileged to "descend as deep, even to the inferior kinds." Any other mode of relation, or transference of affection, is an aberration of the heart, and a manifestation of insanity, not only deplorable but criminal, and worthy of fire from heaven!

But Byron had now determined on becoming, having studied Pope, a satirist, and was resolved to begin, not with men so much as with man in the abstract,—hence his postponing the superior to the inferior animal. We find him already engaged in the work which afterwards took the shape of the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*—for be it observed, that this task had occupied him before the appearance of the critique in the *Edinburgh Review*. When, therefore, we read the account of the effect which this same tirade had upon him—his fierce looks of defiance—the collected energy of that crisis—the reaction of his spirit against aggression rousing him to a full consciousness of his own powers—we must recollect that he was not unprepared with ammunition for his defence. If, in collecting our force to overcome opposition, we invigorate the soul, and give it an elevation with which otherwise it would never have been acquainted, it must be remembered Byron had been collecting his force in anticipation of aggression. The three bottles of claret, therefore, which he drank to his own share after dinner, for the purpose of allaying his rage, were about as silly and superfluous as the rage itself, seeing that he had provided himself with what might well have precluded his fury, and was likely to answer his purpose better than his debauch.

A North American critic has remarked that Lord Byron's *Hours of Idleness*, with but a few exceptions, discover little of that peculiar moral character, and of those dark feelings, which afterwards were among the most striking characteristics of his poetry: where, however, he adds, there are breakings forth of that same spirit, it is remarkable that the expression becomes more energetic. He quotes, as an example, the poem beginning,

"Few are my years, and yet I feel
The world was ne'er designed for me."

A poem which certainly might have been written by him at any subsequent period, and is characterised by that desire which he had of standing alone among men, but not of them—a passion, says our Columbian, "the most irritating, and the most liable to disappointment. Its natural tendency is to misanthropy. He whom it possesses is led to look upon those around him as selfish, low-minded, cold, and unjust, because they do not view him as an object of particular interest. He is utterly discontented with that small portion, which most of us can fairly claim, of the general regard of others; of the regard of any, except those few whom we may have attached to us by virtue, kindness, and equal returns of sympathy. He feels as if he were defrauded of his rights by his fellow-men, when they suffer him to remain unnoticed. The strong workings of this passion at last made Byron a poet, and a poet whose principal subject, presented either with or without disguise, was himself. The passion attained its object, but not its gratification; for that is impossible. Byron had, at last, few rivals in fame, and was as miserable and more degraded than before."

We do not agree in all the terms of the above critic; it cannot, however, have escaped the observation of the judicious, the singular manner in which the passion pointed out by our North American reviewer displayed itself in our Newstead Abbey poet. Moore very innocently attributes much of those instances to the affectionateness of the poet's disposition—his "whole youth being, from early childhood, a series of the most passionate attachments—of those overflowings of the soul, both in friendship and love, which are still more fairly responded to than felt, and which, when checked or sent back upon the heart, are sure to turn into bitterness." Are they? and why? Mark ye not how true are the critic's words, which describes the character he portrays as "looking upon those around him as selfish," &c.? Now, no man sees in another what he has not in

himself; the selfishness in particular which any man detects in another, is sure to be a reflexion of his own — the jaundiced eye colours all objects yellow. This was particularly the case with Byron. He expected always to be treated as an object of paramount interest. None of his schoolfellows, forsooth, loved him as he loved them. Some instances which he quotes of this are exceedingly amusing. He has made a complaint of the sort in a note on the second canto of *Childe Harold*, and Mr. Dallas has given his testimony to the fact. "I found him," says Dallas, "bursting with indignation. 'Will you believe it?' said he, 'I have just met ***, and asked him to come and sit an hour with me: he excused himself; and what do you think was his excuse? He was engaged with his mother and some ladies to go shopping! And he knows I set out to-morrow, to be absent for years, perhaps never to return! Friendship! I do not believe I shall leave behind me, yourself and family excepted, and perhaps my mother, a single being who will care what becomes of me." Here was a man who thought so highly of himself, as to expect that a man should leave father and mother, and brother and sister, for his sake. What had he done to entitle him to such devotion?—of what dispensation had he been the Messias, that such sacrifices should be made for his company? Did he not overrate that boasted friendship of his, which expected such sacrifices from others, and was willing to make none of its own? Byron was to be sat with; but Byron was not to permit his friend to prefer the company of his mother and some ladies. It is doubtful whether Byron himself would have exchanged the company of *some* ladies for that of the best friend in the world. Such friendship, to say the best of it, is left-handed. It was, however, not a little ostentatious; for Byron had formed, it seems, the "romantic design of collecting together the portraits of his school-friends," and was particularly anxious that his cabinet should not be "incomplete." To say nothing now of the old Grecian axiom, (founded on the true definition of friendship, that it is the preferring the interests of a friend to the neglect, or, perhaps, against the interest of others,) that "he who has *friends* has no *friend*," it may be doubted whether this incident be so unequivocal a sign of a sensibility above the ordinary temperature of the world, as his unsuspecting biographer seems to intimate. Byron was better aware than his uncritical friend, that the intense affections need no such symbols by way of memorial. On parting with a "dear maid," he can exclaim—

> "I ask no pledge to make me blest,
> In gazing when alone;
> Nor one memorial for a breast
> Whose thoughts are all thine own."

Byron, also, knew his own character better than Moore; he was conscious of its inherent and essential selfishness, and boasted of it to Lady Blessington. The modern Anacreon, however, could not fail to perceive some traces of it, and has accordingly set it down that genius is essentially selfish. It shall be our aim to prove, on a fitting occasion, that true genius is always and essentially benevolent.

But however aware at a later period *of the inherent selfishness of his character*, at this time Byron was as blind as a bat to this revolting quality of his disposition. In the earlier season of his life, also, it is not perceptible even to a critic,—that, we mean, of his schoolboy days, to which we have already devoted a paper. Then was the sweet spring-tide of natural affections: it is not until a later development, that the individual spirit gains so much sway as to stamp a man's actions with the impression of Personality, which, if directed in a supernatural line, will enlarge itself into the freedom of good-will to all creation; if abused to mere worldly and sensual regards, will, whatever shew of liberality it may make, be marked with what the world understands by selfishness. Such selfishness is an abuse and misdirection of man's noblest characteristic—that is, his Individual Personality—by which he either ascends into oneness with his Maker, who is the universal and original self; or descends into unity with what is peculiarly devilish — self, lost in egotism, and divaricated from God. Yet how often is "the vile person" called "liberal!"

## NOTES ON ITALIAN SCENERY AND MANNERS.

### No. I.

### A DAY AT LORETTO.

It is generally remarked how much the observances of the Roman Catholic church are on the decline throughout Europe: one cannot help being struck with it very forcibly on going through Italy. The finest processions pass almost unheeded; and the figure of the Madonna, exalted on four men's shoulders, decked in cast-off ball-dresses, holding in one hand a nosegay of artificial flowers, while the other is extended to bless her supposed numerous followers, parades the streets without attention. But notwithstanding that this indifference increases daily, Our Lady of Loretto holds now as proud a pre-eminence as she did in the bygone days of chivalry, when many a gallant knight made a pilgrimage to her shrine; and though perhaps her worshippers are no longer the flower of Christendom, they are incessantly numerous. It is impossible to imagine any thing more picturesque than the marsh of Ancona; the road traverses the Appennines, which are highly cultivated and wooded to the summit; the people appear industrious, thriving, and contented; indeed, nature seems to have lavished her richest gifts upon this part of the patrimony of St. Peter. Macerata, the capital, is most beautifully situated. Whilst idly sauntering away a bright autumn day in the neighbourhood, we were accosted by the first genuine pilgrim I had seen. She was a fine comely woman of thirty, held her staff and begging-cup in her hand; her hat and gown were decorated with cockle-shells: she was a native of a small village in the Abruzzi, and, having had a severe illness, she promised the Virgin to perform a pilgrimage on foot to her shrine, if she recovered. The Madonna had appeared to her, telling her what ointment would be efficacious, instructing her how to apply it, &c.; and the pious devotee, trusting to her aid, recovered, and was then performing her part of the compact, having purchased a wax taper as an offering. The next day we reached Loretto, almost believing, from the account of our pilgrim, that a peculiar air of tranquil sanctity pervaded the place. The town is small, and every shop is filled with rosaries, chaplets, amulets, and other objects of devotion, to be purchased in honour of, or to be presented to, the Virgin. After establishing ourselves in the miserable little inn, and piously wishing the Madonna would inspire the inmates with the ambition to establish something better, we were attracted to the window by a great uproar; the people were baiting a magnificent bull, and a greater scene of cruelty or rabble-rout I never witnessed. The poor animal was remarkably quiet; but the people lifted up the dogs till they got a fast hold of the ears, and there they hung, amidst the deafening shouts of the brutal mob, till their weight, only hanging by the teeth, caused them to drop off, having all but bitten the ears off. Upon inquiry, we found it was no peculiar holyday, but merely, as they expressed it, "a little diversion for the people." In the midst of their sport the church-clock struck, and the crowd disappeared as if by magic, leaving the tormented animal to be led off. We followed on to the church, or "most sacred house," as they term it; and no one could have recognised in the devout awe-struck supplants kneeling before the miraculous image, the mob that wantonly tortured the poor bull. The tradition is, that the house in which the Virgin Mary was born at Nazareth, and in which our Saviour lived till his baptism, escaped the pillage and devastation which the troops of Titus spread over Judea in A. D. 71. To use the words of the Roman Catholic narrator,—"God watched with a careful and propitious eye over the house of Mary, and kept it concealed till the time fixed by the divine secrets to expose it to the veneration of all the people of the universe. This event first happened under the reign of Constantine the Great. The Empress Helena, his mother, in the year 307, undertook a pilgrimage to the sacred spots of Palestine; she visited the manger of our Lord, then Calvary and the holy sepulchre; and, having destroyed the execrable statues of Adonis, Venus, and Jupiter, which the heathens had erected, in spite of the Christians, she came to Nazareth. The spot where our redemption commenced was the

only one where she found no signs of profanation. The pious pilgrim found the sacred habitation of the Virgin amidst a heap of ruins. The extreme poverty of this small spot, and the little furniture that remained, filled her with sentiments of respect, pious horror, gratitude, and veneration, towards the Sovereign of the world, whose love for us had caused him to choose his abode in so poor a cottage. After having adored it, the empress resolved not to make the slightest alteration, but simply restore the altar on which the holy apostles had offered divine sacrifices. She gave orders to construct above and around the 'sacred house' a magnificent temple, and to engrave on the marble façade this short inscription: *Hæc est ara in quâ primo jactum est humanæ salutis fundamentum.*"

This great edifice was scarcely completed, before the report spread through the universe; and it was then that people began to vie with each other in performing pilgrimages to revere the house of the Queen of Angels: kings, princes, and others, as illustrious for their birth as for their piety, visited this terrestrial heaven St. Jerome and others went to tender homage and devotion. St. Louis, king of France, hastened to visit this great sanctuary: in 1245 he undertook the crusade which ended so disastrously — his fine army being destroyed by the plague, and himself made prisoner.

In 1291 the Caliph of Egypt took possession of Galilee, and destroyed the magnificent basilic that St. Helena had erected. It was then that our Saviour, ever astonishing and admirable in his works, to save the house of his mother from profanation, by the most surprising and unheard-of of miracles tore it up by the foundations, the traces of which are still visible at Nazareth, and transported the edifice to a little hill in Dalmatia, between Tersate and Fiume; where, till then, there had never been an edifice of any description. The people, amazed at this prodigy, ran in crowds, and conjectured in vain what it was, till the Virgin herself appeared in a dream to the curate, and informed him that this was her real house, transported by a miracle from Nazareth; and, as a proof, restored him to health. The inhabitants, upon being informed of their happiness, sent four of their citizens to Nazareth, to ascertain the fact, which, after accurate measurement, they affirmed to be true. Three years after, the "sacred house" was seen to rise in the air, and place itself in the forest of Loretto.

The pilgrims and offerings were numerous, but the forest was a good harbour for banditti, where the booty was considerable. The Madonna, therefore, caused it again to take flight, and placed it on a hill belonging to two brothers, who at first gloried in the signal favour granted them by Heaven; but by degrees the desire of appropriating the treasures gaining upon them, they were on the point of shedding each other's blood, when the Madonna again interfered, and caused her house to be transported to the spot it now occupies. The church built over and round the sacred dwelling and the place where it stands, are both the architecture of Michael Angelo, formerly in the Gothic style, but since altered to the modern taste by William de la Porta. The double arcades on each side of the door are by Bramante; the bronze gates, which are beautifully executed in bas-relief, by Lambardi; as also the fine statue of Sixtus V., and that of the Virgin on the façade. The fire-place of the "sacred house" is four feet three inches high, and over it is placed, in the niche now covered with cloth of gold, the statue of the Virgin, made of cedar-wood, and confidently asserted to be the same placed there by the apostles. This sacred statue is two feet eight inches, and that of the infant Jesus one foot two inches. On the head of the statue is a superb golden crown, ornamented with several fine brilliants, oriental pearls, and other precious stones; on her breast is a cross of sapphires, set off with diamonds, given by the Cardinal Calcagnini, bishop of Osimo. The head of the infant Jesus has also a similar crown, and a magnificent *solitaire* on the finger. The gown of the Virgin displays several jewels, given in gratitude for benefits received; amongst others, the famous medal, ornamented with ten large *solitaires*, given by the King of Saxony, after his intercession to the Virgin had been answered by the birth of a son to his brother Maximilian, who was heir to the throne. With this medal he sent four hundred Roman crowns, to decorate the sacred house.

The altar is always kept brilliantly illuminated; the concourse of people

is astonishing, and the entrance extremely narrow, up two or three stairs. Sentinels are placed to preserve order, but they do not seem imbued with the same spirit of devotion; for though we were strangers and heretics, the soldier on duty pushed them aside to let us pass. The throng was so great, that we could not get near the sacred image till the soldiers again came to our aid, and quietly displacing two of the kneeling adorers, whom they made to rise and retire, we had a full view of the statue. After which we were well pleased to make room for a fresh rush of supplants; for the heat was excessive, and the close disagreeable smell intolerable.

Having made our exit, we scrutinised those who were making the tour of the temple (which encloses the sacred house) on their knees. The marble step was very much worn, and they tell you it is worn by the knees of the pilgrims; but on observing, you will discover, that all the country people wear pointed wooden shoes, which, as they drag after them, wear out the marble. Amongst those thus creeping round, I recognised our pilgrim of Macerata, right well pleased her pilgrimage was done; yet looking upon herself as a person of much greater importance in the scale of creation, since so signal a miracle had been performed in her favour, and as she had secured for herself the benefit of the indulgences so liberally granted in former days by the pontiffs to the pilgrims of Loretto: for there was nothing that could gain a higher reputation for superior zeal and devotion, than making the tour of the sacred house kneeling. This act—and not a painful or very troublesome one either—was rewarded by an indulgence of seven years; and if the pilgrim added to it *peas*, or any sharp instrument, upon which he knelt, he might claim a plenary pardon, not only for sins committed, but also for all those that might be committed hereafter.

The temple that encloses the "sacred house" was designed by Julian de Magano, and constructed by order of Paul II., when Cardinal Barbo. In the centre is a vast dome, sustained by twelve pilasters. The paintings that decorate it are by the celebrated Pomeranci; the exterior is of the finest Carrara marble; the designs are by Bramante, and executed by Montesansovino and Tribulo: they represent the birth, marriage, and death of the Virgin Mary, besides several passages of her life. The figures of the prophets and sibyls are truly magnificent. The three bronze doors are supposed to be the finest specimens of bronze bas-relief extant, and are likewise taken from Scripture history; the centre and largest door is by Lambardi—God forming Eve is particularly admired: Vercelli and Calcagni executed the other two. There was formerly but one entrance into the "sacred house;" but Leo X. caused Lambardi to make four within one. There still exists an architrave of wood, said to be five centuries old, in which there is a cannon-ball suspended. This ball fell without injury in the tent where were assembled the staff of Julius II., when he was engaged in the war with Bentivoglio of Bologna, and was regarded as a special mark of grace, obtained through intercession of the Madonna. There is also a stone encased in silver, presented by the nuns of the city of Prareye. They, during the celebrated burning of that city, prayed to our Lady of Loretto, who saved their monastery from destruction.

Though the belief in miracles is considerably abated, yet the "sacred house" is still firmly believed, by the inhabitants of the marsh of Ancona at least, and I think very generally, to present a perpetual miracle; inasmuch as they maintain that it rests on a moving foundation, and that the ancient walls are separated by at least a foot from the new ones that surround and embellish it. The church contains several good pictures and mosaics; the baptismal fonts are remarkably beautiful, and the bas-reliefs are fine specimens of sculpture.

Upon inquiry for the keeper of the treasures, we were told it was past the hour, and they could not be seen, as the abbé was gone home. We could not, however, bear to leave Loretto without seeing the treasure-room, so we hunted out the house of the abbé. It was a most miserable dwelling; and, after some difficulty, we made an appointment to meet him and his keys at six the next morning. It is hardly credible how crowded the church was at that early hour: seven priests were performing mass in the different chapels, and several were in the confessionals.

The roads leading to Loretto, and all the streets, were filled with peasants, dressed in their gayest attire, to come

to the shrine. Notwithstanding our appointment, Monsignor the abbé pretended to make a great fuss about admitting us into their stronghold. This, I suppose, was by way of extracting more money for the favour: but he was peculiarly gentlemanly, and a monsignor into the bargain, that really it required a greater degree of moral courage than I possessed to fee him like a menial. Therefore, supposing Our Lady of Loretto, whom they served so well, gave them good wages, I thanked him for the sight, and wished him good day. The treasure-room was built by Paul V. (Borghese). The presents it formerly contained were numerous and most valuable, from every sovereign in Europe; but Napoleon, as usual, transferred them into his coffers. It is a hard task to frame a plausible excuse for the Madonna suffering herself to be despoiled of what her votaries had so liberally bestowed. The penitentiaries, however, are very ingenious, and explain away as well as they can this want of a miracle for the preservation of her treasures. That the Virgin Mary could have done it, they told me, was as undoubted as that she had transported the "sacred house" from Nazareth; but she knew, though Buonaparte carried them off with fraud and violence, that it was not from avarice or for private gain, but to pay thousands of her faithful subjects, therefore she suffered it out of pure philanthropy. The present made by Anne of Austria, of the infant Louis XIV. in gold, carried by an angel in solid silver, seems to be the most regretted; whether from the intrinsic worth, or out of love to him, I could not discover.

Notwithstanding that many of the cases still remain empty, if Our Lady of Loretto ever took a walk into her treasure-room, she would still have cause to be well pleased; and many a princess would be content to choose her bridal ornaments amongst the necklaces and jewels presented to the statue. One picture of Guido's adorns the sacristy; those of Raphael have been taken to Rome. The room itself is painted by Pomeranci. The death of the Virgin Mary is very fine; and in the picture of her birth, the arm of a woman pouring out water is said to be the most perfect thing that can be painted. Attached to the church of the "sacred house" is a pharmacy, where medicine is dispensed gratis to penitentiaries, &c. The original three hundred gallipots, designed, and, as they say, painted, by Raphael and Julio Romano, are now disused, and others substituted in their place. What could have induced so great a genius as either to waste his time upon such miserable little objects, it is difficult to say, unless it was an excess of religious zeal. They are ugly enough, made of commonest clay, which is fabricated at no great distance, at Faenza, and from which place they have taken the name of Faÿence. These gallipots are now transported from their original subterranean abode into a neat little apothecary's shop, where they are ranged in three rows. The first are different stories from the Old Testament; the second from the ancient Roman history; and the last represents children in different attitudes of play, which are as graceful and varied as nature itself;—though, were it not for the name of Raphael, the three hundred gallipots would have been long forgotten.

Upon the whole, Loretto is an interesting place, both from what there is actually, and also from association and the thought of bygone days. Another attraction is, that the whole of the country is pre-eminently beautiful, and the people certainly are a much pleasanter race of beings than any of the other Italians. Whether it is that the certainty of the residence of the Madonna influences them, or that they are by nature a milder race, I know not, but there is a marked difference. The inhabitants of the marsh of Ancona have a more open and better expression than their neighbours, and a less revengeful and kinder heart than the rest of their countrymen. Every thing seems plentiful and cheap. Our voiturier was a native, and every thing was to be had when we got into *La Marcha*. "I can get things for nothing, and you will be well served." And in general this boast was tolerably well fulfilled. In dress they resemble a little their neighbours, the people of the Abruzzi, whose high conical hat and thick sheepskin, worn something like the Albanian capote, at first cause you to wonder how they could have adopted such a costume; but when you have felt a summer sun in their climate, you quickly discover that nothing but the height and smallness of the crown prevents the sun from striking on their heads.

These Abruzzi people play an instru-

ment in form very like the bagpipe, with the addition of a clarinet; and for about six weeks before Christmas, they leave the mountains and travel to the different towns on foot, entering every court, and playing before every shrine of the Madonna, in order, as they imagine, to while away the time, and make her forget her cares till the time of the nativity. These wanderers are called Zampognari. The airs they play are peculiarly wild and pleasing. Their musical exertions are ceaseless, day and night, during the time they are permitted; for soon after Christmas they are obliged to return home.

Of all the processions in honour of the Virgin Mary—who certainly holds the first place in the creed of her worshippers—none is more splendid than that held on the festival of the *Mater Dolorosa*. The churches are fitted up like theatres; but on that day, instead of brilliant colours, the ceilings, which are decorated with silks, gauzes, &c., to represent clouds, are white and black, with quantities of half-veiled stars. The military opened the procession; after them was carried a figure of the Virgin, the size of life, attired in a black lace dress over white satin, a black veil on, and three swords piercing her breast; afterwards came a splendid gilt coach, which had lately been presented her in acknowledgment for some mark of favour bestowed on one of the rich nobles. The coach was drawn by four horses; the postilions were gaily equipped in half-mourning; the people seemed to pay more attention to the equipage than to the Madonna, in whose honour the festival was held: in fact, their religious fêtes are so very frequent, that the people look on them merely as a holyday, when they have an excuse for leaving off work, which is their great delight; for, both constitutionally and owing to their climate, they are indolent. And amongst the vexations of living in a Roman Catholic country, there is none more constantly vexatious than the answer and excuse for every species of neglect and idleness,—"It is a festa." I am sure these festas occur on an average twice a-week,—the sole use of which holyday is to eat maccaroni and dance to the guitar: the saints in whose honour they are held are in light estimation; and the pope, generally speaking, has a set of the most indifferently obedient children and subjects of any even of the modern potentates. The successor of St. Peter knows that his power is nominal, and that the indulgences or terrors of the church are as lightly regarded now as they were formerly all-powerful. The poor pope cannot stir out of his palace on Monte Cavallo without being fully aware of it; and the gloomy looks of his Roman subjects, and the total disregard of his presence as he passes, confirms the feeling of the more distant provinces, and should teach the poor old cardinals, when the conclave assembles, to be less anxious to wear the papal crown. The constant question,—"Who is the pope?" tells well the present feeling; and, amongst all the community, there are no creatures more subject to contempt and ridicule than the priests and monks. The latter are peculiarly ill treated; and yet the people owe half their amusements on holydays to the brothers of the different orders; for, whenever it is the fête of their patron saint, they distribute dinners to the poor, illuminate their churches, and give a splendid show of fire-works before the church, which, consequently, is free of access to the mob, who take the greatest delight in exhibitions of that sort. And yet the poor brethren of St. Francis, I fear, find begging but a sorry trade, if you may judge from the sacks thrown over their shoulders, which appear to be but scantily supplied by the voluntary contributions of the pious. You see them enter almost every house, and yet the poor sack does not seem to swell in proportion. Had St. Francis lived in the present day, he would not have found it so easy a matter, despite his holiness, to found his fraternity, unless he had a more substantial basis to establish it on than the willing support of enthusiasm; however, they look fat and well-favoured, and have church-lands upon which they can live, even should the people refuse to open their doors when the brethren of the brown robe and cord-begirt garment knock for supplies.

The Franciscans have a most Christian-like obligation imposed on them. If any community of their order is ejected, or lose their property in any way, the other monasteries are obliged to receive and provide for them. On the whole, they are the most flourishing order at present, much more so than the white-garmented brethren of Camaldoli. The monastery near Naples was suppressed, and all their treasures

taken from them; but, after the restoration of old Ferdinand, they had permission to return, and had their monastery and the land attached to it restored. The situation is beautiful in the extreme, and the view from it extensive and superb—far too good for a set of old monks, who will not allow ladies even to walk to the seat where the luxurious creatures sit on a summer's evening to enjoy the scenery. But yet, though the rules of their order are peremptory, the brethren are very polite; for I remember accompanying a party of ladies to the Camaldoli. After having had a capital merry ride upon donkeys, through most picturesque steep paths, we reached an entrance, where a board set forth in large characters,—"Woman must not proceed further." Nothing daunted, they continued on foot; a lay brother remonstrated in vain, pointing to the fatal words,—"Never mind, that does not apply to us; we are heretics:" and they went on till they reached the point, and, looking up at the deserted house, asked for one of the brethren. A white cowl answering the summons, they with great composure told him they were hungry, and wished he would give them something to eat. He replied very courteously, that if they would walk round to see the view they should find the table spread. True to his word, on their return they found, under the identical board of excommunication, that he had prepared pickled sardaignes, bread, cheese, wine, and fruit. After they had regaled themselves, the superior himself came to receive their thanks, and a right jolly red-faced monk he was; he laughed, talked, and asked all manner of questions, particularly inquiring who were married, and why their husbands were not with them. After his queries were all answered, he addressed himself entirely to the two unmarried ladies, begging them all, however, to come again. At parting he blessed them in a priest-like style, but shook hands in a cordial and quite unmonkly manner; indeed, the merry old superior had so won the good graces of the party, that one of the young ladies had serious thoughts of returning to the monastery. The Grand Camaldoli is near Florence. But the Neapolitan monks are now well off; and during the reign of the late king received numberless favours and presents. Though not a very rich, they are a charitable community: every Thursday they bake and distribute a pound loaf and a piece of cheese to all the poor who choose to come for it; and on that day you see numbers not only of poor, but well-dressed people, passing and repassing the (at other times quiet and solitary) paths of the Camaldoli, to partake of the hospitality of the good brothers. They seem very grateful for their re-establishment, which they attribute greatly to the influence of the Virgin Mary; and amongst the pilgrims I recognised two of our white-robed friends of the monastery, who were the bearers of a votive offering of their community to the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto.

The immediate descent from Loretto is steep, but the country beautiful and varied. The road presented a most animated appearance, for it was a festival, and the peasants were flocking in every direction, but principally from Ancona, to the sacred house. They were gaily dressed, and carried their shoes and stockings in their hands till they reached the nearest fountain, when they finished their toilette before they presented themselves at the shrine. The Adriatic soon opens to view; and four fine French frigates, cruising with the tri-colour flying, the white sails glistening in the bright sunshine of a truly clear blue Italian sky, added to the gaiety of the scene. It was quite unusual in one of the quiet still towns of Italy to see a gay parade; and the French soldiers appeared fully conscious that they were masters of the town: every sentry wore the national colours, and what had become of the poor Papal troops no one could find out. The French felt perfect security; for their vessels only cruised about in the day, anchoring every night close to the town—there being just soldiers sufficient to carry away in the ships in case of need. The swaggering gait of the French was very amusing: they were perfectly good friends with the inhabitants, who seemed quite indifferent as to the circumstance of being kept in order by strangers. I asked if they liked them: they generally answered—"*Ce sont des fous enfans.*" But a few were rather indignant, and observed, "Oh, let them alone—they will not be here long, for after the fete the Madonna will not suffer them; and if they do not leave, the pious will make a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loretto."

## DON QUIXOTE'S LIBRARY.

### No. I.

A "*Catalogue Raisonné*" of Don Quixote's Library has often appeared to us a *desideratum*; for the sake both of illustration to the very first work in its class, and of extension of our acquaintance to branches of Spanish literature that have been there commented on by the master-spirit of Cervantes.

In the sixth and seventh chapters* of *Don Quixote*, judgment is passed upon thirty-two different books, composing part of the knight's collection; but we believe that thirteen only of these are, as yet, known further than by name to English readers; while some of the notices respecting the favoured thirteen are extremely scanty. We propose, therefore, to lay before our readers, in this and subsequent papers, a more complete account of a few of the most interesting among the hitherto undescribed works in Don Quixote's "*Bibliotheca*."

From the subjoined list,† it will be seen that the first fourteen articles

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* Part I. b. 1. The English translation of *Don Quixote*, from which our quotations are taken, is that of Motteux, published with Mr. Lockhart's interesting notes, in 5 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1822.

† Catalogue of the works in Don Quixote's library, and of the English books in which they are particularly mentioned: —

| *List.* | *English Books.* |
|---|---|
| 1. Amadis de Gaul | Southey's Abridgement; Dunlop's History of Fiction. |
| 2. Esplandian | Dunlop's History of Fiction. |
| 3. Amadis of Greece | Dunlop's History of Fiction. |
| 4. Olivante de Laura | |
| 5. Florismart of Hyrcania | |
| 6. Don Platir | |
| 7. Knight of the Cross | |
| 8. Mirror of Knighthood | |
| 9. Barnardo del Carpio | |
| 10. Roncesvalles | |
| 11. Palmerin de Oliva | Dunlop's History of Fiction. |
| 12. Palmerin of England | Southey's Abridgement. |
| 13. Don Bellianis | English Abridgement, 4to. Lond. 1683. |
| 14. Tirante the White | Dunlop's History of Fiction. |
| 15. Diana of Montemayor | Translation by Young, fol. Lond. 1598; Dunlop's Hist. of Fiction, ch. xi; Ross's Translation of Bouterwek's History of Spanish Literature. |
| 16. Diana, by Salmantino (of Salamanca) | Dunlop's History of Fiction. |
| 17. Diana, by Gil Polo | Dunlop's History of Fiction, Bouterwek; Bowring translates two poems. |
| 18. Ten Books of the Fortunes of Love, by Antony de Lofraco | |
| 19. Shepherd of Iberia | |
| 20. Nymphs of Enares | |
| 21. Cure of Jealousy | |
| 22. Shepherd of Filida | |
| 23. Treasure of divers Poems | Bowring translates four pieces. |
| 24. Songs by Lopez Maldonardo | |
| 25. Galatea of Cervantes | Dunlop's History of Fiction. |
| 26. Araucana of Don Alonso de Ercilla | Hayley's Essay on Epic Poetry; Bowring translates one passage in the second canto. |
| 27. Austriada of Juan Ruffo | |
| 28. Monserrato of Christopher de Virues | |
| 29. Tears of Angelica | |
| 30. Carolea | |
| 31. Leo of Spain | |
| 32. Deeds of the Emperor, by Don Lewis d'Avila | |

belong to the romances of chivalry. Several of the best of these have been very ably abridged and translated by Mr. Southey; while clear and elegant abstracts of others have been given by Mr. Dunlop, in his valuable *History of Fiction*. Some, however, remain still unnoticed, and may perhaps engage our attention hereafter. The second and larger portion of the Don's library consists of pastoral romances, in prose or in verse, and of poems which chiefly claim to be ranked in the epic class—how justly, will perhaps be considered at future opportunities.

The pastoral which stands first in order (No. 15) is the *Diana* of Montemayor, the earliest work of its kind that appeared in Spain, where its great success gave rise to a vast number of imitations. It was published in 1562, and was very soon translated into various languages. An English version, by Young,* came forth in 1598; but, as it does not appear to have been reprinted, and is now, we presume, entitled to the honour of *R.* in bibliomaniacal catalogues, we should have reckoned the original book one not generally known in England, had not Mr. Dunlop's and Bouterwek's summaries of its narrative superseded any attempt, on our part, to give an abstract more copious than the following outline, which seems necessary for enabling the reader to trace the connexion between it and other stories which have been woven into the same plot.

The shepherd Sireno had long wooed Diana, the most beautiful shepherdess on the banks of the Ezla, in Leon. The fair one was cruel; but, upon her lover being obliged to leave the country, seems to have felt some transient pangs. After Sireno's departure, however, the urgency of her parents, and the assiduities of a new suitor, made Diana yield her hand to Delio. The tale opens with the return of Sireno, and his woe at finding his mistress the wife of another. Various characters are brought forward, and many episodes are introduced, few of either having the slightest connexion with the main story. Diana herself does not appear till the sixth book; when she endeavours to excuse her ill requital of Sireno's constancy, by throwing the blame of her marriage upon her family. This confession, so flattering to her husband, has no effect upon the victim of her former cruelty, as he has been cured of his passion by means of enchantment; and Montemayor leaves his heroine, at the end of the seventh book, bewailing the fruits of her folly or her fate.

At this point the thread of the narrative is taken up by Alonzo Perez, who tells us † that he arranged, in concert with Montemayor himself, the plot of the second series of *Diana* (No. 16). This work, like its predecessor, consists of prose interspersed with pieces of poetry; and abounds in episodes and personages that do not relate at all to the principal tale or actors. In the course of the eight books, through which Perez spins his story, Sireno becomes disenchanted, and falls again in love with Diana. At the end Delio dies, and leaves his widow an object of admiration to many swains besides Sireno. Montemayor‡ had suggested the propriety of terminating the romance with the union of Sireno and Diana; but Perez reserved § the second nuptials of his heroine for a third part of her history, which he never completed.‖

It can hardly be said, that there is any chief plot in this romance. Some of the principal persons reside in the palace of the enchantress Felicia; and in their excursions thence to the banks of the Ezla, where Diana dwelt, and to other places, meet with shepherds and shepherdesses, the relation of whose adventures fills up the work. None of the characters are well drawn, and we feel no interest in them or their fortunes. We are repeatedly assured of the great personal charms of Diana, but she is extremely insipid; and while her cruelty is much talked

* We have never seen this translation, and are not aware whether or not it contains the second part of the *Diana*, by Perez. Montemayor's romance has been several times translated into French; Pavillon's version (12mo, Paris, 1613), which is now before us, seems to be faithful yet spirited, both as to the poetry and the prose.

† See the arguments prefixed to the second part of the *Diana*.

‡ Ibid. § Ibid. See also the end of the last (eighth) book.

‖ Mr. Dunlop, through some mistake, says that Sireno and Diana are married in the continuation by Perez; but that part closes, in fact, with the death of Delio.

of, she is represented listening; in the absence of her husband, to the fulsome praises of admirers, one of whom significantly sings her a song on the subject of "the fair one ill-matched" (*la bella mal maridada*). Every shepherd and shepherdess speaks the language of the court, not of the cottage; and Don Felix (an exalted personage of the original story) keeps his title throughout. The scene continues where Montemayor had laid it, in Leon, upon the banks of the Ezla, and in Felicia's palace, at the distance of about a day's journey from the river. The period is left quite unfixed: the modern names of Don Felix, Leon, &c. besides *paper*, and perhaps other words startling to antiquarian ears, prevent us from going back to the golden age, although the reign of Eolus is spoken of as not long anterior to the date of the story: but the mythology is entirely heathen, and, with the exception of Felicia being a magician, as well as priestess of Diana, there is no instance of that inconsistency which offends us in Montemayor's romance, and has been animadverted on in a very lively manner by Sismondi.* Perez† is said to have been a man of greater learning than his model; but all subsequent writers‡ concur in the sentence pronounced upon his *Diana*, by Cervantes, whose own opinion is, no doubt, that expressed by the curate:§ "Here's another *Diana*," quoth the barber, "the second of that name, by Salmantino (of Salamanca); nay, and a third too, by Gil Polo."—"Pray," said the curate, "let Salmantino increase the number of the criminals in the yard." We are not aware that any passage of the second *Diana* is worthy of being translated as a specimen of Perez's prose style, and the poetry does not appear more deserving. One of the best pieces in verse is on "the fair one ill-matched;" but as that was a favourite topic of the Spanish song writers, it is impossible to know how far this is original; although, no doubt, it is quite different from a song, with the same title, translated by Lockhart‖ out of Sepulveda's collection, and from that by Gil Polo, to be noticed hereafter. Another, founded on the old rustic song, "Keep my cows for me," is not without merit; but the leading idea has been so much more happily embodied in the four lines, which may be thus translated,¶

"Dear youth, a kiss I'll give to thee,
If thou wilt tend those cows of mine;
Or else give thou a kiss to me,
And I will tend those cows of thine,"

that we should flag in attempting a version of the seven stanzas now before us.

*Diana in Love* [*enamorada*], by Gaspar Gil Polo (No. 17), is a continuation,** in five books, of the original *Diana*, and enters into the narrative where it was left off by Montemayor. The story, in so far as concerns the chief personage, is very slight. Diana deplores her sad fate, and her husband becomes—perhaps not unnaturally—affected with jealousy: but he soon gives his wife real cause for that painful emotion, as he falls desperately in love with a fair stranger, whom he quits Diana to pursue. The nymph is deaf to his prayer, and he grows ill from vexation. Diana informs her own and her husband's relatives of his misconduct, and resolves to go for advice to the palace of Felicia. Delio's malady, increased by his hearing these tidings, and by his dread lest Diana should meet her old lover Sireno, terminates fatally; and Diana is united to her early admirer, under the aus-

* Littérat. Espagnol. XVI. Siècle; Hist. de la Littér. du Midi de l'Europe, chap. 26. (tom. iii. p. 301. Ed. Paris, 1813, 4 vols. 8vo.)

† Sedano, Parnaso Español, tom. ix.; Noticia de los Poetas, p. xliii. Perez was a medical man of Salamanca, and his *Diana* used generally to be joined to that of Montemayor; but it was first of all printed separately at Alcala, in 1564, two years after the publication of the original romance.

‡ Sedano, ut sup; Antonio, Biblioth. Hispan. Nov. sub nom. Georg. de Montemayor; Bouterwek, Hist of Span. Literat. b. 11, vol. i. p. 259. Edin. 1823.

§ Don Quixote, p. 1. b. i. chap. vi.

‖ Ancient Spanish Ballads translated, 1823.—"The ill-married lady."

¶ "Guardame las vacas
Curillejo, y besarte he;
Sino, besame tu a mi,
Que yo te los guardarè."

** First printed at Valencia, in 1564, in 8vo; the same year that the work of Perez came out.

pices of Felicia, whose talents as a match-maker appear quite unrivalled. Such is the narrative,* as we catch occasional glimpses of it in the course of the work, which is chiefly occupied with the episodical histories of Alcida and Marcelio, with their families, in the highest paths; and of Ismenia and Montano, in the humble walks of life. The scene opens on the banks of the Ezla; but is mostly laid in Felicia's palace, and the beautiful sylvan country near it, where the heroes and heroines of the episodes appear and recount their adventures. The conclusion is happy;—all true lovers are well matched, except two couples, to whom hope is held out by the enchantress, and two of Diana's *quomdam* admirers, whose fate is promised to be detailed in a subsequent book—never written, and perhaps never intended.

The machinery is simple enough; for Felicia, although called priestess of Diana, works by enchantment, not by the power of the divine huntress. The fane of Diana beside Felicia's abode, and a temple of Minerva,† spoken of as situated in Portugal, together with the mention once made of Neptune,‡ savour of heathenism; but on one important occasion we meet with an allusion § to the Deity. Many modern names‖ occur. We hear of the court of Lisbon and the African dominions of Portugal; and the longest poem¶ in the work is full of the names of distinguished modern Spaniards. The story of Alcida is very extravagant; but that of Ismenia and Montano does not exceed probability: even the former has some interest, and the latter possesses a considerable share. The principal merit of the romance is its style, in the poetical portions; which Bouterwek** justly conceives to have been one of the chief reasons that induced Cervantes to prefer Polo to Montemayor, and to honour him with an encomium which will strike most readers as immoderate:†† "But as for that by Gil Polo, preserve it as charily as if Apollo himself had written it." The prose, so far as foreigners can judge, seems a very true imitation of Montemayor's, yet in no respect superior; and may be pretty fairly estimated from the following specimens, in translating which we have adhered as closely as possible to the Spanish.

"It‡‡ is certain, that whoever loves delights in being loved, and will highly value the jealous feelings of the beloved object, since they are clear signs of love, proceed from it, and are always in company with it—at least, I can say of myself, that I never felt so much in love as when I saw myself jealous, and I never found myself jealous without being in love. To which Marcelio replied: 'I never thought that pastoral simplicity was able to form so skilful reasons as yours, in a question so difficult as this; and hence I must condemn, as a very great error, the saying which many affirm, that liveliness of wit exists only in cities and courts, since I have found it as well in the depths of the woods, and in rude and rustic cabins. Nevertheless, I would dissent from your view, in which you made jealous feelings so certain messengers and companions of love, as though it could not be where they were not. For, although there may be few enamoured men who are not jealous, we cannot therefore say that an enamoured man, not being so, is not a more perfect and true lover. It rather shews the value, force, and purity of his desire, since that is unmingled and without the dross of frenzied suspicions.'

"They§§ walked a short distance, and then came to a forest, whither Diana guided them; and it was the most delicious, the most shady and agreeable that could be in the most celebrated mountains and plains of the pastoral Arcadia. There were in it very beautiful alders, willows, and other trees, which murmured delightfully on the brink of crystal fountains, and in all directions, being softly moved by the fresh and sweet zephyr. There the air resounded so sweetly with the concerted harmony of birds, which fluttered gaily among the verdant boughs, that it melted the soul with soft pleasure. The place was en-

* Mr. Dunlop seems to have given an abstract of this story for one of the *Diana*, by Perez.—Hist. of Fiction, c. xi.

† Lib. ii. ‡ Lib. i. § Ibid.

‖ Such as Ceuta, Gibraltar, &c.

¶ The Canto de Turia, lib. iii.

** Hist. of Span. Literat. b. ii. vol. i. p. 259.

†† Don Quixote, p. 1, b. i. chap. 6.

‡‡ Lib. ii. "Cierto está, que quien ama," &c. Pp. 77, 78. Ed. Madrid, 1778. 8vo.

§§ Lib. ii. "Caminaron un poco espacio," &c. Pp. 108, 109.

tirely covered with green and tender herbage, from among which sprang fair and variegated flowers, which, painting the ground with different shades, refreshed with sweet perfumes the most oppressed spirit. There the hunters were wont to find whole herds of timid deer, of mountain goats, and other animals, in taking and killing which one has glad pastime."

The poetry consists of sonnets and songs, many of both having a pastoral character. They evince more cultivation than is observable in any of those Spanish poets who had preceded Boscan and Garcilaso. Although they may display less genius than the best productions of Montemayor, they are more correct: they are, in general, free at once from conceit and extravagance; some are lively, and most are natural and pleasing. In style, they are all equally removed from stiffness and from carelessness; and while old modes of composition have been retained, they have assumed a more classical appearance under the hand of Polo.

Two songs, addressed by a lover to his obdurate mistress, have been translated by Dr. Bowring,* but with less close imitation of the original form than appears desirable in versions intended to convey a good idea of the structure of the Spanish compositions. Different pieces have been chosen and inserted, as specimens of Polo's poetry, in different collections; but we prefer (except in one instance) bringing before our readers poems not elsewhere selected, both because we wish to afford novelty to those who read Spanish, and may have access to the compilations in which other extracts from the *Diana* are preserved, and because we think the following pieces capable of being rendered into English with smaller sacrifice of their original character, than some which Spanish critics seem to have estimated more highly as classical productions. We fear, however, that the following dialogue between an ardent swain and his coy love has lost considerably in the translation, but in the original it reminds us of Shenstone; and the pert vivacity of the rustic *belle* is particularly amusing.

*Zagala, ¿ por qué razon ?*†

TAURISO — DIANA.

*T.* Why, my girl, never look at me — why ?
My fair foe, pray the reason impart.
*D.* Because that gives fatigue to the eye
Which carries offence to the heart.

*T.* What shepherdess living this day,
Is there ever whom looking offends ?
*D.* It is she who, to keep on her way,
Both unloved and unloving intends.

*T.* There no heart is so hard would afflict
With so great persecution, a soul.
*D.* There's no shepherd would e'er contradict
Good reason, with purpose so whole.

*T.* How occurs it, that love does not still
Thy cruelty turn from its course ?
*D.* Because love is no other than will;
And in will there can never be force.

*T.* On me look; for you reason have well,
To accord to my anguish a cure.
*D.* No, 'tis reason that does me compel,
To preserve my heart guarded and sure.

*T.* But why giv'st thou me pain such as this ?
And why keep'st thou thy loveliness all ?

* Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain (1 vol. 12mo, Lond. 1824), p. 272. "Si os pesa de ser querida" [*Diana*, En. lib. v.]; p. 270. "Despues que mal me quesistes." [*Diana*, En. lib. v.] These poems are Nos. 202 and 203 of Böhl de Faber's Floresta de Rimas. Hamburgo, 1821. 8vo.

† Diana, En. lib. i. pp. 60, 61. Ed. Madrid, 1778. 12mo.

*D.* Because thou, sense and prudence amiss,
Detestation presumest to call.

*T.* 'Tis because, from all reason apart,
Thy tyranny would me correct.
*D.* Nay, 'tis rather because from a smart
I endeavour my breast to protect.

*T.* Look, I am not so ugly and vile,
As, my shepherdess, thou dost conceive.
*D.* Be contented then, shepherd, awhile,
When I tell thee thy words I believe.

*T.* After causing my passion, I pray,
My fair foe, dost thou make me thy jest?
*D.* If aught else thou wouldst have me to say,
More must reason thy question suggest.

The next is a song on the favourite Spanish theme, "the fair one ill-matched;" and we have done our best to preserve the style of the original, that the reader may see the manner in which Polo wrote the old poetical exercise of a "glosa."

*La bella mal maridada.**

*The lovely lady married ill;*
*Among the fairest that I see,*
*If thou love shalt ever take,*
*Thou mayst not leave my life to me.*

*Amor cata que es locura.*

'Twere madness, love—bethink thee well,
To suffer that a greater part,
In ruling those whose charms excel,
Be taken by misfortune fell,
Than by thyself when such thou art.
Because, since lauded beauty bright
Is ever subject to thy will;
Thou art dishonour'd in my sight,
In suffering, that be e'er might
*The lovely lady married ill.*

Thou dost amiss, since loveliness
Herself thy friend sincere hath shewn;
And she hath ever caused distress
To him who gazed on her: yet less
For any sake than for thine own.
Even so the constant faith I bear,
And all the pain that tortures me,
Come not because I look'd; but fair
Because she is, whom view I dare,
*Among the fairest that I see.*

Love! through thy might such numbers die,
That, since murder 'is thy pleasure,
I hope I shall some day espy
Thee, by thine own hand wounded, lie;
For thou keep'st not any measure.

And oh! how well thou'lt then appear,
Tormented by thy self-caused ache!
Thou'lt thine own captive be; for here,
That thou must take thyself 'tis clear,
*If thou love shalt ever take.*

Then double torture mayst thou use
For every mortal, every where;
And yet thou mayst thyself excuse,
Though me thou dost so much abuse,
Since even thyself thou wilt not spare.
Should I speak in reprobation,
Then this defence thou'lt urge for thee:
'Tis by reason's strong dictation,
After thy self-condemnation,
*My life thou mayst not leave to me.*

The two next are specimens of songs with a *refran*, or burden, woven into both the beginning and concluding stanzas.

*Tenga fin mi triste vida.*†

Now let my sad existence close,
Since, spite of all I weep,
There is no guerdon for my woes,
Nor trust in faith I keep.

The lot I bear with is so hard,
That gladly were received
By me a very poor reward,
If I were but believed.

But though my life pain only knows,
And is in sorrow deep,
There is no guerdon for my woes,
Nor trust in faith I keep.

*Zagal, vuelve sobre ti.*‡

Return again, youth, to thyself,
Since, to keep far from sorrow away,
I nor others, through love, wish to slay;
Nor that love should e'er slay me myself.

* Diana, En. lib. iii. pp. 142—4.
† Diana, En. lib. i. p. 62.
‡ Diana, En. lib. v. p. 218. This song connects in the original the two translated by Bowring, and which now stand transposed in his collection.

Since I'll live without seeing thee more,
For the love of me do not expire;
As I nor, that thou love me, desire,
Nor resolve that I thee shall adore.

When, if thus, thou assur'st me thyself,
That the lover must die in dismay,
Nor others through love wish to slay,
Nor that love should e'er slay me myself.

The next verses form the commencement of a song, which is without any national characteristic.

*Gose el amador contento.**

The lover feels content to find
His suit meet favour at the last;
But I that fairly from my mind
Has all my former anguish past.

Amid much pain, so late, if ever,
We see the favours of the fair,
It better were by far, that never
We should bestow on them our care.

Eyes! thank Diana for each gain
Received by you; her cruelty
Restored you life, and her disdain
Unbarr'd your way to liberty.

Though lovelier far, and loving too,
She were, yet, should I for her pine,
I'd taste less pleasure than I do,
In giving her no love of mine.

May I, Diana, view in thee
A hopeless grief—love wound thee so,
That I, for all thou hadst of me,
May the full meed of vengeance know.

* * *

The following stanzas are from an imitation of the once-admired Provençal† poetry. By its structure it is susceptible of infinite variety; and we think that it displays the powers of Polo to great advantage, at the same time that we are sensible he has used in it a degree of hyperbole, not consonant with his usual strain.

*Quando con mil colores devisado.‡*

When clad in a thousand hues, varied and fair,
Spring gently is moving along the glad ground,
The meadow is gay, the sky tranquil around;
Rich then is the shepherd, and thriving his care.
Among full-blossom'd trees, hark! each nightingale
Pours forth her soft wail:
Clear founts are springing,
Round them are ringing
The sweet notes of song,
Nymphs and birds prolong:
But if my Elvinia her eyes turn away,
Then reign all around us shall winter for aye.

What time the stern north-wind's blasts, icy and keen,
Each herb, tree, and flower of their beauty bereave;
Their melody then must the nightingales leave —
All the desert plain o'er no verdure is seen.
And longer by far than day's few hours of light
Is then the chill night:
A thick heavy cloud,
In most sable shroud.

The last specimen we shall give is a question, or riddle (*pregunta*), which appears to us the least far-fetched and obscure of all those which are made to

* Diana, En. lib. iv. pp. 178, 179. The stanza in the translation is different from that in the Spanish, but the length of the verse is the same in both.

† Bouterwek (b. xi. vol. i. p. 414) supposes Polo to have been the earliest Spanish imitator of this style, and we are not at present aware of any proof to the contrary; but seeing that the same measure is to be found in one of the finest of the Canções of Camoens ["Por meio de humas serras mui fragosas," Rhythmas, p. 1, can. 16§] the question of its first introduction into the peninsula would depend on the fact, whether Camoens wrote that song we have cited before or after his residence in India, as he left Europe before Polo's work was published, but did not return till it must have been widely circulated.

‡ Diana, En. lib. v. This piece is printed in the *Bibliotheca Selecta de Literatura Española* of Mendibil and Silvela, t. iii. lib. iii. p. 386 (ed. Burdeos. 1819, 4 vols. 8vo), as well as in the *Parnaso Español*, t. viii. pp. 284—6.

§ Obras, t. xi. pp. 229–33. Ed. Lisb. 1783. 5 vols. 12mo.

amuse the company in the gardens of Felicia; and with the solutions of which we think the expounders must have been inspired by the magician herself. Without such aid, we believe no one could find out that the *pregunta* quoted by Bouterwek meant "a horse's tail;" but we dare to imagine, that some of our readers may guess that the interpretation of this enigma —

*Decid ¿qual es el maestro?**

Tell me, where is that master found,
Whose proper lord his servant is?
Like any madman is he bound:
Though no ability is his,
He is possess'd of wondrous skill;
Although of learning not a jot,
Yet he of letters has his fill;
And when I had him near me got,
I heard him not, yet understood,
While he such learning did display.
He told me much—but, bad or good,
A single word he did not say—

is a book.

The poem which we have already mentioned, as the longest of Polo's effusions, is called the Song of Turia † (*Canto de Turia*), in honour of a river of that name, which waters Polo's native province of Valencia. This piece, which extends to forty-four octave stanzas, and has no connexion with the story into which it is introduced, is entirely devoted to the praises of writers, and other persons of renown, born on the banks of the Turia; but without the notes explanatory of the persons celebrated, the song would, as Bouterwek ‡ observes, be unintelligible: and we may add, that, even with their aid, it is wholly uninteresting.

## MAGIANA; OR, THE MYSTERIES OF NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL MAGIC.

### No. II.

Although from the first to the last hour of our existence our exhausted frames are daily refreshed with sleep, yet so little attention do we pay to phenomena of such frequent occurrence, that we are at this moment almost totally ignorant of the nature and causes of this periodical suspension of our corporeal and mental faculties.

Physiologists have heaped speculation upon speculation, and metaphysicians theory upon theory, and yet neither of these classes of philosophers have ever thought of previously collecting a mass of facts as a necessary basis for their reasoning. The celebrated Hall tells us, that sleep arises *from a simple absence, deficiency, or immobility of the spirits, or from compression of the nerves!* and Dr. Cullen ascribes it to a *collapse of the brain*, or a state of diminished mobility in the nervous fluid. Some believe that sleep arises from the pressure of blood accumulated in the brain; while others, such as Richerand, refer it to a diminution in the quantity of blood carried to that organ. A later author, Dr. Park, considers sleep as resulting "from a full and slow circulation in the brain, proceeding from a spontaneous relaxation of the cerebral vessels, occurring simultaneously with a retarded pulse from diminished action of the heart."

Unsatisfactory as these theories are, we might still have expected, in the writings of physiologists, a detail of facts and observations on a subject so universally interesting, and one to which almost every intelligent mind might contribute its contingent; but this expectation is sadly disappointed, when we enter upon the investigation. Dr. Cullen, indeed, suggested it as probable that the senses of different

* Diana, En. lib. v. p. 232. The stanza of the original has been departed from in this translation.

† Lib. iii. pp. 150–64. This poem is alluded to by Cervantes, in his *Galatea*; in the sixth book of which he addresses some verses to Polo, full of the highest commendation, and promises of the admiration of posterity. See the *Canto de Calliope*; *Galatea*, lib. vi. p. 303, ed. Madrid, 1736; or in the *Parnaso Español*, tom. viii. pp. 287–319.

‡ Hist. of Span. Literat. book ii. vol. i. p. 262.

parts of the body fall asleep in succession, and repose with different degrees of intensity; and M. Cabanis, carrying the principle still farther, has maintained that the principal muscles of the legs and arms fall asleep before those which sustain the head, and that the most watchful of all are the muscles of the back. The sense of sight sleeps first, as is evinced by the dropping of the eyelids; then the senses of taste, smell, hearing, and touch, in the order of their enumeration.

It is not our intention to enter at all into discussions on any of these subjects. We propose merely to entertain the general reader with an account of some very remarkable cases, in which the powers of the body and the mind have undergone the most astonishing suspension.

No. I. *Account of the extraordinary sleeper, Samuel Chilton, of Tinsbury.*

Samuel Chilton, an inhabitant of the village of Tinsbury, near Bath, was a labourer of a robust habit of body, though not corpulent, and had reached the 25th year of his age. When apparently in perfect health, he fell into a profound sleep on the 13th May, 1694, and every method which was tried to rouse him proved unsuccessful. His mother ascribed his conduct to sullenness of temper; and dreading that he would die of hunger, placed within his reach bread and cheese and small beer; and though no person ever saw him eat or drink during a whole month, yet the food set before him was daily consumed. At the end of a month, he rose of his own accord, put on his clothes, and resumed his usual labours in the field.

After a lapse of nearly two years, namely, on the 9th of April, 1696, he was again overtaken with excessive sleep. He was now bled, blistered, cupped, and scarified, and the most irritating medicines applied externally; but they were unable to rouse, or even to irritate him, and during a whole fortnight he was never seen to open his eyes. He ate, however, as before, of the food which was placed near him, and performed the other functions which were required; but no person ever saw any of those acts, though he was sometimes found fast asleep with his mouth full of food. In this condition he lay *ten* weeks.

A singular change in his constitution now took place. He lost entirely the power of eating: his jaws were set, and his teeth so closely clenched, that every attempt to force open his mouth with instruments failed. Having accidentally observed an opening in his teeth, made by the action of the tobacco-pipe, and usual with most great smokers, they succeeded in pouring some tent wine into his throat through a quill. During *forty-six* days, he subsisted on about three pints or two quarts of tent; and during all that period he had no alvine evacuation.

At the end of *seventeen* weeks, viz. about the 7th of August, he awoke, dressed himself, and walked about the room, being perfectly unconscious that he had slept more than one night. Nothing, indeed, could make him believe that he had slept so long, till, upon going to the fields, he saw crops of barley and oats ready for the sickle, which he remembered were only sown when he last visited them.

Although his flesh was somewhat diminished by so long a fast, yet he was said to look brisker than he had ever done before. He felt no inconvenience whatever from his long confinement, and he had not the smallest recollection of any thing that had happened. He accordingly entered again upon his rural occupations, and continued to enjoy good health till the morning of the 17th of August, 1697, when he experienced a coldness and shivering in his back; and, after vomiting once or twice, he again fell into his former state of somnolency.

Dr. William Oliver, to whom we owe the preservation of these remarkable facts, happening to be at Bath, and hearing of so singular a case, set out, on the 23d of August, to inquire into its history. On his arrival at Tinsbury, he found Chilton asleep, with bread and cheese, and a cup of beer, placed on a stool within his reach. His pulse was regular, though a little too strong, and his respiration free. He was in "a breathing sweat," with an agreeable warmth over his body. Dr. Oliver bawled into his ear, pulled his shoulders, pinched his nose, stopped his mouth and nose together; but, notwithstanding this rude treatment, he evinced no indications of sensibility. Impressed with the belief that the whole was "a cheat," Dr. Oliver lifted up his eyelids and found the eyeballs drawn up under his eyebrows, and

perfectly motionless. He held a phial containing spirit of sal ammoniac under one nostril a considerable time; but though the doctor could not bear it for a moment under his own nose without making his eyes water, the sleeping patient was insensible to its pungency. The ammoniacal spirit was then thrown up his nostrils, to the amount of about half an ounce; but though it was "as strong almost as fire itself," it only made the patient's eyelids shiver and tremble, and his nose run.

Thus baffled in every attempt to rouse him, our ruthless doctor crammed the same nostril with the powder of white hellebore; and finding this equally inactive, he was perfectly convinced that no impostor could have remained insensible to such applications, and that Chilton was really overpowered with sleep.

In the state in which Dr. Oliver left him, various gentlemen from Bath went to see him; but his mother would not permit the repetition of any experiments.

On the 2d of September, Mr. Woolmer, an experienced apothecary, went to see him, and finding his pulse pretty high, he took 14 ounces of blood from his arm; but neither at the opening of the vein, nor during the flow of the blood, did he make the smallest movement.

In consequence of his mother removing to another house, Chilton was carried down stairs when in this fit of somnolency. His head accidentally struck against a stone, and received such a severe blow, that it was much cut; but he gave no indications whatever of having felt the blow. Dr. Oliver again visited him in his new house; and, after trying again some of his former stimulants, he saw a gentleman who accompanied him *run a large pin into the arm of Chilton to the very bone*, without his being sensible of it. During the whole of this long fit he was never seen to eat or drink, though generally once a-day, or sometimes once in two days, the food which stood by him had disappeared.

Such was the condition of our patient till the 19th November, when his mother having heard a noise, ran up to his room and found him eating. Upon asking him how he was, he replied, "Very well, thank God." She then asked him whether he liked bread and butter or bread and cheese best. He answered, bread and cheese. She immediately left the room to convey the agreeable intelligence to his brother; but, upon their return to the bed-room, they found him as fast asleep as ever, and incapable of being roused by any of the means which they applied.

From this time his sleep seems to have been less profound; for though he continued in a state of somnolency till the end of January, or the beginning of February, yet he seemed to hear when they called him by his name; and though he was incapable of returning any answer, yet they considered him as sensible to what was said. His eyes were less closely shut, and frequent tremors were seen in his eyelids. About the beginning of February, Chilton awoke in perfect health, having no recollection whatever of any thing that had happened to him during his long sleep. The only complaint that he made was, that the cold pinched him more than usual. He returned, accordingly, to his labours in the field, and, so far as we can learn, he was not again attacked with this singular disease.

No. II. *Account of the remarkable somnolency of Margaret Lyall, who continued in a state of sleep nearly six weeks.*

The subject of this remarkable narrative was a young woman, about twenty-one years of age. On the 27th June, 1815, when she was living in service in the parish of Craig, near Montrose, she was found in bed in a deep sleep, with the appearance of blood having flowed from her nose, and about half a Scotch pint of blood was observed on the floor near her bedside. Various methods were tried to rouse her, but they all proved ineffectual, and she was conveyed in a cart to her father's house, which was about half a mile distant. Dr. Gibson, of Montrose, took a pound of blood from her arm; but she remained in the same state of lethargy till the afternoon of the 30th of June, when she spontaneously awoke and asked for food. At this time all her faculties, both of mind and body, were perfect. She recollected distinctly that she had been awakened on Tuesday morning by a bleeding at her nose, and that she held her head over the bedside till it stopped; but from that moment she had no recollection of any thing that had happened.

On the evening of June 30 she again

went to sleep; and on the morning of July 1 she was found in the same state of profound sleep as formerly. Her jaws were now so firmly locked as to resist the introduction of either food or liquid; but her breathing was gentle, and the expression of her countenance serene and placid. This deep sleep continued *seven* days, without any motion, food, or evacuation of any kind. She now, however, began to move her left hand, and intimated a desire for food by putting her hand to her mouth. She ate more than was necessary, but discovered no indications of being sensible to what was going on around her. Her left hand alone moved; her right hand and arm appearing to be completely dead, as she never shrunk in the slightest degree when it was pricked with a pin. When the same pin was applied to the left arm, she instantly drew it back.

In this state she continued to take food when it was given her; and when the hand which held the bread was raised by another person to her mouth, she began to eat slowly until it was finished. Her hand then dropped upon her chin or under lip, and remained there till it was replaced at her side. In this state her eyelids were always shut; and when forcibly opened, the eyeball appeared to be turned upwards.

Her friends had hitherto declined to employ any medical means for her recovery; but about the middle of July they allowed her head to be shaved, and applied a large blister to it. This blister, after continuing its action for nineteen hours, produced a copious issue, without exciting the least uneasiness on the part of the patient. Attempts were also made to rouse her by sinapisms applied to her feet, and by moving her feet from cold into hot water, and *vice versâ*; but they were altogether fruitless.

On the forenoon of Tuesday the 8th of August, exactly six weeks from the commencement of her lethargy, she gave distinct proofs that she heard what was addressed to her, intimating her assent or dissent by the movements of her left hand. In the afternoon of the same day she again relapsed; but in the evening she gave such evident signs of hearing, that she was lifted into a chair till her bed was made. Her father took her by the right hand, and having urged her to move it, she commenced by first moving the thumb, and then the rest of the fingers in succession. Having opened her eyelids, he presented a candle and asked whether she saw it. She answered yes, in a feeble voice. And though she gradually and in a few minutes recovered all her faculties, yet she was so weak as scarcely to be able to move.

During the whole of the time of her somnolency her colour was in general healthy, but her complexion was more delicate than usual, sometimes changing to paleness, and at other times to a feverish flush. Her pulse was 50 during the first two weeks of her lethargy, about 60 during the third and fourth week, and about 71 on the day of her recovery. Her bodily temperature was natural; but she generally became extremely cold when she was lifted out of bed.

When she had recovered from her illness, she had, generally speaking, no recollection of any thing that had occurred to her. She remembered having conversed with her friends on the afternoon of the 30th of June, and she had never been conscious of requiring or taking food, of having been lifted from her bed for other purposes, or of having had her head shaved and blistered.

The debility which attended the recovery of Margaret Lyall continued for a few days; but such was the rapidity with which she regained her strength, that, on the 31st of August, she began to work as a reaper, in the service of the late Mr. Arkley, of Dunnivald, and continued, without fatigue, to perform the regular labours of the harvest.

When the harvest was concluded, she went as a servant into Mr. Arkley's family; and, on the morning of the 27th of September, she was found in a state of deep sleep, from which they tried in vain to rouse her. She was in this state carried to her father's house, the distance of a quarter of a mile, and continued exactly fifty hours in a gentle but deep sleep. From this second lethargy she awoke in perfect health, ate her breakfast, and resumed her work as usual at Dunnivald. On the 11th of October, she was again found in the same state of profound sleep, was again conveyed to her father's house, and, having again slept through the long period of fifty hours, she returned to her master's service in perfect health.

The sequel of Margaret Lyall's history is a painful one. Although she enjoyed good health for nearly a whole year, and appeared to be very comfortable in her situation, she was found dead in an outhouse at Dunnivald, having hanged herself by her own hands on the morning of the 21st Sept. 1816. She is known to have dreaded the recurrence of her former illness, and it is probable that she was under the influence of some such fear when she committed this fatal act.

The preceding account of this curious case is abridged from the narrative drawn up by the Rev. James Brewster, minister of the parish where Margaret Lyall resided. The particulars of the narrative were authenticated by her father, John Lyall, Mr. Arkley, of Dunnivald, Mr. Ferguson, minister of Maryton, and Dr. Gibson, of Montrose.

No. III. *Account of the case of M. C., called the "Sleeping Beauty."*

The young girl who is the subject of the following narrative was born and bred in London. She was the eldest of eight children, and her parents having been obliged to leave the metropolis, on account of pecuniary embarrassments, they seem to have taken up their residence in Aberdeen.

The peculiarity of constitution which we are about to describe, first shewed itself in December 1814, when M. C. was house-servant to Mrs. L. On the 2d of March her father and mother brought her to Dr. Dyce, for medical advice; and this eminent practitioner watched the progress of the disease, with much interest and accurate observation, till its disappearance in June of the same year. The girl was now nearly sixteen years of age, and had enjoyed very good health for some years past. She was beautiful and well formed, and had such a healthy appearance, that no person could have conjectured that there was any derangement in her corporeal functions.

About the end of December 1814, Mrs. L. had observed that the girl had acquired the habit of sleeping by the fire in the evening, and she had frequent occasion to reprove her for this propensity. Some time afterwards she began to speak in her sleep, and afforded much diversion to her fellow-servants by repeating the occurrences of the day, and by uttering those wild incoherent expressions which are usual with sleep-talkers.

When Mrs. L. was, one evening in January, on a visit at a friend's house, and Maria with her, Mrs. L. mentioned the extraordinary fact of her speaking and singing in her sleep. The party requested her to remain, in order to hear her; but being then put upon her guard, she did not fall asleep till after twelve o'clock. She then began to sing a psalm, and fancying herself an episcopal clergyman, she went through the ceremony of baptising three children, and gave a good and appropriate extempore prayer. A clergyman of that persuasion was present, and expressed his astonishment at what he had heard. In order to satisfy the company that she was asleep, Mrs. L. shook her severely by the shoulders; and having then awakened her, she appeared unconscious of every thing excepting that she had fallen asleep, of which she seemed to be greatly ashamed.

On another occasion, when Mrs. L. was from home, Maria fell into one of her sleepy fits, and the ladies of the house were called to see her. She imagined that she was living with her aunt at Epsom, and going to the races, and placing herself on one of the kitchen stools, she rode upon it into the room; and, notwithstanding the violent exertion she used, and the tremendous noise she made, she did not awake, but remembered having dreamt of going to the races.

Having been severely reprimanded for this exhibition by her mistress, who threatened to part with her if she fell asleep again, and who also promoted the moral efficacy of her rebuke by a dose of salts, Maria did not again fall into a sleepy fit for a whole week. She soon, however, relapsed into her former practice, with this addition, that she answered distinctly any question that was put to her. The disease now increased so rapidly, that it came on at different times of the evening and morning. Mrs. L. assures us, that she has known her to dress herself in the morning, and also the children, while "*dead asleep.*" One morning she came into Mrs. L.'s bed-room for a key, and having taken it as directed from Mrs. L.'s pocket, she was asked what o'clock it was. She replied, laughing, "La, ma'am! it is near twelve." Mrs. L. immediately drew

aside the curtain, and perceived, to her great astonishment, that Maria's eyes were shut. She accordingly called for the other servant to take the key; but Maria refused to surrender it, gave the servant what she wanted, locked the door, and put the key into her mistress's pocket. Maria arranged the things on the breakfast-table as usual, with her eyes shut all the time, and having awaked with the child on her knee, she could not understand how she had got on her clothes. While in this state, Mrs. L. frequently lifted up her eyelids, and her eyes appeared quite sunk in her head, as if dead. On another occasion, Mrs. L. found her in a state of stupor, with her eyes open; and as this was the first time that she had seen this, she became greatly alarmed, and was afraid any longer to trust the children with her. She therefore communicated her fears to her mother, recommended medical advice, and procured that interview with Dr. Dyce, on the 2d of March, which we have already mentioned.

Being desirous of examining his patient in one of her sleepy fits, Dr. Dyce saw her at his own house on Friday the 3d of March. "When she was brought into his room, she appeared as if in a state of stupor; her eyes were half open, but when desired she could open them perfectly. At other times she closed them, as if unconscious of what she did. Having desired her to look at me, and tell me who I was, she gave a vacant kind of stare, and named some other person. She was then desired to look about her, and say where she was. This she did apparently with some attention, but though she had been in the room before, she answered that she was in the New Inn. Afterwards I desired her to look at the light, as the sun was very bright at the time: this she did most readily; but I could perceive no contraction of the iris, which seemed to be in a state of paralysis. At all events, it allowed the greatest quantity of the strongest rays of light to fall on the retina, without producing their usual stimulus on that sensible membrane."

But though the sun's rays did not seem to excite the retina, she read a portion of a book which Dr. Dyce put into her hands. During this examination her pulse never exceeded 70, her countenance was quite natural, but her extremities were rather cold. When desired to stand up, she seemed to feel that she had not sufficient muscular power; for on making the first attempt, she staggered like a person suddenly awakened; but after a short time she was able to walk, run, or dance, like other people. Being desired by the servant who brought her, to sing, she began a hymn, which she sung "most delightfully," and without the smallest hesitation. Dr. Dyce heard her sing the same hymn on the 4th of March; and the others, who were better judges of music than himself, concurred in opinion that she sung it with much more spirit and effect during her sleep.

When her hands were plunged in cold water, she recovered in a few seconds from her fit, and regained the full possession of all her faculties. She informed Dr. Dyce that, previous to her attack she felt drowsy, with a slight pain in her head, then a cloud or mist came over her eyes, attended with a peculiar noise in the head, which she said resembling a carriage moving with great velocity, in which she herself was seated. At this stage, her conceptions of things were immediately altered, even if her eyes remained open; and were she asked where she was, her answer was invariably incorrect.

On the 5th of March, while in a fit of somnolency, Maria performed her usual duties relative to the pantry and the dinner-table. She would not permit any of the servants to touch a plate, knife, or fork, but laid every thing down in proper order, with her eyelids shut. She asked Mrs. L. for the key of the store-room, opened it, gave out to another servant what was wanted, and returned the key to her mistress, without even opening her eyelids. During this fit Dr. Dyce went to see her, but she did not recognise him. When Mrs. L. desired her to stand straight up, and look round her, and tell her where she was, she recovered instantly, the expression of her eyes changed, and she immediately knew Dr. Dyce. In a short time, however, she relapsed, and evinced, by the incorrectness of her answers, that she was under the influence of her complaint. When she was desired to describe what she felt, she placed her hand on her forehead, and complained of her head; remark-

ing, at the same time, that "she saw the mice running through the room." Mrs. L. mentioned that she had made the same remark on former occasions, even when her eyes were shut; and that she frequently imagined that she was accompanied by a little black dog, which she could not get rid of.

In some of her fits, she insisted that she was going to church to preach; and when she was one day taking out two infants to an airing, she was seized with one of her fits on the quay, and, without any hesitation, she walked on a single plank, placed between a vessel and the shore, and even danced on it with the children. When she had recovered, she denied all knowledge of this fact; but when she was under the influence of a paroxysm, she acknowledged and asserted it.

This singular faculty of recollecting what took place in one paroxysm, when she was under the influence of another, and of forgetting it entirely when she was well, was particularly exhibited in an event of a very painful description, which befell her on the 6th of March. Her fellow-servant, a young woman of a very abandoned character, having found out that Maria forgot entirely every transaction that occurred during a fit, introduced clandestinely a young man into the house, and obtained for him an opportunity of treating her with the utmost brutality. These depraved wretches accomplished their object by stopping her mouth with the bed-clothes; and by this and other means they succeeded in overpowering a vigorous resistance, which their unfortunate victim was able to make, even under the influence of her malady. On the following day the horrors of this transaction did not remain on her mind; she had entirely forgotten them: nor did any person interested in her welfare know any thing of the matter for several days, till she again fell into one of her paroxysms, when she related to her mother all the particulars of her violation. These particulars cannot be related in a work like this. The base wretch who conceived the infamous design was taken into custody and examined, but no evidence that was capable of convicting her could be obtained.

Another curious example of the peculiarity of memory already mentioned, occurred on Sunday, when she was taken to church by her mistress during one of her paroxysms. She conducted herself like any other person, and seemed much affected by the sermon, the subject of which was the danger of breaking the sabbath-day. She shed tears during the account which the preacher gave of the execution of three young men in Edinburgh, who had described in their dying confessions the circumstances in which their vicious career had originated. About a quarter of an hour after her return from church she recovered from her fit; she was quite astonished at the questions which were put to her about the church and the sermon, and denied that she had been in any such place. But on the following night, when she was again taken ill, she not only mentioned her having been at church, but repeated the words of the text; and, in Dr. Dyce's hearing, gave an accurate account of the sermon, and of the tragical fate of the three young men whose history had so powerfully affected her feelings.

During the time that our patient was well, her eyes had all the vivacity of youth and health; but when she was seized with a fit, her eyes resembled those of a person under amaurosis, or of one half inebriated, who had never been in that state before. On one occasion her stare was accompanied with something resembling a *squint*; on another occasion, when Dr. Dyce tried to open her eyelids, he found the pupils greatly contracted — a state the very reverse of what he had found in all his previous examinations.

During her paroxysms she exhibited another remarkable peculiarity: she knew any person better by looking at their shadow than at their body. When Dr. Dyce desired her to point to different parts of his body and dress, and name them, she could not do it when the light of the candle or the fire shone full upon him; but she pointed at every part accurately when it was placed in the shade.

From the singular disease which we have above described, our patient recovered about the 11th of June, when a particular change in her constitution took place; and about a year afterwards Dr. Dyce saw her in a state of perfect health. He ascribes all the peculiarities of this case to uterine irritation, or, at least, to the influence which it is known to exert over the nervous system.

No. IV. *Observations on Somnambulism.*

The cases which we have described in the preceding pages are obviously cases of somnambulism, or of that condition of the mind in which it is intensely occupied with some imaginary object of its own; while the bodily organs, such as those of speech and locomotion, are restored to activity, and under the control of the will.

One of the simplest cases of somnambulism, and one of those which is best known, is that of talking during sleep. There are many persons who talk much and fluently in their sleep, but who speak only in reference to their own thoughts, and are quite insensible to any conversation that is either held in their presence or immediately addressed to them. There are others, on the contrary, who answer distinctly every question that is addressed to them; who reveal their secrets; and who describe, in the clearest manner, the events about which they are dreaming. In these cases the sense of hearing is awake, while the other senses are asleep.

One of the most remarkable cases of speaking during sleep, is that of an American lady, now (we believe) alive, who preached during her sleep, performing regularly every part of the Presbyterian service, from the psalm to the blessing. This lady was the daughter of respectable, and even wealthy parents; she fell into bad health, and under its influence she disturbed and annoyed her family by her nocturnal eloquence. Her unhappy parents, though surprised, and perhaps at first flattered by the exhibition in their family of so extraordinary a gift, were at last convinced that it was the result of disease; and in the expectation that their daughter might derive benefit from change of scene, as well as from medical skill, they made a tour with her of some length, and visited New York, and some of the other great cities of the Union. We know individuals who have heard her preach during the night in steam-boats; and it was customary, at tea-parties in New York, (in the houses of medical practitioners,) to put the lady to bed in a room adjacent to the drawing-room, in order that the dilettanti might witness so extraordinary a phenomenon. We have been told by ear-witnesses, that her sermons, though they had the appearance of a connected discourse, consisted chiefly of texts of Scripture strung together. It is strongly impressed upon our memory that some of her sermons were published in America.

A higher degree of somnambulism, and that from which the name is derived, consists in walking during sleep, of performing several actions of an ordinary kind, such as those of dressing, opening doors and windows, unlocking drawers, sitting down to write letters, &c. When the somnambulist is suddenly awakened in this state, a high degree of alarm is generally the result of a sudden restoration of consciousness; and cases are said to have occurred in which a state of permanent insanity was induced by the distraction arising from so abrupt and violent a transition.

There are numerous examples of persons rising from their beds, and carrying on in their sleep their usual professional occupations. Students, for instance, often rise and perform during sleep the tasks which they have left incomplete. Martinet mentions an individual, who rose from bed and carried on his trade as a saddler; and Dr. Pritchard has recorded a still more remarkable one, where a farmer rose from his sleep, and having dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to a market-place which he had been accustomed to frequent.

One of the most unaccountable circumstances, however, in somnambulism, is the superior skill and accuracy with which certain somnambulists carry on their proceedings — evincing the possession of powers when asleep which they are unable to call forth in their waking hours. The history of the shirtless somnambulist affords a striking example of this. This individual had the mortification of discovering every morning when he awoke that the shirt in which he had slept was gone. Some trick was supposed to have been played upon him by an inmate of the house; and thinking that the practical joke would soon be abandoned, he went on, day after day, till his stock of linen was completely exhausted. The individuals of the family were now anxiously examined, but no tidings of the stray linen could be obtained. It was at last suspected that some depredator had entered the house, and unswathed his sleeping victim; and a

strict watch was made on the following night. At a suitable hour, the somnambulist was seen to quit his bed, to pass through a skylight window to the roof of the house, to enter by another window a garret that was always locked, and to return shirtless to his lair. The garret was examined, and the thousand-and-one shirts were found carefully wrapped up, and deposited in a pyramid. The actions of the somnambulist were not, in this case, the subject of a dream; otherwise it is not probable that it would have been forgotten in the morning.

The case of the nobleman mentioned by Hortsius, who lived in the citadel of Breslau, and harried in his sleep a magpie's nest, possesses a different kind of interest. In the morning he mentioned this event to his brother, as having occurred in a dream, and he could not be persuaded that his brother saw him escape by a window, walk along the roof of the house, tear the magpie's nest in pieces, and wrap the young birds in his cloak, till his cloak was actually brought to him, containing the young magpies.

There are many authentic cases of persons being able to perform pieces of vocal music during their sleep, which they are unable to do when awake, and of exhibiting feats of memory and of judgment of an unusual kind. The lady who is mentioned in the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*,* as subject to spectral illusions, is described as being subject to talk in her sleep with great fluency, to repeat poetry very much at length, particularly when unwell, and even to *cap* verses for half an hour together, never failing to quote lines beginning with the final letter of the preceding, till her memory is exhausted.

Dr. Dewar mentions an apparently ignorant servant girl, in the neighbourhood of Stirling, who, in her ordinary sleep, talked like a profound philosopher, discoursed fluently on the principles of astronomy, and solved geographical problems when proposed to her. Upon inquiry, it was found out that, while mending the fire and performing other parts of her household duties, she had heard the instructions which were given by a tutor to the children of the family, and had pursued, when alone, the train of thought to which they had given rise. Dr. Dewar has justly remarked, that the originality of the language which she employed indicated mental operations beyond the bare repetition of what she had heard. When she was asked, for example, the cause of the alternations of summer and winter, she replied, that they arose from "the earth's axis being set agee."†

The affections which we have now described occurred during the hours of ordinary rest; but there are cases when they appear in the daytime during paroxysms, which are often indicated by noises in the ears, or a general confusion in the head. In such cases the patient spouts poetry, tells stories, repeats past conversations, talks with imaginary personages, performs pieces of music in a style superior to any thing they can do in their waking moments, and even employ as the vehicle of their thoughts languages with which they have only been slightly acquainted.

Martinet, as quoted by Dr. Abercrombie, has described the case of a watchmaker's apprentice, who fell into one of these paroxysms once a fortnight; but who, though insensible to all external impressions, performed his work with his usual skill, and was always astonished at the advancement made in his work when he recovered. The paroxysm began with a sense of heat, extending from the epigastrium to the head. This was followed by confusion of thought and complete insensibility, the eyes remaining open with a fixed and vacant stare. The case terminated in epilepsy.

One of the most interesting cases we have met with has been described by Dr. Abercrombie‡ as having come under his own observation. The patient was a young lady, and the paroxysms occurred repeatedly during the day, and generally continued from ten minutes to an hour at a time. Without any previous indications, her body became motionless, her eyes fixed and

* January 1830, p. 222.

† Dr. Abercrombie, in his *Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers*, p. 297, gives this case as occurring under paroxysms. This is an oversight, as the girl was not subject to any paroxysms whatever.

‡ Inquiries, &c. p. 295.

insensible, though open, and she was totally unconscious of external impressions. These paroxysms have often come on when she was playing on the pianoforte; and when this happened, she went on playing over and over again a part of a tune with perfect correctness, but without advancing beyond a certain point. At one time the paroxysm assailed her when she had just commenced to play from the book a piece of music entirely new to her. She continued the part which she had played, and with the greatest accuracy she repeated it five or six times; but when the paroxysm was at an end, she could not play it without the book.

Mr. Combe, as cited by Dr. Abercrombie, has referred to a remarkable case described by Major Elliot, professor of mathematics in the Academy of West Point, in America. A young lady, of a cultivated mind, recovered from an attack of somnolency *with the loss of all her acquired knowledge*. She immediately began the first elements of education, and had made considerable progress, when a second fit of somnolency restored to her the knowledge of which the first had deprived her, but obliterated all recollection of what had taken place during the interval. A third attack left her again in a state of ignorance; and these alternate intellectual conditions occurred during a period of four years, with the extraordinary circumstance, that when in the one state she retained all her original knowledge, but when in the other she retained only what she had acquired since the first attack. In the interval of health, for example, her penmanship was beautiful; but during the paroxysm she wrote "a poor awkward hand." Persons introduced to her during the healthy interval she recognised only during a subsequent healthy interval, and not during the paroxysm, and *vice versâ*.

Dr. Pritchard mentions a lady subject to frequent attacks of delirium, who at the close of the attack instantly resumed the conversation in the middle of which she was attacked, and sometimes completed a sentence which had been left unfinished; and Mr. Combe mentions a porter who, in a state of intoxication, left a parcel at the wrong house, and could not recollect what he had done with it till the next time that he got drunk.

Connected, though not very closely, with these singular facts, we may mention a circumstance which has been recently communicated to us by an active cultivator of science. This gentleman has long been in the habit of studying any subject that is particularly perplexing after he retires to bed; and he always falls asleep, and sleeps soundly, after this mental exercise. In attempting, however, next day to take up the subject where he had left it the preceding night, he has always failed; but he never finds any difficulty in resuming the train of his inquiry when he takes up the subject in his bed. The mind, freed from external impressions, then becomes more fitted for abstruse investigation; and the views and speculations of the preceding evening are again readily presented to the mind by their association with the same external circumstances in which they originally occurred to it.

The phenomena of somnambulism, and of other states of the mind closely related to it, are beyond the province of human reason. When an acute physiologist (Dr. Park) says, "That the physical cause of this singular affection appears to be an irregular distribution of blood in the sensorium, or some local congestion that impedes the uniform and simultaneous restoration of the corporal and mental faculties," we are just as much in the dark as ever. That the *blood* and the *brain* are concerned in all such deviations from the healthy exercise of our corporal and mental powers, cannot be doubted; but these magical words may be combined into a thousand theories, without satisfying our curiosity, or enlarging our knowledge.

## LORD BYRON'S VERSES ON THE REVEREND DR. NOTT.

We publish the subjoined poem, not on account of any intrinsic merit—for we freely confess it has none—but as a curiosity:

> Accept a miracle instead of wit;
> See nine dull staves by Byron's pencil writ!

In truth, however, it must be acknowledged that his lordship's genius did not lie in song-writing of any kind, whether serious or comic, satirical or good-humoured—and of the organ of squibbing he was wholly destitute. His hand was too heavy for such light work. He could murder, but not tease. The verses we now publish were written not long before he left Italy, and were called forth by a sermon or two preached by Dr. Nott in Pisa, where his lordship happened to be residing at the time (1821—1822). The doctor made some strictures on immoral writings, and immoral living in general, which Lord Byron, or the English coterie at Pisa for him, took to be personal. As we may see by his correspondence about that time, he had become morbidly sensitive to criticism, and particularly anxious to prove that he was any thing but an immoral writer. The doctor's remarks touched too close upon *Cain* and *Don Juan*, then just published—particularly on the former; and this annoyed his lordship. He writes to Murray thus about it, vol. v. p. 308 (Letter 479): "There is nothing against the immortality of the soul in *Cain* that I can recollect—I hold no such opinion; but, in a drama, the first rebel and the first murderer must be made to talk according to their characters. *However, the parsons are all preaching at it, from Kentish Town to Pisa*,—the scoundrels of priests, who do more harm to religion than all the infidels that ever forgot their catechisms." The allusion to Kentish Town refers to the Rev. Johnstone Grant, who preached against *Cain* in the chapel there. On this passage, as usual, there is no note or explanation in Moore's useless book.

His lordship was determined that prebendary should not go unpunished, and he wrote the subjoined verses. The main point of their satire rests on a story, that Dr. Nott, who was tutor to the Princess Charlotte, induced her, in her girlhood, to write a promise, signed by her name, that he should be the first bishop after she came to the throne, and that, on this trick being discovered, he was instantly dismissed. It is perfectly unnecessary to say that there is no foundation for this idle tale; but it was quite sufficient authority for Lord Byron's satire: he was never very scrupulous on such points.

Dr. Nott has, we believe, not returned to England for many years. He is a prebendary of Winchester; and is advantageously known to the lovers of English literature as the editor of the poems of Surrey and Wyatt—which, however, he unfortunately published in so bulky a form as to render them inaccessible to the general reader.

### A NEW SONG,

*To the Tune of the "Vicar and Moses."*

I.

Do you know Doctor Nott?
With "a crook in his lot,"
  Who seven years since tried to dish up
A neat codicil
To the princess's will,
  Which made Doctor Nott—*not* a bishop.

II.

So the Doctor being found
A little unsound
  In his doctrines, at least as a teacher;
And kick'd from one stool,
As a knave or a fool,
  Has mounted another as preacher.

III.

In that gown (like the skin
With *no lion* within)
  He still for the *Bench* would be driving;
And roareth away,
A new Vicar of Bray,
  Except that *his bray* lost his living.

IV.

'Gainst freethinkers he roars,
"You should all shut your doors,
  Or be bound in the devil's indentures."
And here I agree—
For who e'er would be
  A guest where old Simony enters?

V.

Let the priest who beguiled
His sovereign's child
  To his own dirty views of promotion,
Wear his sheep's clothing still,
Among flocks to his Will,
  And dishonour the cause of devotion.

VI.

The altar and throne
Are in peril alone
  From such as himself, who would render
The altar itself
A step but to pelf,
  And pray God to pay his defender.

VII.

But, Doctor, one word,
Which, perhaps, you have heard—
  "He should never throw stones who has windows
Of glass to be broken;"—
And by this same token,
  As Sinner, *you* can't blame what *Sin* does.

VIII.

But, perhaps, you do well—
Your own window (they tell)
  Has long ago suffer'd erasure;
Not a fragment remains
Of your character's *panes*
  Since the Regent refused you a glazier.

IX.

Though your visions of Lawn
Have been lately withdrawn,
  And you miss'd your "bold stroke" for a mitre;
In a snug little way
You may still preach and pray,
  And from *Bishop* sink into *Backbiter*.

1822.

## HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

### No. III.

#### A VERY CURIOUS AND IMPORTANT DOCUMENT.

Every body will recollect the treaty of El Airich, which Sir Sidney Smith concluded with Buonaparte. The British government refused to ratify the treaty; hence all the subsequent triumphs of Buonaparte over the French republic. We have obtained one of the letters which led to the non-ratification of the treaty; it is unfortunately not dated, but it was written by Lord Elgin to Sir Sidney Smith, and is as follows.

My dear Sir,

You will already have received the minute of the conference in which the Ottoman ministers communicated to Mr. Smith* the correspondence which has lately taken place between the Grand Vizier and the commanders of the French army in Egypt. Nothing further had passed when I reached Constantinople, the 6th instant. Since then the Dragoman of the Porte, in his visit of etiquette on my arrival, took occasion to introduce the subject of the conference alluded to; and having at that time in my possession your letters, written on the 12th October to the Grand Vizier, when you sent to him the intercepted letters from the French generals, I satisfied the Dragoman that you was apprised of the negotiations set on foot, and fully authorised by your situation to concert with the Grand Vizier every arrangement which might be found eligible for rescuing the Turkish provinces from the French troops.

In this view I considered it superfluous to provide you with my passports, as a protection to be granted to the French who might capitulate to be sent back to France; and merely requested the Grand Vizier to be instructed to carry on the negotiation conjointly with you. The Dragoman in reply assured me that such was the intention of the Porte, and that orders had been already sent to the Grand Vizier, to invite you to confer with him on the occurrences.

The Dragoman was unable to furnish me with any explanation of the construction which the Grand Vizier had given to the French letters, on supposing them to contain a wish of the French to evacuate Egypt, without some terms of accommodation with France of a political nature. But he declared it to be the firm resolution of the Porte, to enter into no agreement inconsistent with the dignity and engagements of the empire.

I have the honour to be, &c.

The rupture of the treaty of El Airich was, in its consequences, probably one of the most important events in the history of the world.

* Mr. Spencer Smith, our minister at Constantinople, the husband of the lady whose attractive smiles drew away Lord Byron's yellow diamond ring at Malta.

#### A TALL DAY.

Is there any one here who does not remember
A wet, windy, dark, dismal day in November,
When people don't hang, because too much asleep,
Nor drown, because water's already too cheap,
Nor eat, because no one can hold any more,
Nor talk, because talking is voted a bore,
Nor fight, because that needs a spice of the devil,
Nor agree, because none can afford to be civil,
Nor dance, because nobody chooses to fiddle,
Nor raise by subscription even brains for a riddle?

Is there any one here who don't happen to know
What, on days such as this, is the fate of a beau?

He strokes up his collar, and looks at his boot,
Plays a dozen of notes, out of tune, on the flute,
Eyes the desolate damsels with just such a glance
As if just about *not* to ask them to dance—
Like a dog in a manger the new novel keeps,
And then, like a dog in a dining-room—*sleeps!*

Is there any one here who don't know quite as well
What, on days such as this, is the lot of a belle?
She draws half a pattern, and works half a flower,
Tries to smile for a minute, then yawns for an hour,
Jumps up to the piano and plays a quadrille,
Jumps up to the window, and cannot sit still;
Turns over an album, and writes out a scrap;
Falls asleep, and awakes, with the ink in her lap!

What becomes of old ladies, when young ones thus nod?
O'er some work of Methusaleh's standing they plod,
Now and then stopping short, at their progress to wonder;
Now and then quite excited by making a blunder;
Now and then, with hands cross'd, and their specs on their knee,
With the faults of their friends making harmlessly free;
Now forgetting their work for a nice bit of scandal,
Then, with industry seized, wishing much for a candle!

And old gentlemen, too—squires of fifty or so,
What becomes of their wits? have they any or no?
When the times, and the crops, and the roads, are discussed,
Are they angry, or stupid, or patient, or fussed?
One looks at the papers how cattle are selling;
One reads them twice o'er to improve him in spelling;
One walks for his health in most musical shoes;
Two play at backgammon, but neither will lose;
Two justices differ on granting a lease,
And only agree in *not* keeping the peace!

So matters proceed, till the clatter of plates
And the entrance of luncheon sound truce to debates;
What a waking, and shaking, and starting, and bliss,
For eating's a blessing in weather like this;
The beaux help themselves, and the justices cram;
The ladies at length get small splinters of ham;
Corks fly, and the hearts of the party to cheer,
There are smiles on the face of the brisk ginger-beer.

What a pity that luncheon should ever be done!
But the butler stalks in as a hint to begone;
Hopes of dinner enable the party to drag
The hours of chill darkness that heavily lag,
Till the misses retire to remodel their hair,
And the dowagers walk in the lobby to air;
While the beaux to their toilet already are gone,
And the shivering squires their silk stockings draw on.

By and by, just like leaves from the trees in the park,
Drop, drop, come the party, like bats in the dark,
Till a vigorous squire takes the poker in hand,
And the charms of the toilet are mutually scanned.
"Do you see Miss G—'s head! what a horrible fright!
Sure the girl is gone mad—it out-Herods last night!"
"What a sweet pretty trimming is that of Miss A—'s!
She's always well-dressed, but I wonder who *pays?*"

"Pray, ma'am, did you hear (I've forgotten my knitting—!)
That the worthy Mac B——'s have just made a night-flitting

Mr. Q., can you tell us all what it's about?—
"Oh! a common occurrence—they're only *cleaned out!*
They had capital dinners, and deuced good wine,
I shall really be quite at a loss where to dine!"

"Does any one know (oh! my troublesome cough!)
If the wedding at F—— is to go on or off?
Will he have her or no?—for, indeed, as I hear,
The lady forgot that it was not Leap year!"
"What the deuce keeps the cook?" cries the host, in a fume—
"Half the gentlemen, sir, are not yet in the room"—
"To be ready, they ought to begin in the morning,
And yet they say *ladies* are long in adorning—
Sound the gong! let the dandies come down when they list,
I doubt (to himself) if they'd ever be miss'd!"

Now came dinner, and gladly the sound had been hail'd,
Had the marshalling business not utterly failed;
If each couple had only been decently paired,
And each dowager lady had got an old laird—
If the simpering misses had each had a beau,
And not sat as they did—all alone, in a row.
But Sir John was not down, and the Colonel not dress'd,
So who *they* would have handed, could only be guess'd.
Mr. B——, who hates talking, was plac'd by Miss Pratt,
And dumb Mrs. O—— by a lover of chat;
The hostess's beau was a novice in carving,
And haggled away, while the people sat starving.
Till the dandies came down, she was all in a fret,
And when they did come—they were both in the pet.

The soup was *soup maigre*—the *pâtés* were cold,
The mutton too new, and the ven'son too old;
The grouse were too lively—the *soufflée* like lead;
The claret was cork'd, and the champagne quite dead,
The filberts were empty, the pears were quite mellow,
Each apple dark green, and each orange—pale yellow!
Then the children came in—and 'tis needless to say,
How *their* tempers improve in a long rainy day,
With much bustle they come—with much coaxing remain,
And with squalling untold—are got rid of again!

Then the ladies, perceiving it useless to wait,
Rush, in hopes of a change, in despair on their fate,
To the drawing-room bound, catch a satisfied smile
As the host at the door stands and sees them defile.
The misses to gossip retire then in pairs,
The matrons confer upon household affairs,
Sip coffee half cold, and tea not very strong,
And wonder those men can keep sitting so long!

In they come—not much brighter for half-and-half drinking,
But the card-tables save them all trouble of thinking;
Some sit down to whist, with a face like Old Nick's,
And keep scolding their partners, as cross as two sticks.
The youngest and noisiest part of the set,
To talk all at once, have a pool at Comete—
While Miss Pratt, in pure spite, comes and spoils a snug party,
Which Miss G—— had just made with Sir John at *écarté*.

Wine and water are brought—and the gentlemen brew
For the ladies weak negus—themselves, mountain dew—
Then tired of each other—and more than half dead,
This gay charming party are all put to bed!

## CHURCH REFORM: THE IRISH ALTHORPEAN.

HAVING exhibited a specimen of their talents for making a new constitution, the Whigs have now turned to remodelling the institutions of the country, which reform was to have preserved; and we have the first fruits of their labours in the recently produced Althorpean plan of Irish Church reform, which we shall examine as to its constitutional principles and practical results. The bearing of the Althorpean on the constitution depends upon the construction of the coronation oath;—we say the coronation, not the king's, because, in the observations we shall offer, we put altogether out of consideration the personal obligation of his majesty. We conceive the ministers of the crown to be as much bound by the coronation oath as his majesty is; and that they, in every measure they propose, are acting under the responsibility of the same sacred obligation as that by which their royal master is pledged, to the maintenance of those fundamental principles which he has been placed on the throne to uphold and protect.

When the abdication of James II. gave the people of England an opportunity of extinguishing all claim to exercise an undefined prerogative, by the limitations of a constitutional monarchy, they sought the security of their church with the same zeal which they had manifested in protecting their civil rights; and the following pledge was framed, by which they hoped for ever to protect from spoliation, either by the king or his ministers, that great bulwark of the throne, and of civil and religious liberty,—THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND:—

*CORONATION OATH.*—"WILL YOU PRESERVE TO THE BISHOPS AND CLERGY OF THIS REALM, AND TO THE CHURCHES COMMITTED TO THEIR CHARGE, ALL SUCH RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES AS BY LAW DO OR SHALL APPERTAIN UNTO THEM, OR ANY OF THEM?" Answer: "ALL THIS I PROMISE TO DO."

We take it for granted, that the ministers cannot pretend that they are justified in proposing to parliament any measure which they deem to be inconsistent with the solemn obligation here quoted; and we have now to examine the sense in which they can reconcile the Althorpean with the plain meaning of the words here given. We come to this consideration, both embarrassed and assisted by the opinions lately advanced in an incidental *juramental* debate. It was there admitted that an oath was administered in the sense of the imposer; while it was affirmed that no one was to question the sense in which it was to be interpreted by the taker, who swears also that he has no "mental reservation." On such casuists we are aware that reason would be thrown away, and we submit our views only to those old-fashioned people, if any such there be, who still call a spade by its recognised name. As it has, however, been so recently admitted that the intention of the imposer has something to do with the meaning of the oath, we ask, With what object was the oath administered? Was it not to secure the rights and privileges of the clergy? We take it for granted that no one will deny that such was the view with which it was framed. If such is admitted to be the case, we are next to endeavour to conjecture where the Jesuit or casuist can find the loophole or construction by which he can reconcile spoliation with the solemn obligation which the ministers of the crown are bound to respect. We presume that our search must be limited to the words, "by law do or shall appertain;" and that those who satisfy themselves that infringement is reconcilable with the oath, do it thus: "So long as any rights or privileges have a legal existence, so long the power of the crown is bound to respect them; those are the rights and privileges which 'do exist' when the oath is taken; but whenever any of those rights and privileges are by law abolished, then is the obligation transferred to the other member of the sentence, 'shall appertain.'" If this be the construction, and we can imagine no other under which the Althorpean is brought forward, we ask what security, then, does the oath give at all, or did it ever give? Could the power of the crown, *per se*, without the Lords and Commons, have affected in any way the "rights and privileges" of the clergy? Certainly not, is the only reply we can anticipate. But we can imagine this rejoinder being put to us, "What, then, is the meaning of the

words 'shall appertain,' or how are they applicable to the 'rights and privileges,' unless in contemplation of new laws being made to affect them?" We answer thus, *e. g.*, when the oath was taken, the bishop had a right to the existing rents of his see lands; by the non-renewal of leases, the value of those rents might increase considerably; to such prospective increase of value the law could not give him a right *in presenti*, because it *did* not exist; but the law was, that when such a contingency took place the bishop had a right to its enjoyment; and the security lay in this, that the oath was to preserve him against spoliation, not only of the income which he then had, but also of that which he might at any time thereafter have.

It is unnecessary to multiply instances; several must at once occur to each of our readers, to which the reasoning just advanced is applicable; not to mention cases in which the "rights and privileges" might be enlarged or increased. From this view the deduction is inevitable and invincible, that it was intended by the framers of the coronation oath to interdict for ever the power of the crown from being applied to the ratification of any measure which shall diminish, curtail, or destroy, these "rights and privileges." And we, therefore, hold it inconsistent with the duty of his majesty's advisers to propose any such interference with either; and we conclude this part of our observations by warning the English portion of the united churches to beware of what awaits it, and to read in the fate of its Irish branch what may too soon be its own, when once a precedent is established for the infringement of what should be its greatest safeguard. It is vain to object that, by this doctrine, even those changes which might be beneficial are excluded. Such is not the case: regulation and reform are one thing; innovation and plunder another. The one is quite consistent with the maintenance of the "rights and privileges," for the great object for which they were granted; the latter a direct infraction of a solemn contract. Neither can the spoliation of the "rights and privileges" be entertained as a question of degree. In this respect the principle of inviolability is every thing. It is a privilege of episcopacy that the prelates shall be peers of parliament; it is a right of the church that the fabric and parochial expenses shall be contributed from the soil, granted by the crown to its lords under that condition; it is a right of the clergy that they shall receive the incomes of their benefices, to be appropriated to their own use and benefit; and if a single prelate be excluded from the Lords, or a single estate discharged of liability to parish cess, or a single incumbent exclusively taxed, the principle of inviolability is gone; and in vain, for the preservation of the rights and privileges of the bishops and clergy, have the hands of any been laid upon the sacred word of God. Supposing, however, that this obstacle did not stand in the way, we next come to the consideration of the change which has been made. With respect to this subject of church reform — and the remark is applicable to more reforms than one — we must first observe that the necessity for any is rendered very doubtful, by the fact, that of those most clamorous for alteration, few are agreed as to the course which should be taken, while none of them have any interest in the subject. Had any positive grievance arisen out of the existing state of things, the nature and object of the alteration would have been clear and distinct, and the mode and the extent would have been obvious. The fact is, that change alone, no matter of what kind, was the result so eagerly sought. And the ministers, being free to devise any plan, are the more inexcusable should that which they have produced be found unjust or injurious.

Hitherto, the income of the prelates of Ireland has arisen out of the impropriate tithes of different parishes, and out of see lands, which have been leased for years or for lives; and we strongly suspect this latter tenure has escaped the attention of our legislators. These were removed from time to time, in the manner and under the circumstances we shall describe by one example:—A tenant to a see held a farm worth 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* an acre, the rent reserved to the bishop being 2*s.* 6*d.* an acre. To secure the continuance of his interest at this low rent, the tenant was in the habit of making frequent renewals, paying a fine which was equivalent to the fifth of the improved value of the land. In the instance we have taken, the improved value over the

original rent would be 1*l.* 10*s.* of which the fifth is six; and, for the rent of 2*s.* 6*d.*, and the fine of 6*s.* per acre, the tenant had a profit of 1*l.* 4*s.* The bishop renewed at the low fine of 6*s.*, or otherwise he would have very little or no income. It having been falsely stated, that the nature of this tenure produced inconvenience to the tenant, and prevented improvements, the ministers have undertaken to alter it. Some light has been thrown on the alleged dissatisfaction experienced by these tenants at a meeting of some of them lately held in Dublin, where they resisted any change, on the very ground that they should thereby be deprived of all interest, not only in the lands they held, but in the improvements which they had made upon them. To secure, however, the tenants, who already thought themselves secure enough, it is now proposed that the annual rent and fine, *i.e.* the 8*s.* 6*d.* of the instance we have given, should be converted into a rent, to rise and fall by a corn standard, and a perpetuity subject to such a rent sold to the tenant on six years' purchase of the remaining 1*l.* 4*s.* per acre.

Though all the immediate tenants purchase, all the bishops' lands are not held by the immediate tenants themselves; they are in a great majority of cases leased with a *toties quoties* clause of renewal,—that is, the immediate tenant to the see is bound to execute to his tenant a renewal as often as he shall affect one himself, and on terms similar, in proportion to the quantity underlet. By means of this species of tenure, there are in Ireland a vast number of occupying tenants of that precise description so much wanted,—the substantial yeomen, whose lands are well cultivated, they themselves living in comfortable circumstances under an easy rent. The immediate landlords of this respectable tenantry may purchase a perpetuity, it is true; but should they do so, it will be for the purpose, not so much of securing what in fact they already have, but of becoming discharged from the necessity of renewing, that the leases of their under-tenants may expire, by which means they will get rid of the *toties quoties* clause, and then be enabled to raise their rents, when they shall have their tenants, who now to a certain extent are independent, completely at their mercy. Was there ever such a policy as this? Practically, we believe not; theoretically, a reformed parliament has furnished us with a parallel. A substantial yeoman tenantry and capital have always been considered desiderata in Ireland. Now, however, Colonel Torrens has discovered that the increase of the latter would aggravate the evils of Ireland, while the ministers, we suppose on the same principle, have planned the destruction of whatever existed of the former!!! One measure of reform was indeed required with regard to the church of Ireland. For the last two or three years, the whole body of the Irish clergy have been exposed to a most iniquitous and unprovoked plunder, which was disregarded, until it rose to such a height as to paralyse the power of that vain and feeble waverer to whom the destinies of that country are intrusted. The clergy, while suffering with their families the greatest personal privation, have seen the education of their children suspended; and their future provision, once they had hoped secured by insurance, lost for ever. Did not this require reform? Should not the property of this body be speedily restored, and, under any circumstances which could be devised, compensation be given for the injuries which it has sustained. Now, let us see the justice and generosity provided for it by Lord Althorp.

The land of Ireland has been hitherto subject to the necessary vestry rates for repairs and annual expenses of the churches. It is now proposed, that this burden shall be transferred from the landlords of Ireland to the clergy, not prospectively, but immediately; not to future, but to existing incumbents; not to men who have warning of the diminution of income the profession is to suffer, but to men who are already embarked in it; not to men who have an opportunity of making arrangements consistent with the reductions proposed, but to men who, loaded with debt, difficulty, and privation, with their glebes unstocked, their life insurances lost, their furniture and their libraries sold; to men so circumstanced, it is proposed, by the keepers of the conscience of the king, and by the guardians of the public justice of Great Britain, to transfer from the landlords of Ireland the payment of the church rates. When we couple this hard-hearted and unfeeling mea-

sure, this unjust, ungenerous, and undeserved spoliation, with the absence of the slightest expression of ministerial regret or sympathy for the sufferings of this meritorious body, we feel convinced that some motive independent of general policy must exist to account for conduct so uncalled for, and so unfeeling. And we are induced, unavoidably, to turn to the issue of the late election for the University of Dublin, to seek for a solution of what would be otherwise unaccountable.

Amidst all the cry for church reform and clamour against the clergy, it was universally admitted, that the life-interest of the present incumbents should be respected. In favour of so much justice, the ministers had both means, as their plan has proved, and the sanction of the mob; they have, however, withdrawn both from the protection of those men who have suffered, and are suffering so much, under their administration; and because, amid privation of property and insecurity of life, they, with a devoted and pious spirit, adhered to their principles, their religion, and their God, asserting, despite of the bloody tyranny of a mob or the corrupting influence of power, the dignity and honour of freedom, talent, education, and independence,— they are, in the indulgence of vindictive and petty feeling, to be mulcted, in a sum which, however little it can add to the thousands who share the plunder, must make the few who are encroached upon, even when restored to their rights, "poor indeed." But upon a fair estimate being made, was not, we ask, the free and independent speech of Frederick Shaw, in the debate on the address, even to the ministry, a host in itself, of incalculably greater value than the mere silent votes of a dozen shackled and dependent members?

So much for the great outlines of this first essay in church reform. More leisure is necessary for an examination of its details.

## RENCONTRES ON THE ROAD.

### No. VI.

#### THE LOVES OF ALOYO AND TERESA.

At the entrance of the celebrated pass of Despeñaperros, through which runs the great road from Castile into Andalusia—lies a solitary inn called the Venta de Cardeñas, well known to all travellers through Spain. Immediately behind the house rise the rocky rifted summits of the Sierra Morena, which, to the traveller coming from the lofty table-land of Castile, present only a range of low-browed, dark blue hills; while, seen from the southern or Andalusian side, they tower in imposing masses.

In front of the venta extends, as far as the eye can reach, the arid reddish coloured plains of La Mancha, from whose monotony it gladly turns, to rest on the sole and scanty verdure afforded by the vicinity—viz. a small grove near the house of blooming almond and rose trees, and a wild garden containing a few vegetables, gourds, and melons; clasping with their neglected tendrils, and nearly bowing to the earth with their juicy produce, the stems of the adjoining trees. In the midst of the garden, a water-wheel of true antique Moorish construction keeps time with its drowsy murmur to the sober pace of the blindfolded mule which lends its sluggish activity.

The Venta de Cardeñas may be taken as a favourable specimen of the better class of Spanish inns; erected either at the cost of a charitable foundation, or at that of some grandee, whose arms over the doorway blow the trumpet of his munificence—a custom which, by the way, had no doubt its share in inducing Don Quixote to mistake one for a Castle!

The similarity of these *ventas* with the caravanseries of the East, is too striking to have escaped notice. The building presents, in fact, but a huge enclosure, a sort of gigantic hall, its sole ceiling formed of the rough wood-work of the roof, supported on three rows of massy square stone pillars.

This gloomy space receives its scanty illumination only through some loop-holes in the side walls, and a sky-light or two in the roof; a state of dim obscurity to which the eye must be some time inured ere it can take in the details of this vast receptacle; beneath

whose primitive shelter a hundred men, and at least twice as many mules, have been known to find patriarchal accommodation.

Before this gaunt hostelry there halted on a fine April evening of the year 18—, a train of deeply laden mules, with their drivers or *arrieros*, and a small group of travellers—men and beasts covered alike with the red penetrating dust of La Mancha, and equally hailing, in their several ways, the termination of a long fatiguing day's journey. Their first somewhat equivocal welcome was the baying of a fierce chained watch-dog, soon taken up and re-echoed by at least a dozen of the beautiful greyhounds for which La Mancha is famous.

The *mayoral* or captain of the train, an old man on whose sunburnt countenance native honesty was oddly blended with an acquired expression of worldly shrewdness, exclaimed, "God be praised!" as he dismounted from his little pony, and led it through a wicket cut for the purpose in the great gate of the inn. One by one followed the well-disciplined mules, arranging themselves of their own accord, so as to be most conveniently unloaded, in the court within. The drivers and travellers brought up the rear, and the door, in consideration of the late hour, was carefully shut and bolted after them.

They proceeded up the hall, groping their way among the light carts and heavily laden *galeras* or waggons which occupied its lower end; while the mules ranged on both sides along the walls, gave tokens, through the glimmering twilight, of their existence, by incessant stamping and pawing. Round the pillars were piled the chests, sacks, and bales, of the different caravans which had taken up their night's quarters in the venta.

Opposite the door, at the further end of the hall, a hospitable fire blazed on the ample hearth, the smoke from which partly found egress, as best it might, through the chinks in the roof—partly hung in light clouds beneath its dingy canopy.

The only approach to a private room was a little partitioned-off space at the side of the fire, appropriated to the host and his family, and to their important culinary labours. Along one of its walls rested on a strong wooden shelf some dozen of capacious, nay almost gigantic, pitchers of red stone ware, containing drink for the cows of the establishment; while for the wants of the thirsty travellers a shining row of smaller, and not inelegantly shaped water vessels stood conveniently arranged on a low table. Between and beneath the ribs of the roof hung, perched like swallows' nests, a few strange and apparently inaccessible dormitories.

Such was the Venta de Cardeñas as it first extended its hospitable shelter to Pierre Audet, a French artist of some promise, whom a curiosity rare among his countrymen had led to penetrate, in quest of original materials for landscapes, the bosom of nearly every mountain range in Spain. Among these it was not to be imagined the *Sierra Morena* would be forgotten; and illustrations for a new and splendid edition of Don Quixote already existed in the artist's imagination, and enriched in thought his portfolio and his purse.

At the Venta de Cardeñas it was his purpose to linger till all the chief features of the neighbourhood were indelibly impressed on his paper and memory; and then to proceed to Madrid, to execute at his ease during the heats of summer, and with the advantage of its inestimable treasures of art, the drawings, which, on his return homewards by the way of Cadiz and Toulon, he hoped in autumn to revise and compare with the sublime originals.

At the fire-side of the venta, Pierre was at first a welcome, and ere long a privileged, guest. The French had found some favour there, as encouragers of intercourse, and sworn exterminators of robbers, a race for whom it will be seen mine host cherished a deep-rooted and solidly founded aversion.

Then, Audet paid regularly, though frugally, was pleased with whatever fare the hostess found it convenient to bestow at the conclusion of his long, weary, sketching rambles; and had always a word of gay French compliment, or good-humoured, harmless raillery, for the idol of the whole house, the ventero's daughter Teresa.

But the person to whom the artist's visit opened the richest field of new and undreamt-of enjoyment, as well as an equally novel feeling of usefulness and consequence, was the guide of his daily wanderings, and the entranced listener to his tales of other and dearer lands beyond the distant Pyrenees.

There had grown up at the Venta de Cardeñas a creature who in all save the kindred which his own Alpine extrac-

tion enabled him to claim with the wild mountain sierra above, was as completely alien in feature and disposition as in blood from its dark-browed southern inhabitants. Nineteen years before the period of which I write, a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl of Borne — left a widow in a strange land, by the assassination (in mistake) of her husband, a brave Swiss of the royal guard — had given premature existence to a boy at the venta, while proceeding in quest of a shelter she was never destined to require, from the sister she had accompanied to Spain, who was creditably married somewhere in Andalusia.

The illness, which ended in her confinement and death, had been too sudden to admit of her disclosing the necessary particulars to enable them to forward easily her orphan child to his distant relatives; and though by diligent research they might have been discovered, diligence is not the characteristic of Spaniards, while hospitality undoubtedly is—so to an opulent, kind-hearted couple, it seemed infinitely easier, as well as more natural, to rear the blue-eyed stranger for a play-fellow to their little Teresa, than to send him on chance to far-away Cadiz; and by the time he had been nursed by the young wife of an *arriero* whose own infant had fallen a victim to the shock inflicted by her husband's murder, before her eyes, by banditti, (a misfortune which increased her sympathy for the babe of one similarly sacrificed) — the golden-haired Aloyo had wound himself not only round the heart of the bereaved Paquita, but those of all the patriarchal household at the venta.

The host, Ruy Ramon, well known on all the road by the familiar and endearing name of "*Tio*," or Uncle (synonymous in Spain with "Father or Gaffer" as so applied in other countries), was a jolly Manchegan, rough as is the nature of those compatriots of honest Sancho, but kind-hearted, and not more than reasonably choleric, except on one or two points, which were sure to rouse all the *Hidalgo* within him — viz. the adequate disposal of his daughter and sole heiress, the beautiful Teresa; and his hatred, or in his country's well-known phrase, "war to the knife," against robbers and banditti, whose numbers and audacity he patriotically deprecated as bringing disgrace on his country, and professionally as discouraging travelling, and abridging, in no small degree, the profits of all honest *venteros*.

Far be it from me (as I am drawing from nature) to insinuate that Ruy Ramon entertained, any more than his benighted countrymen, very definite abstract notions of the immorality of such acts of spoliation. It was their practical inconvenience and impolicy under which he smarted, and which he denounced with every variety of invective. For similar depredations, when performed on the revenue by the innumerable *contrabandistas* with whom the Andalusian frontier swarmed, Ruy manifested a very Christian measure of toleration. But having started in life the happy "*mayoral*" or captain of a train of richly laden mules, which one fell swoop of a celebrated band of robbers sufficed to disencumber of the savings of his father's life-time, while sundry well-remembered blows of the but-end of a rifle testified at once the tender mercies of the brigands and the fortunate thickness of the skull which survived them — Ruy Ramon, cured of travelling by these forcible arguments, and installed by marriage in possession of the capital venta over which he presided, found leisure at its ample chimney-corner to vent his long-cherished bile against a craft which has defied in Spain alike the *Santa Hermandad* of the days of Gil Blas, and the *Milicianos* of more modern times.

The person in the venta with whom the young Switzer Aloyo most desired to find favour was, perhaps, the one least disposed to accord it, at any rate in the way poor Aloyo would have wished it manifested. As a playmate, a friend, and brother, Teresa had ever looked kindly, nay affectionately on the fair-haired lad who grew up beside her, and who, spite of a touch of sadness inspired by his orphan condition, and a natural refinement that shrunk from the swaggering manner and brawling disposition of the muleteers and *contrabandistas* who frequented the inn — wanted only a more congenial element to display qualities of a higher character than were suspected to lie beneath his shy, though prepossessing, exterior.

But it was by a lover of a bolder and far different disposition that the inexperienced heart of Teresa had been long since stormed and carried. Among the frequenters of the venta (less, it was surmised, in the way of business than inclination) was an opulent young culti-

vator—if such he might be called, who, like most of his Spanish brethren, left much to climate and Providence, and thought labour only fit for mules and heretics—from a wild hamlet on the southern skirt of the mountains, where in a sort of savage independence of his distant and rarely seen landlord, he lived in rude plenty on the almost spontaneous productions of the soil whose hedge-rows showered on him the chestnut and orange, and threw up as weeds the melon and pomegranate. That, like most of his class in the district he inhabited, he followed *pour se désennuyer* the honourable trade of a *contrabandista*, he no more dreamt of concealing than being ashamed of; and many were the bales of prohibited English finery which in long October nights owed their conveyance to the *belles* of Madrid to the well-trained mules and unflinching intrepidity of Esteban Rota.

And few were the female hearts which would not in return have been Esteban Rota's meed. For, handsome as the Andalusians proverbially are, he towered among his *majo* comrades like Saul among the people, equally by his superior stature as by that *air distingué* which nature sometimes so capriciously imparts, and which conferred, rather than borrowed dignity from the admirably graceful *costume* of his country. It was impossible (for more than Teresa Ramon) to see Esteban Rota come galloping on his stately black barb into the court of the Venta de Cardeñas, with his yet blacker curls escaping from the deep-green silk net, round features which a Roman might have been proud to own, a bright silk handkerchief fluttering like a streamer from his slender throat, the innumerable silver buttons of his blue velvet jacket flashing like meteors on a summer sky, his scarlet silk *faja* or sash encircling in a dozen careless folds a waist slim as an antelope's in despite of them all, and finely relieving the dark-brown nether garments and richly embroidered leather gaiters, which set off his well-turned limbs—without acknowledging in him the very perfection of an Andalusian "*majo*," that untranslatable word, for which our beau and dandy offer such mean and inadequate substitutes.

And "dandy," in truth, as we understand it, Estaban was none, though, as we have seen, the greatest beau in the province. A dandy would have shrunk appalled from the crowning features of his habitual travelling costume, viz. the long carbine—justified by frequent robberies in the Sierra—slung openly at his saddle-bow, and the less visible but yet more deadly "*cuchillo*" or knife, embosomed in the folds of his gay silk sash. But did not these insignia of a less peaceful vocation, which her lover disdained to hide, appal the gentle heart of Teresa, or mar his wooing with her testy and robber-hating sire? Neither, in truth, for truth obliges us to confess that blood shed in a skirmish with revenue officers blanched the cheek of the true Spanish maiden as little as the horrors of the well-remembered and eagerly anticipated bull-fight, which once a-year, at merry midsummer, she crossed the sierra to witness in the famed *Plaza* of Cordova. Use is everything—and Teresa could see unmoved applied to the Christmas flitch, nay, drawn in sportive broil across the social board—the very *cuchillo* which had rescued perhaps her lover's life at the expense of a policeman's or miliciano's, with less emotion than the mere sight of the most innoxious piece of "cold iron" that ever flashed in a play-house duel would call forth in an unpractised English maiden. Long may it be so in merry yet peaceful England! But let us judge the dark-eyed child of strife and ignorance by other standards. No woman ever liked her soldier lover less for being a *privileged* murderer; and such the erring Teresa considered her self-defending *contrabandista*.

And such indeed was the lenient view of his calling entertained by the more experienced father; who, I am ashamed to confess, encouraged his future son-in-law not one whit the less that his harvests lay fully as much among the sterile cliffs of the Sierra as in the fertile plains of Benamexi. He had long seen that Teresa's heart was in the matter; and consented that, next Christmas, when the several pursuits of agriculture, and smuggling, and innkeeping (on the Sierra Morena, at least) would be well nigh at a stand, his daughter's marriage should fill the venta with gratuitous revelry, and beguile the short but sharp winter with a course of feasting that should rival *Camacho's* wedding.

The only heart saddened—and a sad one it was—by these nuptial arrangements was that of poor Aloyo; who, though he had only that indomitable spark of hope which is said to depart

but with life of ever being any thing but a brother to Teresa, felt that it was death indeed to behold it thus forcibly extinguished. Amid the general joy, the young creature drooped daily and visibly; yet there was something in his grief so gentle and unobtrusive, so free from selfish bitterness—his frequent sighs seemed so much oftener wrung from him by something in the lot of another than his own—that he grew insensibly endeared to Teresa by the very event which threatened to place an eternal barrier between them. This feeling the jealousy—gratuitous, unfounded jealousy—of Esteban did not tend to diminish. No female heart is inclined to visit with severity a jealous lover; but an unreasonable one is in danger of awaking attention to qualities in a rival which his own ill-timed suspicions have perhaps first drawn forth.

It was thus with Teresa. That Aloyo was amiable, and affectionate, and obliging, she had known from childhood. She learned from the dark scowl of her angry bridegroom that for her love Aloyo could endure much, and pardon all, save unworthiness in its object.

It was at this moment that the precious diversion to the wounded and harassed feelings of poor Aloyo presented itself in the arrival of the stranger artist; and gladly did he avail himself of the opportunity of passing at his side, at a distance from home and its trials, whole days amid the wildest recesses of the spring-embellished Sierra. Morning, noon, and night, found Aloyo and his new friend exploring glens, and scaling cliffs, to catch features ever varying with the advancing shadows; and here, far from love and its sorrows, the heart of the desolate lad first opened to the inexpressible balm of friendship.

We all love the flower we have taught to expand, were it the merest weed our fancy had exalted into a rose—but Aloyo was a plant of noble though neglected growth, and Audet could draw forth and appreciate the latent germ. The attachment between the gifted artist and his ingenuous pupil grew mutual and indelible; and when early in summer the heats of the mountains drove the reluctant painter to sedentary employment in Madrid, all he regretted was, that an artist's scanty means forbade his proposing to the friendless boy to be the companion of his journey. But indeed the heart of Aloyo, like the wing of the infatuated moth, hovered too fondly round the flame that consumed it to have been easily persuaded. He wrung the hands of his friend in speechless grief, and of all the topics of consolation poured in his ear by genuine sympathy, dwelt only then, and for months after, on the cheering word—"return."

Either from pleasing habit, domestic vexation, or lingering memory of his absent friend, Aloyo did not discontinue, on his departure, his rambles among the mountains; and it was often late, late in the still, sultry Andalusian nights before he returned to join, with his gentle subdued aspect, the clustering family in the porch of the venta, or more frequently to pass them with a sad but friendly *buena noche*, and clamber in silence to his aerial dormitory.

Sometimes, though rarely, he stayed out all night; but so well did he know every foot of the neighbourhood, and so little was there of danger, even from robbers, to a penniless unarmed youth, that these absences excited scarce any alarm, or even speculations among the inhabitants of the venta. Teresa alone would chide one dearer than she was aware of for his "truant disposition"—nay, she even carried her sisterly solicitude so far as to exact a promise that it should never again be indulged.

It was therefore matter of painful surprise to all, and to her of peculiar uneasiness, when a second moonless, and somewhat stormy night passed over without bringing home the wanderer to the shelter of the venta! Now it was for the first time felt how entwined around the hearts of its inmates were the unobtrusive good qualities of the Swiss orphan. Regardless of the wants of travellers and their own emoluments, *zagal* and *arriero* set out unbidden on the task of exploring, with all the horses and mules of the establishment; while Paquita, the nurse and more than mother of the foundling (mounted, in default of other conveyance, on the old blind *borrico* of the *Noria*) rung the air with shouts of "Aloyo, my son! my son!" No one knew what direction the lad had originally taken, nor was he in the habit of communicating his object (if, indeed, his desultory rambles had one) to any body. All that could be gathered or recollected likely to be in any way connected with his fate, was, that about midnight on the first night of his strange absence, shots had been distinctly heard by some of the muleteers who were loading for Madrid, in the vicinity of

the noted pass of Despeñaperros; which had made them cross and bless themselves that their journey lay in an opposite direction. News of a robbery in that quarter made its way tardily, by return carriers from the Andalusian side; but the *brigands* had been opportunely scared, and the damage was comparatively trifling. Events of the kind had so little of novelty or interest, that the details of the affair were no further inquired into than as they might have thrown light on the disappearance of the unfortunate Aloyo.

In vain was every gorge and crevice of the Sierra sought for the poor lad, by a host of active and experienced scouts—he was no where to be heard of, and reluctantly did the most sanguine give up the search in despair. Conjectures were substituted for certainties. He had set off (suggested Hope) for Madrid, to join the friend after whom he evidently hankered. He had "fallen among thieves" (sighed Despondence), like the Israelite in Scripture, and like him was no doubt stripped, wounded, nay, perhaps killed outright, and thrown down some chasm to feed the mountain vulture. He had sunk under unrequited love (whispered the sick heart of Teresa), and put an end at once to his sorrow and life by jumping over a precipice, or was perchance a moon-struck wanderer under the influence of jealousy and disappointment.

All or any of these conflicting conjectures—the latter especially—was sufficient to damp the spirits and mar the peace of his early playmate; and decisive was the proof of it afforded when Teresa, on Esteban coming about a week after the youth's disappearance, arrayed in his most bewitching *majo* costume, to escort her as usual to the fair of Cordova, quietly but steadily declined accompanying him, owning, in the teeth of raillery whose very bitterness confirmed her better feelings, that she was far too anxious about the brother of her childhood to frequent, far less enjoy, a scene of festivity and merriment. Esteban stormed, and swore by worse than the saints, at the proverbial caprice of woman, and at the beggarly foundling whose otherwise welcome misfortune stood between him and long-promised pleasure. "Again in my path! spawn of a heretic!" he was heard to mutter by some who recollected the words when too late—"'tis the last time!"

Teresa remained firm, and Esteban, swallowing the affront as best he might, galloped off alone for the fair, like one possessed with an evil spirit, which his unwonted and capricious exercise of the spur seemed to transfer to his usually docile and half-reasoning steed. "The saints be with us!" exclaimed Teresa, as she stood and gazed after him with strangely mingled feelings—"men when crossed are terrible!" And yet, whispered memory, thou hast known one who, crossed in the tenderest point, could suffer in silence, and love on!

Reflection, however, or the excitement of the fair, brought Esteban back in another, and more lover-like mood. He felt, or affected to enter into Teresa's anxieties about the lost stripling; nay, even suggested, as a new and brilliant expedient for his recovery, the insertion of his description by the *Padu Cura* in the *Diario di Cadix*, whither it now for the first time occured to him and others also Aloyo might have wandered forwards in quest of his mother's relations, whom on former domestic vexations he had sometimes threatened to seek out.

The advertisement having been duly forwarded by an itinerant monk, a friend of the *cura's*, and a letter privately indited by the same learned personage to the painter at Madrid, at the suggestion of affection, no more seemed possible even to the maternal and sisterly solicitude of Paquita and Teresa. Summer rolled on, and brought no tidings from any quarter of the missing Aloyo, and by all, save the heart of woman, he seemed at length tacitly forgotten.

Esteban meanwhile, whose naturally fiery disposition had of late assumed a character of peculiar irritability, complained bitterly of the long probation to which his love was doomed; and would have found it by no means difficult to procure even from the inflexible Ruy Ramon its partial remission, had not Teresa herself positively said "no!"—till October, at least, should bring the painter back from Madrid, and perhaps with him the daily missed and still wept Aloyo. Esteban submitted, but with a bad grace, and sometimes moodily exclaimed, "he knew she would never be his." Teresa did her best to soothe, for she really loved him; but her faith in their mutual happiness was shaken by bursts of temper which recalled the mild bearing of her absent play-fellow with all the painful force of contrast.

Early in autumn, ere the rapidly changing foliage of the few deciduous trees the scanty forest of Spain can boast had lost the lively tints he wished to fix on his memory and canvass, Pierre Audet arrived one evening at the Venta de Cardeñas; but, alas! he arrived alone! In vain was he surrounded by young and old; in vain were the cordial Spanish greetings so profusely lavished on an old acquaintance superseded by a chorus of anxious inquiries: of Aloyo, Audet had never even heard from the moment of their parting. But no sooner did his friendly heart and energetic disposition take in the loss which he and others had sustained in the disappearance of his young favourite, than he eagerly resolved to combine with his professional pursuits a still stricter search for at least his mutilated remains. From his knowledge of Aloyo, suicide and the adventurous idea of a journey to Cadiz seemed equally remote from the truth; death from accident or robbers struck him as the inevitable conclusion of his young friend's brief career.

This opinion, from one who had travelled so much and seen the world, weighed heavily on the spirits of Teresa; still more so, when weeks passed on and the month of October was well nigh over, and no hopes of the youth's return could be longer alleged against the pressing importunities of Esteban, and the wishes of all, that the joyful event of their marriage should enliven the gloom which had somehow or other crept over the usually cheerful inhabitants of the venta.

Teresa had no motive for resistance, and many (love amongst the rest) for compliance; so she gave way, and when the Michaelmas moon should have enabled Esteban, in the way of his perilous vocation, to hand across the Sierra the bales of gay English stuffs (destined this time to pay toll—openly, and by way of purchase, however—for the equipment of his future bride), the wedding was to take place without farther delay.

Teresa, in the mean time, tried to be gay and busy, but in vain—her mind misgave her strangely. In dreams she saw Esteban bleeding, murdered—nay, executed! The life of a *contrabandista* was but too full of such contingencies—yet they had never before come between her and her rest. Now there was no shaking them off, and all the poor girl could do was to add to her rosary many an orison for travellers (*honest* ones it would have puzzled her to add) by sea and land.

Pierre Audet, meanwhile, whose familiarity with more civilised countries made him see in smugglers and robbers only kindred varieties of the genus *rogue*, thought Esteban little better than a good-looking blackguard, and grudged Teresa to him with all the energy he could spare from his pencil and palette, and the thought of his murdered comrade. Under the influence of these feelings he cared not how little he witnessed of the courtship at the venta, and prolonged, even by moonlight, his rambles amid the wild peaks whose almost impenetrable phalanx seems well nigh to close above the noted pass of Despeñaperros.

One night, a somewhat gusty and perturbed one—when the troubled moon, wading amid careering clouds, now gave and now withheld her more than ever needful aid—the artist, lured on by his supposed knowledge of the passes, found he had fairly lost himself in a deep gorge of the mountains, and that his only chance of regaining the safer and more elevated ground traversed by the splendid highway, which rivals if not excels the Simplon, was to follow the ascending track of one of the now dry winter torrents, the innumerable bridges over which form one of the most striking features of that noble road.

With the agility of a goat, the determined young man scrambled up the stony bed of the nearest stream, marked to his view even amid the partial obscuration of the moon by a silver thread of water, which caught and reflected her faintest ray. About half way up the still narrow, and well nigh overhanging chasm, an obstacle presented itself in the shape of an immense insulated rock, round the base of which, or rather through its very entrails, the water seemed to ooze and trickle, but which afforded no footing for aught less agile than the hardy chamois. Beyond the ravine it seemed to merge abruptly in an impervious wall of perpendicular granite; and Audet, mortified by the unlucky result of his chance selection of one among a dozen similar outlets, was about to turn and attempt the by no means agreeable descent, when a sound as of a faint voice struck upon his ear, sharpened by sense of danger and solitude. It came, strange to say, from the very bowels of the rock which frowned above him, and was so

distinctly reiterated, as to have made any but a French *esprit fort* of the nineteenth century prefer a somerset from the top to the bottom of the ravine to the indubitable vicinity of a haunted mountain.

But even French philosophy had for once its use, and the artist—convinced that whatever speaks, however faintly or unexpectedly, must be alive—succeeded, by a vigorous leap, in gaining the summit of the rocky barrier. What was his suprise to discover on its opposite face (one which approached so closely to the superincumbent mountain as to appear from below absolutely united with it) an iron studded door, carefully locked, and securing evidently the entrance of a natural cavern, of which smugglers probably took advantage for the unsuspected deposit of their lighter and more precious wares.

But English knives and scissors, and bobbins and laces, are not in the habit of complaining, even when deprived of liberty; and yet the groans of Ariel, when imprisoned in the gnarled pine, were not more piteous in the ear of Prospero than those of the captive immured in the rocky dungeon in that of the bewildered artist. With superhuman strength Audet shook and battered at the massy door, but in vain. All he could do was to cheer the prisoner within with assurances of speedy relief. But what were his transports of mingled joy, and indignation, and surprise, when the well-known though feeble accents of Aloyo disclosed to him a tale of crime and its attendant cruelty!

It was necessarily brief. Suffice it that the secret object of the young Switzer in his nocturnal rambles was the detection (at the hazard he well knew of his own worthless life) of the long-suspected association of his rival, Esteban, with a notorious band of robbers—the same, it may be remembered, by whom shots were fired, and travellers partly rifled, on the night of the youth's mysterious disappearance.

The detected and baffled *brigand*, aware that knowledge of his new vocation would be alike fatal to his pretensions with Ruy Ramon and his daughter, sought, by threats of instant immolation, to purchase the young Switzer's secrecy. The gentle and seemingly timid Aloyo had resisted all compromise, though aware he could only have owed the unexpected prolongation of his life to the direct interposition of Heaven, or some natural relentings in his rival, which made it impossible for him to appear before Teresa as the murderer in cold blood of her foster-brother. By superior strength, however, and the madness of resistance in one so much slighter and unarmed, Esteban had compelled Aloyo to descend before him a precipitous goat-track leading from the pass to the mouth of the cavern—and ere the youth was aware of its existence or purpose, he was a prisoner within its gloomy precincts. A wallet, with coarse provisions, was hurled in after him by his relentless jailor; the water which filtered through the cave secured him from perishing of thirst, and it was days ere he again heard the footsteps of one who vowed at parting he should never see daylight, to betray him. From that time to the present, a period of above three months, the threat had been terribly fulfilled. Darkness and solitude, with the fearful accompaniments of frequently impending starvation, had been the innocent young creature's portion—a horrible captivity, destined to terminate, if ever (said its author), only when his own marriage with Teresa should enable him to defy detection, or render the generous Aloyo unwilling to unmask her husband.

Audet, a breathless listener to this artless and often interrupted narration, had only leisure to assure him that the fatal union should as yet be averted, when, in the mysterious ways of Providence, his efforts were anticipated by an unexpected, and—in spite of all poor Esteban's inexpiable errors—affecting catastrophe.

While Audet, after exhausting the vocabulary of sympathy and consolation, yet lingered around the threshold of his friend's strange prison, shots from the pass over-head awoke echoes too well acquainted with the rude *reveille*. A sharp volley first, and then a scattering fire, gave evidence of a serious and protracted conflict. All at length died into stillness, and Audet, yet rivetted to the spot by intense curiosity, could discern in the waning moonlight two figures descending stealthily the zig-zag mountain-path described to him by Aloyo as leading from the pass to the spot on which he stood.

Crouching within the shadow of the rock, he watched the slow advance of the men, and could perceive, ere long, that it was encumbered by a burden of some magnitude. *Contrabandistas*, no

doubt, retiring, after an encounter with revenue officers, with the relics of their charge to this well-nigh inaccessible *depôt!*

But it was beneath no rich bale of contraband goods that the sturdy frames before him reeled and staggered along the rugged mountain-side! It was the body — apparently lifeless enough — of a slaughtered comrade, which they bore tenderly, as if life might yet linger, on a litter made of three rudely twisted *capas*.

Audet, forgetful of his own danger as a spy, started up from his concealment to lend an assisting hand, as, in the desperate leap across the fissure dividing the cavern rock from the mountain above, a faint groan burst from the lips of the wounded man. Strange fate, which had made him twice that night the auditor of human wo, in a solitude which scarce the bleating of goats, or screech of mountain vulture, seemed ever to have penetrated!

The bearers started, as well they might, at the unwonted apparition. *Cuchillos* were grasped and carbines unslung in a moment — but an unarmed man! even robbers shrunk from gratuitous murder, and death had been too busy among them already not to have slaked their thirst for blood.

Replying mechanically, with what truth Heaven knew, to the challenge of the painter, by the customary answer of "*Gente di pay*," they laid down beside the trickling streamlet their again still and apparently insensible burden. Audet assisted to remove the cloaks from the form they prematurely shrouded. The night wind blew the damp raven locks from features which moonlight and death seemed striving to render more ghastly. The artist recoiled with a cry as from a vision of judgment — the face and form were Esteban Rota's! The pride of Andalusia, the beloved of Teresa, the bridegroom, the robber, the ruthless oppressor of innocence, lay before him!

At the shriek of Pierre, mingled as it soon was with a fainter cry from the cave, the dying man opened his eyes. "Holy Virgin! are they both then to accuse me!" was his incoherent exclamation. "The key! the key!" clamoured Audet, perceiving that the bearers, unacquainted with the youth's imprisonment, seemed disposed to fly appalled from the haunted cavern. "Here, here!" faintly murmured the wounded man, trying to draw from his fast-bleeding bosom the ponderous key, to the resistance offered by which he had mysteriously owed his wound not having been instantly mortal.

The key was seized, and the door flung open by the entranced Audet, who, as he gazed on the pallid emaciated figure of his dear pupil, shrinking with in the congenial gloom from even the light of a waning moon, found it beyond his powers of forbearance to forgive the dying Esteban.

But Aloyo was cast in a gentler and more Christian mould; and as he knelt down, softly whispering words of pardon and heavenly consolation to his bleeding foe, he seemed, with his golden hair streaming dishevelled in the midnight breeze, like a ministering angel hovering over a spirit on the wing. And with what cordial flask is he fraught, as if by miracle, to recall the fleeting senses of his penitent rival?

Strange! passing strange again! there was wine in his dungeon to-day — a wine-skin flung in with his dole of provisions, as a taunting announcement of the approaching wedding-feast! And with this bitter draught, which even famine could scarce have taught to cross his own lips, he is eagerly moistening those by which the taunt was breathed!

It was a scene to make angels rejoice and even relent; Pierre Audet wept like a child, the bewildered brigands felt awed, they scarce knew why; and Esteban Rota, revived by the cordial, embraced his injured rival with a burst of emotion which made the life-blood gush but too responsively from his wound.

"I cannot live! I have no wish to live!" exclaimed he feebly, in answer to entreaties to be calm. "A detected robber, (Heaven requite the milicianos that drove me to it!) an outlaw, a murderer, is no husband for Teresa Ramon! But I must see her ere I can die in peace — oh! for an hour of strength to reach and tell her so!"

To bear him to the venta alive the looks of all proclaimed hopeless; as on the slightest motion the blood swelled through vest and bandage from his wound. The only relief he experienced was on being supported in a reclining posture against the wall of the cavern, with his face so placed as to catch that breath of heaven so long denied by him to its unoffending inmate. It was he who now supported the long-since

pardoned man, with the tenderness of a mother for her sick infant; and staunched with firm yet gentle hand the fatal flow of life's slowly ebbing tide.

And strange, and mysterious, and painful, yet soothing withal, it seemed to the lately desolate orphan, to sit for long hours of solemn darkness, and dubious misty twilight alone, (save for the one exhausted, slumbering robber who lingered partly from fear and partly from affection, while the other accompanied as a guide the artist to the venta,) with the dim shadow of his once gay, gallant, *majo* rival on the brink of that bourne which the one was so soon to cross, and over which the other had so long been fearfully suspended!

Few and brief were the words that passed between them, and those few were not of this world. Into the ear of innocence, even as at a confessional, did the once reckless *contrabandista* pour snatches of the wild steps by which he had been led, at first unwittingly, from lawlessness to crime. Dread of detection by Ruy Ramon, love—mad, frantic love for Teresa—lurking jealousy of Aloyo—all were hinted at, rather than pleaded in extenuation of his barbarous conduct to the boy he strove with dying lips to bless. A fervent pressure from the hand to which, alas! already much of his heart's lingering warmth was due—a tear, trickling in spite of all the other hand could do to stem its course along the brow where dews of death already mingled with it—were the youth's only answer, save the whispered prayer, whose deep "Amen!" the faint murmurs of penitence, echoed amid the stillness of that long weary night.

Day broke at length—but as in sympathy for the scene—with cloudy and misty dawn. The sun yet tarried behind the lofty sierra—other shadows than those of death lingered around the dark vale of Aguda, when the straining eye of Aloyo caught, from his elevated position, the sad file of pilgrims hurrying to this shrine of mingled retribution and peace.

Never did such conflicting feelings agitate human bosom as swelled in that of Teresa, hasting at once to shudder over and deplore a lover; or of Paquita, panting to embrace her foster son, and glut a mother's vengeance with his enemy's blood. Behind came the incensed and mortified, yet deeply shocked, Ruy Ramon, hatred of robbers merging in concern for his gay, gallant son-in-law, and joy for the return, as if from the dead, of the long-mourned orphan.

Teresa, supported by Pierre Audet, outstripped the less agile members of the group. Her first impulse on entering the cavern—hallowed by the joint presence of piety and death into an oratory—was to fall on her knees and pray beside the sad relics of all she had once loved so fondly, fast stiffening in the grasp of him she had wept over with other and far holier tenderness.

But Aloyo, dear and mourned as he had been, and ghastly as he had risen from his living tomb, had not at this awful moment power to draw the eye or thoughts of Teresa from the dying Esteban. Her betrothed! the husband of her choice and of her youth, lay before her—cut off in the bloom of manhood by the reckless courses of his age and country, rather than individual love of guilt and outrage!

The advancing faintness of death had closed his once lustrous eyes, and sat heavily on their deep black fringe. A kiss from the pale lips of Teresa made them rest on her once more with a long, wild, farewell glance. "Teresa! say you do not hate me—twas *you* I feared to lose! *he* has forgiven me—pray for me, both—Jesu Maria! pardon!"

Teresa held the cross which hung around her neck to the lips of her dying lover, fearful lest the fluttering breath should escape before the tardy arrival of a friar, who brought up the rear of the procession. It was the returning monk from Cadiz, whom chance, or rather Providence, had brought that evening to the venta, and who now gladly administered in the desert the last offices of Christian charity to a departing penitent.

With him hurried forward Paquita, regardless, till she entered the cavern, of all save her lost foster-child; but arrested on its threshold, in the full tide of her rude maternal feelings, by the chill aspect of mortality. She came prepared to curse the head which had meditated and wrought her son such wo—but it was laid low in the dust by a mightier hand; and sinking on her knees beside the good priest, she echoed with fervent devotion his orisons for the parting spirit.

Teresa and Aloyo now united in supporting the dying Esteban. As their hands joined in the pious task, one silent pressure testified their emotion in

meeting once more here below. The motion, gentle as it was, seemed to catch, for one brief instant, the attention of the absorbed penitent. The hand which had strove with faint convulsive grasp to arrest through the pious office the last life-drops at the heart, wandered feebly towards the clasped ones of the weeping supporters. The names of "Aloyo and Teresa" hovered indistinctly on the closing lips of Esteban Rota, as his head sunk for ever on the bosom of her he loved and him he had injured.

His obsequies were performed with the utmost privacy, and the sad events connected with them buried as deep as possible in a few friendly and chastened bosoms. Rumours, however, would spread, and recollections linger, which made the Sierra Morena a painful residence to all concerned.

Aloyo had now a home and heritage beyond it. Among other mysterious features of the late events, he owed to the advertisement (suggested by Esteban as a mask for his own cruel imprisonment of the youth) the discovery of his long unknown relative. His aunt at Cadiz was rich and childless, and had made the friar the bearer of her entreaties that her sister's son — all she had left of still dear Switzerland — would come and share her solitary wealth.

Ruy Ramon, debarred alike by feeling for his daughter and wounded pride from his wonted enjoyment of railing at robbers, at the fire-side of the venta de Cardeñas, began to think of exchanging the perturbed life of a mountain *ventero* for the sweets of security in a well-ordered city. The good-will of the venta and the property of the mules were made over, for a *quantum sufficit* of *pesos duros*, to the chief *arriero*, a nephew of Paquita's; who took, as part of the live stock, that faithful creature, whom not even love for Aloyo could uproot from her husband's grave; and, as the last clause in the bargain, Pipe, and the well-known mules and creaking huge *galera*, conveyed the sorrowful yet relieved emigrants to Cadiz.

They were received with open arms by the widow, whose welcome — a premature, though instinctive one — of Teresa as her future niece, first gave "form and pressure" to an engagement already tacitly ratified in the caverns of Aguda, but guarded by delicacy on the one hand, and feeling on the other, from earlier avowal in words. Not long did Cecile Rougemont or Ruy Ramon live to witness the happiness they united in promoting. They were both plants forcibly uprooted from their native mountain soil, and they withered the sooner for it. Nay, so impossible is it for even education and early habit to eradicate from Swiss *blood* the *maladie du pays*, that Aloyo gladly availed himself of family arrangements consequent on his aunt's death, to carry his willing bride to Switzerland.

In a rustic hospice at the foot of the Wengern Alp, the retired Switzer settled himself; where — her mountain associations undamped by painful localities, or scenes of blood and rapine — his gentle bride recovered at length all her native gaiety and sprightliness.

It was from Pierre Audet, who made the *auberge* the head quarters of summers' sketching in Switzerland, that I learned the story of the interesting young couple, whose mutual affection for each other, and civility of the heart to strangers, have long been the admiration of the primitive district they inhabit.

## NAVAL EVOLUTIONS.*

The point upon which this memoir turns has been the subject of controversial discussion, at different periods, since Rodney's great victory in the West Indies. If the point in question rested upon data exclusively connected with naval science, the subject might be considered as altogether more fitting for the nautical departments of our periodical literature than a general maga-

* Naval Evolutions; a Memoir by Major-General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart. K.S.C., C.B., F.R.S., &c.; containing a Review and Refutation of the principal Essays and Arguments advocating Mr. Clerk's Claims in relation to the Manœuvre on the 12th of April, 1782; and vindicating, by tactical demonstration and numerous authentic documents, the professional skill of the British Officers chiefly concerned on that memorable occasion. London: Thomas and William Boone. 1832.

zine. Since, however, the controversy very materially affects the honour and credit of distinguished public men, whose deeds are recorded, and will be handed down in the annals of British history, in conjunction with the most remarkable occurrences of their age, the public attention cannot be too forcibly drawn to the facts detailed in the above-mentioned memoir, which evidently sets the question, formerly so much agitated, at rest; unless Sir Howard Douglas's proofs were, by any possibility, shewn to be throughout impositions and forgeries. A portion of the memoir enters deeply into the strictly professional discussions, embracing abstract points of naval tactics, upon which we profess to have no information; and although we are ready to acknowledge the truth of the positions which they are intended to establish, we shall confine ourselves to what may be termed the general and historical facts of the claims set up to the invention and suggestion of the novel and grand manœuvre, by which our West India colonies were saved from the threatened attack of the French fleet; our own suddenly, and in a moment of great doubt and danger, becoming victorious to the immortal honour of Rodney and the gallant officers immediately under his command.

"*Palmam qui meruit ferat.*" The great question is, to whom the palm is due. Of Lord Rodney's share of merit, no doubt is entertained whatever, as will be seen; but then he had a captain of the fleet under him, and on board his own ship, and who persuaded Lord Rodney to adopt the manœuvre of breaking the enemy's line in the heat of battle. The question is then reduced to this, Was this suggestion the spontaneous operation of the captain of the fleet's own mind, independently altogether of certain alleged hints and previous instructions upon the matter? or were both the captain and the admiral in possession of such a distinct plan of operation as that so successfully practised, well studied and digested before directing the battle, and communicated to them in a book purposely transmitted to them by its author? The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, and numerous daily and weekly and monthly journals, took up this question very warmly, at different periods. A writer in No. CI. of the *Edinburgh Review* took especial pains to prove that Mr. Clerk, a learned civilian of North Britain, and the author above alluded to of a work on naval tactics, was the inventor and suggester of the manœuvre, and taught it to our gallant naval officers; the captain of the fleet, Sir Charles (father of Sir Howard) Douglas, having, as it is said, repeatedly urged the admiral to adopt the lesson so taught, and to which Rodney reluctantly though fortunately consented. And "*then*," says Sir Joseph Yorke, "the Formidable *pushed through the line*, amidst the *shouts* and *applauses* of our fleet; and by this *gallant manœuvre fixed the fortune of the day*." So far, as to the merit of *execution*, the fame of Sir Charles stands untouched. But his gallant and distinguished son will not allow one of the laurels which decked the parent's brow to be placed upon that of "a learned civilian;" the claim to it being attempted to be established by false assertions, misconceptions, and wrong dates, confusedly jumbled together, although so apparently conclusive as, until the recent appearance of Sir Howard's memoir, to satisfy the public in general that Mr. Clerk was, in fact, the instructor of the navy, and the special tutor of Lord Rodney and Sir Charles Douglas in the plan of breaking the line. We believe, however, that the *navy* were not so easily gulled by the *special pleading* style of the Edinburgh Reviewer on this subject, and indignantly scouted the notion it advocated so vehemently as to Mr. Clerk's claims to the credit of Lord Rodney's brilliant victory. It would be unfair, after the publication of Sir Howard's memoir, to refrain from giving all possible publicity to his clear, decisive, and candid refutation.

Mr. Clerk was an *amateur* seaman, and studied naval tactics in his closet, manœuvering his imaginary fleets upon the table after dinner occasionally. But, unfortunately for his claims to originality of invention, it appears that anciently, during our wars with the Dutch, his "*magnificent invention*" was practised. Sir Charles Douglas, being a man of science, no doubt availed himself of his historical reading on naval matters, and applied the suggestions thus conveyed to his mind when he saw occasion. Old Lord Rodney appears to have been pestered with advocates of Mr. Clerk's extra-

ordinary genius for naval tactics; and his son-in-law, General Mundy, says: "It is strange to observe what advantage was taken of the praise which the liberal-minded, generous old man bestowed, *in convivial moments, towards the close of life*, upon Mr. Clerk's works, and the means that were used to *pervert* these good intentions."*

The victory was gained in 1782. In 1804 Mr. Clerk's proposed method of breaking the line was first published in a book, the first edition of which appeared not till 1790; and which edition contains "nothing whatever resembling that plan of attack so successfully adopted on the occasion of Rodney's victory in the West Indies." Fifty copies of the first edition are said to have been privately distributed among friends in 1782, and communications to have been made to government and lords of the admiralty. Independently, however, of nothing appearing in the first edition which can be said to have taught the British admiral his lesson before he sailed for the West Indies, he denied distinctly ever having been so taught, as well as the captain of the fleet; both positively declaring that no such book, as alleged by Mr. Clerk's friends, was transmitted to them, and studied on the morning of the victory, as to the mode of breaking the line.

It cannot but be considered as a gracious act of filial reverence for the son to rescue the father's name — so highly regarded in his day — from the partial oblivion attempted to be thrown around it, when it is considered how strangely his gallant and accomplished parent was overlooked in the distribution of hereditary honours, whilst the peerage was graced by the name of his gallant chief in arms against the enemies of their country, in the distant seas of a tropical sun. How, it may be asked, has it happened, that those sacred temples, consecrated to the memories of the great and victorious, contain no tributary marble to the honour of a man, who, when living, "received golden opinions from all sorts of people;" admirals and lords of the admiralty uniting with members of the government in their unanimous applause of the great services which he rendered his country? His descendants might have been proud of a cenotaph in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, even if his ashes reposed not by the side of those of Nelson, Duncan, or Rodney.

Sir Howard Douglas gives full credit to Mr. Clerk's book, and acknowledges his merits as an author in naval tactics; and, no doubt, Sir Walter Scott and others were correct in asserting, that "his writings have tended generally to improve the tactics of the British navy." And so have doubtless those of other authors; and the labours of many men of science, who, quietly immured within their "cloistered walls," have laid down principles and plans, which the skill, bravery, and judgment of British officers have acted upon, to the glory and safe-being of their country; although it frequently happens that the *act* alone is recognised, honoured, and rewarded, whilst modest Science cannot let her "still small voice" be heard amid the deafening shouts of popular acclamation.

Upon the broad question of the comparative merits of those who execute and those who plan, of the deeds of the brave, in fact, and of the labours of the scientific, the *principle* of this controversy affords some suggestions of a general nature, as regards the relations of science in the scale of our national wealth, power, and prosperity. There exists an evident jealousy between the departments of practical art and theoretic science, which ought to have no existence but in the exercise of that manly rivalship, as to which can confer most benefit upon the country that nurses its efforts. War is an art in all its departments, but which, like other arts, is dependent upon scientific systems and principles. But for science, a Nelson, a Buonaparte, or a Wellington, would have been no greater than a wild North American warrior. But it is seldom that one man can unite both the scientific character and that of the hero together; the talent for the discovery of systems and principles unfits most men for the field, or to lead ships to conquest over trackless oceans, against foes in battle-array. It is no disparagement to either, if it be the fact, that the one invents, and the other executes; for the mental and physical powers of each must of

* We have ourselves put the above expressions in italics, to mark their coincidence with our notions.

necessity differ. Rodney and Douglas saved our West Indian possessions by an act of skill, judgment, and bravery; nor do we see, if the fact were proved instead of being confuted, that a scientific civilian, having invented the plan by which the victory was insured, would leave them fewer laurels than they fairly won on that occasion. The obvious objection raised is to the paltry efforts to bestow laurels where they are not due, and to attempt to pluck them from a brow on which they ought to rest. The victor is not the less indebted to *science* because his plan, successfully executed, was not taught him by another, who boasts not the profession of arms: the one is inseparable from the other, in our advanced state of social knowledge. Where, indeed, would our commerce be without our conquests? but where would be our conquests without our science? "Knowledge is *power*," and the latter springs out of the former.

The claims of science should be more generally advocated; for it is most deserving, neglected, and unrewarded. The "great captains" of every age have generally had their rewards, and share of popular favour; but what encouragement is there for science, the main-spring of national wealth and power?

The Edinburgh Reviewer's *principal fact* is, that "the *book*" was published before Sir George Rodney and Sir Charles Douglas sailed for the West Indies; that they studied it systematically on the morning of the battle, and arranged their plan of attack by it; that plan, by which the enemy's line was broken, being *then* and *there* fully explained. Now the truth of this is easily proved by an appeal to the book itself: but *no such book is in existence, or ever was known;* nor any "notes or annotations" relating to the manœuvre in question, and made in the margin of this book, as asserted, by Lord Rodney, "with full explanations, acknowledgments, and admissions," relating to Mr. Clerk's method of breaking the line, as used on the 12th of April. So far from Mr. Clerk being "the immediate agent of the most brilliant action of Rodney's life," "neither the original tract, nor the identical copy upon which Lord Rodney annotated, ever contained any such discovery or observations as *those* now *standing in the first part of the 'Naval Tactics'* (relative to the operation of breaking the line); nor any such matter, positively, as that upon which, to support this vain pretension, Lord Rodney is surmised to have admitted such a want of candour and generosity, and, moreover, to have been unjust to the chief executive officer of his fleet."

Mr. Clerk's supporters must have fallen into some errors as to dates, &c.; for the annotations in the margin of the book on naval tactics, written by Lord Rodney, were added in 1789, or 90, in a copy containing nothing which can be considered as competent to teach and explain the manœuvre practised by Rodney, at the suggestion of the captain of the fleet; and of this the reader may himself judge from the abstract of Mr. Clerk's treatise in the "Memoir," or by reference to the original book. It is therefore by the assumption of *hearsay* evidence, and a mass of special pleading kind of argument, that the Edinburgh reviewer has attempted to make out a case for Mr. Clerk,—no plan on which to rest their assertions appearing in print until the year 1804, when both Lord Rodney and Sir Charles Douglas were dead. With such errors and discrepancies before us, the whole testimony of Mr. Clerk's friends cannot but be considered as shaken; and a verdict of "*not proven*" must be delivered by any unbiassed jury who investigates his claims, tested with Sir Howard Douglas's documents.

The Edinburgh Reviewer asserts that Mr. Clerk's "declaration" was made when all the parties immediately concerned were *alive* to contradict it, if they could; whereas it appears that they were "*all dead*," no evidence of any such "declaration" appearing until two-and-twenty years after the battle. Letters from ministers and lords of the admiralty appeared in the chronological order of their reception amongst Sir Charles Douglas's papers, but no allusion to any such suggestion, as was pretended to have been made, is to be found in them, nor any vestige of any premeditated plan of attack of any kind amongst any of the papers. Among the names of illustrious men who corresponded with Sir Charles are those of Lord Howe, Lord Keppel, Lord Sandwich, Lord Duncan, and Sir John L. Ross, who write in the warmest terms of congratulation and praise of the result of the engagement in the

West Indies; but not a word is said of any previous plan of attack, or of any suggestion by Mr. Clerk. Such men as the admiral and the captain of the fleet cannot be conceived discussing the circumstances of the battle, and receiving the applause of ministers, lords of the admiralty, &c., without some mention of the aid they are said to have obtained from Mr. Clerk, from one or another of these parties.

It has been stated, indeed, that after his return from the West Indies, repeatedly in company, at Bristol and elsewhere, Lord Rodney frankly acknowledged his obligations to Mr. Clerk. Let us see how this is to be credited. In Mr. Price Gordon's memoirs, for example, Lord Rodney is referred to as having come home in a merchant vessel, to have anchored in Kingroad, and to have been landed at Pill by a boat's crew and a marine officer of the Race Horse ship, which happened to be lying off Bristol, the tide running too fast to admit of the admiral's going up the river. From Pill he is said to have gone to Bristol in a chaise, offering the author a seat with him, and driving, at his recommendation, direct to the Bush Inn, where they were received and sumptuously entertained by the host, the celebrated Jack Weeks, two of the admiral's suite being invited to join them at dinner, *during which, on the road*, and on *several other occasions*, Lord Rodney repeatedly referred to Mr. Clerk's book, and the great assistance which he derived from it, as to the furtherance of his views and plans in his services off the West India islands. Circumstantial as this is (like Crabtree's lie about the duel, in the *School for Scandal*), can it be credited one moment, when it is known that Lord Rodney came home *in a line-of-battle ship*, accompanied by a frigate, and, having anchored in Kingroad, he went up the river the same evening, *in his barge*, to Bristol, where he slept at the house of Thomas Tyndall, Esq. of the Fort? to which a large party from the Bush Inn went with torches, and paid their respects to him; and it is added that he remained at Bristol no more than one night. Now the evidence on which this account rests is a letter from Lord Rodney, written at sea, stating that he was homeward bound in the king's ship referred to in other accounts of the day, accompanied by a frigate. This ship was the Montague, 74 guns, and the frigate the Flora (as entered in the log-book of the Race Horse), the whole account having been minuted at the time by Mr. Bowden, and so narrated in the *Bristol Journal*, and several other London and provincial newspapers, &c.; all these documents agreeing in the fact of Lord Rodney having gone in his own barge, on the evening of his arrival in Kingroad, to Mr. Tyndall's, at Bristol, &c.—Vide *Farley's Bristol Journal of Sept.* 28, 1782.

Now, as Sir Howard Douglas observes, either all these documents must be falsified, or Mr. Price Gordon's memoirs must be totally at variance with truth; and, as to the repeated acknowledgments and admissions by Lord Rodney, if they were ever made at all, after the facts stated, he must have been in his dotage—for he was far advanced in life at the period of these events. But the probability seems to be, since the occasions alluded to never occurred in many instances, that the whole account of Lord Rodney's conversations amounts to mere hearsay and surmises, mingled with errors as to dates, &c. and misrepresentations. It is a libel upon the memory of Lord Rodney to use his name, as it has been employed, to bolster up Mr. Clerk's case; and Lord Rodney's friends utterly deny the knowledge of that which it has been assumed he knew of Mr. Clerk's system, as well as the acknowledgments and admissions he is said to have made after the battle.

If Mr. Clerk made, or caused to be made, communications to ministers, and "distinguished officers," why were not the names of such given? Sir Charles Douglas distinctly declared, by letter, that *he* could not be one alluded to, because he had no previous knowledge of Mr. Clerk's "book" before he sailed for the West Indies; and such an assertion, from a man of high chivalrous feeling as Sir Charles is known to have been, is conclusive. Doubtless he would have been happy to have acknowledged the plan laid before him; and his doing so, and acting upon it, would not have diminished his own glory, while the merits of an intelligent civilian would have been made known, and reflected honour upon his patronage. In 1790, Sir Charles was dead, but Lord Rodney lived; and yet we can find no trace

of the admissions and acknowledgments vaunted by the Edinburgh Reviewer, until Mr. Clerk's ideas, having been communicated through Mr. Atkinson, were made publicly known in 1804, Lord Rodney and Mr. Atkinson being both dead also. In fact, all the assertions of the communications alluded to having been made, were reserved till after the death of the parties concerned, no proofs existing of such communications having been made during their lives. The insinuation of the Edinburgh Reviewer that Mr. Clerk "instructed the naval heroes," must fall to the ground, unsupported as it is, and so successfully combated and refuted.

Sir Howard Douglas apologises for the lateness of the period at which he brings forward his reply to Mr. Clerk's claims, by referring to the difficulty of collecting his documents together, and the constant occupation of his time of late in public affairs, being unwilling to enter upon the subject again without the most rigorous examination of every point brought forward by Mr. Clerk's friends. To this Sir Howard pledged himself, and he has fairly redeemed this pledge. Situated as he was by the statements in favour of Mr. Clerk, he could not act otherwise with propriety; and it is satisfactory to see that he has acquitted himself, in a case of difficulty and great delicacy, in a manner which reflects equal credit upon him as the son of the man whose professional conduct he advocates by an appeal to facts, and as a general officer, whose military and scientific reputation has always placed him high in the confidence of the government, under which he has honourably filled appointments of power and trust, both at home and abroad; whilst his scientific talents have been made to bear upon some useful points in the art of war, in several treatises before the public.

## THE BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION OF HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY.

### A SERIOUS HISTORY.

I AM the eldest of five brother-spirits, whose occupation and pleasure it is to make a sport of mankind; our names are *Higgledy-Piggledy*, *Helter-Skelter*, *Harum-Scarum*, *Topsy-Turvy*, and *Hoity-Toity*. In later times, a sixth, whose birth, however, was of this world, endeavoured to make himself out as an illegitimate relation of our family; he was called *Hykokulorum*: but having discovered, upon examination, that he was all title, and good for nothing in use, we renounced him as an impostor.

With respect to our parents, I have seen the learned sadly at loggerheads; but I can assure the world that our father's name was *Chaos*, and our mother's *Matter*, from whom, as we were the first family of the universe, has been derived the word *Mater*, now transposed into every known language. Our father had, once upon a time, very extensive dominions, which are now, alas! no longer to be found. While he sat quietly on his undisturbed throne, his sons may be said to have populated those immense territories in which they made their paradise. O the beautiful confusion of that romantic realm! we lived every where and no where — we possessed nothing and every thing!

There were early attachments formed amongst the brotherhood, and each displayed his disposition at a precocious age. Topsy-Turvy and I acquired a taste for each other's pursuits very soon, and we slept in each other's bosom. Helter-Skelter and Harum-Scarum, being of a more restless nature, never remained for a period in the same place; but, by their constant dancing and galloping, kept up a turmoil in the dominions, which was an infinite amusement to me, although at that time too lazy to assist in promoting it. Hoity-Toity differed in character from us all; he interfered but little with any thing, but kept riding round and round upon the whirlwind, watching for every change, and yet crying out with surprise at whatever he saw.

During this state of happiness we seldom stopped to count time; but that dreadful day on which we were driven from it will never leave my memory. One morning, without preface or formality, a most tremendous noise was heard throughout the whole universe of Space, similar to that of

ten thousand millions of steam-engines at work, all striking their beams and phizzing their steam simultaneously. In a moment we saw our father thrown down, and I felt my limbs, that had clung fast to my mother, being wrenched away with the torture of a hundred score of wheels. Forced away by this excruciating torment, I was driven into the regions of Space, whence I was enabled to view the enormous change that had taken place. Alas! our dear dominions were no more to be seen, our parents destroyed, and, after a series of stupendous evolutions, a thing of hideous shape appeared before our eyes; light had come upon darkness, order upon disorder, and deformity (as it seemed to us) upon beauty.

At this distracting sight, we howled forth a dreadful curse upon the new creation, and mutually took a solemn oath to promote as much misery as we could in the new system, that brought so much misery upon us.

Since this period I have never found perfect happiness, nor a complete home; but I have made for myself several opportunities for enjoyment, at the expense of the pigmies that were sent to inhabit the newly-generated earth. For a considerable time, however, I could meet with neither victims nor slaves; there was a horrible regularity in Eden, and the only sport that I could obtain was in bringing together in a heap all the different animals that were destined, in some future day, to feed upon each other. It was some pleasure to me to see the tiger lying at the lamb's feet, and the mosquito sleeping peaceably in the man's ear; but when the great gates of this garden were shut for ever upon their backs, it was delightful to witness the lamb scudding from the tiger, the man snatching at the mosquito, and the whole body of crawling, running, and flying creatures jostling each other out of the gates.

In the first son of the first father I found a ready ear for my counsels, and through him I in no small degree contributed to promote civilisation; had I not set Cain and Abel against each other, the former had never wandered forth into the desert and built cities. I adhered to the murderer's motions, and of Lamech (the fifth generation from him) and all his family I made myself disciples. I whispered the pleasures of polygamy into the father's ears, and amongst the sons of his harem I bred a most salutary spirit of discordance. The eldest son, Jabel, I inspired with the art of rope and sail-making; Jubal, the second, with a taste for the bassoon and organ; and Tubal-Cain, the youngest, with a fondness for martial exercises: so that, what with hauling of ropes, the rumbling of the organ, and the clangour of swords and shields, the household of that patriarch contained a humorous concert.

During all my wanderings over the earth, Topsy-Turvy kept in my wake; his handiwork was necessary to the completion of mine. We had all separated at the destruction of chaos, but we met again at the delightful deluge, and enjoyed a carouse that put us something in mind of the happiness of the good old days. Oh, it was a gratifying hubbub! The whole universe was one large soup-tureen, in which was jumbled together the most delectable hotch-potch that ever was mixed up. Helter-Skelter and Harum-Scarum mounted the whirlwind, and hurled from the tops of yet undrenched mountains every wretch that clung to them in hopeless desperation. Topsy-Turvy and myself, enthroned upon the vasty deep, stirred up the contents of the waters until the decomposition was complete. Hoity-Toity, seated upon the clouds, enjoyed the spectacle, and mingled hearty laughter with the tempest.

Upon the drying up of the water, and the reappearance of the mountain-tops, our melancholy returned, for we had hoped that our father Chaos was coming again. But with the intellect of man in his second habitation we never wanted for sport, and seldom did an age pass without our holding some festival of rejoicing. The first of these, after the renovation of the world, was at the tower of Babel; a second, at the burning of Sodom and Gomorrah; and a third, at the passage of the Red Sea. At each of these, my favourite brother and I created tolerable sport.

In all our several pursuits, our family compact was never forgotten; and in the sweet mischief that we occasioned, we played into each other's hand with a systematic method that resembled machinery. Helter-Skelter brought us intelligence of victims, and with Ha-

ram-Scarum collected them together; I then worked them up into confusion; Topsy-Turvy completed the work of decomposition; and Hoity-Toity expressed his approbation or dissent. It would not be out of place to mention here, that by a daughter of Nimrod I had a son, who was born on the plains of Shunar; I called his name Pell-Mell, and made him of great use as a secondary agent in those days, when we carried on our concerns in the wholesale way.

But when the old world began to be portioned off into intellectual communities, that gave a new character to things. We soon thought to interfere in the political relations of mankind: here was a new field to work upon; and when we discovered that as much seed of annoyance was to be found in the passions of men, trifling mischiefs became as satisfactory as immense revolutions. In the days of absolute monarchies, however, though I met with much amusement, yet I found but few disciples, and often fell into disgrace. Agag, Absalom, and Ahithophel, were favourites of mine, and I rather patronised the Philistines and Amalekites; but, for the most part, I left the concerns of the Israelites to my son Pell-Mell. From Solomon I met with a tweak for my advice to Adonijah; so I departed from that land. Sennacherib and Sardanapalus were disciples of Helter-Skelter.

But it can scarcely be said that I took a part in the politics of the world, until republicanism began to be tried as an experiment; and then, indeed, a new field of interesting practice was opened to me. I lingered for a long time in the Agora and Acropolis; nay, even the Lyceum and Portico were places of my frequent resort: but on the Roman Forum I built my principal academy. Patricians and plebeians alike became my willing agents: all the family of Appii, Claudii, Sylla, and Sicinius Brutus the tribune, were my bosom friends.

It has been by my influence that no republic has ever existed, without containing that insubordinate spirit which for ever creates a rumbling in the belly of democracy. Let legislators enact what laws they will, in less than a century after their adoption I am never at a loss for a door by which I can enter the commonwealth. I have always found that my seed, which is the seed of Discord, produces a more abundant crop than that of Law. There is not a state amongst the nations of the world upon which I have not continued to force my system. I have carried them from democracy to despotism, from despotism to anarchy, and from anarchy to degradation. This has been, and still is, the unvarying principle of my spirit: the first stage is that of my labour, the second that of my prosperity, the third that of my festivity; and when the victim arrives at the last, I leave it in contempt. Thus it was with the queen of the world.

Tired at length with the paltry dominion of demagogues and prætorian guards, I meditated some grander scheme for the curse of the human race. With this ambition I called a council of our brethren, wherein Helter-Skelter and Harum-Scarum readily offered their services to bring down from the north myriads of locusts upon the fatness of civilised land. Then succeeded those dark centuries, during which Topsy-Turvy and I were as happy as the night was long. During this period, when mankind lost for a time all the fine ornaments and wealth which they had previously been amassing, I collected in my own granaries all the learning, science, and pleasures, that had made the world so rich. Oh, there was a goodly medley in my warehouse! I shall never forget the delight that I experienced at the destruction of the Ptolemean library. That all the wisdom, knowledge, and philosophy of ages should be burning together in the same flames, was to my eyes the most gratifying of spectacles.

But of all the heroes that have astonished the mind of men, Mahomet, Barchochebas, and Buonaparte, were my three especial favourites; and I have kept their hearts in my private museum, which shall be seen by all those who shall die in my faith. The exquisite disposition which these celebrated men early shewed to jumble together all the sciences of civilisation, and all the principles of human sagacity, gained them an exalted opinion in my estimation, and I loved them for their rebellious hearts. Napoleon, indeed, was the beloved of our family; nay, he seemed rather to command us than to be our instrument. Helter-Skelter blew his trumpet; Harum-Scarum beat his drum; Topsy-Turvy

wrote his laws; I executed his order; my son Pell-Mell managed his artillery; and Hoity-Toity stood for ever by his side. Thus we administered to this man, as the four cities of Greece administered to Alcibiades whenever he marched.

Since the disappearance of this wonderful man, we have diversified our amusements by interfering with the intellectual pursuits of his neighbours and enemies, by way of punishing them for the destruction which they contributed to bring upon our favourite. We ourselves have been performing a great musical festival, commencing with a grand overture,—tune, *The March of Intellect*. The cannon of the three days of July 1830, in Paris, responded in fine accompaniment; since which, Harum-Scarum has been despatched to the Ottoman empire; Helter-Skelter, with Don Pedro, to Portugal; I myself rolled up Topsy-Turvy in protocols, and tumbled him into Belgium; Pell-Mell is gone to the colonies; I am watching Spain and France; and Hoity-Toity is laughing at John Bull. I have sent two plagues into the world, which will sting them for many a year, before they will be able to get rid of the curse; I have despatched two of my agents, Radicalism and Criticism, to work their woe; and full well do they appear to perform their duty. With all this, it must be confessed I lead at present by no means an uncomfortable life; for now that reform parliaments, agitation, libraries for useful knowledge, and mad-houses, are so common, I am never at a loss to know where to lay my head.

## THE FRASER PAPERS FOR MARCH.

COLERIDGE ON MACKINTOSH, BYRON ON ROGERS, ROGERS ON BYRON, ROGERS ON SHARPE, BECKFORD OF FONTHILL ON ROGERS—ALPHABITARIANS—MISS BLOWZABELLA JONES—PASSAGES IN THE DIARY OF A LATE VENTRILOQUIST—DO. OF A LATE HYPOCHONDRIAC—INVERARY POETRY AND WHISKY—CORBET'S ENCOMIASTIC ODE ON OLIVER YORKE—ANOTHER ROBBERY BY R. M. BEVERLEY, ESQ.—SWAN RIVER—SHABBINESS OF BULWER—DECLINE OF THE NEW MONTHLY—THE PROPHECY OF PLENTY FOR THE YEAR 33.

We do not think that we can do any thing better than to continue, as occasion requires, the series of the Fraser Papers. We shall now and then devote half a sheet, or thereabouts, to bring up all our correspondence, great and small.

Several of our friends inquire concerning the authenticity of the epitaph on Sir James Mackintosh, in our last Number; and the *Glasgow Courier*—can we mention its name without saying that it is one of the most excellent of journals?—not only suggests a doubt that it is no more than an *imitation* of Coleridge, but complains of the impropriety of such compositions respecting the dead. Now Coleridge himself, in an extract which we made in our prefatory remarks on the "Two Round Spaces," explained, as we think quite satisfactorily, that there is "no reason why vulgar superstitions and absurd conceptions, that deform the pure faith of a Christian, should possess greater immunity from ridicule than stories of witches, or the fables of Greece and Rome," which gets rid of the objection to the *irreverent* mention of "the devil and his grannam;" and as for any other violation of feeling, it is only right to say, that the verses were written almost twenty years ago, and consequently long before the death of the gentleman whom they consigned to such burlesque damnation. Coleridge notices the poem in his preface to the lines about Pitt (p. 98, in the collection of his works printed in Bristol—we do not happen to have any other edition at hand); and assuredly, those critics who suspect the epitaph to be written by any body else, pay that *any body else* a very great compliment. Some small spoons have intimated also that Byron's verses on Sam Rogers are from our own pen. What clever fellows we must be!

On the subject of these lines, we are happy to be able to inform an anxious public that all is quiet. The belligerents are again friends, and Sam has gone to Brighton in comparative peace of mind, to be shampooed by Mahomet. A friend points out to us a pretty passage in Rogers's *Italy*, in praise of Lord Byron;

which, all things considered, is very entertaining just now, when we know what were the real opinions of his lordship touching the aforesaid Sam.

Here they are from his Italy:—

"He is now at rest,
And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,
Now dull in death. Yes, Byron, thou art gone!
Gone like a star that through the firmament
Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course
Dazzling, perplexing. *Yet thy heart, methinks,*
*Was generous, noble — noble in its scorn*
*Of all things low or little; nothing there*
*Sordid or servile.*"

As it is *now* pretty evident that his lordship had a particular scorn of Rogers, we leave it to "the bard, the beau, the banker" himself to arrange the terms of this panegyric to his own satisfaction. Why does not Sam write for us? We *know* — mark! we say we *know* — that he has in his portfolios many sketches of his acquaintances literary and poetical, which are far more clever than the nonsense in the *Pleasures of Memory*, long since superseded by the Pleasures of Forgetfulness; and why put off their publication until the coroner officially declares him dead? He is now dead enough for all rational purposes, and we undertake to publish his posthumous poetry at once. He may make his own charge per *sheet*. Will he send us his verses on old Conversation Sharpe? That would be a *dead* bargain at any price.

In the meantime, we present Sam with an epigram on himself, as follows:—

LINES WRITTEN UNDER DENON'S LITHOGRAPHIC PRINT OF SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ. BY WILLIAM BECKFORD, ESQ. LATE OF FONTHILL.

"Right clever is thy hand, Denon;
But surely thou hast chosen wrong
The subject for thy art:
With stone for paper, and for ink
Plain aquafortis, I must think
Thou shouldst have drawn his *heart*."

This is far too savage, and we by no means approve of it.

Three or four alphabet-men are declined. P. T.—M. O.—A. Z.—A. B.—F. F. G.—all writers of verse, "such as it has pleased God to endue them withal." We thank them for the compliment of offering their verses. F. F. G., we think (if he is young, as we suppose) may improve; but we implore them to find milder vehicles for ushering their compositions to the public than ours. We are made of sterner stuff.

Caius is informed, that the "concluding portion" will be perused with attention.

*To the Editor of Fraser's Magazine.*

SIR,

Since you have so inveterately set your critical self against my *best* productions, I am determined to try you with my *worst*; and instead of the *sense* I formerly sent you, I now trouble you with *nonsense*. Perhaps you will have no objections to publish a stanza or two, if it is only for the fun of the thing.

Yours truly, TIMOTHY SNOOKS.

By all means, Timothy; we are fond of fun. We must tell you, however, that your *worst* productions are a great deal better than your *best*; and your *nonsense* beats your *sense* hollow: but surely you do not mean to allege that the following stanza is *downright* nonsense?

"On a butterfly's murmuring wings,
Sustain'd by propinquity's bloom,
Shall pancakes with musical stings
Enlighten the road to the tomb."

Why, man, in this pretended nonsense of yours there is a great deal more sense than one meets with in half the sermons and metaphysical works that are published. For instance, a butterfly *has wings* which murmur; and is the insect not sustained (or fed) by blooms (or blossoms) which are in its neighbourhood (or propinquity).

We yield to the reiterated entreaty of a correspondent, and insert his ballad on

MISS BLOWZABELLA ANNA JONES.

Miss Blowzabella Anna Jones
She fell in love one day,
So went down on her marrow-bones
And thus began to pray.

"Oh! long may I my true-love love —
Long may my love love me!"
She pray'd so long she could not move,
The cramp came in her knee.

But love's a most uncertain thing,
And can't be trusted to;
For when he'd bought the wedding-ring,
Miss Blowzy proved untrue.

Now this poor fellow did depart,
All by a sudden death;
And if it wer'n't of a broken heart,
It were for want of breath.

Some say he'd used her ill of late,
Some say she'd used him worse;
She pawn'd the ring—the duplicate
And change were in her purse!

Her conscience made her very sick—
She took unto her bed;
Her cold feet on a good warm brick,
A nightcap on her head.

The air was raw, and frosty too,
The cold it nipp'd her nose;
And so (as you or I would do)
She put it 'neath the clothes.

A ghost there came beside her bed—
A monster tall and grim;
But when he look'd, she turn'd her head,
And would not look at him.

A frog upon each eyebrow sat,
A lizard on his chin;
And 'tween his teeth th' head of a rat
Kept popping out and in.

His eyes they glared and look'd so foll,
They set the bed on fire;
Miss Blowzy tried to ring the bell,
But could'nt pull the wire.

A string of dead dew-worms were tied
Around his scraggy brow;
Says he, "I came to claim my bride,
Because she broke her vow."

She scream'd and wept at what he said,
But found it all in vain;
So laid herself upon the bed,
And went to sleep again.

J. F.

A paper has reached us, entitled "Passages from the Diary of a late Hypochondriac." In an early number we shall most probably insert a few of them. The author of this article does not seem to have been aware, that in the *Psychological Magazine*, published towards the end of last century, there are various extracts, of a very remarkable description, from the "Diary of an Hypochondriac," vol. VIII. part II. p. 2. We shall give two or three short extracts from this work.

"I find myself so enraged on seeing a stupid, vacant countenance, that I have an almost irresistible inclination to box the person's ears to whom it belongs: the refraining from it is a severe effort."

"A boy with a face like a satyr met me, and occasioned me the greatest uneasiness. Although he did nothing to displease me, I was forced to go to him and tell him I believed he would die on the gallows."

"In the evening I observed some water in the glass out of which I commonly drink, and I instantly believed it was poisoned. I therefore washed it carefully out, and yet I knew at the same time that I myself had left the water in it."

We have duly received the cask of whisky from our Inverary friend: it is of an excellent quality; indeed much superior, in that respect, to his poetry. We cannot honestly laud his taste, but he has a savage enthusiasm in some of his odes (for we have received a large budget), which Pindar, in his loftiest flights, never surpassed. However, we shrewdly suspect it is not genuine. The poem beginning

"Ye mists, diaphanous as crystal streams,"

must have been written when the author was inspired with copious draughts of the mountain-dew of Loch-fine. But let him try his hand again, and we have no doubt he will produce something which will merit and obtain insertion in our pages — *especially if backed with another cask.*

ENCOMIASTIC ODE TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

BY WILLIAM COBBETT.

All hail, sage OLIVER YORKE!
Thy wisdom profound I reckon
More savoury far than pork —
I prefer thee much to *Bacon*.

And hail to thy peerless QUEEN,
REGINA! whose golden reign
Hath never a rival seen,
I swear by the bones of Paine.

REGINA! whose dread career
Appals the vile Whiggish race,
Perplexing their souls with fear
Of losing pension and place.

O YORKE! thy wisdom so mellow,
Thy matchless learning and wit,
Have turned old Christopher yellow;
With envy he's like to split.

Thou art of editors king!
No man, unless he a fool were,
Would with *thee* class such a thing
As the genteel Neddy Bulwer.

Campbell's toll-loll for a Whig —
*Jus diabolo detur;*
But *thou* art to such a prig
Hyperion to a satyr.

Thy varied pages are filled
With Galt's humour rich and rare;
And the mountain-dew distilled
By the Shepherd, *sans* compare.

O'Doherty's fun and frolic,
O'Donoghue's wit and brogue,
Might cure an ass of the colic,
Or with laughter kill a hog.

Great Southey's gorgeous strain,
And Coleridge's song divine,
To adorn REGINA's reign
Harmoniously combine.

Ere I close my lofty pæan,
I'll add to this tuneful choir
The Modern Pythagorean,
Allan Cunningham, and Moir.

Whose pathos will make men weep,
Whose humour will cause loud laughter,
'Till old Time shall fall asleep —
Ay, and for centuries after.

That Noll, though 'tis Lent, may be merry,
And—for Death's maw a rich gobbet—
Never step on board Charon's wherry,
Is the warm wish of WILL. COBBETT.

Herewith you will receive a copy of my amiable friend Dr. Kirke's "Cholera Asphyxia," which I will thank you to peruse, and notice favourably in REGINA. Be so good as forward the enclosed letter to Signor di Greenfi. It is an answer to one I have just received from him, mentioning that he has come from Italy to Barn-Elms, in order to receive from me instructions in the rearing of swine.—W. C.

SIR,—In your last Number you have shewn a curious coincidence of the carnal poem of Lovelace with the spiritual one of R. M. Beverley. I send you another case of similarity, which I am bound to believe equally accidental, as so evangelical a person as Mr. Beverley would not intentionally appropriate other men's good things. One epigram is taken from the *Apologie d'Herodote* par Henri Etienne, Genova, 1603; the other from *Horrida Hystrix* by R. M. Beverley — a work in which, for the benefit of those of your readers who have not seen it, I shall merely say, that Mr. B. has, with equal ability and effect, ridiculed the piety and judgment of Hooker, and the classical attainments of the present Bishop of London.—

Esse Lutheranum rumor te Postume clamat,
Sed tuus antistes te tamen esse negat;
Jam scortaris ait quam si vel episcopus esses,
Et bibis ad dubiam pervigil usque diem;
Nec memor es Christi nisi cum jurare licebit,
Nec scis Scripturæ vel breve iota sacræ,
Nempe per hæc suevit numquam fallentia signa
Ille bonus suas noscere pastor oves.
*Apologie d'Herodote*, p. 262.

Esse Methodistam rumor te Postume clamat,
Sed tuus antistes te tamen esse negat;
Jam scortaris, ait, quam si vel episcopus esses,
Et potas dubiam pervigil usque diem;
Nec memor es Christi nisi cum jurare licebit,
Nec scis Scripturæ vel breve iota sacræ,
Nempe per hæc suevit nunquam fallentia signa,
Ille vigil sanas noscere pastor oves.
Quisque igitur dubitat rumorne an episcopus errat [ovem.
Jam bene commissam qui sibi novit
*Horrida Hystrix*, p. 45.

*Temple, Feb.* 12, 1833. I am, &c. &c. yours, C. B. H.

We are bound to admit that Mr. Beverley has improved the poem, by a false quantity in the first line — *Methōdistam;* and by making nonsense of the last distich.

SWAN RIVER.

Our main objection to the following important paper is, that it attempts too much, and endeavours to explain particulars which a little consideration would have enabled the original writer to see was not well founded. His contrast "between the same beings in the mother country and transported to the colony" is not owing to any change that takes place "as soon as the foot is set upon the new land," but to the effect of the familiarity engendered by a long voyage.

There is a certain stage of intimacy beyond which it should be the policy of a magistracy not to permit; but this is often overlooked. When the settlers are restrained in their intercourse, and have not become familiar in the course of a long voyage, they appear, in the first stage of settlement, superior to the same class whom they have left behind; but when, instead of constraint, they are allowed license, the evil becomes as the writer has described it.

However, the paper is interesting, not for the justness of the views which it exhibits, but for the importance of the facts, particularly in shewing, like the Cape of Good Hope colony, the folly of planting settlers without some sort of previous preparation. The evils complained of ought to have been completely prevented, had a proper course been adopted: all the insubordination and sufferings of the settlers at the Swan River might have been foreseen and anticipated, by employing a little more experience in the business than appears to have been done. We are not, however, in possession of sufficient information to judge of the locality chosen; but although, for a time, the settlement must be *unsuccessful*, it will, in the end, recover; for time will enable the settlers to make preparations which ought to have been made in the first instance by government.

Nothing is more notorious than the difficulty which has ever attended the acquirement of authentic information respecting the state of our settlements abroad, when in their infancy. Some write in hopeless despair, and others extol their situation to the skies; whilst several intermediate reporters differ as essentially from each other as to facts. Few, if any, report truly and candidly the exact condition of the community, and its resources and prospects. Many act the part of decoy-ducks from selfish motives; and many, from local circumstances being adverse, are too prompt in transmitting their individual calamities and feelings. The infant colony of the Swan River furnishes a strong example of the contrarieties above alluded to; so that the public at large are perfectly in the dark respecting the true state of the settlers, as a body. A letter from a respectable gentleman with a large family, one of the earliest colonists, throws considerable light upon the subject, and cannot but be interesting where any interest exists respecting our countrymen in that remote quarter of the globe. As much of the letter is upon private affairs, we shall select such parts of it as are intended to detail public facts. The writer is a person qualified for a new settlement, from the possession of moderate means of living and supporting a family, joined to the best agricultural and horticultural talents and experience; one well versed in domestic economy, and a keen sportsman, preferring the green and ploughed fields to the allurements of cities.

The first piece of information in this letter is the fact, that a great number of persons who during the last three years have gone out to Swan River, have left it in disgust and disappointment, not finding the "promised land," but finding that it bore no signs of "flowing with milk and honey." It is quite evident that the original reports were prematurely made, whence several important errors have been committed, and delusions engendered. A number of mechanics went out, it appears, under the assurance of speedily making fortunes. The consequence has been a rapid and general desertion, leaving behind indentured servants, who, to a man, are represented as having assumed a genuine Yankee kind of independence and masterdom; and with an incontrollable spirit of resistance to all authority, accompanied by dissolute habits. This evil was, however, on the point of curing itself (in June last), by means of the extreme scarcity of provisions increasing every day, which is said to have brought many of the mechanics to their senses, and taught them their relative duties and interests.

A curious contrast is drawn, by the writer of the letter, between the same beings in the mother-country and transported to the colony. The social feelings and habits seem to be perfectly changed as soon as the foot is set upon the new land, and the evil passions of human nature burst forth without control or modification; the natural character appears in its full force; and, alas! rarely, it seems, in a favourable point of view. Indentures and agreements appear to be by no means either legal or moral obligations, and families are liable to be left destitute of help, without warning or

"time for preparation." The processes of law and equity avail but little. Our correspondent observes, "the word is so exactly suited to the action, that every man's character is developed almost at his first essay." Accordingly, the cloven foot has peeped out pretty generally amongst the settlers, very soon after their arrival in a country where many seem falsely to suppose they have a right, or, at least, an opportunity, of emancipating themselves from certain moral obligations and social restraints.

The writer says he fully expected "a rough campaign, but not so protracted a one;" and very naturally suggests that our government should turn their attention to then alleviation from many of the burdens which, unavoidably on their parts, oppress the primitive settlers. Of the alleviations which government might, if it chose, extend to the colony, we conceive the following circumstances afford practical suggestions: — the great and growing scarcity of provisions, the insubordination of the mechanical class, the difficulties of intercommunication, the paucity and dearness of labour, and the rapacity and audaciousness of the natives. These circumstances alike affect the whole community; and if it be desirable for Great Britain to encourage the colony, they should be speedily remedied. Upon this subject the writer supposes, that "the troubles and vexations" we have encountered at home have so occupied the public attention, that parliament and the ministers have entirely forgotten the unhappy settlers, and left them to their fate; and it does not seem that the supposition is far from the mark. A great deal of individual misery must of course attend the first establishment of domestic economy in a new settlement, which government cannot be expected to relieve; nevertheless, some general measures might surely be adopted to make emigration more palateable and secure. One great difficulty stands in the way of relief — the extreme distance of Van Diemen's Land rendering communication with the mother-country of course more tardy than suits the immediate wants of the colony.

Many of the settlers are reported to have failed, from the great dearness and scarcity of provisions; and whole families are reduced to vegetable diet. A bushel of wheat cost (up to June last) thirty-four shillings, and salt-pork ten and twelve guineas the cask. Shooting and fishing are precarious, and the natives only are adepts in the latter, and monopolise most of it. A pigeon is represented as a great prize for the table; a beef-steak and a mutton-chop exist only in remembrance; and kangaroo meat is not obtainable but by conciliating the unmanageable natives. In this state of "hope deferred," the frequent and common desertion of the indentured servants tends very greatly to embarrass their employers, and to deprive families of bread. The natives, also, avail themselves of their opportunities of plunder, and have made great havoc amongst the stocks of pigs, sheep, and bullocks, wherever they could lay their marauding hands upon them; and in the rencontres so incurred, many lives have been lost. The organisation of a corps of observation and defence had been suggested, but the necessary materials were mostly wanting. At the same time, from the extent and savage disposition of the hordes that continually annoy distant settlers, a general state of warfare was apprehended and wished for, in the hope that conquest might bring with it more security from the wild marauders of the country, by exterminating and intimidating them. When this letter came away, a meeting had been called to deliberate upon this subject. The subsequent postscript mentions that the debate was somewhat desultory and stormy, and resulted in the despatch of the governor to England, to afford government the advantages of his personal communication with it. The governor has lately arrived, and is, we believe, in frequent attendance at the proper offices.

In one point of view the settlers do not appear to have been disappointed, for the productive quality of the soil is represented as equalling the most sanguine expectations. The country, generally, and the climate, are spoken of as being all that could be desired on these heads. The last season produced the finest samples of wheat, barley, oats, and potatoes, three crops in one year. "Every description of vegetable seems to arrive at the highest perfection." The melon tribe is represented to flourish wonderfully. The climate is rather hot in summer, but the winter is said to be perfection; and these are the only seasons, without the intermediate distinctions and variableness of our European climate. The finest barley and the Swedish turnip have been seen to spring up "from the most common white sand;" and under such circumstances, so favourably represented, it is naturally observed, that nothing is wanting "but a little *help* for a year or two to realise to every man his earliest hopes."

*The finest land* has been found to be farther off than was at first contemplated; but from the extent of coast, and the discovery of *large tracts* beyond the range of mountains, there seems to be sufficient resources of cultivation for the support of an extended community.

Confident expectations are entertained that loans of money would be fully repaid, by affording the means of labour and cultivation, which are extremely limited throughout the colony generally; the governor and his family having been by no means exempted from the general privations of the colonists.

Much of the scarcity existing is attributed to the Freemantle Jews, who are said to have taken good care of themselves; for when the government formerly took measures to afford such supplies as would secure the colony from the possibility of want, the Jews declared that they could no longer act as merchants. Since then, however, they have enjoyed their trade uninterruptedly; have "taken the *chance* of any arrivals, *without the slightest risk*,"—not a ship or a boat belonging to any one of them, with a single exception; and taking perhaps one-third or one-fourth of a cargo, they have let the rest go. By such conduct the ship-owners have been discouraged, and the prices kept up and raised at their own pleasure; whereby, of course, the usual effects of monopoly have fallen upon the settlers.

Some apprehensions have been entertained by those not far from the coast, of visits from pirates cruising at hand, who, they fear, might carry them off before any effective resistance could be made. This, and the increasing audacity and savage disposition of the natives, render it desirable that person and property should be protected by a more powerful and distributed armed force than has hitherto been afforded.

It appears, by a postscript to the letter, to which we have referred, that at the meeting which was called to deliberate upon the expediency of arming against the ravages of the natives, the return of the governor to England was strongly urged, on account of a tax which was laid upon spirits. This, in the existing exigencies of the colony, was considered as a great grievance; and formed a part of the governor's complaints, to be subjected to the consideration of government. The writer takes this opportunity of speaking in favour of the governor's qualifications, not only for the duties he has to perform in the settlement, but also for the difficult and delicate task of exciting the attention of the home-government to the real state of the colony. No person in his situation could receive a stronger testimony in his favour than the governor: he and his lady appear to have given more than ample satisfaction amongst all of well-regulated minds, and they are spoken of in the most flattering and creditable manner. Captain Stirling appears to unite a cultivated mind with strong talents and a highly gentlemanly demeanour; and no man can, apparently, be better fitted for his arduous situation. He has the confidence of the colony with him, and they rest great hopes and expectations upon his interviews with our government. We hope these may be realised; but we advise the colonists not to depend much upon the wished-for aid; since it is well known, that the policy of government hitherto has been, not to interfere in such a manner as to commit themselves by holding out expectations of too sanguine a nature, but to throw the colony upon its own resources. In the present state of the colony, however, its interference seems to be inevitably demanded; and much solid benefit may be derived from its timely aid.

In the mean time, the starvation of the colony during his absence seems to be likely to continue unabated. His majesty's ship Sulphur was despatched to Hobart Town for provision, but returned with only a few necessaries for government-officers and the troops. The distant settlers, in particular, have suffered great losses among their live-stock from the natives, in consequence of the difficulty of proper fencing, allowing the pigs, &c. to stray too far into the bush. Troops and an advance of money are strongly demanded;* but we fear the difficulty of subsisting the former, and the policy of withholding the latter, will be urged against this demand. An extended system of emigration is also considered as requisite to the welfare of the colony; without which it is expected to fail altogether. It is considered that the neighbouring colonies entertain great jealousy of the Swan River settlement, and that this sentiment is much against its rise and prosperity. In the mean time, the return of the Sulphur is regarded with intense interest, and a full cargo is expected by her. The colony may be said to be established, and it remains for government to weigh the advantages to be derived from affording it succour and encouragement in its present feeble condition. Whether it may promise to be a useful appendage to our Indian possessions, is a question in which the ultimate fate of the settlers is much concerned. The produce is represented as equal to the estimation in which the surveyors held the land, and so far, therefore, the government's intentions are not balked; and some security is offered on this ground for any advances made to the industrious cultivators.

Great as is the annoyance from the natives, our correspondent justly observes,

* Troops are now under orders for Swan River.

that, after the first effects of intimidation are felt, they ought to be conciliated, as the settlers have much to lose and nothing to gain by warfare with them, when once protected from plunder. The wants of the colonists are stated to be fish, kangaroos, and land; all of which may be obtained easily from the natives, by granting them biscuits, and blankets in winter, if such a system of barter were adopted generally, accompanied by a demonstration of power sufficient to awe them, and suppress their eagerness for plunder. The present disposition of the natives is represented as savage and revengeful to the greatest degree, uniting the imitative qualities of the ape with the cunning of the fox and the fleetness of the roebuck; and hitherto they have afforded no experience of any disposition to be tamed. Indeed, the personal wants and difficulties of the colonists seem to have prevented them from turning their attention to the moral improvement of the aboriginal race, which must be postponed till a sufficient force be acquired to oppose their desultory attacks upon property. As an enemy they are, of course, despicable; but as lawless thieves they must be intimidated before they can be expected to be conciliated. The *ladies* especially, amongst the natives, are represented as cruel in their dispositions; and, in several instances, to have actually sawed off the heads of their victims whom they have captured and killed.

It must be generally known, that Mr. Peel, a relative of Sir Robert, went out, about three years ago, as a speculator in land to an immense amount, and also what may be termed a sutler, did not the magnitude of the concerns in which he dealt demand perhaps the use of a more dignified appellation. In fact, if he took personal possession, with a stated number of colonists, combining within themselves all the material ingredients of an infant colony, within a stated period, he was permitted to claim a certain tract of the country marked out for him, having adopted a system of sub-letting and selling, which appeared to hold out great advantages to the tenants and purchasers. In the character of a sutler, or general merchant, he had likewise every thing of live and dead stock to offer upon fixed terms,—houses, labourers, servants, and mechanics, provisions (dried and consumable), cattle, implements of husbandry, &c. &c. &c. Mr. Peel, we believe, was better informed upon the Manchester trade, and in the mechanical school, than in his newly-assumed character; consequently, after buffeting against all sorts of troubles and difficulties, his scheme failed in the onset, and he landed (we have heard *intentionally*) some days after the fixed period, so as to forfeit his claims. This result has been the source of very serious inconvenience to some, if not many settlers, who put their trust in him, went in his ship, and were his chosen people. Large sums were advanced in London for the delivery of goods of various kinds, necessaries and luxuries, at the future settlement, upon which families and individuals depended. We hear of some heavy losses upon this score, of large sums thus expended, the money lost, or in danger at least, and the goods contracted for not forthcoming. Of Mr. Peel's moral character, *as a merchant*, we know nothing; but we must say, however excellent it might have been, his right honourable relative, then at the Home Office, had better have paused before he allowed the influence of his name to be employed in encouraging so large and hazardous a speculation, and one so likely to involve the happiness, interests, and welfare of the colony about to take root in so distant a quarter of the globe. Thus it is that honest, well-intentioned men become otherwise from the force of circumstances, and property advanced is swamped in the losses which the ill-advised speculator heedlessly undertakes. As Cardinal Wolsey says, "Like little wanton boys who swim on bladders, they venture far beyond their depth." For the sake of those unfortunates who placed themselves in Mr. Peel's hands, we sincerely trust that enough will be gathered together in the scramble to satisfy all just demands. It was understood at the colony that he was about to quit for Great Britain, unless he failed in procuring a permit,—an uncertificated debtor having, very properly, a "*ne exeat regno*" always against him at Swan River. It would have been better for *all* parties if Mr. Peel had been so restrained before he quitted England.

In reviewing the whole history hitherto of this remarkable settlement, much is offered to the attention of the political economist; and we trust that government will feel deeply interested in the question. That to a great degree it has failed, is quite evident; and if it is to be kept up, some decisive measures are necessary to place it upon a fair and prosperous footing. A great advantage of this settlement is the comparatively good society amongst the higher orders of settlers. We know that several respectable families, and of good distinction, though not perhaps of fashion, have settled there, and none without some property. The climate is evidently perfect, and, as described in our correspondent's letter, heavenly. Nothing, also, can exceed the fertility of the soil. If then the colony be worth keeping up, it is worth encouraging by such means as are not too great for the objects in view, and by such measures as will effectually secure the colonists from the natives and starvation. We

hope sincerely that the return of the Sulphur will convey some gratifying news to our distant brethren, and some prompt and speedy relief, to enable them to cheer up their fading hopes, and put their shoulders to the wheel in good faith and earnest.

Sir,—You appear to take some interest in that renowned and most immaculate patriot, E. L. Bulwer, Esq. Is it not surprising that our Whig masters do not hail him as a saviour of the nation and themselves? If cheap newspapers and cheap playhouses serve to satisfy the hunger of the craving bellies of the "starving weavers" of Coventry, why should they not serve for the hungry and starving of all other places? Let ministers do away with the "taxes on *knowledge*" (newspaper knowledge, bless the mark! *id est* Mr. E. L. Bulwer's speeches in parliament!), and what food more could the unreasonable varmint require? Cheerfully would the happy and fattening people pay all other taxes then.

But this was not what I intended to trouble you with. If it should happen that hereafter you may have it in contemplation to notice the grand object of Mr. E. L. Bulwer's parliamentary labours,—the "repeal of the taxes on *knowledge*,"—it may perhaps be worth your while to know,— poz, as Mr. Liston says,—that, although he may take his constituents into consideration, and intends to feed them with *knowledge*, he has determined they shall pay *him* for it. The fact is, sir, some months ago he was in treaty with some people, with whom I have become connected, in one of the first morning papers, for the purchase of their shares of the said paper; but, not possessing the wherewithal, the negotiation came to nought. The inference is obvious.

It may or it may not be of importance to the discussion of the question of the removal of newspaper stamps, that the real motives of action of the prime movers and advocates should be known. My humble opinion is, that it is. As well might our living Soameses and Turpins call for the abolition of locks, bolts, and bars, as the Bulwers, the Cobbetts, and Carliles, ask for the removal of the stamp duties from newspapers.

With many apologies for the liberty I fear I have taken, I am your admirer,

A Newspaper Proprietor.

We publish the above just as we have received it, without vouching for its correctness; but we are always prepared to hear of something shabby about Bulwer. The question of removing the stamp duty off newspapers is one of more serious importance than may appear at first sight, and therefore we shall not attempt to discuss it here; but we may remark, that every one connected with the newspaper trade, whether as proprietor, editor, or writer, with whom we have conversed, and we have many opportunities of knowing the sentiments of that body, exclaim against the uncalled-for impertinence of such persons as this Bulwer, in proposing to legislate on their concerns, without condescending to make the slightest communication with them. They think that they have a right to expect, that the courtesy employed towards other trades should be exercised in their case, and that some inquiry should be made into their opinions and feelings before laws which may so vitally affect them should be enacted.

We shall *not* make the bargain with Z. Z. We set our faces wholly against any breach of confidence; and the information he proffers cannot be obtained by honourable means. How can he *prove* (as he says he can) that the *New Monthly Magazine* has fallen 1150 in sale during the last fourteen months, unless he has access to the private books or papers of the concern? The decline is likely enough; except that its previous reputation (such as *that* was) supports the Magazine, we do not see why it should sell fifty. But we repeat that we will have nothing to do with spies; and we really have no ill-will to Colburn, whatever he may be made to think.

We have received the "Passages from the Diary of a late Ventriloquist:" they are excellent. Our only objection to them is their brevity. If the author (albeit he be defunct) will add a few more extracts to those he has already sent us, we shall be happy to lay them before the public.

Now to conclude with—

## The Prophecy of Plenty for the Year M.DCCC.XXXIII.

Listen, good reader! I sing unto thee
The plenty we'll have in the year thirty-three!

ENGLAND IN 1833.

Plenty of changes, and all for the worse,
Plenty of blessings exchanged for one curse;
Plenty of nostrums that never were tried,
Plenty of liberty, all one side.
Plenty to overturn, few to uphold;
Plenty of poverty, great lack of gold!
Plenty of promise, and nothing in hand;
Plenty of paupers all gaping for land;
Plenty of dupes to a handful of knaves,
Plenty of freemen fast verging to slaves.
Plenty of Atheists scoffing at God,
Plenty of faction at home and abroad;
Plenty of colonies cutting adrift,
Plenty of demagogues lending a lift;
Plenty of newspapers springing the mine,
Plenty of readers to think it all fine.

Plenty of projects with misery fraught,
Plenty of fools by no precedents taught;
Plenty of Quixotry—still in the wrong,
Plenty of humbug that cannot last long.
Plenty of lawgivers, "tatter'd and torn,"
Plenty of delegates fetter'd and sworn;
Plenty of noblemen swamping the peers,
Plenty Conservatives all by the ears;
Plenty of gentlemen cutting their throats,
Plenty of waverers turning their coats;
Plenty of rogues with it all their own way,
Plenty of honest men skulking away;
Plenty of Whigs to send England to ruin,
Plenty of Tories to let them be doing.

Plenty of meddling without a pretence,
Plenty of war that is all for "offence;"
Plenty of mitres that tottering sit,
Plenty of churches with notice to quit.
Plenty of ancestry, just to disown,
Plenty of rats undermining the throne;
Plenty to-day to work mischief and sorrow,
Plenty to vote a republic to-morrow.

Such is the plenty I promise will be
In the land of Old England, once merry and free,
In the year eighteen-hundred-and-thirty-and-three.—MERLIN.

And so farewell, gentle reader, until the first of April, when, perhaps, we may fool you to the top of your bent.

J. Moyes, Castle Street, Leicester Square.

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

# TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XL. APRIL, 1833. VOL. VII.


## NATIONAL ECONOMY.

### No. V.

### THE FACTORY SYSTEM—THE TEN HOURS BILL.

WE remarked in our last paper, that the leading complaint of the economists was, the existing surplus of labour. We added, that so far as the present moment and the actual market of the day were concerned, we were not disposed to question their position. But we quarrelled with them the moment we came to discuss either the cause or the remedy. The cause, if we were to believe them, lay with the poor-laws and the poor; and the remedy, accordingly, was to abolish the one and to apply "the preventive check" to the other. We, on the other hand, were prepared to contend, that the fault lay wholly with the rich, and not with the poor; and that the remedy must be found, not in coercing the poor man, to deprive him of the common privileges of humanity, but in coercing *capital*—the god, or rather presiding demon, of the economists' scheme, to keep it from trampling upon the best feelings of our common nature.

It often appears absolutely grotesque to a bystander, to see the singular absurdities and contradictions in which the economists indulge, when treating on what appears to be a very plain proposition. Here is a community, in which a large portion of the people are worked far beyond their physical powers; and are thus tortured, in a majority of cases, into a premature death. Two evil results follow: *first*, that many hands are left without employ, while others are doing twice the work that their limbs and sinews are capable of enduring; and *secondly*, that, after all, a great glut of the commodity is produced;—the consequence of which is very soon seen in a reduction of prices to the masters, speedily followed by a reduction of wages to the workmen.

One would suppose, that the natural remedy for this state of things would strike every one, not already blinded by the delusions of political economy. A glut, proceeding from a system of over-working, would obviously seem to point out its own remedy; namely, *to cease that over-working*. A population called excessive, in which half the labourers are tasked beyond their strength, while the rest are left without employment, calls loudly to us, if any thing can, for that regulation of hours which shall give work to all, but excessive labour to none.

Surely the shallowest understanding may follow the illustration we are now about to use. Imagine a town in which a large manufacture is carried on, which manufacture gives steady and comfortable employment to about ten thousand people. Now, should another four thousand be attracted to the spot by want of work, they will speedily produce a glut of labour in the market. If they are all taken into employ, the result will very shortly be seen in a surplus of the commodity produced, which will operate as a reducing power, bearing down its current price in the market. If they are not thus employed,

still their struggles to obtain work will lower the wages of the native labourer, as well as augment the poor-rates of the district; and both together will give large occasion to the cry so often raised of "surplus population!"

Granting this, which the economists themselves will readily concede to us, what, we ask, can be more obvious than the remark, that a result of precisely the same calamitous nature may be produced, without the addition of a single individual to the population, by the mere short-sighted competition of the masters, leading them to augment progressively their hours of labour. Suppose them to have wrought, in the first instance, only a common day's work, from six in the morning to six in the evening, with two hours' interval for meals, which is the "*ten hours*'" work now contemplated in Mr. Sadler's Factory-bill. But let this be gradually lengthened, till it reaches from five in the morning to nine in the evening, or from five in the morning to eight in the evening with one hour only for meals, and the day now becomes one of *fourteen hours*—a day, alas! too common in our manufacturing districts. And can any thing be more clear than this, that, substantially, the same result must follow from this increase which would be produced by an augmentation of the labourers; namely, a glut of the article manufactured, and then a glut, or surplus, of the hands employed in its fabrication? Whether the population be raised from ten thousand to fourteen thousand, or the hours of labour from ten to fourteen, the result, the calamitous result, will be the same.

Such is the present state of things—a state which is growing worse every hour. Many of the manufacturers have discernment enough to see the source of all their difficulties, and would gladly stay their hands, reduce their augmented rate of production, and aim to keep the market free from a glut of goods; and thus secure to themselves better prices, and to their workmen fairer wages and lighter toil. But they cannot do as they would; the stream forces them along. The competition to which they are exposed obliges them to pursue the course marked out by their rivals, or to see themselves undersold in every market. Gladly, therefore, would they hail the enactment of protective regulations, which should enable them to pursue the dictates of conscience and common sense, without being exposed to the penalty of utter ruin.

The majority, however, we fear, of our manufacturers, either led away by the sophistries of the economists, or ruled by the dictates of a blind and ignorant cupidity, prefer to run without restraint the desperate course to which they have been latterly accustomed. Even were it for their own sakes alone, it would be wise and proper for the legislature to interfere; but there is a stronger reason for immediate interposition, and that is, that their present course is fraught with inconceivable misery and immense destruction of human life, in so far as it concerns the poor labourers, whose necessities compel them to follow their employers in this their reckless career.

We have said, that the manufacturers have entered upon a desperate career of competition—a career which impels them to ever-increasing exertions, without regard to the misery thereby occasioned. Let the following extracts from the *Evidence taken by the Committee of the House of Commons on the Factory-bill*, corroborate and explain this statement:—

Benjamin Bradshaw is asked:

"Do you conceive that this labour has been increasing since you were first acquainted with mills and factories?" "Yes, it has increased a good deal these few years past. I can remember when it was considered utterly improper to work them longer than from six to seven; but now it is not so."

Daniel Fraser is asked:

"Is it complained of in those places, as it has been made a matter of complaint in many others, that the labour of the silk-mills has become more fatiguing than it formerly was?" "Yes; and they remark that it is not the same remunerative employment that it used to be; that there is not the same sustenance afforded to the children; in short, that they have to work longer hours and get less meat."—"The question has particular reference to the labour imposed upon the children and young persons; is that more severe than it was—have they more to do—more spindles to mind?" "Yes, and they are urged more to their work than they used to be, which imports that the system has become worse."

William Rastrick is asked:

"Is there a tendency in this system to become rather better, or is the work

required more, and the labour altogether severer than it formerly was?" "It is decidedly worse within the last four or five years than it used to be."—"Is there more work required of the children than there used to be when you first knew the business?" "Yes; on account of the competition which exists between masters; one undersells the other; consequently the master endeavours to get an equal quantity of work done for less money."

John Allett is asked:

"Will you state, upon your own knowledge, whether the hours of labour have not been considerably increased (that is, in brisk times) since you were acquainted with factories?" "When I went at first to factories, I was at work about eleven hours a-day; but the time has increased to fifteen, to sixteen, and sometimes to eighteen hours."—"Is the labour of the children and young persons in those mills more severe, as well as longer, than it was when you first commenced that business?" "Yes, doubly so; I do not hesitate to say doubly so."

Charles Aberdeen is asked:

"Do you think that there is double the quantity of labour required from the children that there used to be?" "I am confident of it; since I have been working at the firm of Lambert, Hoole, and Jackson, I have done twice the quantity of work that I used to do, and for less wages."

And another passage or two from the same Evidence, gives us a little light into the manner in which the *screw* is perpetually applied, in order to get out of the *human machines* the utmost possible quantity of work:

Stephen Binns is asked:

"Does the machinery go more easily now than it used to do?" "If I have a machinery-room to overlook, I have thirty hands in the room to manage this machinery. When I deliver in my note of the time and the work, the master sees what quantity of work has been produced from those hands, and he sees the quantity of money that has been paid, and he goes round the room, and thinks 'I can do with one hand less;' and he says, 'There are five in that row generally—you can do with one less; offer each of them 3*d*. a-week more if they will do with one less;' and then by the encouragement, the giving 3*d*. a-week for a less quantity of hands, they perform the same work upon that machinery."—"Is the work done equally well?" "Yes; but it is more fatiguing."—"But still the children are willing to do so for an advance of wages?" "Yes; I have seen Mr. James and Mr. John Marshall go round to the frames, and I have heard say afterwards, that they have asked the girls if they could not mind another spindle or two spindles more; and if they could, they would give them 3*d*. more; that is, if they would mind ten spindles instead of eight."

Joshua Drake is asked:

"What I mean to ask is, whether those who have been employed have not had more to do in a given time?" "Lately they have put three children upon four children's work; it took place three months ago at Mr. Sheepshanks's mill; and last Monday morning but one it took place at Bruce, Dorrington, and Walker's, without any notice to the children; and, in consequence of this arrangement, one child in every billy was thrown out of work."

This, then, is the course things are now taking; and from these facts many persons will learn how it comes to pass that an outcry has lately been raised, heretofore unknown, for some regulation of the hours of labour. The truth is, that a system of gradual increase of toil has been long going on, and the extreme point of endurance has lately been passed. Hence the present cry for relief—a cry which, we trust, will never cease, until full and complete relief is afforded.

Mr. Sadler's bill, however, is only directed to one point; but that is by far the most important point of the case. Its object is merely to rescue the little children of the manufacturing districts from that most cruel and all but exterminating state of slavery in which they are now held. We call it *slavery*, with deliberation, because, the toil being excessive, destructive of the child's health and morals, and such as no parent ought to subject his child unto,—the parents are yet compelled, by the threat of absolute starvation, to force their children to undertake it. The proof of this coercion is given in the Evidence, as follows:

William Osburn, Esq. is asked:

"Supposing that the parents applying for relief for their children, refused to allow them to labour in mills or factories, in consequence of their believing and knowing that such labour would be prejudicial to their health, and probably destructive of their lives, would they, in the mean time, have had any relief

from the workhouse board, or from you, as overseer, merely on the ground that the children could not bear that labour?" "Certainly not."—"Would it be accepted as an excuse for not working, that they could not conform to those long hours of labour?" "Certainly not."—"So that the children of the poor, and their parents, have no alternative in such cases, but submitting their children to this extravagant length of labour, or exposing them to absolute want and starvation, as the consequence of refusing so to be employed?" "None whatever."

Thomas Bennett is asked:

"When you were working in the mill, were you bound, when required, to work those long hours?" "Yes, if I had not done it, my master would have got somebody else that would."—"And the parish officers would not have relieved you if you had left?" "No, they would have said, 'You refused to work.'"—"You would then have been left to starve?" "Yes."

Samuel Coulson is asked:

"If you had refused to allow your children to be so worked, you could not get any relief from the parish?" "None whatever."—"So that you had no alternative but that excessive slavery or starvation?" "Yes, we must either submit to their laws, or starve to death, for at no other place could we get them employed."—"Are you not able to support your children without sending them to a mill?" "No; I have not had 2*s.* a-week of labour for many weeks together."

Joseph Hebergam is asked:

"Were there other children at the mill that were also made ill by this labour, and who became deformed in like manner?" "Yes, there were some very often sick, and some were deformed; but the parents who were able to support their children took them away, in consequence of seeing that they would be deformed if they did not take them away."—"Your mother being a widow, and having but little, could not afford to take you away?" "No."—"Would the parish have relieved you, if your mother had taken you away?" "No, she has oftentimes been to them, but she was no better for it. I have seen her weep oftentimes, and I have asked her why she was weeping, but she would not tell me then, but she has told me since."—"What did she tell you affected her?" "Seeing my limbs giving way by working such long hours."

Such, then, is the situation of these poor creatures, as to what is called their *free agency*. In fact, no one can read the horrible details contained in the volume of evidence, and imagine for an instant that any human beings would submit to the sufferings there detailed, if it were in their power to escape from them. Into these frightful details we must now, for a short time, enter. Having alluded to them, we must justify the language we have used: we will do this, and much more. In fact, the common terms of horror and indignation are inadequate to the expression of the feelings excited by this dreadful picture. We must therefore leave the poor creatures to tell their story in their own words, without encumbering it with our remarks.

The evil mainly and principally lies in the *excessive length of the labour* exacted. From this source all the other evils of the system flow; and therefore it is, that the main object of Mr. Sadler's bill is to limit the hours of attendance to twelve per day, *i. e.* ten of labour, with two for meals.

Now on this point, that is, the excessive length of labour now inflicted, it would answer no end to quote the dry details. Suffice it to say, that a vast array of witnesses deposed to the one leading fact, that throughout all the manufacturing districts the hours of labour have been greatly increased of late years; and that fourteen or fifteen hours of attendance, with an hour or an hour and a half for meals, is now a very common limit. *Sixteen* hours, or from five in the morning to nine at night, was also proved to be of frequent occurrence; and instances were also adduced in which *seventeen*, *eighteen*, and even *nineteen* hours were exacted. The witness Joseph Hebergam deposes, that he "*was once obliged to work from five in the morning till half-past ten, and sometimes till eleven at night, for four months together.*" He was at this time little more than *ten years old!* There are, indeed, several instances adduced of factories, which worked two whole nights in every week, with the same hands; so that the children could only have five nights' sleep in each week, and those very short ones. But we do not wish to dwell upon extreme cases; in speaking of fifteen or sixteen hours' labour, we are speaking of that which appears to be of common occurrence, and it is to the average facts that we would wish to confine ourselves.

Now the first natural, and, indeed, inevitable consequence of this excessive labour, when inflicted on young children, is to produce in all whose limbs are not strongly knit, *great and painful deformity*. Seats are never allowed in these mills; and, in fact, the very employment of the children consists mainly in walking to and fro before a certain range of machinery, in order to watch and attend its motions, repair broken threads, and supply the material as it is wanted. The [illegible]nce, therefore, is just the being kept on foot the whole day, frequently with no more than one single interval of forty minutes for dinner. Our readers will be able to imagine for themselves the fatigue of being compelled to remain in a standing position during fifteen hours in every day; and if to them the idea is dreadful, let them picture to themselves the sufferings of a weak and growing child, of seven or eight years of age, thus confined and thus tasked. Evidence is hardly required to prove what every man's common sense will tell him at a glance, that the necessary result must be, in a large proportion of instances, to cripple the little sufferers for life. Such is the uniform testimony of every witness examined.

James Kirk is desired to

"Tell the committee what effect it had on you; in the first place, as regards your health." "I began to be very weak in my knees; one of my knees gave way."—"Was it observed by any body in the mill that your knees were bending?" "Yes."—"What did you think this bending of your knees was owing to?" "Owing to working such long hours."—"Were you perfectly straight-limbed before?" "I was."—"And a very strong youth?" "Yes."—"You still continued to work, did you not?" "I did."—"Until your limbs became quite bent?" "Yes."—"Will you shew your limbs?" [*Here the witness shewed his knees and legs.*]—"What did you do then?" "I was so weak that I was forced to give over."

David Bywater is asked:

"Were you perfect in your limbs when you undertook that long and excessive labour?" "Yes, I was."—"What effect did it produce upon you?" "It brought a weakness on me; I felt my knees quite ache."—"Had you pain in your limbs and all over your body?" "Yes."—"Shew what effect it had upon your limbs?" "It made me very crooked. [*Here the witness shewed his knees and legs.*]—"Are your thighs also bent?" "Yes, the bone is quite bent."

William Kenworthy is asked:

"How old are you?" "Fifteen."—"How long have your legs and knees been in that state?" "I was as straight as ever I could be two years since."—"What did the doctor state to be the cause of your becoming deformed?" "He said it was hard work; it was being over worked."—"Were you reckoned a very strong boy before you were deformed in your limbs?" "Yes, I was a very strong made boy."—"And have you been obliged to give up your work in consequence." "Yes; the doctor said I should lose the use of my limbs if I had not given over."

Benjamin Gummersall is asked:

"Were you perfectly strong before you entered upon this labour?" "Yes."—"Can you now stand at all without crutches?" "Not without crutches or a stick, or something to lean against."—"Can you walk at all?" "No."—"Can you get up stairs?" "Perhaps I might creep up."—"Must it be upon your hands and knees?" "Yes, or backwards way."—"Do you get up stairs backwards way?" "Yes, every night."

Richard Wilson is asked:

"Do you know, of your own knowledge, that working at mills for those long hours has a similar effect upon a very considerable proportion of the children so employed?" "Yes, almost always a little; and if they go to the mill for any time, more; there is a very great number so; I cannot exactly say how many."—"That have become deformed in their limbs?" "Yes."—"Was that the case with any of your family besides yourself?" "Yes; I had a brother who went to the mill when he was about eight years old, and he became so deformed, that he had to be carried backwards and forwards. My parents were poor, and they could not maintain us except we went to the mills."—"Did your father use to carry him to the mill?" "Yes; my father and myself used to carry him."—"Because he was so deformed?" "Yes."—"Was he straight before he entered on that employment?" "Yes."—"How long had he been at work before he became deformed in his limbs?" "I cannot exactly say; twelve or thirteen months."—"Did it injure his health?" "He never looked well after he went to the mill."—"Is he living?" "No, he is not; he died when about twenty-three years of age."—"Have you any other brothers or sisters who have been in mills?" "I have a sister now living upon parish pay, who

is quite deformed, I have neither father nor mother now; my father died when I was about eight years of age; my father met with an accident in the mill about half-past six one night, and he was dead before eight."—"In what part of the mill did he meet with that accident?" "He minded the wheel; and he was endeavouring to put a strap on the billy, and it catched him and caused death."

Thomas Smith is asked:

"Will you state what effect this excessively long labour had upon your limbs?" "It made them very stiff, constantly."—"Did it affect your knees?"—"Yes, it caused them to be quite stiff, so that I could not bend them."—"Did your knees afterwards become crooked?" "Yes; I have had to be carried to my work many times in consequence."—"Who carried you then?" "I cannot recollect his name that has carried me; he has carried me many a time, when he has seen me coming on."—"Out of pity for you?" "Yes."—"Otherwise you would have had to crawl there?" "Yes."—"Have you had any relations working at mills and factories?" "Yes; I had a brother and a sister."—"What effect had this long labour upon them?" "My brother was very ill; fatigued with it, I think, the same as me."—"Did he become a cripple?" "Yes, he is worse than me."—"Was he too originally perfectly straight?" "Yes."—"Your sister also, you say, worked in mills; what effect had it upon her?" "The same."—"Was she perfectly straight at first?" "Yes; a fine girl."—"Did she become crooked?" "Yes, she did."—"To what do you attribute your crookedness and deformity?" "It arises from standing so long."—"Did you experience great pain during the time it was coming on?" "A great deal: I could scarcely stir off the spot."—"There is no hope now of your recovering your limbs?" "No."—"You must remain a cripple for life?" "Yes."

Samuel Rhodes is asked:

"What effect had that labour upon your health and upon your limbs?" "I had very good health, but standing long hours, I began to be tired, and could not stand it; I got stiff in my limbs."—"Had you much pain in your limbs and knees?" "Yes, I began growing deformed in my knees."—"Will you shew the gentlemen of the committee your limbs?" [*The witness shewed his person, and he appeared to be very crooked and knock-knee'd.*]—"Could you work easily in that state?" "No, I was very stiff in the morning when getting up, and the evening the same."—"Was it ever painful to you to move?" "Yes."—"Were there any other boys in the mill besides yourself upon whom those long hours of labour produced the same effect?" "Yes, there was a deal in that mill."—"Did they become crooked and deformed in consequence?" "Yes."—"As much so as yourself?" "There were some more and some less deformed than myself; there were some very ill."—"How many were there so deformed?" "When I went there were seven or eight in that mill."—"How many boys were there in that mill altogether?" "About thirty."

Elizabeth Bentley is asked:

"You are considerably deformed in your person in consequence of this labour?" "Yes, I am."—"At what time did it come on?" "I was about thirteen years old when it began coming, and it has got worse since; it is five years since my mother died, and my mother was never able to get me a pair of good stays to hold me up, and when my mother died I had to do for myself, and got me a pair."—"Were you perfectly straight and healthy before you worked at a mill?" "Yes, I was as straight a little girl as ever went up and down town."—"Were you straight till you were thirteen?" "Yes, I was."

Jonathan Downe is asked:

"How are they affected?" "It first begins with a pain in the ankle; after that they will ask the overlooker to let them sit down; sometimes the overlooker will allow them a few minutes to sit down, but they must not let the time-keeper see it, it depends upon the humanity of the overseer; then it goes on for a month or two months; then they begin to be weak in the knee; then they begin to be knock-knee'd; after that their feet turn out; it throws them knock-knee'd and splay-footed, and their ankles swell as big as my fists."—"After they get to that state, can they go on with their work?" "They may follow it for a few days, or sometimes for weeks, but then they are regularly off and on their work, and under the physician's care; when they are off work a few days, they consider they recover their strength a good deal; then they return to their work again, and after they have returned to their work a day or two, or sometimes the first day, they are as bad as before."

But another consequence of this excessive labour is equally inevitable; namely, the *drowsiness* which naturally comes on towards the close of these protracted days of labour. And, closely connected with this, is the *cruelty* which

when drooping under the natural exhaustion resulting from such a degree of toil. The following extracts will illustrate these points of the case :—

John Allett is asked :

"Were they excessively sleepy?" "Very sleepy; I have seen them sleeping while we were at our drinking; and when in the evening my youngest boy has said, 'Father, what o'clock is it?' I have said, perhaps, it is seven o'clock;' 'Oh! is it two hours to nine o'clock? I cannot bear it;' I have thought I had rather almost have seen them starve to death, than to be used in that manner. I have heard that child crying out, when getting within a few yards of the door. 'Oh! mother, is my supper ready?' and I have seen him, when he has been taken from my back, fall asleep before he could get it."—"Is the chastisement generally at the latter end of the day?" "Yes, generally so; I have seen it also in the morning, because they have had so little sleep that they were hardly awakened; and I have known more accidents happen at the fore-end of the day than at the latter part; I mean before breakfast-time. I was an eye-witness of one in the same place that I worked at many years: a child was working wool—that is, to prepare the wool for the machine; but the strap caught him, as he was hardly awake, and it carried him into the machinery; and we found one limb in one place, and one in another, and he was cut to bits almost; his whole body went in, and was mangled."—"What was he doing with that strap?" "He had to put it on when he went to do his work; he had put it on hundreds of times before, but this happened to be in the morning."—"You say he was drowsy?" "I believe he was very drowsy."

Robert Colton is asked:

"How old were you when you first went to Mr. Varley's?" "Eleven years old."—"What were you?" "A piecener."—"What were your hours in summer-time, when you were busy?" "From half-past three o'clock in the morning to half-past nine o'clock; we increased as days increased, and left off when we could not see; so that in the summer we started at half-past three in the morning, and were at it till half-past nine at night."—"How much time had you for drinking?" "Half an hour."—"How much wages?" "Three shillings as regular wages the first week; and the second week they gave me 3*s.* 9*d.*, and I never had any more." "Then you have been working at that rate during the last

William Kershaw is asked :

"When you were a piecener, what was the general treatment at that time; were they much punished?" "Yes, I have been ill-treated myself; and have seen others that have been a great deal worse used."—"How were you beaten?" "There is a difference in the disposition of the slubber, or person under whom the child is placed; some have more humanity, and rather wish to encourage the children to attention, than to punish them for negligence. I have been employed under both. Some of them who are kind have some rewards, such as some fruit; and say that those who have the fewest number of ends in a given time shall have this fruit; and others will keep beating the children, whether they are in fault or not. I have been beat with a billy-roller towards night, when I have been particularly drowsy, till I repeatedly vomited blood."—"Do you think the children are any better treated now?" "I believe not; I have two children that actually work at the mill at present, and one that goes to learn, three girls; the oldest, when a piecener, has had to stop a day or two at home for three successive weeks together, on account of being beat upon the head; she is now turned fourteen years of age."—"Was she beaten with straps?" "Both with straps and sticks."

Matthew Crabtree is directed to "State the condition of the children

towards the latter part of the day, who have thus to keep up with the machinery." "It is as much as they can do when they are not very much fatigued to keep up with their work; and towards the close of the day, when they come to be more fatigued, they cannot keep up with it very well, and the consequence is that they are beaten to spur them on." —"Were you beaten under those circumstances?" "Yes."—"Frequently?" "Very frequently."—"And principally at the latter end of the day?" "Yes."— "And is it your belief, that if you had not been so beaten you should not have got through the work?" "I should not, if I had not been kept up to it by some means."—"Does beating, then, principally occur at the latter end of the day, when the children are extremely fatigued?" "It does at the latter end of the day, and in the morning sometimes, when they are very drowsy, and have not got rid of the fatigue of the day before."—"What were you beaten with principally?" "A strap."—"Any thing else?" "Yes, a stick sometimes; and there is a kind of roller which runs on the top of the machine called a bill perhaps two or three yards in leng and perhaps an inch and a half, or mo in diameter; the circumference woul be four or five inches; I cannot speak exactly."—"Were you beaten with that instrument?" "Yes."—"Have you yourself been beaten, and have you seen other children struck severely with that roller?" "I have been struck very severely with it myself, so much so as to knock me down; and I have seen other children have their heads broken with it."—"You think that it is a general practice to beat the children with the roller?" "It is."—"You do not think, then, that you were worse treated than other children in the mill?" "No, I was not; perhaps not so bad as some were."— "In those mills, is chastisement towards the latter part of the day going on perpetually?" "Perpetually."—"So that you can hardly be in a mill without hearing constant crying?" "Never an hour, I believe."

Benjamin Bradshaw is asked:

"Is it your impression, from having several children working in mills, that much of the cruelty of treatment that is inflicted upon them results from the overlabour which they endure?" "Reason dictates that when the children go to the mill at five in the morning, and work to ten at night, they are almost stupid with labour; and I know it from observation, because when I was working for Mr. Rosin, in the room underneath where I worked, frequently from seven to eight o'clock at night, you might have heard the cries of children that would have touched a heart of stone."—"The beating was then going on so constantly?" "Yes."—"What did they beat them principally with in that mill?" "With a strap; a sort of a leathern belt."— "Is that capable of inflicting a very serious hurt; are the children much hurt, and sometimes injured by it?" "Yes; and I have had my own children come home beat with those things so severely, that it was hardly possible to tell the original colour of their back."

Samuel Downe is asked:

"Was very considerable severity used in that mill when you were there?" "Yes."—"Have you yourself been subjected to it?" "Yes."—"Strapped?" "Yes, I was strapped most severely, till I could not bear to sit upon a chair without having pillows, and I was forced to lie upon my face in the night-time at one time, and through that I left; I was beaten so that I had not power to cry at all, or hardly to speak at one time."— "Were they very drowsy and sleepy during their labour?" "Some were that lived a long distance off; and it is unfortunate for some poor people that they have not a clock, and the children are sometimes in the factory yard by three o'clock on a winter morning, and there is no sleep for them there."—"Did any of them fall asleep in the mill?" "Yes; I have known them to go into the privy to fall asleep."—"What means were taken to rouse them?" "I have heard my brother tell that, after I left Shrewsbury, this Edwards had various plans of rousing them; he told me he took and lifted them up, and dipped their faces in water, which we call ducking, when he caught them asleep or drowsy."

Jonathan Downe is asked:

"When you worked in mills, what methods were taken to rouse the children from drowsiness?" "It is a very frequent thing at Mr. Marshall's, where the least children are employed, (for there were plenty working at six years of age,) it has been the regular practice, of late years, for Mr. Horseman to start the mill earlier in the morning than he formerly did; and provided a child should be drowsy, the overlooker walks round the room with a stick in his hand, and he touches that child on the shoulder, and says, 'Come here.' In a corner of the room there is an iron cistern; it is filled with water, so that if any fire should occur in the room, they could quench it with that water; he takes this boy, and takes him up by the legs, and dips him over head in the cistern, and sends him to his work for the remainder of the day; and that boy is to stand, dripping as he

is, at his work; he has no chance of drying himself. Such, at least, was the case when I was there."—"In addition to the beating, have you known any other methods of punishment resorted to for presumed offences?" "Yes; that first is for drowsiness, this second is for any other offence that may occur in any room in that mill; I never saw it in any other place; it is just according to their crime, great or small. There is a stool fixed up at one end of the room; the boy who offends is put to stand on this stool, sometimes on both legs, and sometimes on one of his legs, with the other up, and he has a lever to bear in his arms, thus [*here the witness exhibited the position, by elevating his arms above his head*]: and there he is to stand for ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, or half an hour, just according as the overlooker chooses; and provided he should lower his arms, and it is a great weight to bear for a quarter of an hour, I have seen the overlooker come this way, and say, 'Hold up;' and sometimes the boy will strive to hold it up, and not have strength to raise it; and the overlooker has a stick or strap, and cuts him till he does actually get it up; and the tears will run down his face, when he is there standing. I have seen it there frequently, and it is the regular practice."

Joseph Firth is asked:

"Did not you become almost too drowsy and sleepy to pursue your work at that time?" "I should say that I slept naturally while I worked. I know well that at seven, or half-past seven, I was in such a state of stupor, that when I pieced an end, I have had the skin taken off my fingers and hands; being asleep, as one may say, the frames went against my fingers."—"Do you think that many of the accidents that occur in those mills arise from that sort of stupor which the children fall into by long labour?" "I believe accidents occur at all times of day; but I should certainly give it as my opinion that they most frequently happen at night and morning. I have marks that I shall carry to my grave, and I cannot say at what time of day I received them; but it most frequently occurred that the skin was knocked off one's knuckles by the frames; and that would be in the latter part of the day or the early part of the morning."—"How did you feel when you got home?" "Fatigued to excess; and I frequently witness children, who, if the meal is not ready, fall asleep immediately, and then it is almost an impossibility to wake them to get their supper."

Jonathan Downe is asked:

"Were very severe methods adopted in order to compel you to work for that length of time?" "Yes, very severe."—"Describe them." "I have seen boys actually knocked down with a strap; they have been called from their work, flogged, and been knocked down on the floor by the blow of the strap; and when they have been on the floor, they have been beaten till they had risen; and when they have risen, they have been flogged to their work again."—"Was that a common occurrence?" "Yes."

This is a frightful picture, and must touch the heart of every one possessed of the common feelings of humanity. But much more remains to be told. We have seen that the health, and even the limbs of the children, are sacrificed; and also that, day by day, they are kept from the rest which nature itself demands, by the constant use of the thong of the slave-driver. But what becomes of the more important part of these children—their minds, their characters, their souls? Is it necessary to ask the question? Can you treat any human being with constant and systematic brutality—can you deal with him as a mere piece of machinery, without at the same time debasing and demoralising his mind? Surely not! *Ignorance*, in the first place, the most complete and revolting ignorance, is an inevitable result; and we need hardly add, that *immorality* of every description follows close behind. Their ignorance is so far from being their choice, that it is abundantly shewn by the evidence that they are perpetually struggling after education, but are incapacitated by exhaustion from receiving it. Instruction on the week-day, after fifteen or sixteen hours' toil, is obviously out of the question; on the Sabbath-day they attend the schools, and there find that nature, after the week's exhaustion, refuses them the power to avail themselves of the lessons afforded.

Joshua Drake is asked:

"In summer months, what is the extent of time for which they are employed to execute those orders?" "At Mr. Williams's last summer they had an order going on, and they ran the children from five to nine; and several of the spinners dropt down sick at the place, and they had them to carry home; and the superintendant of the Sunday-school told me, that they were obliged to let those that did get to a school keep their seat during the singing of the hymn, because their legs were so weary they could not stand to worship."

William Kershaw is asked:

"As you are a Sunday-school teacher, will you state your experience respecting the attention and appearance of those children that are thus kept at long hours of labour?" "You see them almost regularly asleep, both in church or chapel and in the school; any person that goes into the school may at once discern, by looking round, the difference between the week-day scholars and those who are continually working long hours at a mill."

Robert Colton is asked:

"Could you attend a Sunday-school with any profit?" "No; all day on Sundays we lay a-bed, we were so tired."

John Dawson is asked:

"Had you any opportunity of going to school during the period you so long worked?" "No, I had no opportunity, only on the Sunday; I wished to go to school when I could, but I was obliged to stop at home on many a Sunday, being tired and fatigued; on the Sunday, I could scarcely abide to walk to school."

Joseph Firth is asked:

"Is the Sunday, fatigued as these children are, available for the purposes of their education?" "No; the children in general wish to escape from the school if possible, those that go to the factories. I went to a Sunday-school myself, and I know that we used to fall asleep. My father died when I was very young, and my mother had not much control over me, and I made many attempts to overcome her, so as to have my ease for that seventh day; and I know that when I had accomplished that point, I thought I had gained a great victory."

William Osburn, Esq. is asked:

"Do you think that those who work that length of time in the mills, and are sent to a Sunday-school, are, according to your observation and experience in those institutions, in a situation to derive the improvement which they would otherwise do, from the opportunities afforded them?" "I have the greatest difficulty in gaining the attention of children who have wrought in factories to the instruction I wish to convey to them; they are exceedingly dull and heavy. I ought to mention that I have not many of such children in my school—not more than ten or twelve upon an average; in a place of worship, also, I find that they are much more inattentive and sleepy than the other children; the younger ones I have frequently directed the teachers to allow to sleep, they appeared so much fatigued that I thought it was almost cruelty to prevent them from doing so."

And, as an inevitable consequence of this deplorable state of things, these poor creatures, growing up in brutal *ignorance*, while they are altogether useless for any purpose except the factory, are also so *demoralized* by the associations and habits of their companions, as to be shunned by every one desirous of avoiding contamination.

It is a dreadful evil in itself, but plainly unavoidable, as long as the children are so laboured as to be precluded from all home instruction—that they grow up altogether unfit for any other than factory employment. And this evil is the more fatal, seeing that it is a part of the system to employ almost exclusively children, and to discharge these as they grow into maturer years. Perhaps no plan could possibly be devised, of a nature more certain to fill a district with thieves and prostitutes than this. And that such is its effect, is the testimony of every witness examined on this point.

Alexander Dean is asked:

"Do you think that that severity of treatment has not unfrequently a similar effect, in driving females to improper courses?" "Undoubtedly; because, from the way in which those children are brought up in mills, they have no time to get education: and when they become fourteen or fifteen years of age, and think of getting into service, no person will have them, because they know nothing; and even an operative will shrink at the idea of taking a girl out of the mills, because she knows nothing. I knew one person that had married a girl out of the mill, and at the time I knew him they had three children, and he had to pay for the washing."—"The wife not knowing even how to wash the clothes of the family?" "No."—"Could she then either make or mend them?" "She could do neither; it was all paid for."—"And those females who do not happen to get married have a very great difficulty in obtaining situations, if it is known that they have been employed in mills?" "Very great; I have known them employed in service, and it has not been longer than two or three months before they have been put out, because they did not know what to put their hands to."

Abraham Whitehead is asked:

"I wish to know whether, if protection be afforded by law to children up to the age of fifteen, you see any necessity,

as far as you know, for any further protection?" "Those above fifteen would then suffer, and why should they continue to work seventeen or eighteen hours per day? It seems to me that youths ought to have some opportunity of learning to read and write, and other domestic duties. For instance, when females who were brought up in mills get married, they know not how to conduct a family, how to purchase household things, or how to manage their children; it is even a proverb in the neighbourhood of Holmfirth, that the man who would have a good wife must take care not to marry 'a factory doll,' as she will not know how to manage a family."

William Kershaw is asked:

"Do you then know the fact of the great reluctance of respectable families to engage female servants from among those that have worked in factories?" "I have heard it spoken in a kind of derision, even by a common tradesman's wife in speaking of another, that she had only got a factory girl for a servant."

William Osburn, Esq. is asked:

"You have already alluded to the fact of the appearance of weakly health that prevails among them, and also to the deformity that is so common; have you the same impression regarding the bad effects, in a moral point of view, produced upon the rising generation?" "Certainly; I believe the moral effects of the system to be, if possible, worse than the physical ones; I will mention only one fact; vast numbers of girls who have wrought in factories are driven to prostitution when they are deprived of employment; girls not belonging to the parish of Leeds, probably to distant parishes, in some cases to no parish at all, have absolutely no other alternative but that of prostitution, when trade is low and times are bad, so that they have no employment in mills; this was the universal complaint when I was at the workhouse board."

As to the *immorality* which is necessarily connected with a system that treats these poor creatures as mere machines, it is quite unnecessary to enlarge: two or three extracts from the evidence will place this point in a vivid light.

The Rev. G. S. Bull is asked:

"Will you state how you account for the melancholy result which you attribute to the factory system as at present conducted?" "They go very early in the morning; many of my little children (I call them mine) set off regularly at five o'clock, and do not return again till eight, almost the year round; perhaps in the course of the winter season some weeks of shorter employment may take place. They see, therefore, very little of their parents; and when they go to the mill their first impressions (and first impressions are generally the deepest) are of a very injurious kind. They meet there with their elders in age, and, I may also say, in vicious communications, and they very readily imbibe them. I conceive also, if the committee will permit me to state it, that the system of returning so late, especially those that live at any considerable distance from their work, is extremely injurious to their morals. I know very well the conversation that takes place amongst them as they go home, because I have often heard it myself; and I must say, that in the course of my life, though I have visited several of the sea-ports of this kingdom, and other places where you might suppose very abandoned conversation to be heard in the streets, but (I am almost ashamed to say it) I have heard such obscene conversation from little factory children, as, I am sure, they could not have known the meaning of themselves, and as has perfectly astonished me. In their returning home from their work, the elder of the young females especially, that are employed in the factories, are very frequently decoyed and seduced; assignations are made on the road home, and a great deal of evil of that description has come to my knowledge from the parents of the children and young persons, who have stated these things to me. I would also beg permission to say, that I esteem night-work to be a most fruitful source of immorality. I do not speak of my own knowledge, of course, but the parents of the young persons have reported to me most shameful scenes that have taken place during night-work; and overlookers of the mills, one or two respectable persons whom I have happened occasionally to converse with upon the subject, have told me very disgraceful things that occurred, to their knowledge, during night-work."

Matthew Crabtree is asked:

"Can you speak as to the effect of this labour in the mills and factories on the morals of the children, as far as you have observed?" "As far as I have observed with regard to morals in the mills, there is every thing about them that is disgusting to every one conscious of correct morality."—"Do you find that the children, the females especially, are very early demoralised in them?" "They are."—"Is their language indecent?" "Very indecent; and both sexes take great familiarities with each other in the

mills, without at all being ashamed of their conduct."—"Do you connect their immorality of language and conduct with their excessive labour?" "It may be somewhat connected with it, for it is to be observed that most of that goes on towards night, when they begin to be drowsy; it is a kind of stimulus which they use to keep them awake; they say some pert thing or other to keep themselves from drowsiness, and it generally happens to be some obscene language." —"Have not a considerable number of the females employed in mills illegitimate children very early in life?" "I believe they have; I have known some of them have illegitimate children when they were between sixteen and seventeen years of age."—"How many grown-up females had you in the mill?" "I cannot speak to the exact number that were grown up; perhaps there might be thirty-four or so that worked in the mill at that time."—"How many of those had illegitimate children?" "A great many of them; eighteen or nineteen of them, I think."

Benjamin Bradshaw is asked:

"What is the conduct of the children thus confined in the factories, and deprived of all means of moral and mental improvement, as far as you have observed it?" "They are, generally speaking, ignorant and wicked; proverbially so; and to hear them in the factory, and to see their conduct, would move any body with commiseration that had any thing like a feeling of concern for the morals of their fellow-creatures; they are in general bad to an extreme; and there is not that respect paid in the mills which there ought to be to the morals of the sexes."—"Is their language often grossly indecent, as well as their conduct immoral, do you think?" "Yes, very much so."—"You say that there is a great impropriety of morals in factories; do you consider that to arise entirely from the long hours during which they work, or partly from the circumstance of there being a number of people together?" "I believe partly from both, but more particularly from the long hours of work; and the reason I can give for that is this, that when the children are fatigued by their labour, one will rap out an oath, and another some obscenity, in order to keep up their spirits; that I know to be a fact."

Such is the factory system, as it now exists! A more revolting, demoralizing, wicked, or cruel system, never existed on the face of the earth. As to the slavery of our own West Indies, or of the South American mines, or of the galleys of France or Algiers in former days, it would be trifling with the subject to bring them into a moment's comparison. We doubt if any scourge that ever was permitted to visit any portion of our globe, will bear weighing against this exterminating system. If this language should be thought extravagant, let the facts brought to light by Mr. Rickman, the well-known editor of the *Parliamentary Census*, tell us whether it be possible to exaggerate the direful effects of this infanticidal pest.

It would not be fair to ask whether Leeds or Manchester were equally healthy with an agricultural district; that would plainly be little to the purpose. But if we compare such towns, not with a rural population, but with other large towns, in which the manufacturing system does not prevail, we may fairly lay any difference that may be found to exist, to the charge of the existing factory system.

Take London, then, and Chester, and compare them with Leeds, or with Bolton. The results are of this kind: Of 10,000 persons born in London, there die before arriving at twenty years of age, 4,580; in Chester, of 10,000, there die before the age of twenty, 4,538. Rather more than half survive to the ages of twenty and upwards.

But in Bolton, out of the same number, no fewer than 6,113, and in Leeds, 6,213, die before they arrive at that age—a difference of more than 25 per cent against the manufacturing towns.

This difference, however, though it may partly enlighten us, cannot be taken to denote with any accuracy the real mortality caused by the system; since a general census must of necessity include many very large classes, whose circumstances, health, labour, and longevity, are exactly the same in London and in Leeds. Besides, for instance, the master-manufacturers, who take too good care of their own health and the health of their families, to impose upon themselves the burdens they lay upon others,—besides these, we have to calculate upon the whole multitude of tradesmen or shopkeepers, the professional men, and those dwelling in the outskirts and employed in gardening or agriculture, or building, or bearing burdens, &c. &c. Supposing the whole of these classes to compose, unitedly, no more than one-half of the population, and calculating the mor-

tality among their offspring to be just equal to that of the same classes in London, then immediately that difference in mortality, which appeared to be only twenty-five per cent when applied to the whole, becomes far more fearful when seen to belong only to that class who labour in factories. In London, we have said, 4,580 persons, out of every 10,000, die before they reach their twentieth year; out of 5,000, it is obvious, the mortality would be 2,290. Now in Leeds, out of 10,000, as many as 6,213 die within the same age. Dividing, then, these into two equal parts, and taking 5,000 to be factory people, and 5,000 to be persons not connected with factories, we must suppose that out of the latter class the same proportion as in London, that is 2,290, have died within the given age. We cannot exceed this estimate, there being no reason to suppose that the child of a grocer or a bricklayer is more likely to die in Leeds than in London. But what remains, as the mortality among the 5,000 employed in factories? Why, the whole mortality being 6,213 out of 10,000, their share of it must amount to the appalling number of 3,923!—almost 4,000 out of every 5,000 perishing before they reached the age of manhood! It is true, indeed, that a large portion of this mortality takes place in early infancy, but then this very fact itself constitutes another evil in the factory system; the causes of it being clearly explained in the evidence. And this mortality being, not a sudden scourge like the cholera, or an invasion, or a rebellion—terrible for the moment, and then vanishing away—but a constant, never-ceasing drain upon the whole manufacturing class of the population. Did we exaggerate when we said, that never had the earth seen a system so widely and permanently destructive of human life?

Exactly in accordance with these facts, is an anecdote, which we know to be most literally true. A young member of parliament, desirous of judging for himself on this question, was personally inspecting a large factory, not many months since. Struck with the sight of so great a number of *girls*, and so few *women* employed, he asked, "But what becomes of all these children when they grow up, and become unfit for your purpose?" "Oh!" said the factory-owner, in an unguarded moment, "*very few of them will reach twenty!!*"

What plea, then, what excuse or shift can be devised, to make us hesitate a moment in putting an end to this frightful system. Fraught with all these concentrated horrors, child-murder by thousands—murder by slow tortures, in a great majority of cases, and the total wreck of character and moral principle in those whose constitutions bear up against it—what argument can any man bring forward to induce us to postpone, even for an hour, an effective legislative interference?

The objections which are commonly urged, are mainly such as Mr. Hoole produces in his letter to Lord Althorp.

"If Mr. Sadler's bill becomes a law, the masters will have the choice of two evils. Either they must reduce the hours of labour to the limit proposed to be fixed for children (fifty-eight hours per week), or they must place their establishments without the pale of this enactment, by discharging all persons under eighteen years from their factories."—"In the former case, a reduction of the *wages* of all persons employed, whether children or adults, corresponding with the reduction of the time of labour, must inevitably take place."—"Not a few of the master cotton-spinners have determined to adopt the other course above mentioned, namely, to *discharge* from their employment all the hands under eighteen years of age, as soon as the proposed law comes into operation."

Now the latter of these two schemes is, we fear, "too good news to be true." The absolute enfranchisement and emancipation of myriads of poor little ones, now suffering a slowly inflicted death, amidst protracted tortures, would be indeed "a consummation devoutly to be wished." And it can escape no one, that the new demand for adult labourers would be so great as entirely to absorb all the competent hands; and a rise of wages, to a point affording a decent maintenance to the labourer, might confidently be looked for. Could a change so desirable as this take place, we might hope to see a return of the days when the labour of the parents supported their children. At present, it is too often the case that the parent is obliged to subsist upon the wages derived from the sacrifice of the health and morals of his child. Hear Mr. Oastler on that point:

"Do you know instances in which parents live entirely on the earnings of their children?" "Yes, I met with a

case a little while ago of a man who lives a short distance from my house, and who said to me, 'I hope you will get this Ten Hours bill passed; I have two children, one seven, and the other thirteen, at work at the factories, and I have not had the least stroke of work for,' I think he said, 'the last thirteen months;' he told me that they were earning 7*s.* or 8*s.* a-week; and he said, 'That little girl has to go a mile and a half very early to her work, and she comes home at half-past eight, and all that I see of that child is to call her up in the morning and send her to bed, and it almost makes my heart break; we cannot get any work, and I know that I am living by the death of that child,' and he cried when he told me. In fact, they weep when they tell their tales, and the poor little children weep too."—"Have you reason to think that the introduction of this bill will have the effect of increasing the adult labour?" "I should think it would."—"Are there not some parts of the operation which are now performed by the children, and can be by them alone?" "There are some parts performed by children, which children are totally incapable to perform without destruction to their health and limbs. I know one boy who came to me the other day, who is working at a mill, who said that he was put on to the work that his father had been working at; they turned his father off; I think he said his father had 17*s.* a-week, and they were giving him 6*s.* 6*d.*; and he said, 'It is killing me, and my father is idling his time away, and has nothing to do."

But we rather apprehend that the masters, before they relinquished their hold on the children, would first try the other expedient, namely, the lowering wages in proportion as the hours of labour were lowered. This is the grand argument with the supporters of the present system. This is the cry they are constantly raising,—the alternative they are ever presenting to our view. The reliance they evidently place on this objection, makes it appear worth while to devote a few moments to its consideration.

We might almost be induced to believe, if we listened to their representations, that the state of the manufacturing population, and of the labour-market among them, was, at the present moment, on the whole, in a satisfactory state. Their position seems to be, that the people are at present tolerably well employed, and at tolerable wages. We are then to be brought to conclude, that the Ten Hours bill will just take away one-sixth or more of their employment, and the same proportion of their wages. And this, they would have us believe, would be the whole extent of its operation on the labour-market; an operation reducing the people from a state of comfort to one of absolute suffering.

But we say at once, without hesitation, that the Factory-bill cannot threaten the workmen and their families with any change from competence to poverty and suffering, because they are already labouring under the utmost degree of poverty and suffering which the law will allow to be inflicted on them. Starved they must not be, thanks to the poor-laws, which we still keep, and which, please God! we will continue to maintain, in spite of all the political economists and all the Malthusians in existence. Half-starved they already are, and that not *by* the Ten Hours bill, but—which is a very different thing—*for want* of the Ten Hours bill!

Mr. Fielden, the member for Oldham, himself one of the largest manufacturers in England, remarked in the House of Commons, on the 7th of March, that the state of the manufacturing population might be judged of from one circumstance. An article of cotton, known by the name of "third seven-quarters," was extensively manufactured at Oldham and its vicinity. "In 1814 he paid his workmen, for manufacturing a piece of this cloth, 8*s.*; in 1818, the price of weaving it had fallen to 4*s.*; in 1820, it was only 2*s* 6*d.*; in 1826, it was 1*s.* 9*d.*; and at the present moment it averaged but 1*s.* 3*d.* And yet the wages, low as they were, formed a greater proportion of the actual value of the piece of goods, than did the 8*s.* paid in 1814!"

The same gentleman has lately been instrumental in taking a survey of the state of the population in his own neighbourhood, and the following is an outline of its results. In thirty-five townships round Oldham, the families engaged in labour in the cotton manufacture were 8,362. The individuals in those families were 49,294; of these, the number unfit for work (infants, &c.) were 23,060; the workers were 23,947; those out of work only 2,287. The total weekly earnings of the 23,947 workers were 4,487*l.* 18*s.*, being an average of 3*s.* 8½*d.* for each worker, or 1*s.* 9½*d.* for the whole. The rent paid was about 3*d.* per week; and about

3½*d.* must be allowed for fuel, lights, tools, &c. This left, for food and clothing, 1*s.* 3½*d.* per week; or *twopence farthing* per day for each individual.

Testimony of a similar description was borne by Mr. Gillon, one of the Scotch members, on the 21st of March. He stated that, in his vicinity, an operative weaver, however clever at his business, could not earn more than 5*s.* 4*d.* per week, for the support of himself and his whole family; and an inferior workman could not get more than 4*s.* or 5*s.* He also adduced an example of the depreciation of prices of goods. The article of pullicats, for which there was a great demand in India, sold, in 1814, at 9*d.* per yard; in 1817 it was reduced to 7*d.*; in 1819 to 4*d.*; in 1826 to 2½*d.*; and now it was only 2¼*d.*

Mr. Brocklehurst also, a Cheshire member, made similar statements with respect to his own vicinity. He stated, that the earnings of a working manufacturer in his neighbourhood has been, in 1824, 18*s.* per week; in 1828 they had fallen to 8*s.* 6*d.*; and at the present moment they were only 4*s.* 7*d.*!

Now these things have been brought about, be it observed, not by any Ten-Hours bill, or by any Corn-bill, or by any restrictions on trade. The one main cause of this frightful depression lies here, as even the economists themselves are willing to admit—that there is, and has been for years, a glut in the market of labour,—a supply of workmen beyond the demand. The question, then, naturally recurs, how this surplus, this glut, has been originally caused?

Our reply is, and we make it with perfect confidence, that this surplus of labour in the market, is a surplus not caused, as the Malthusians would tell us, by God and nature,—but by the ungodly and unnatural proceedings of the mill-owners themselves. Their beasts are better used: no manufacturer would put his yearling colt into the shafts of his waggon, or task him with daily labour; and yet he crowds infants of six years old into his mill, confines them there, and keeps them on their feet for fifteen hours daily; while he turns their parents out of employment; and then complains of the poor-rates, and joins in the chorus of lamentation about our "surplus population."

Scores of these men have lately got into the House of Commons, and are there howling against the *Ten Hours bill*, like fiends from whose grasp a victim is being torn. Their rage is sometimes ludicrous, and nothing can exceed the absurdity of their arguments and propositions. "Send out a commission to collect evidence," says one, —there being already on the table of the house a folio volume of *six hundred pages*, containing nearly twelve thousand interrogations and answers! "The Ten Hours bill is a delusion," says another; "nothing will really benefit the workmen but a repeal of the corn-laws." Will a repeal of the corn-laws, we ask in reply, prevent you and your brethren from working children fifteen hours a day? "You will lose your whole cotton manufacture," says another. Of whom we beg to inquire,—was not our cotton manufacture in a better condition when the price of goods was double the present rate? Why, then, should the trade be lost or ruined by a change which you yourselves only calculate as leading to a rise of 25 per cent?

But we do wrong in touching upon, and the House of Commons will do wrong if it listens to, any arguments of this nature. The one main allegation before the house is this,—that, by permitting the existence of the present system, we are abetting the practice of *child-murder*. This is proved in three ways; *first*, by the evidence of the sufferers themselves,—those who have lost their health, and who *have seen others lose their lives*, by the working of the existing system; *secondly*, by the evidence of Mr. Rickman, the editor of the *Parliamentary Census*, who proves, in a few succinct tables, *the vast and appalling sacrifice of life which has taken place*, and which is now going on; and, *thirdly*, by the evidence of a host of medical men, who, by the deductions of science, and from their study of the human frame, come to the same conclusion, namely, that by any such system as that which has been described, *a vast destruction of life must inevitably be produced.*

This last head of evidence we have not before adverted to, and we have now neither space nor time to go into it. Suffice it to say, that the medical jury, if it may be so called, which was summoned on this question, consisted of perhaps the highest combination of knowledge, experience, and talent, that

ever united in any scientific conclusion. The names of Sir William Blizard, Sir Anthony Carlisle, Sir George Tuthill, Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Roget, Sir Charles Bell, Dr. Farre, Mr. Brodie, Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Key, and Mr. Green, not to enumerate the whole, will shew, that if the judgment of competent men of science be worth any thing in this case, that judgment has been obtained and recorded. And that judgment, that verdict, is, without a dissentient voice, that the present system is inevitably destructive of human life, and that ten hours is the utmost limit that can be allowed, if the lives of the children are to be considered of any value in the question.

Here, then, it appears to us, the case naturally closes. What can be said more, which shall not weaken instead of strengthening the conclusion. It is *child-murder* which we are discussing, —and not, be it remembered, murder by strangulation, or poison, or drowning, or the knife, or any other mild and merciful infliction,— but *murder by slowly-protracted torments!* It is the dragging infants out of their beds hours before daylight; immuring them in impure atmospheres till a late hour at night, while their limbs bend into frightful distortion, their lungs become stuffed with poisonous dust, and their flesh is blackened with continual blows. It is the witnessing the death of four out of five before the age of twenty, under these torments; and the utter ruin, soul and body, of the survivors, from deformity, premature decrepitude, and destructive vices. It is this system which now awaits its verdict before a British public and a British parliament; and fearful will be the responsibility of that man who votes for its continuance, or would retard its condemnation.

Many of our readers will find it difficult to realise the scenes we have placed before them,— scenes so abhorrent to the feelings, as to find admission into the mind only with great difficulty. Verse will sometimes gain a way where dry prose is rejected from the memory. An affecting fact, stated by the witness Gillett Sharpe (page 210 of the *Evidence*) has been thrown into rhyme, and we give it, without consulting the writer. Let the reader observe, that it conveys merely a simple statement of a fact which really took place, and which, we fear we must add, is of no uncommon occurrence.

" 'Twas on a winter's morning,
The weather wet and wild,
Three hours before the dawning
The father roused his child;
Her daily morsel bringing,
The darksome room he paced,
And cried, 'The bell is ringing,
My hapless darling, haste!'

'Father, I'm up, but weary,
I scarce can reach the door,
And long the way and dreary,—
O carry me once more!
To help us we've no mother,
And you have no employ;
They killed my little brother,—
Like him I'll work and die!'

Her wasted form seemed nothing,—
The load was at his heart;
The sufferer he kept soothing
Till at the mill they part.
The overlooker met her,
As to her frame she crept,
And with his thong he beat her,
And cursed her as she wept.

Alas! what hours of horror
Made up her latest day;
In toil, and pain, and sorrow,
They slowly passed away:
It seemed, as she grew weaker,
The threads the oftener broke,
The rapid wheels ran quicker,
And heavier fell the stroke.

The sun had long descended,
But night brought no repose;
*Her* day began and ended
As cruel tyrants chose.
At length a little neighbour
Her halfpenny she paid,
To take her last hour's labour,
While by her frame she laid.

At last, the engine ceasing,
The captives homeward rushed;
She thought her strength increasing—
'Twas hope her spirits flushed:
She left, but oft she tarried;
She fell and rose no more,
Till, by her comrades carried,
She reached her father's door.

All night, with tortured feeling,
He watched his speechless child;
While, close beside her kneeling,
She knew him not, nor smiled.
Again the Factory's ringing
Her last perceptions tried;
When, from her straw-bed springing,
'Tis time!' she shrieked, and died!

That night a chariot passed her,
While on the ground she lay;
The daughters of her master
An evening visit pay;
Their tender hearts were sighing
As negro wrongs were told,
While the white slave was dying
Who gained their father's gold!'"

## CELEBRATED TRIALS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

### No. I.

### SCHINDERHANNES, THE ROBBER OF THE RHINE, AND PIERRE COIGNARD, OTHERWISE PONTIS, COMTE DE SAINTE HELENE.

THE banks of the Rhine had suffered severely from the ravages of war. Since the commencement of the French revolution, they had been the scenes of constant struggles. Havoc and desolation had been spread far and wide. The fields had long lain waste; the farm-houses had, from the general insecurity, been long untenanted, and fallen into decay; the inhabitants of the villages, and even towns, were threatened by a dreadful famine: all labour, employment, and traffic, were at a stand. Robbery and pillage were naturally resorted to. Bands of marauders were formed; and not only every traveller was stopped and ransacked, but houses and villages, and even towns, were entered with a reckless and extravagant boldness; and while the banditti seized with a rapacious and unsparing hand upon their plunder, murders of the most cruel and revolting kind too frequently marked their progress. The various bands, to increase their mutual strength, acted in concert. They had their respective leaders, and their outposts; and, in every direction, their spies and informers. The scene of action was quite immaterial to these outlaws; they generally and suddenly appeared where the civil or military authority was least awake, or least able to resist their formidable attacks. For the most part, it was observed that the bands established themselves in those parts of the Low Countries which were adjacent to Holland, or extending towards the Rhine, and along both the banks of this river. The many petty principalities, free towns, forests, fortresses, and ruins of castles, which are to be found on the borders of this stream, offered security and refuge to the robbers. The most famous of the bandit captains were Pickard, of Belgium and Holland, and Schinderhannes. The several bands date their origin from the years 1793 and 1794. They consisted of men of all classes—labourers, artisans, wood-cutters, travelling musicians, and vagabonds of every description: there were many Jews of their number. The bandits of the Rhine made the right bank of the river their head-quarters, where an extent of country, embracing Kirn, Simmern, and Birkenfeld, was wild and mountainous, with many gorges and valleys. It contained numerous isolated farm-houses and mills, affording them favourable opportunities for plundering the wayfarer (cut off by the nature of the road from all help), and making a precipitate retreat to some neighbouring place of concealment.

There were strict regulations for the conduct of the respective bands. Their assembling in great numbers, or remaining long in any spot which was not marked by the chief as the point of rendezvous, was strictly forbidden. Whenever the chief saw this injunction disobeyed, he threatened to deliver up the delinquents to the arm of justice. He never permitted above two or three of his men to reside in the same town or village. If a member changed his residence, he was obliged to give instant information to the receiver (*kochemer mann*) of the district, that, in case of need, he might be summoned without difficulty. By means such as these, a body of eighty or a hundred members, with their accomplices and informers, were bound by the closest and indissoluble ties, and enabled to collect their force on a sudden emergency, strike a blow, dissolve again, and vanish with impenetrable secrecy, leaving the whole country in a stupor of wonder, as if the transaction was the effect of magic. To preserve their mysteries inviolate every method was resorted to. For this purpose, they not only changed frequently their places of abode, but their names, habits, dress, and demeanour. An individual who had been acting as a Jew-broker at Cologne, suddenly began to figure at Spa or at Aix-la-Chapelle as a Dutch merchant or a German baron, who

* Causes Criminelles Célèbres du XIXe Siècle, rédigées par une Société d'Avocats. Tom. VIII. Paris, 1827.

kept open house, lavished his money among his newly-acquired friends, and staked immense sums at play :. the following week, the same person was tracking the forest at the head of his band, and steeping his hands in the heart's blood of some unhappy traveller. The robbers, with wonderful dexterity, obtained passports,— not fabricated, but duly signed by the municipal authorities. This part of their economy was under the management of women, of whom numbers belonged to each band. Their object was to get introductions to the civil and military authorities, and, by their beauty and engaging manners, to entice the heads of the departments to the abandonment of their duty. Thus were the robbers assisted by the very parties whose vigilance and care should have been directed to the detection of the criminals. As an additional precaution for insuring their own impunity, the robbers preferred to engage in expeditions at a distance from their abode. From the banks of the Meuse, they would hasten to Dunkirk, or appear in the streets of Mayence; and thence would they hurry to devastate the peaceful farm-houses and small towns of the Weser or the Elbe.

No expedition was undertaken except under the express advice and information of a spy, who, in their slang, was called *baldover*. He was generally a Jew; but never allowed to form a component part of the band. It was his business to mingle in the throng of the towns and cities, to travel through the country, obtain intelligence respecting the riches of individuals, the number of the inmates of each dwelling, and many other circumstances calculated to facilitate the robbery, and then to hurry to one of the neighbouring bands, and drive a bargain on his own account. If the terms were not commensurate with his own rapacious desires, he proceeded to the next band, invariably giving the information where he was best paid. These execrable wretches were the prime cause of most of the horrid acts of the Bandits. In order to enhance their own reward, they not unfrequently gave a highly-coloured and false account of the wealth and means of the intended victim. The robbers, after ransacking the dwelling, and finding nothing to equal the golden representations of the *baldover*, commenced to threaten their prisoner, and afterwards to ill-treat him. Murders of the most atrocious kind were in this way perpetrated. The *baldovers* were often the purchasers (*scherfenspieler*) of the property, and by this abominable method they contrived to make a double profit out of their brutal tools the robbers. When the *baldover* and the chief had agreed on terms, and the latter was convinced of the practicability of the project, the band was summoned without delay. This meeting was termed a *viataff*, and was effected, for the most part, by a circular note, written and sent to the members of the band, who were invited to attend at a certain spot, for carrying through and concluding *a business* transaction (*maseriatten*). Sometimes the captain himself communicated the intelligence to the members of his band. When all were assembled agreeably to summons, the captain or the *baldover* repeated his proposition, and the details of the undertaking; then commenced a discussion among the most experienced of the body on the reasonableness of the enterprise, the facilities which it presented, and the perils to be encountered. The matter was decided by the majority of voices. If many dangers were to be overcome, the band was divided into various sections, with their respective chiefs, and distinct duties,— such as the securing the advance, the pillaging the premises, or the covering the retreat. The robberies were most common in the autumn and the spring. In those seasons the nights are long, and favourable, by their darkness, to the purposes of the marauder. During the winter the roads were impracticable; and the light of summer was inauspicious to their expeditions of guilt. The bandits especially lay impassive during snowy weather and moonlight nights; and the judicial proceedings further proved, that Saturdays and Sundays were most fruitful of crimes. The robbers, who often were tradesmen, were less busy on those days, and houses were less guarded. Not only spies, but other accessories, were principally Jews. The number of the band proceeded to their rendezvous in small divisions of three or four. The more wealthy proceeded on horseback, and even in carriages; but not so much on the score of comfort as to impose on the eyes of the authorities. Some, disguising themselves as waggoners,

would drive carts, covered so as to have the appearance of containing bales of goods, whereas they were empty, and only intended to convey away the articles which they could collect by plunder. Great caution was taken lest, in the obscurity of the forests, the tracks traversed by preceding parties might be missed by those that followed. Signs and marks were carefully placed at every angle of the road. Sometimes a piece of paper was stuck on a branch of a tree, or on a sign-post; at others, those in advance, at each turning made a small furrow in the ground, with a small one across it: this last indicated the direction of their march. Those following did the same; and in this way the last divisions not only recognised the road, but, from the furrows, knew the number of their companions who were in advance. Sometimes, again, the robbers tore down a large branch of a tree, and laid it along the road, the foliage being in the direction of their journey. These signs, in their slang, were called *kochemersink*. Their cry and note of recognition was a shrill and long whoop, like an owl's; whistling was thought vulgar, and as the sure means of detection. The rendezvous was in the immediate vicinity of the place of action, and was sheltered by a forest, or cluster of trees, or was perhaps a valley or gorge. An hour or two was allowed for repose and final disposition of their means, before they proceeded to action. Arms were then carefully examined, and pistols (*schnelles*) well charged. Torches were distributed, and the word was given for advance. The band proceeded with noiseless steps; first came the captain, and after him those who carried the battering ram, which was a beam of wood, or the trunk of a tree, twelve feet long, and as thick and heavy as possible. When neither of these were at hand, the robbers would pull up a road-post, or even a large cross from the burying-ground. The battering ram was applied to the door, and admission was instantly gained for the robbers. The captain carried an iron lever in his hand, which was not only the token of command, but intended for breaking open cupboards or chests, while other tools were distributed among the band. The robbers always took the precaution of blackening their faces. Often, too, they spoke in feigned voices; and, in the presence of their victims, cautioned each other against speaking loudly, lest they should be discovered. Their object in this was to force on the sufferer's mind a conviction that the perpetrators of the deed were of his own place of abode.

If they met, during their expedition, with any wayfarer, he was immediately robbed, bound, and confined, till after the main object had been attained, lest he might identify them, or, by giving information, render their proceedings abortive. On their arrival in the town on which their purpose was bent, they first despatched some one acquainted with the locality to stop up the keyhole of the church-door, to prevent the sounding of the alarum. They next seized the watchmen, deprived them of their horns and rattles, and detained them during the progress of the robbery. Sentries of their own (*schemier*) were then posted in every direction, the most determined of the bandits being selected for this office. They were furnished with carbines, pistols, and thirty or forty charges. On some occasions their orders were to keep up a continuous fire, so as to make their intended victims believe that their force was irresistible, and the neighbours that there was a serious affray in the streets, and that they could not expose themselves at their windows without the greatest danger. In places traversed by the French army, the brigands sang French songs, and swore common French oaths, that they might pass for deserters.

When all were at their post, the captain gave the word and led on the attack. The torches were lighted, and the ram was applied to the principal door. This step was in their slang denominated *lekechen kauffgesf ausseren*. If there was a window (*gallaunech*) through which appeared a light (*nir ein beyes scheft*), the carbines were directed towards it. When the door had been driven in by the ram, and the windows had given way to the axes, the captain precipitated himself forward, and was followed by his band. If any of his men hesitated, or shewed signs of fear, he slew him on the spot. More torches were then lighted, so as to bring every object of value into view. All the members of the family, without distinction of sex or age, were bound, laid along the floor, and rolled up in blankets, sheets, carpets, or whatever

was readiest; sometimes they were smothered in the operation. Threats and violence were next used to make their wretched victims disclose the amount of their valuables and property; and whenever, through the exaggerations of the *baldover*, the amount fell short of their expectation, which was too often the case, the most diabolical cruelty was exercised by the banditti. The killed and wounded of the band were removed; and when this was found to be impracticable, the last blow was given to the latter by the robbers themselves, that none of their comrades might fall alive into the power of the authorities.

On quitting the scene of action, the band shouted and kept up a firing, in order to impose on the inhabitants of the town, and give them an idea of their unabated courage and ardour. When, however, they were fairly in the country, silence was ordered by the captain; the high roads were avoided; and, in case of pursuit, they concealed themselves in forests or corn-fields. A retired spot was then selected for the division of the booty. The captain had a right to not only all that during the engagement he had appropriated to himself and carried off, but to a two-fold, and even threefold, share of the amassed booty. If the *baldover* happened to be absent on such occasions, he was a considerable sufferer; for the robbers had a great contempt for the spies, and never cared about keeping a just reckoning with them.

A favourite amusement with the robbers, when keeping watch, or tarrying in a forest, a place of rendezvous, or a house of concealment (*kochemer beyes*), was to get up sham trials, in which the parts of president of the tribunal, of judges, and other officials, of the criminal and witnesses, were taken by members of the band, and all the parade and proceedings of a court of justice were observed with a mock solemnity. Another mode of occupying their time, was to exercise their ingenuity in opening the most intricate locks of every description; and so expert had many become, that a simple nail sufficed for undoing the most complicated fastening. Thus were they enabled to loosen the chains with which they were loaded in their prisons, and often, without the slightest noise, to escape from their confinement, or enter through the most firmly-locked doors. The way in which they could break through the thickest walls was astonishing. Their wives and mistresses were of the greatest assistance to the robbers in all their extremities; for they ceaselessly exercised their invention in obtaining admission into the prisons with a supply of the instruments best adapted for effecting their liberty.

It was after the banditti had arrived at such perfect organisation, that the re-establishment of peace allowed a stricter administration of justice along the two banks of the Rhine. The authorities, both civil and military, aided by the inhabitants of the towns, then determined to destroy the bands of the marauders. In former times, the names of Finck, of Black Peter, or Schwarze Peter, of Zughetto, of Siebert, recalled all that is darkest or most abominable in the annals of crime; but then villages were not exposed to the sudden excursions of banditti—to those lawless assaults which menaced the safety of a whole community, and the fortunes of the affluent individual. Now, however, a common danger awaited all: one person spread consternation throughout the whole country. He was young, clever, subtle, ubiquitous. No danger was too great for his courage—no emergency too desperate for his ready invention. He openly appeared with his mistress leaning on his arm in the very spot which, on the previous night, had been the scene of violence; he frequented fairs, and constantly resorted to taverns and public places of entertainment, where any of his numberless victims might have recognised him, and pointed out his person to the rigid arm of justice. At one moment he was spreading havoc and consternation on the right bank of the Rhine; the next saw him with his band of desperadoes on the opposite side, directing his march, from sure information, on some peaceful hamlet or isolated farm-house. His agents and accomplices were spread, like an invisible net, over the whole country—no eye, however careful—no cunning, however acute, could escape them. The terror, in fact, of the whole province was SCHINDERHANNES.

This celebrated bandit had not always enjoyed an undisturbed security of person. The police had seized him more than once, bound him in chains, and cast him into dungeons; but he

had as often effected his escape. At length the authorities determined to increase their vigilance;—the inhabitants of the Rhine countries recovered from the consternation in which they had been held, as though it had been a magic spell, by the daring exploits of the freebooters. They rose in a mass, and, aided by the police and the military, hemmed in Schinderhannes, and held him at bay. After flying from haunt to haunt, assuming disguises for the purpose of giving the slip to the hounds of the law, but in vain—worn out by his exertions, and seized with despair, he resolved to enrol himself as a common soldier in the service of Austria, and thus to escape from the country under a false name. He took that of James Schweichart, proceeded to Limburg, enlisted, and was discovered and taken.

On the 31st May, 1802, Fuchs, grand bailly of the Elector of Treves, was scouring with a patrol round the environs of Haussen, Eissenbach, and Haintgen. He was not more than a quarter of a league from Wolfenhausen, when he perceived, about three hundred paces before him, on the high road, a man who had just come out of a piece of corn. There was something suspicious about him. He ordered his troop to halt, and, accompanied by the miller of Nieder Selters, he galloped towards the individual. He stopped within ten paces of the stranger, who was ordered to approach. He did so without hesitation. He was neatly dressed, having on a shooting-jacket and hussar pantaloons. He had in his hand a long whip, the handle of which was garnished with morocco leather. To the inquiries of Fuchs, he readily answered that he came from Weilbach, and was, for purposes of traffic, proceeding to Wolfenhausen, and that he had left his conveyance at a village on the hill. His passport was demanded. At this he evinced symptoms of alarm; but replied, that he had no occasion for a passport, as he was an inhabitant of the canton. His embarrassment, however, and the alteration in his voice, excited the suspicion of his inquisitor. Fuchs looked at him steadily for a moment, then seizing him by the collar, and exclaiming, "*Tu es un coquin!*" he gave him in charge to his troop. As they proceeded, the stranger entered freely into conversation with his guards, and gave them snuff and tobacco. While they entered Wolfenhausen, he whispered to one of them an offer of a good reward if he would favour his escape. But this the guard told him was impossible, as his comrades had their carbines ready, and could not fail of hitting him in his rash attempt. When arrived at Wolfenhausen, he was recognised by the officer of another patrol, stationed at Runkel, as a prisoner that had a few days since been arrested and effected his escape. He accordingly reclaimed him, obtained the custody of his person, had him well bound and conducted to Runkel. The stranger on this addressed himself to an Austrian officer, and engaged in the service of that country under the name of James Schweichart. He was thus transferred to the depôt for the recruits at Limburg. Information, however, was given to the grand bailly by a countryman, that this Schweichart was no other than the famous Schinderhannes. Fuchs and the Austrian officer Schäfer examined not only the informant, but his brother, George Zarvas, also one of the recruits, and his mistress Lisel. The countryman's information was correct,—the bandit chief was in their power.

Every precaution was immediately taken to secure the person of the robber, without wakening his suspicions. The pretended Schweichart was chained, under the pretext that that was the customary treatment for the recruits while they were being conducted to the depôt of Frankfort. To impose upon him the more effectually, they chained in a similar manner another recruit named Ebel. Schweichart, supposing that the captain did this under the belief that he would desert, offered him a sum of money which he had about his person; but his gift was rejected. He was conveyed to Wisbaden under the escort of some soldiers of Treves, and some young men from Limburg armed with guns. At Kirberg he was bound more closely. He became sullen and dogged, and occasionally made angry observations and replies to those around him. At Wisbaden, Julie Bläsius, the mistress of Schinderhannes, offered an Austrian officer three louis if he would prevent the prisoner from passing by Cassel, opposite to Mayence. Schinderhannes had an extreme dread of the French, of whom he expected to see

many, as a matter of course, at Cassel. On quitting Wisbaden he lost his self-possession, and exclaimed that he was undone. The soldier who was fixed to the same chain with him immediately shouted with laughter, and said, "Ha, ha! so, then, we have you fast this time!"

At Frankfort he was delivered to the civil authority; and, again handed over, on a special requisition, to that of Mayence. He was escorted to the prison of the latter place by a body of French gendarmes. The arrest and subsequent punishment of Schinderhannes put an end to the marauding system on the banks of the Rhine.

Jean Buckler, otherwise Schinderhannes, or the *Flayer*, was born in 1779, at Mulhen, near Nastätten, in Katzenellbogen, on the right bank of the Rhine. His father was of no fixed occupation, gaining his bread principally by vagabondising through the country. The son was necessarily neglected, and he soon got into an irreclaimable habit of idleness. When he was sixteen he was intrusted with a sum of money, which he spent; and he absconded from his family. This was followed by some petty robberies; but the produce of these not being sufficient for his subsistence, he engaged in the service of a butcher, with whom he remained till he was eighteen. Vice was inherent in his nature; he could not withstand its impulse. He was caught in the act of pilfering from the French baggage-wagons, and owed his safety to a party of Austrians, who opportunely rescued him. He entered into the service of another butcher; but he was caught again in the act of thieving, and sent to the prison of Kirn, where he was well flogged. He made his escape, and proceeded to the Hochwald, where he joined Jacques Finck, otherwise *Rothefinck*. With this celebrated freebooter he stole a great many horses. They were joined by Schwarze Peter and his son. The four continued to steal horses; but to this they added plunder of all kinds. Travellers were stopped on the high road; and the Jews were principally sufferers. Schinderhannes was again caught, and sent to the prison of Sarrebruch; but he escaped during the first night of his detention there, and immediately rejoined Black Peter. From this moment he became a confirmed robber. His fame began to spread far and wide; and he was quickly acknowledged by all to be the expertest of the brigands. Black Peter wished him betimes to steep his hands in human blood; but to this his comrade at first evinced a repugnance. On one occasion they went to Thiergarten, to tell a peasant, from whom they had stolen two horses, that the beasts should be restored on the payment of a sum of money. While they were waiting to fulfil the bargain, Black Peter got madly drunk with brandy, when he quarrelled with the inmates of the house where they were, broke their furniture, and ill-treated them. Presently came in three Jews from Guemunden, when he wanted to force them to play on the fiddle, and threatened to slay them on the spot if they did not comply. Schinderhannes interposed, and saved the Jews from the infliction of his wrath. Then a Jew of Seiffersbach happened to appear on the high road of Simmern. Black Peter pointed to him, and desired his companion to run and kill him, for he had inflicted on himself a grievous injury; but Schinderhannes refused to meddle in the business. Peter then said he would do so; but desired his comrade to keep a sharp eye on the three Jews of Guemunden, for he was resolved to have a tune on the fiddle. He came up with the Seiffersbacher, beat him violently, and murdered him, then ransacked his pockets, and took his watch. While he was thus occupied, five or six peasants came along the same road; but Black Peter, without being disconcerted in the slightest degree, dragged the body behind a tree, and did not leave the spot till the peasants had nearly come up to the body. The alleged injury was as follows: Peter with some of his friends was passing through the forest of Shon, when he made violent love to the wife of one of the party. She was of a rare beauty. He persuaded her to lag behind, and seated himself by her side at the root of a tree. The Jew perceived them, and informed the husband; who returned, fell upon the woman, and stabbed her on the spot. Peter would not interfere: his conscience, he said, would not suffer him to meddle between man and wife; but he swore to have the life of him who had denounced her, and he fulfilled his vow.

In the newly-acquired French provinces, which were the haunts of the

brigands, government, when it began to feel itself secure, gathered up its strength for the purpose of exterminating the dragon's brood from the soil. The functions of the jury were suspended, martial-law proclaimed, and a special commission appointed to take its sittings at Mayence. Schinderhannes and his accomplices were arraigned before it. At Frankfort the robber-chief had undergone an examination before the magistrates; and to these he promised a full confession of his whole career, on condition that he were not transported to the left bank of the Rhine, and delivered over to the French. When at Mayence, however, being convinced that every channel of escape would be closed and vigilantly watched, and persuading himself that an open avowal of his crimes, although it placed his accomplices in the hands of justice, would, nevertheless, be the means of preserving his own life, he at once resolved upon confession.

Schinderhannes laid open the whole course of his dissolute and guilty career. He knew, he said, that he had committed an infinity of crimes, more or less amenable to law; but he relied on his extreme youth, on the early tissue of unfortunate circumstances that had driven him to transgression, on the impossibility of his gaining a livelihood by other means, his deep repentance, and the conduct which even as a brigand had been observed by him—added to the free confession of his own misdeeds, and those of his accomplices, with their names—for his full pardon from government.

He was born at Muhlen, and his father gained his livelihood by skinning cattle. He was scarcely four years of age when his father left Muhlen to emigrate into Poland; but, on the journey, he enlisted in the imperial regiment of Hildburghausen, which was then in garrison at Olmutz, in Moravia. When he was nine years of age, his father deserted; his mother and himself followed him to the Prussian frontiers, where they again met with him. With a Prussian passport they came to the banks of the Rhine, at Merzweiler, on the Hundsruck, where his father was born. They successively resided at Hommerich, Langweilen, and Hobstetten, where his father was a *garde champêtre*. Here Schinderhannes went to school; and at Cappeln he was confirmed in the Lutheran faith. After this his father lived at Hommerich, Kirchenbollenbach, Idar, and Weitsrod. At this last place he left his father, on account of his first avowed crime: this was in 1797.

He was then a little more than fifteen years of age. An innkeeper, by name Koch, gave him a louis to buy some brandy at Oberstein. Instead of fulfilling his commission, he spent the money in drink with a man named Hannfried. He dared not after this return to Weitsrod; but wandered into the country, when absolute hunger compelled him to his first open robbery. It was a horse, which he readily sold to one Henri Delis, at Trois Etangs. After this he entered into the service of a man named Nagel, at Barenbach; but him he soon left, and took service with his cousin Buckler, at Sobernheim. Shortly after he made the acquaintance of a young butcher at Kirn, who advised Schinderhannes to steal sheep and bring them to him for sale. He committed several robberies of sheep; and he was assisted by one Nagel, of Weyden.

These robberies roused the attention of the magistrates of Kirn, and suspicion fell on Schinderhannes. He was arrested, but escaped on the first night of his detention; and afterwards called on a butcher, named Franz, for two dollars which he owed the robber. Thence he proceeded to Henneweiler, where he met with Mullerhannes and Patronellen Michel, to whom he recounted his adventures. He was their companion for a short time; and then went to his cousin Hahn's, in the Hohwald, and to the widow Dupré. Here he was for some time, and committed depredations round the whole country,—at Meisenheim, Wieswellen, Birkenfeld, and Muhl.

He fled from the last place; and after wandering in the Hohwald, he resolved to cross the Rhine, and visit his mother's relations. But he unfortunately fell in with Jacques Finck of Treberhanneschütt, who, taking advantage of Schinderhannes' abject condition, persuaded him to join his band, consisting of Jean George, Keesgen, Schwarze Peter, Ildes Jacob, Jager Philippe, and others. He was again taken, and again sent to Sarrebruck, with Finck and Keesgen for his companions in durance. But they forced a hole through their prison, and escaped. His evil genius kept full possession of

his movements. He returned to his accustomed occupation, and was once more caught at Shruppenbach, and cast into prison. His confinement was severe. Loaded with chains, he was flung into a dark and damp cellar, whence he was allowed for a few hours daily to ascend and breathe more freely in an upper chamber, itself a strong dungeon, where he found Philippe Arnold of Argenthel. His motions were rigorously watched by a burgher guard. He persuaded one of them to lend him a knife, and he cut and loosened one of the boards of the upper chamber, and opened a passage into the kitchen of the building; then taking the rope by which he was wont to ascend from his vault, he got down and made his way into the kitchen, the windows of which were fortified by bars of iron. He managed, however, to burst through even this barrier, and took a fearful leap to the ground. By this feat he rid himself of his prison; but a heavy stone, which had been detached from the wall, fell upon him and broke his leg. He contrived, notwithstanding, to lay hold of a hop-pole, and by its assistance dragged himself along with difficulty to the forest of Berghausen. The next night he continued his painful journey as far as the mill of Appertermuhl, near Gellweiler, and the day after as far as the mill of Berkenmuhl, where he tasted food for the first time since his evasion. Thence he proceeded to Souschild, and took refuge with Charles Engers. These efforts had reduced him to great weakness: the flesh from his knees and his arms had been worn away, and the bones laid bare. In three weeks he was recovered, and again took to the highway and the dark forest, with Martin Schmidt, Philippe Gellust, Charles Benzel, Charles Engers, Pierre Dalheimer, George Otton, Pick Arnold, and others.

In their company he committed various robberies; and then crossing the Rhine, became acquainted with many members of the band of the Pays Bas. He assumed the character of a travelling merchant (or rather pedlar), and sold not only whatever he stole, but supplied himself with articles for traffic at Frankfort. His name was Jacques Ofenbach; and he traversed the country of the Bergstrasse, the Lahn, and Mayngund. He lived freely; and when his funds were exhausted, he recrossed the Rhine for fresh supplies.

He had, however, long wished to abandon his scandalous course of life. He appealed for the truth of this assertion to Lichtenberger, inspector of the salt-pits at Münster. He declared that he had sought from that functionary the means to enter society again. The statements of the brigand were borne out in a great degree by the testimony of his referree. In April 1802, said the latter, he went to a neighbouring forest with one Kron, a wood merchant, and his partner, to mark some trees for felling. They were proceeding towards the farm-house in the midst of the forest, when they perceived that they had been observed by one of Schinderhannes' outposts. The alarm was sounded — the brigands came forth, taking the three intruders for gendarmes in disguise. Lichtenberger had about him jewels and money to a large amount: he, moreover, carried a fowling-piece, and he dreaded the worst. But, notwithstanding, he went towards the bandit chief, who also came forward to meet him. He had a reputation for greater clemency than his companions. He had, moreover, during his service under Nagel, been frequently at the inspector's house at Wayerbach; and added to this, Julie Blasius, who was the daughter of a poor peasant near the inspector's domains, had had frequent relief at his hands. This fact was, it appears, not absent from the memory of Schinderhannes; for he received the inspector with the utmost courtesy, and holding him in conversation for half an hour, dismissed him, notwithstanding Black Peter's desire for plunder, and perhaps murder. This fierce ruffian had stood by Schinderhannes during the whole interview, casting looks of intent desire on the watch, the buckles, and fowling-piece of Lichtenberger. The latter, on his escape, bethought him of various other acts of forbearance on the part of the principal bandit, and wished, if possible, to reclaim him from habits of infamy. An additional trait in his conduct confirmed the inspector's determination: he remembered that Schinderhannes had frequently sent money to his younger brother, who was a farm-labourer, with strong exhortations to avoid robbery. M. Perard, the receiver of Breugnach, was desirous to capture Schinderhannes,

and made proposals to the inspector; but he not only generously resolved not to endanger the life of one who had spared his, but even got Perard to request the pardon of the outlaw through Bruges, president of the criminal tribunal, at the hands of M. Jean Bon-Saint-André, commissary of the government, on condition that he immediately broke up his band. He made overtures to this effect to the robber himself, by means of the owner of a hovel in the forest where Schinderhannes often sought shelter. But the latter had been gaining confidence with the advance of spring: the trees, he said, were fast sprouting, and he could again find certain shelter in the woods. The gendarmes, notwithstanding his assurance, were in a few weeks pressing him so hard, that he returned to the forest-hut, and promised to accept Lichtenberger's proposals, provided he were admitted into the army. He promised thenceforth to lead an exemplary and useful life. But an ordonnance at this time inopportunely forbad all negotiation with bandit chiefs, who were to be hunted down, and undergo the utmost rigour of the law. The inspector communicated the sad tidings to Schinderhannes, advising him never to reappear on the left bank of the Rhine. The robber accordingly took his departure, with evident signs of sorrow. He proceeded to the opposite bank, with the intention of selling at Runkel various articles collected by depredation: he was warned away, but still persisted, and was arrested. Then he declared his intention of serving in the imperial troops; and being conducted to Frankfort, was claimed by the French, and given up to the tribunal of Mentz. The bandit's confession informed the police of fifty-two principal robberies, and compromised the safety of a multitude of individuals.

It would be impossible to follow him throughout his career, by a minute examination of his transgressions. We can only afford space for a few selections. The indictment was founded on the chief's confession.

He commenced his career singly; but very shortly, as we have seen, he associated himself with others, and by his activity, courage, and resources, transcended and led his companions. He was an ardent admirer of the sex, and had several mistresses. At first he was enamoured of Marianne Schäfer; she was only fourteen, but beautiful in face, and lovely in person. Marianne's mother had had various dealings with Schinderhannes' band, the most conspicuous members of which proffered their suit to the youthful beauty; but they were severally rejected for the handsome captain. One of the number, however, nicknamed the Blacken-Klas, determined on the possession of Marianne, and forcing his way into her dwelling, he demanded to see her. Marianne concealed herself in the cellar, and the robber vented his rage in horrible threats, and departed after pillaging the dwelling. The mother complained to Schinderhannes when he came to visit his mistress; and he, accompanied by Seibert, pursued the depredator, whom he overtook at Baldenau, where, falling on him without warning, he stabbed him repeatedly with a knife, and then despatched him with a bludgeon. At his trial, the captain said that it was not he, but Seibert, who gave the final blow. He could not be contradicted, for Seibert was dead.

The murder of the Jew Seligmann, by Black Peter, made a great noise, and Schinderhannes left the district where it occurred for another; but, after a year's absence, he returned, and by a series of audacious proceedings spread consternation around. Beckenfeld was particularly auspicious to his exploits. Two worthy merchants of Mayence, and a Jew physician of Bingen, went to Bercherbach, near Kirn. The roads were rendered formidable by the banditti; and two individuals were noticed in an inn making inquiries about their return. The conveyance from Kreuznach took up the travellers, who were escorted by four armed men. They arrived at Sobernheim in safety, where they were persuaded to dismiss their escort, and hire two men who were reported to know well Black Peter and his band. They set out to complete their journey; but the weather was foggy, and roads heavy; and when they were ascending a steep hill, the driver desired the two men to get down and lighten the carriage. They did so; the carriage moved on so rapidly, that they were unable to overtake it; and it was stopped within a short distance of Bockelheim by five men. One discharged a pistol at the party without hurting either of the travellers, and

then commanded them to descend. Two of the robbers then fell on them, took every thing valuable from their persons, and ransacked the carriage. They then threatened the travellers with death if they divulged the transaction, and departed, taking with them a very considerable booty.

Each night was witness to fresh violence. Schinderhannes resolved to plunder the dwelling of Reigel of Otzweiler. He came by night to the mill of Antesmuhl, demanded admittance, and ordered the miller to prepare an excellent supper for himself and his companions. Various dainties were laid on the tables, and the robbers made a hearty repast. Not satisfied with their entertainment, they demanded money. But the little which the miller had, enraged the banditti; and they not only beat him severely, but broke his furniture, and then proceeded to Otzweiler. They were fifteen in number, and went directly to the residence of Reigel. Schinderhannes knocked at the door, and said that he was a member of the police come to seize persons denounced. He gained admission, and entered with Benzel and Engers, leaving the others to keep watch outside the house. They wanted to secure the inmates; but Reigel's son-in-law endeavoured to escape, and was wounded dangerously by a musket-ball. The robbers fell upon Reigel's wife, beat her, and threatened her life if she did not on the instant give up her valuables. Reigel on this endeavoured to escape by a window, but was brought down by a sure aim, and fell dead upon the spot. The neighbourhood was by this time awakened by the firing, and the robbers thought fit to retreat; but not before a woman in an adjoining house, who unadvisedly had opened her window, had been mortally wounded in the breast. The expedition was abortive; but Schinderhannes, three days after, planned another. Between eight and nine in the evening, the house of one Müller, at Raumbach, was entered by an individual armed with a rifle, who wanted to light his pipe. He approached the candle, and entered into conversation with Muller's son-in-law, of whom he demanded if he were the master; and on his denial he read a written paper, the terms of which demanded thirty louis of Müller under the severest threats. He was told that money was scarce; but the stranger insisted that the sum should be sent by the morrow to a particular spot near the village, and retired. Müller and his family sent accordingly about half of the money demanded, which seemed to satisfy the exactors. Shortly after, several Jews and others, returning from the fair of Baumholder, were attacked by Schinderhannes and a companion, who addressed themselves only to the Jews, and took from them seven florins. They afterwards committed some robberies on the same day, not only in the country, but in the midst of the village of Fornhausen, in the most open manner. The Jews were especial marks for the attacks of the banditti.

Schinderhannes about this time became enamoured of Julie Blasius, a musician's daughter, and determined to make her his own. She was extremely beautiful; and, on her examination, she thus accounted for having joined the fortunes of the bandit chief. "A man from Dickesbach," she said, "with whose name I am unacquainted, came to my native village, and met me in the cabaret of Jacques Frihsch, with my sister Margaret. This man told me and my sister that we must accompany him to the forest of Dolbach, about a quarter of a league from our abode, as some one wished to speak to me there. He would neither mention to us his name, nor the reason of his invitation. I was at first unwilling to go there, but this man at last persuaded me. My sister was my companion. When I reached the forest, I met a handsome young man, who proposed to me to leave my parents, and follow him. Notwithstanding his fine promises, I refused his suit; but he threatened to kill me; and thus was I constrained to accompany this stranger. It was not till long after, and when I was far from my parents, that I learned his name. He was the famous Schinderhannes."

The chief gained considerable sums by levying a kind of *black mail* around the villages, and granting passports to merchants, Jews, and countrymen. He was, moreover, guilty of an act of glaring audacity, which is worth mentioning. With Pick and Dalleimer, he had posted himself on a rock near the castle of Bockelheim, where he was waiting for Jews returning from the fair of Kreutznach. Forty-five of them approached, and five peasants;

but the robbers were not intimidated by numbers. The spot which they had selected for the robbery was a hollow in the road. Schinderhannes hid himself behind a rock, while his companions planted themselves in the opening of the pass. The Jews were suddenly called on to stand—the robbers issued from their concealment, and wounding two of their victims who attempted an escape, demanded their money from the party. But they were poor, and had only a few kreutzers. Being satisfied with this, the captain ordered all to take off their shoes and stockings, and place them in a heap. He then desired each to take his own. The consequence was, that a quarrel took place among the Jews: they who had surrendered their lives to the banditti, fought with determined fury about their shoes and stockings. Schinderhannes, to shew his contempt for the party, gave his carbine to one of their body to hold, while he gathered from the ground the watches that he had taken from the Israelites.

His next conspicuous exploit was at Hottenbach, where a Jew named Wolff had been pointed out by others of his order as able and fit to come within the robber's black mail system. He sent the Jew an order for some handkerchiefs, tobacco, and money; but not being attended to, he knocked at Wolff's door very late one night, and requested the inmates to bring him forth some brandy. The Jew at first refused; but taking alarm, he opened his door, and the robbers rushed in and struck him to the ground. His wife was equally ill-treated; and even an infant in a cradle was not spared.

While this violence was being perpetrated in Wolff's house, one of the bandits forced the door of a neighbour named Marx, and compelled him to surrender his money and valuables. The band then brought Wolff, his father-in-law, and Marx, into a cellar, and after making them distribute wine to the party, they desired them to remain quiet for a quarter of an hour, not to speak to any one on the subject of the robbery, and to send fifteen louis by a certain day to a particular spot.

Schinderhannes gained so much by this expedition, that he lived for some time at his ease. After tarrying on the other side of the Rhine, he became as active as ever. Accompanied by his wife, he concerted with members of the *Wiedenländer band* to make a raid on the *maître de poste*, at Würges. This was successful. He made arrangements for regular tribute from the Jews of Hundsbal, and various other places. In some villages the local authorities allowed his proceedings in silence. He resolved on robbing Jacques Bör, of Marxheim, in 1801. A confederate resident in this place told him that the bailly (rentmeister) wished to see him, and that he must be disguised as a travelling wine-seller, lest his family should suspect the truth. Schinderhannes went to Marxheim; the bailly entertained him well, and proposed that he should rob Bör, against whom he had a deep grudge. The robbers took their station at a windmill near the village, and sent word to the bailly that Bor should be attacked in the night. His messenger brought back a present of wine, and a request that some of the booty should be left in a particular place. At night the robbers, about ten or twelve in number, proceeded to Marxheim, and met the watch, consisting of six men, who demanded where they were going in such number. "To rob a Jew," was the captain's unhesitating reply. They thundered at Bor's door, and told him Hannes wished to see him. He, recognising the robbers' voices, endeavoured to parley; then begged them to desist: but the delay making them savage, the Jew thought of retiring with his wife and children to the upper part of the house. The captain perceived him, forced the shutters, entered with one of his band, and followed Bör to his garret. There they beat him unmercifully, and left him lifeless; then, after collecting all the valuables from the shop into the *vis de chaussée*, they forced the first-floor door, where Madame Bör, who was in the room with her children, opened a chest of drawers, whence they abstracted thirty louis, and many articles in gold and silver. Altogether they collected a rich booty. While they were engaged in the robbery, the *corneur* (watchman) passed by the door, entered into conversation with the robbers, and went on without molesting them. Schinderhannes proceeded to the right bank of the Rhine, to sell the stolen merchandise. Many robberies were committed at this time—the robbers got money so fast, and in such plenty, that they gave themselves up to the grossest

debauchery. This was not done in the dark forest or the gloomy cavern—but in the open face of day, in the midst of populous villages and towns, where they had not the slighest apprehension in shewing themselves. In May 1801, on the *jour de la fête* at Kleinrorheim, on the right bank of the Rhine, Schinderhannes, with four companions, was spending the evening at a house of public entertainment. After drinking some bottles of wine, he began to dance with a young girl who was present; while Hoffman, one of the party, requested in sport another, named Philippe, to take his pistol from his pocket, and place it on the table, and he would treat him to drink. Philippe did so; when a soldier of the electoral troops of Mentz, not knowing the robbers, caught up the pistol in pleasantry, and would not return it unless he got some drink. Schinderhannes sprung upon him, wrested the weapon from his hands, and struck him to the ground. The soldier called for help to his comrades, who were amusing themselves on the first floor: they rushed down, and a bloody affray took place between them and the robbers. The latter were worsted, and effected their escape from the house by various passages. Philippe had his scull laid open; but at last the soldiers were compelled to fly, leaving a corporal dead on the ground. The people attempted a pursuit after the robbers, but in vain.

Schinderhannes had a narrow escape after a robbery at Ullmet. With six of his band he entered the house of a Jew, Herz, and collected an amazing booty: Herz and his wife were most cruelly treated. The alarm was sounded in the village; the inhabitants assembled and pursued the robbers, who were fortunate enough to reach the Schonwald. The captain's escape was more narrow on another occasion. With one comrade he joined Müller, and five others of the *Niederländer band*, and entered the house of a Jew at Bayerthal, in the palatinate. They cruelly treated the Jew, his wife, and servants; ransacked his storehouse; and were returning well satisfied with their acquisitions, when daylight set in, and they divided into two parties. Near Hausen he with his party saw a crowd of peasants, in great hubbub and alarm. Supposing they were in search of him and his comrades, they fled, and were pursued by the countrymen, who gained rapidly upon them. Two of the Belgians hid themselves in some bushes, but were discovered and taken. Schinderhannes and his comrade, Blüm, reached a wood, and climbed a tree; the thick foliage of which sufficiently screened them. The countrymen threaded the wood in vain, and gave up the search in despair. At night the chief reached Wooghausen, where he met Müller, Julie Bläsius, and others: they were in the loft of a small *cabaret*. Presently, the place was surrounded by some French and palatine *chasseurs*, who examined the house. Muller was caught by the side of Schinderhannes, but he lay concealed in some hay and escaped: Müller was released by the bailly of the village. Blüm was caught and delivered over to the civil authorities; and the bandit chief proceeded by the Neckar to the Black Forest.

He was not long before he returned to his old haunts and avocations. Robberies continued to be nightly committed, with stubborn audacity and needless cruelty. On one occasion they were plundering the mill of Kratzmann of Kratzmuhle, near Marxheim. They had seized the miller by the throat, flung him to the ground, and tied him hand and foot, when they pulled his sick infirm mother-in-law from her bed, and applied burning *amadou* between her toes. They afterwards burned her chemise on her person with a candle, and held the candle under her arms. Schinderhannes at length took compassion on the expiring old woman, and dashed some water over her body.

After eighteen months of preliminary investigations, the robbers and their accomplices were arraigned: they were sixty-seven in number. The respective cases were minutely heard. Of the prisoners, twenty were found guilty of the crimes imputed to them; and Schinderhannes, Schmidt, Porn, Klein, Welsch, Schulz, and Müller the elder, were condemned to death as assassins; six to twenty-four years in the *bagnes*; three to twenty-two (of these, old Buckler was one); one to fourteen years; two to ten years; two to eight years; one to six years; one to two years', imprisonment. Julie Bläsius was acquitted of participation in the crimes of her husband, but found guilty of vagabondage, and of having received things from Buckler which

she knew to have been acquired by robbery. She was condemned to two years' imprisonment. Bossmann and Charles Gabel were to have five months' imprisonment; the women, Schulz and Reinhard, were to be banished the republic. Those who were condemned to irons were for six hours to be exhibited on a scaffold, according to law: all others were to be discharged.

Schinderhaunes during his trial had preserved a light and gay demeanour; he was not touched on hearing his own sentence, but gave utterance to an emotion of joy on hearing the mild fate of Julie Blasius. On leaving the court, the robber said to the assembled multitude, "Regardez-moi, bien; car aujourd'hui et demain c'est pour la dernière fois." His guard wished to hurry him; but he exclaimed, "Hé, quoi! le bourreau est-il donc si impatient?"

The judgment of the criminal tribunal was without appeal; and execution was ordered for the morrow, the 21st of November, 1803. The chief seemed resigned, and received the sacrament. The prisoners were taken in five carts to the scaffold, which was erected where once stood the château of La Favorite. On his way, he saw an old acquaintance, to whom he said, "Bon soir!" sending, at the same time, his last adieu to Julie. He then turned to the minister of religion, and said, "I will now explain to you how I came to follow so sad a life." He continued his account till they reached the scaffold, which he mounted with rapid steps. He examined the guillotine, and inquired if the blow were precise and sure, as it was reported to be? The officials told him it was. He wished to prepare himself for the fatal stroke, but was advised to submit to the usual routine. Then looking around on the multitude, he said, "J'ai mérité la mort; mais dix de mes camarades meurent innocens. Voilà mes dernières paroles!"

The twenty criminals were executed in twenty-six minutes. The sight of the coffins, which were arranged along the scaffold, and of the fatal instrument, shook the courage of the stoutest of its destined victims. Schinderhannes alone laid down his head with calmness. His death was the harbinger of peace and security to the provinces of the Rhine.

### PIERRE COIGNARD, *alias* PONTIS, COMTE DE SAINTE HELENE.

The revolutionary troubles of France, during five-and-twenty years, had dissevered families the most united. Brother was during that period parted from brother, and son from father; old age might have obliterated the memory of some members of a family, death might have removed many others, when the long-absent relative returned. His identity thus became a matter of difficulty. Pierre Coignard took full advantage of probabilities of this kind.

The son of a vine-dresser of Langeais, in the department of Indre and Loire,—he was destined for the trade of a hatter, when the military movements of France operated in his enrolment in the republican legions; and he became a corporal in the grenadiers of the Convention. But his disposition was ill-disposed by nature, and soon giving indulgence to his perverted habits, he was found guilty of certain acts which occasioned his condemnation for fourteen years to the galleys. Here he was quickly initiated by his companions into every species of knavery and deception — the last sparks of shame were routed from his bosom, and he became prepared for the commission of the worst crimes. After four years of captivity he broke his irons, and escaped from prison. He fled into Spain, and served in a native corps. Shortly after, he quitted that service, assumed the name of Pontis, and, by the production of false certificates, not only obtained employ in the French army, but became *chef de bataillon;* and was placed on the staff of a division of the imperial forces. His conduct was for a time exemplary, and he acquired the esteem of his superior officers, and made many friends.

In 1813, while he was at Zaragoza, he became acquainted with Rosa Marcen, the daughter of a husbandman. She was a milliner, and had previously formed a *liaison* with a French *émigré*, the Comte de Sainte Hélène. Coignard made her pass for the widow of a Spanish officer of superior rank, and his wife. After the evacuation of the peninsula, he became attached to the 100th and 81st regiments of the line, and lived in various garrisons. Upon his return to France, at the restoration, he assumed

the title of the Comte de Sainte Hélène, which was also borrowed by his mistress, Rosa Marcen. It is strange that the relations of that emigrant should not, on hearing of the comte's return, have assured themselves of his safety and identity. Coignard, however, had anticipated emergencies, and had provided himself with false titles to substantiate his parentage. This was not effected without difficulty; a baptismal register was absolutely necessary to prove that he was the fruit of the legitimate union of Pierre de Pontis, the Comte de Sainte Hélène, with the Demoiselle de Ligniers d'Aubusson de la Feuillade. The mayors of Challet and of Saint Pierre Duchemin, in La Vendée, whom he wished to deceive, refused to answer his purpose and become his dupes. He, however, heard by chance, that the registers of Soissons had been burnt during the war. There he made inquiries, and learned that about the period on which he had fixed for his birth, a strange lady, accompanied by a gentleman, had been secretly delivered of a child at the *Grosse Tête*. He resolved to take advantage of that circumstance, whither he proceeded, and, by excess of bribery, gained witnesses; with whom he appeared before a notary, where he had a notarial act drawn up, which, added to his appearance, dress, and decorations, soon obtained for him a registration of the fact by the civil authority. In March 1815 he affected an ardent devotion to the king, and following him to Ghent, was incorporated in the troops attached to his person. On returning to the capital, he met casually with a man who was formerly the keeper of a canteen, named Lenormand. He had known him in Spain, and he was then in a state of absolute misery. Whether from pure kindness, or to insure the silence of this man, he not only procured for him the grade of a sub-officer in the legion of the Seine, but a retiring pension, by forging false testimonials of service.

At this time Coignard became acquainted with M. Prevost, military intendant of the fifteenth division, then occupying an important place in the military department. Madame Prevost was from Pontis, and Coignard passed himself off as one of her distant relations. He was received by the family on terms of intimacy, and introduced Rosa Marcen as his wife; he dined there frequently, and was particularly attentive to the lady and her two daughters, whom he called his little cousins, and to whom he made some pretty new-year's gifts. He told Madame Prevost that his father was in America, that he was worth at least a million of francs, that he had lately heard from him, and that two of his sisters were nuns.

Coignard made a friend of this amiable family, where he had received so much kindness, the first victim to his dark designs. Avowedly he was a lieutenant-colonel of the legion of the Seine, and a soldier of acknowledged bravery; secretly he was at the head of a gang of thieves. M. Sergent de Champigny was one of the chiefs in the war department; Coignard called on him in November 1816, with a friend, for whom he requested some letters of recommendation to the Russian commission at Maubeuge. While Champigny was writing the letter, Coignard opened several of the drawers in his desk; and perceiving there diamonds and various jewels, besides money, he observed to his companion aloud, "Mais voyez donc tout cela, il est logé et meublé comme un ministre." He then requested permission for his friend to see the different parts of his residence, which was readily granted. Coignard and his companion took a minute survey. The two then resolved to rob the unsuspecting Champigny, on the day when he gave a public audience at the war-office. It was necessary, however, to contrive that he should not enter his apartments while the robbery was being committed. To prevent interruption, Coignard went to the audience at the earliest hour, and remained the last, although he had no business to speak about. Champigny approached him several times, and wished to know if he had any thing to mention; but Coignard thanked him repeatedly, and requested him to attend to others. His manner did not appear extraordinary to Champigny, as he had become intimate with Coignard. During the interview, Champigny's apartments were completely ransacked; Lexcellent and Rosa Marcen managed the robbery, for in their apartments were found some of Champigny's effects.

About the end of 1817 fortune ceased to be favourable to the audacious galley-

slave, hitherto successful in all his nefarious undertakings. A liberated felon, and an old companion of Coignard, was struck with astonishment on seeing, during a review in the Place du Château, and not only attired in the dress of a superior officer, but decorated with a superfluity of orders, his old friend, Pierre Coignard. He at first conceived that this must be a mistake; but when he observed the officer's under-lip move whenever he spoke with a sharp convulsive twitch, his suspicions were confirmed, and he straightway proceeded to the *préfecture* of police. Information was next given to the military department, and explanations demanded of the pretended Comte de Sainte Hélène. He could not answer for himself, and was seized one morning; when he was conducted to his abode by a gendarme and an officer of the staff, that his papers might be searched. He evaded their vigilance, and escaped through a secret door. Pursuit was in vain; the prisoner was free, and, under the name of Carette, went to lodge in the Rue Saint Maur, where he took advantage of an accomplice's passport, and changed Carette to Carelle, and twenty-eight to forty-eight years of age. He was, however, arrested, with two of his party, on the 21st of May, 1818. He persisted in being the true Sainte Hélène, and had accordingly to undergo a double trial: the first as to his identity with Pierre Coignard, of the *bagnes;* the second as to his participation in the crimes alleged against him and his band.

He pertinaciously insisted on being the count. "I am," he said, on his examination, "I am Pontis, Count of Sainte-Hélène, although a crowd of witnesses would prove me to be the felon Coignard; and I am a lieutenant-colonel in the army. My resemblance to the galley-slave may be striking: I have often heard so; and I know it of my own knowledge, for I was well acquainted with him in Spain. The woman with whom he cohabited lives in the Saint-Lazare — you can call her, and she will tell you if I am Coignard. The witnesses brought against me, and who allege to have seen me in the *bagnes*, are suborned by the police: I object to their testimony. I have been confined for forty days, and thus been cut off from all power to obtain proofs of the truth of my assertions."

Four witnesses were produced, Antoine Bois and his wife, Jean Vincent, and the woman Montigny. They had given evidence when Coignard had been sentenced to the galleys; but they could say little to the point in question. But a fifth witness, an old prisoner from the Bicêtre, recognised him immediately, and swore to having seen him in irons as he departed for the bagnes. The prisoner excepted to this man's testimony, saying that he was hired by Vidocq. "N'est-il pas bien malheureux pour un honnête homme de se voir assassiner par des mouchards et des galériens? M. le président, le témoin a été mouchard, galérien, je le récuse." The sixth witness swore to his being *Alexandre* Coignard, whom he had known at Toulon. He was secretary to the commissaries, and had often written the prisoner's name in the register. He frequently saw him in the courts and wards. On this the accused impatiently exclaimed that he excepted to witnesses covered with infamy, bought over by the police, which was bent on his destruction. Besides, does this witness speak the truth when he says that he was secretary to the commissaries, when he cannot even speak French? The witness was highly offended at this sally: he had with remarkable assurance given the narrative of his own crimes, condemnation, and punishment — he had patiently submitted to the epithet "galérien" — but his forbearance could not endure the last reproach. "Apprenez," he screamed out — "apprenez que je sais le Français aussi bien que vous." The seventh witness not only knew him in the bagnes, but had been chained to him; and the eighth had also known him at Toulon, and recognised him in the Place Vendôme during the parade, and was surprised to see his old friend in the habit of a lieutenant-colonel. The ninth witness, who had been the *greffier de la Conciergerie* at the period of Coignard's condemnation, could not sufficiently recall his features; but many of the warders of the Bicêtre recognised him for an old prisoner. This evidence was overwhelming. Still, however, the prisoner preserved his assurance, and firmly objected to the whole chain of testimony.

Pierre Coignard had lived with a woman named Lordat, who had re-

cently died at the Saint Lazare. Among her effects had been found a portrait of her lover. It was shewn to the prisoner. He took it with perfect composure—examined it with minute attention—then exclaimed, "Never, in the whole course of my life, have I had my portrait taken. I call God and the saints to witness the truth of my declaration! I grant that it bears a strong resemblance to me; but it is not my likeness."

After the advocate-general had summed up the case with great ability, M. Dupin the younger requested a short delay, that he might not only confer with his client, but procure witnesses to prove that the prisoner was serving in Spain when Coignard was condemned. The judges were about to enter into a consultation on this proposition, when one of the spectators in the court volunteered his evidence. The president allowed him to speak; and he declared himself of Langesaist, near Sourit. His name was Viguier. Pierre Coignard had lodged with him two years before his condemnation: he still owed him two hundred francs and upwards, and had stood sponsor for his daughter, who had been baptised at the Saint-Sulpice. Through his good offices it was that Pierre Coignard had been admitted into the grenadiers of the Convention. Moreover, he said, the prisoner's father was still in existence, and it surprised him that he did not come forward to defend his son. The prisoner declared this testimony a tissue of falsehood. Why did they not also call forward the witness's wife, examine the baptismal register, and verify his handwriting? If Coignard actually served with the grenadiers of the Convention, his description still remained at the war-office—why was it not examined and compared with his appearance and stature? If there was even an inch difference in the height as set forth, he could not possibly be Coignard. The evidence of the last witness, however, had had great weight with the court.

The cause was remitted for some days, that the prisoner might prepare his defence. The first witness for the defence was the Abbé Lambonet, superior of the seminary at Soissons. After looking steadfastly at the prisoner, he thought he had seen him in Spain, but could not precisely remember the period. The prisoner endeavoured to recall certain facts to his recollection. In 1803 he said he was in Spain, and had an interest in two ships commanded by a merchant named Lavona, residing at Barcelonetta. He had had frequent communications with two missionaries named Llosadé and Chaudet, and M. Lambonet. Chaudet was his confessor. The witness also extended some kind offices towards him, and reproached him for admitting to his lodgings a female whom he ought not to have received. The witness, however, could not distinctly recollect the several facts. At length he said he might have seen the accused with Chaudet in Spain, and very probably prior to 1808, when the French invaded the country; but he could not say if that was before 1803. This fact was important, because Coignard escaped from Toulon in 1805.

The second witness was M. Dreuil of Malaga. He never saw the prisoner till 1812. The prisoner introduced himself as a French emigrant, belonging to an honourable family in Poitou. He added, that a Spanish officer named Belfont had served for fifteen years in America and Portugal with the Comte de St. Hélène. He had accompanied the prisoner to a Madame Moreno; but had never heard her say that their acquaintance was an old one.

The prisoner said that he was introduced to the witness by M. Lanneau, who was deceived as to the place of his birth. The advocate-general asked why he had written two letters to the mayor of Saint Pierre Duchemin, requesting to know if Madame Pontis de Sainte Hélène had visited the town with her husband, and given birth to a child, who was baptised at the parish church, and whether he could have the extract from the books. The mayor could not find the name of Pontis. The second letter suggested the probability of the register having been burnt, and spoke of the mayor's power to make another register before seven witnesses, which could recognise him as the child of M. Pontis. For recompense, the cross of St. Louis was promised to the mayor. To this the prisoner first evaded an answer; but being pressed, declared himself the writer. It was for his brother that the letters had been written. But then he had previously declared himself the only son? To this he replied, that his father was

a severe man, who had scarcely ever spoken to him during his whole life. He did not know whether his brother or he had been born in La Vendée. The wife of Viguier was produced, and recognised the prisoner as Coignard who had stood sponsor to her child twenty-two years since. He had handsome teeth. The prisoner wished to call a dentist, to prove that his teeth were thin and decayed. The woman, however, persisted. "C'est bien vous," she repeated, "à telle enseigne, que vous me devez encore 400 francs moins 3 livres." A keeper of the Tuileries gardens next deposed to having served with the prisoner among the grenadiers of the Convention. Bourgeois, commissaire de roulage, deposed that the prisoner had lived many months in the same house with himself. He assumed the name of Pontis de Sainte-Hélène; but he had left with the porter a memorandum, stating that *if a letter were delivered to the address of M. de Coignard, he was to forward it to the Comte de Sainte-Hélène.* The prisoner declared it was *Coignet*, and not *Coignard:* he was an officer who was making a claim at the war-office. The memorandum was produced, and *Coignet* was the word. This Coignet, he said, had left France, in despair, for Spain, and afterwards gone to America. A woman named Métras knew the prisoner for Coignard. "Il a," she said, "débauché une jeune fille, qu'il a entrainée dans le crime, et qui est morte à Saint-Lazare. Je le réconnais pour un scélérat; son nom seul me fait trembler." Three other women declared to the identity;—the last of them, his own townswoman, and well acquainted with the whole family, exclaimed, "Vous êtes bien Coignard; vous ressemblez à votre mère comme deux gouttes d'eau, et vous faites les mèmes gestes que votre père."

The last witness was now introduced. He was brought in by two gendarmes, and every eye was fixed on his person. When his name was demanded, he said he was *Alexandre Coignard*, born at Langeais, in the department of Indre and Loire, and twenty-nine years of age.*

"Do you know the prisoner?" demanded the president.

The witness was deeply agitated; but the prisoner rose up and regarded him with a look of sternness.

"Do you know the prisoner," again demanded the president, "for De Pontis?"—"Oui, Monsieur," was the faint and laconic reply. It was the only question put to the witness. If he were in truth the prisoner's brother, the court spared him the pain of sacrificing one bound to him by the closest tie of nature. The witness was reconducted from the court; but all remarked his striking likeness to the accused. The president then asked him if he knew the last witness. "I again declare," was the answer, "that Coignard, with whom I have the misfortune to be confounded, served under my orders in Spain. The witness called on me, and declared himself Pierre's brother."

Another adjournment was requested by the prisoner, and again granted. He promised to produce fresh witnesses.

When the court was opened, several questions were asked the prisoner by the court; to which he gave in effect the following reply:—

He was four years of age when he quitted France with his parents for America. He was never informed of the motives for the voyage. They remained there till he was fifteen, when his uncle and father brought him back to France. They lived at an hotel in the Rue Nicaise, in the most retired manner. He went into Spain afterwards with his father. His mother had died in America. From his father he never obtained the slightest information respecting the family or its connexions: he always preserved a sullen silence. In 1790, he obtained for him a sub-lieutenancy. He remembered that one day his father said that his son was born in France, in the commune of Saint Pierre, and province of La Vendée. His own secretary had by mistake said that Chatillon was the place of his birth. He was married to Marie Moreno, who died in childbed. Rosa Marcen was not the same person with Marie Moreno. He had never said that his mother's name was Ligniers d'Aubusson de la Feuillade (it having been proved that no such lady had ever married into

* He had been arrested on the 29th of April. The false Pontis de Sainte Hélène had been arrested about a month after Alexandre Coignard. This last individual will figure in the second trial, where he was tried for housebreaking. Madame de Pontis will also figure on the same occasion.

the Pontis family), but *La Ferillade.* (It was observable that the prisoner always screened himself under a similarity of names: *Pontes* and Pontis, *Coignet* and Coignard, *Ferillade* and Feuillade.) His father died of disappointments. He never had marks of the small-pox on his legs; and, pulling up his pantaloons, he shewed them to the court, and declared the marks there to be the effect of bruises which Vidocq had inflicted by severe kicks. Three additional witnesses were heard, and declared as to the identity of the prisoner. The president at length read a confidential letter from the prisoner to Alexandre Coignard, since the last session of the court. It contained directions for him to procure various witnesses, and induce them to say that the prisoner had been seen in Spain in 1803 and 1804, under the name of Sainte-Hélène. A woman named Laurena was to take charge of those matters. Some of the individuals implicated in the robberies were called by nicknames,—as *le gros, le fils de meunier*, &c. The writer flattered himself into the opinion, that could he once be recognised as *De Pontis*, the rest would be of trifling consequence. "Take especial care," he said, "of what Laurena says to my advocate. M. Dupin has great confidence in me, and believes all that I tell him." When asked his reason for writing this letter, he said, that far from wishing to suborn witnesses, his object was to procure those who would only speak the truth.

This was the cause as to the identification. M. Dupin made a brilliant speech, in which he exhibited all the address of an accomplished counsel to obtain the prisoner's acquittal. He dwelt on the good conduct of the accused while in the army, of his honourable actions, and the high rewards he had obtained. How could a felon from the *bagnes* turn out on a sudden an accomplished officer? The Duke of Dalmatia had himself borne the highest testimony to his conduct. His client was decidedly wrong in trying to evade the pursuit of justice: he should, by a voluntary surrender, have dared his accusers to prove the worst. It was an aggravation of his wrong to take refuge in the apartments of a man suspected of robbery; but the prisoner was scarcely acquainted with this man. It had been erroneously said in the journals, that he had been taken in flagrant crime, and that false keys and picklocks had been found in his chamber. They were not in his room, but in an adjoining closet; and the owner of that closet must give a reason for their existence. The act of registration at Soissons was attended by four credible witnesses. The witnesses arrayed against him were of the lowest order —individuals destitute of every principle of honour or rectitude—and who, for emolument, would think nothing of swearing away the life of any man. The description of Coignard did not apply to the accused. The faces were different—so was the stature—so were the marks on the body. He had received many honourable wounds in battle—had served in America and Europe—had been every where received as Pontis; and if it be stated that Madame Marcen gave him the papers of Pontis, did she at the same time give him all his honourable wounds? M. Dupin brought forward instances where, against positive evidence, after-events had proved men who had suffered an ignominious death to have been innocent.

Agier, the advocate-general, replied. His task was not difficult. The strongest point for the prisoner was the dissimilarity in the descriptions between himself and Coignard. But the police had forwarded to the president two other descriptions of the same Coignard, which proved that the prisoner had been in the habit of falsifying his person and features. The two descriptions now produced, though intended for the same individual, differed in contents so much as to have seemed to belong to two individuals. The question before the court was one of identity. In civil cases it would not have been sufficient to have proved that he was Coignard, but that he was not Pontis, Comte de Sainte-Hélène; but in a criminal trial, the judges had only to say whether, according to the proofs before the court, they recognised the prisoner for the individual who had escaped from the galleys.

After an hour and a half of deliberation, the judgment confirmed the question of identity, and commanded the delivery of Pierre Coignard to the procureur-general, to stand another trial for the robberies alleged against him.

When the sentence was ended, Coignard exclaimed, "Dieu vous demandera

compte de ce jugement; jamais je n'ai eu aucun des signes qui couvraient le corps de celui pour qui vous me prenez. J'en appellerai."

TRIAL OF COIGNARD AND HIS BAND.

On Tuesday the 22d of June, 1819, Coignard again appeared before his judges. He persisted in the course of conduct which he had maintained during his previous trial. He was steadfast in the declaration of his identity with the individual whose title he had assumed. When he was asked his name and quality, he replied, in a clear and distinct voice, "My name is Pontis, of Sainte Hélène, and I am a lieutenant-colonel." He refrained, nevertheless, from placing upon his person the orders of Alcantara, St. Louis, and the Legion of Honour, which had been bestowed upon him for eminent services in France and Spain. Coignard was surrounded by seven of his accomplices,—Rosa Marcen, his mistress; Alexander Coignard, his reputed brother; Laurence Laurent; Lexcellent, *ex-limonadier;* Carette, *bijoutier;* Soffiet, *ex-garde-magasin*, a Piedmontese; and Lenormand, porter at the *grille* of the *Orangerie*, at Versailles.

Before the indictment was read, he requested a prorogation of the trial. He said that he had been imprisoned for thirteen months, and during ten had been kept in solitary confinement; that he had not had sufficient time to attend to his case, or to have necessary communication with the world for the purpose of getting up his defence; and that his fellow-prisoners wished for the delay equally with himself. But the president of the tribunal told him that he was wrong in saying that he spoke in his request the sentiments of his co-accused, as some of them in writing had requested their immediate trial. Lexcellent's counsel expressed himself against the delay. Coignard lost his temper, and inveighed bitterly against Lexcellent: the altercation between them became so loud and cutting, that the gendarmes were compelled to interfere, and it was with difficulty stopped. The court refused the delay, on the score of informality in the demand.

The indictment was read, and detailed the crimes with which the prisoners were charged. After describing the circumstances of his life, his first robbery, his military career, his connexion with Rosa Marcen, the notarial certificate in attestation of his false parentage, his intimacy with M. Prevost, whose credulity he had imposed upon, the means employed in the robbery of Champigny's apartments, the manner of Coignard's being discovered, under the guise of a lieutenant-colonel of the Legion of the Seine, to be no other than an evaded felon; how he had attempted to escape from the hands of justice; and setting forth various transactions in which he, with his accomplices, had in common figured,—it dwelt with emphasis on two or three particular facts, which will be sufficient to shew yet more clearly than has been already done the strange position which the chief prisoner occupied in society.

He had been once acquainted with the Spanish general Pierre Marti, who was then at Paris, and lodged in the Rue Basse-du-Rempart. In December 1817, he sent Rosa Marcen to the general's, and she announced herself as Madame de Pontis, Comtesse de Sainte Hélène. A modest demeanour and elegant attire, and the appearance of Alexander Coignard, who had accompanied her carriage as a well-dressed footman, imposed upon the general, who immediately credited her tale,—that she was the wife of a French officer, who had emigrated, leaving her the mother of an only daughter. She expressed her strong desire of going to America. She begged as a favour from the general the address of General Mina, whose brother was commanding a body of insurgents in South America. M. Marti being unacquainted with it himself, sent a servant to inquire of one of his friends; and on the servant's return he handed the address to the comtesse.

While she was taking a minute survey of the apartments during her interview with the general, the footman was examining the outward localities. They were not, however, satisfied with the information gained during this interview; and on the morrow, which was the *jour de l'année*, the comtesse, with her domestic, favoured the general with another visit, to return him thanks for his attention. They were this time so early, that the general was obliged to keep them waiting while he made his toilette. On the 18th of January

his apartments were ransacked of all their contents.

All the robberies in which Pierre Coignard and his band were engaged had been conducted with a subtle ingenuity that baffled the keen researches of even the police of Paris. Alexander Coignard was the first who was caught. He was found at seven o'clock one evening in the bureau of Mont-Joyeux, a banker. A young man named Petit, seeing a light, ran to the door, which resisted his attempts to enter. Alexander, however, suddenly opening one of the flaps, seized Petit by the throat, flung him down, jumped over his body, and escaped. But Petit's cries and the noise of his fall called out the neighbours; the porter shut the *porte cochère;* and Alexander Coignard, though in running he was lustily crying out "Stop thief!" was stopped himself in the court. He begged of those who seized him to be allowed to escape, refused for some time to give his name, and declared himself of an honourable family. According to his story, he had met on the Boulevards a young girl named Adèle, who described herself as a servant in the house, without specifying either the *étage* where her master had his rooms, or his name. While he was looking for her from floor to floor, he heard the cry of "Stop thief!" and, taking alarm, entered, without knowing how, the *bureau* of Mont-Joyeux.

Meanwhile, disasters were preparing for Pierre Coignard and his remaining accomplices. They had formed a plan for robbing two houses in the street *du Sentier,*—one of these being inhabited by a man named Dumoulin. It was necessary to obtain impressions of the keys on wax: this they managed, and went in a body to the Rue du Sentier, a little beyond Dumoulin's abode. Coignard entered singly. Dumoulin, who was above, hearing a noise, came down, and saw the robber standing before the door, so as to conceal the lock, in which a false key had been just fixed. The proprietor's suspicion was aroused. Coignard lost his presence of mind, stammered, and asked if he addressed himself to the Sieur Dumoulin; if so, he wanted to purchase some bills upon Toulouse. Dumoulin said he had none, and asked him who he was. Coignard stammered again, gave a false address, and, seeing the other's suspicions unabated, requested his company to his residence. While the banker looked for his hat and his servant, Coignard ran out, joined his companions, and ordered the coachman to drive with speed to the Rue de Clery. Dumoulin and his servant, however, were quickly in pursuit; and Coignard, on perceiving them, opened the door, jumped out, and escaped. Carette and Soffiet followed his example; but Lexcellent, less active than the others, was taken. He was the proprietor of the house where Coignard and Rosa Marcen lodged, and his declaration before the police put the officers immediately upon the scent. Coignard had hurried home to inquire of Rosa Marcen if she had seen Lexcellent; and, on being answered in the negative, he evinced great alarm, and resolved on removing. While they were making ready, he saw the commissary approaching the house, and escaped through the window, taking with him a box of papers, and another of jewels, handed to him by his companion in crime. The commissary was, after much trouble, admitted, and demanded if any one of the name of Carette lodged there. Rosa Marcen of course declared her entire ignorance of the individual; but she immediately called out for her husband, Pontis de Sainte Hélène, whom the other recognised as the fugitive from justice. This was a satisfactory discovery for the agent. While he was examining the contents of a *cabinet,* fitted up as a workshop for fabricating false keys, Rosa Marcen escaped; but endeavouring to conceal herself among some neighbouring vines, she was caught.

Coignard was still to be taken. The police, rightly supposing that he would be anxious for the safety of Rosa Marcen, and come to see her at night, lay in ambush for him, and he was taken with Soffiet. The former fired two pistols at those who seized him,—one flashed in the pan, but the other pierced the hand of a man named Fourchet. They took from him his pistols, two cachemeres (one of which was recognised as being the produce of a robbery), besides a stolen gold watch, the cross of the legion of honour belonging to General Marti, and 3,200 francs in gold concealed in one of his boots.

According to the evidence of Degend,

one of his fellow-prisoners in *La Force*, Coignard, being thrown off his guard, was nearly avowing his real name to his companion. While walking one day in the court of the *Grande Force*, he said to Degend, "Do you see how that wall has been raised? That was done *for me*;—that is, for the famous Coignard, with whom they are attempting to confound me. He tried to make his escape over it fourteen years ago."

Pierre Coignard, notwithstanding his former trial and condemnation, and all the charges and evidence brought to bear against him, maintained his identity with Pontis de Sainte Hélène. Rosa Marcen protested her ignorance of the real character of the supposed Coignard; if, indeed, he were the felon escaped from punishment. She acknowledged having gone to General Marti's, but that was from worthy motives; she never supposed that Alexander Coignard would have seized the opportunity to obtain false impressions of the keys. Her dress at the trial was simple and elegant, her demeanour modest; and with meek and downcast eyes she listened to the gloomy proceedings. Coignard, who since his process of identification had allowed his whiskers to grow, and had assumed a fierce and martial aspect, sternly gazed upon the auditory, and affected a severe haughtiness of manner. When called on by the name of Pierre Coignard, he replied that he was André Pierre de Pontis, Comte de Sainte Hélène. The president told him, that the *arrêt* of the 20th July last had pronounced him to be Pierre Coignard; his answer was, that he had been condemned on the perjured depositions of galley-slaves. "De pareils témoignages," he added, "ne peuvent anéantir ni mon état, ni mes titres, ni mes états de service, qui constatent qui je suis."

After a good deal of altercation, the president called him "*the accused.*"

He was asked by the court if, by a falsified statement of services, he had obtained for his fellow-prisoner, Lenormand, a retiring pension of 300 francs? He evaded the answer. Lenormand was called upon to speak; he detailed with readiness the circumstances of his life. He had served under Louis XVI., and in battle for the *roi martyr* he had had his arm shattered: in Spain he had received additional wounds. It was not his fault, if the council of administration of the corps had filled up a little gap in his train of services, by stating he had been a prisoner in Jamaica, then sergeant-major, then royal volunteer, &c. To this Coignard replied, that at the period in question he was not president of the council of administration, but employed in forming the legion of the Seine; but Lenormand affirmed that he had recommended him to Mons. B. "Mons. B. is a Swiss," answered Coignard; "and I never loved foreigners." Then he entered with vehemence into a long detail of his military life, and of the extraordinary services rendered by himself abroad and at home. He was desired to speak in a calmer tone, but he burst forth with double fury. "What is it you wish for?" he asked. "Vous remplissez vos devoirs de président; moi, je suis militaire au fond de cœur. Je n'aurais pas tant fait de *belles choses*, si j'eusse exercé la profession d'avocat; mais il semble que je sois un bouc de malédiction — on veut que je sois l'auteur de tous les faux, de tous les vols qui se sont commis dans Paris." He was with difficulty stopped, while levelling invectives against the police and its creatures.

M. Prevost, whose cousin Coignard pretended to be, deposed to the circumstances of his acquaintance with the principal prisoner; he described his manner of passing himself off as a relation of Madame Prevost's, who came from Pontis. He added, that the accused not only introduced Rosa Marcen as his wife, but as the daughter of the viceroy of Malaga.

Prevost was the first witness towards whom he had conducted himself in a proper manner; all he said in reply was, that the witness must labour under a slight error, as there never had been a viceroy of Malaga. "But where is Madame Prevost?" he inquired; "why is she not brought forward?" The president told him she was dead. "Ah, mon Dieu!" exclaimed Coignard, with affected surprise and sorrow, "que m'apprenez-vous là! Cela me fait mal: j'étais fort attaché à Madame Prevost."

Next came Champigny; and after him a Mademoiselle Lefèbvre, with whom Rosa Marcen had contrived to make an acquaintance. Some of the things stolen from her room were recognised by her. The prisoners were asked how they became possessed of

these articles, and they differed in their story. Coignard, with ready assurance, said that he had bought them of a Spaniard, named Rodrigo; but being pressed by the questions of the president as to where Rodrigo lodged, he burst forth into abuse of the witness, and when checked by the judge he cried out, "Puisqu'on veut gêner ma défense en m'empêchant de faire connaître le degré de confiance que mérite le témoin, je m'oppose à ce que désormais mon avocat prenne la parole; quant à moi, je ne répondrai plus à aucune des interpellations qui pourraient m'être adressés."

Notwithstanding his threat, he began to reply eagerly for a female named Laurent, with whom his brother had cohabited, and who was one of the accused. The president ordered him out of court during her examination; "Je ne veux plus revenir," was his exclamation; "faites-moi revenir au cachot." On his return, however, he endeavoured to explain away at length the substance of her deposition; at each effort he entangled himself more and more.

General Marti appeared to detail the circumstances of the robbery of his dwelling; and he reclaimed some things for his property which had been found at the central depôt of Coignard's band. Rosa Marcen, with great composure, endeavoured to parry the testimony, and declared that her second visit was *à bonnes intentions.*

Alexander was recognised by Petit, the servant of Mont-Joyeux the banker. The prisoner declared he had been mistaken for the person who had entered the witness's dwelling; but Petit was positive, and so were those who had assisted in the capture. Mademoiselle Lefèbvre then came forward with a part of a bracelet, stolen from her by Rosa Marcen; it tallied with the other piece in the possession of the court. Then were produced the circumstances of the robbery in the Rue du Sentier, and Coignard's attempt on the life of the policeman when he was apprehended. The policeman was not produced, and Coignard attempted to prove that the former was the first who fired: the double fire by himself was, however, sufficiently substantiated. The agent of the police, who had been wounded by Coignard, was not produced.

The evidence on the part of the principal prisoner was scanty and unsatisfactory. It went only to prove Coignard a man of high honour and character as a soldier, but no witness could speak as to his private life—all knew and respected Lieutenant-colonel de Pontis. But there was a darker side of his face, hidden by a carefully-adjusted mask from all men of probity, who, on the removal of the covering, were startled by the well-authenticated features of the branded felon.

Millot, as counsel for Coignard, made a powerful speech in his behalf. The falsifications, he said, assumed by the prisoner, were at most only usurpations of titles to which he had no right; but unless acts of criminality were attached to them, they were not amenable to the law: this point was established by articles of the code. He further argued, that although stolen articles were discovered in the rooms of the prisoners, they proved nothing, unless it could be first proved that the prisoners were the perpetrators of the various robberies; and because Coignard did not produce the Spaniard Rodrigo, it was not to be therefore inferred that he was guilty; because the police had not been able to bring forward their own agent, Fourchet, who had been personally engaged in Coignard's capture, and received a shot in the struggle. The cabinet where the instruments and false keys were found, belonged to Lexcellent; and because Coignard was found in the house, he was not of necessity the accomplice of those who had deposited them there. He concluded by enumerating, in strong language, the brilliant military exploits of the prisoner.

M. Lauri spoke shortly on behalf of Lenormand, whose only crime, he said, was his acquaintance with Coignard.

Dupin, *jeune*, in this trial was counsel for Rosa Marcen. She was, he said, the daughter of a landed proprietor, who had sufficient means for supporting his children: she had never been a milliner. After the French invasion she sought refuge at Zaragoza, with her relatives, who all perished; after the siege, Rosa Marcen became the mistress of a French officer, who was M. de Pontis. Since that period, she had been his companion through good and evil fortune; but she had never participated in, or had any knowledge of his private transactions. She was accused of participation in the robbery at General Marti's; she had

certainly been there with Alexander Coignard, but her object was to procure letters of introduction for Coignard. The coral padlock belonging to Mademoiselle Lefèbvre's bracelet was given her by Coignard, who made her frequent presents; but she was never in the habit of asking him whence he procured the various articles. A wife never suspects her husband of being a robber. Coignard, moreover, was a perfect despot in his house, and Rosa Marcen dared not ask him any such question. The advocate finally appealed to the hearts of the jury, and trusted they would never condemn an unfortunate woman to infamy on the hospitable soil of France. Piret, Nigel, Lorrain, Maret, and Guillemin, spoke for the other prisoners.

Rosa Marcen, the woman Laurent, Lenormand, Soffiet, and Carette, were acquitted; Pierre Coignard was found guilty of falsification and the robberies, but acquitted of the attempt on the life of Fourchet, the police-agent. Lexcellent was convicted of the robbery at Dumoulin's; Alexander Coignard of the attempt at Mont-Joyeux's, and the assault on Petit.

The two women heard their sentence under great agitation; they wept bitterly. The three first of the band could not repress their joy when their acquittal was declared. Lenormand cried out several times, "Vive le roi! vivent nos princes!" Lexcellent heard in deep despair his condemnation to five years' imprisonment. Pierre Coignard and his brother were asked what they had to say for themselves. The first manifested an audacious impudence; but Alexander, in trepidation, demanded of the court of what he stood convicted! The president desired him to inquire of his counsel. While the court went out to deliberate, Pierre leaned over the bar, and asked his advocate what he and his brother had to expect? The answer was made in a whisper, but he cried out, "Oh, I understand; it is the consequence of that fatal judgment as to identification of the 20th July! We must make up our minds for the worst." The judges re-entered, and condemned Pierre Coignard to the *travaux forces* for life—to exposure in the iron collar—and to be branded by the letters T. F. He replied, with a sardonic laugh, "On ne parviendra pas à flétrir ainsi tant de cicatrices honorables." The same sentence was passed on Alexander; when he told the judges that he could prove his innocence, and denounce those who were only guilty. "Carette," said Pierre, "has brought you to this situation."

The superior court confirmed the sentence of the *cour d'assises*.

## THE REFORMED HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Although "the People" have received admonition and direction beyond measure in regard to the due watching of the "Reformed House of Commons," they still lack much of both: the enormous excess has been confined to certain points, and has left others of the first moment unnoticed. Heartily concurring with Whigs and Radicals in the belief that the Reformed House ought to be in every respect an object of boundless jealousy and scrutiny to the people, we propose in this article to supply the omission.

With regard to admonition, the reformers are silent on the fact, that a House of Commons once made itself, not only the executive, but one perfectly despotic; it involved the country in the horrors of civil war, and wholly suppressed the constitution; its misdeeds terminated in the establishment of a grinding tyranny, which would not tolerate a shadow of popular representation, or national and individual liberty. The silence is unpardonable, particularly when the reformers dilate so everlastingly on the petty errors and vices of past Houses of Commons.

To this momentous fact we call the attention of the people, and especially of the lower classes, which set so high a value on their privileges and liberties. Let them be assured that, in the nature of things, the Reformed House is as ill qualified as any former one for usurping the functions of the other divisions of the government; and that it cannot do so without producing civil war, becoming the victim of its own instruments, and calling a despotism into being, hostile above all things to popular freedom and power.

Jealousy and watchfulness must be

directed less to the end than to the beginning, and quite as much to tendency of act, as to intention. It is only at the beginning that remedy, even of the best kind, can be administered with success; afterwards, it will be as likely to aggravate as to remove evil. The interests of the House itself demand the most prompt notice of its first errors, as a means of saving it from falling, or being dragged, into the worst. Assemblies like it seldom commit heinous guilt from premeditation and choice. A small fault makes a great one advisable; a succession of errors, the offspring perhaps of good intentions, produces such a combination of circumstances, as makes the perpetration of crime after crime almost matter of necessity. They unwittingly place themselves in a state which only permits them to escape shame or punishment by wading through the darkest iniquity. In what the last House did, may be seen how easily and unintentionally the present one might involve the empire in the greatest calamities.

Governments and legislatures, when properly constructed, stand on the same principles with courts of justice. Self-evidently, they are perfect in proportion as they act wisely and righteously between man and man, class and class, and for the general benefit; and vicious in proportion as they sacrifice man to man, class to class, and the collective good to partial. The House of Commons is chosen by, to act for, the people; but this term means the whole population, without favour or distinction—the highest and richest, as well as the lowest and poorest. In so far as it is not a body to inspect the conduct of the executive, and devise laws on behalf of the whole British empire without regard to parts, it is a court of equity to decide with strict impartiality between the parts.

The House of Commons is a legislative body, and it is only one division of the legislature. Invested with the duty of watching, judging, and restraining the executive, it is in its turn to be watched, judged, and restrained by the latter. The House is no more intended to form the executive, than the executive is to form the House; abstinence from encroachment, and submission to restraint, are quite as essential in the one as in the other. The House is under similar duty and obligation touching the other division of the legislature.

Although it is to a high point separated from the executive and other part of parliament, it is not intended to be their rival or enemy. It is to co-operate with them in defending that constitution of which it forms a portion in common with them; and of necessity the institutions and laws, the distribution of privilege and power comprehended in, or prescribed by, this constitution. In so far as it is to act for the people against them, its duty is generally defensive. It is to protect, and give operation to, what has been permanently assigned to the people, but not for their aggrandisement to make eternal war on the crown and peers. Bound equally with the latter to preserve the possessions of the empire, it is bound to preserve to them the privileges and powers which have been given them for popular good, as well as other objects.

These general points will form a test for judging the conduct of the Reformed House of Commons in detail and on the whole. Let us illustrate the mode of application.

It enters on the exercise of its functions in times fraught in the highest degree with peril. The poor are filled with hatred of the rich; the body of the population is exasperated against its laws and institutions; changes of the most comprehensive description are demanded, which demonstrably would be ruinous if conceded. This applies to the United Kingdom generally; and as an addition to it, Ireland has commenced a kind of regular rebellion for independence. In such a state of things, a very moderate portion of error and misdeed in the House can scarcely fail of producing the fall of the empire.

The Reformed House must manifestly be judged of, in the first place, by what it may deem to be its leading duty. This duty is, to reconcile the upper and lower classes, restore peace and connexion to the conflicting, dissevered parts of society, and make institutions once more the objects of attachment. Mistake here is impossible; because it is self-evident that, if it occupy itself with other matters, it must labour uselessly, if not ruinously.

It must be judged of, in the second place, by the mode and means it may

decide on for the discharge of this duty. While attention to the latter may prove it to be performed in respect of patriotism, the erroneous discharge will shew that it is still unreformed touching ability and knowledge.

If the House be really reformed, it will commence with ascertaining the true causes and objects of the discord and disaffection. In doing this it will disregard names, parties, theories, speculations, and professions; it will not be misled by eloquence, or seduced by temptation, or deceived by cunning knavery. Determined to judge for itself, take nothing at second-hand, and know every thing, it will seek information in every quarter, and be not more solicitous to separate truth from error in honest representations, than to discover the real character of disguised objects.

Feeling itself to be equally the representative and friend of all classes of the people, their guardian in their corporate character, and the tribunal to decide impartially and righteously between them, without regard to condition or number, the Reformed House will place before it their contending portions. It will find that the more wealthy and intelligent classes seek nothing beyond what they possess, are only struggling to retain it, are content, are warmly attached to their laws and institutions, are anxious for peace, and merely combat, from necessity they deplore, for their rights. Turning to those on the other side, it will see that they are the assailants, and that they demand, not only great additions to what they enjoy, but such additions at the cost of the rest; also that the demand is dictated by private animosity and profit. Seeing this, it will rigidly scrutinise the nature of the demand, together with the objects concealed and likely to be realised, as well as those avowed and contemplated.

In regard to right and equity, the Reformed House will have little disguise to tear away, and less clashing of evidence to deal with. The assailants reveal that they seek, not equality, but dominion; and although they seek it on the ground of right, the House will know that no part of the people can have a right to such tyranny. When they declare that what they insist on will render them omnipotent against the other classes, and that they will use it to deprive the latter of all share in the management of public affairs, destroy their property, and do them other injuries; consequently, that it will practically strip these classes of their rights, privileges, and liberties, the House will find that they themselves furnish the best of all proof that they seek not right, but foul violation of it. Reasoning from the indisputable fact, that the more wealthy and intelligent orders have at least a right to share as much in the management of public affairs, means of defence, and every variety of privilege, as the rest of the population, it will necessarily decide that they have a right to such discriminating laws and regulations as may be essential for enabling them to enjoy it. Here it will find the miserable error disposed of, which assumes that all are equal when some have only an impotent minority, while others have an overpowering majority. Tracing the elements of substantial equality, and proceeding strictly on the great principles of the constitution, it will remark that bodies and classes must be equal to make individuals so, and, in consequence, that the division of power ought to be made between the former; knowing that individual rights and privileges must be harmonised with the general weal, and that no man or class has a right to what will injure the latter, it will be careful of the rights of society in the aggregate. History and the nature of things will convince it, that the more ignorant, unskilful, and intemperate part of mankind, cannot possibly possess the control of public affairs, to the exclusion of the other part, without bringing the greatest evils on the whole.

Duty will of course compel the Reformed House to decide that the assailants call for the slavery of the wealthy and knowing, on the sole charge that they are wealthy and knowing—are actuated by vicious motives—seek unjust aggrandisement, to make the worst use of it—contemplate the virtual subversion of the constitution, and the creation of a system incapable of being other than ruinous to the empire.

The House will observe that popular disaffection is directed in an especial manner against itself, and desires, not only to take away its sacred rights, but to pervert it into an engine of wickedness and crime. They who insist that it shall domineer over the

crown, peers, and every other regular authority, as well as law, insist also that it shall only do this as their own servile instrument. In its tyranny, it is only to be the most abject of slaves to another tyrant. The doctrine is openly maintained, that it ought to exercise no discretion, but blindly obey its constituents; the ballot and other projected reforms are intended to take away its discretion, and give it the implicit obedience. The disaffection craves a House of Commons practically chosen by the lower divisions of the people, to the exclusion of the rest—divested of all freedom of deliberation and independence of judgment—on principle, and by mode of election, nothing better than the supple menial of those who elect it; and it craves such a House, that it may be able to make it commit robbery, treason, rebellion, or any heinous guilt at pleasure.

The Reformed House will not be deluded by the hollow professions of those who, in pretended affectionate solicitude for its improvement, only wish to alter it in this manner. After paying due attention to such selfish considerations as are justifiable, and inquiring why its members should lose freedom and independence by entering its doors, it will remark that, should it be so altered, no honest, able, and patriotic man could belong to it. This alone will be in its eyes conclusive evidence against the alteration.

Perceiving the novelty and vital importance of the question,—whether it shall obey the popular will, or its own understanding and conscience, the House will judge it on other grounds. It will examine and argue in this manner: Assuming that the leading-strings of the House of Commons will be fairly held by the whole people, how far will it be capable of discharging its duties? The House is appointed to act for, but not under, the people—to study their benefit, but not obey their commands; and to regard, not them only, but also the institutions it is connected with, or charged to protect. Hitherto, while they have been empowered to elect, they have been strictly prohibited by law from attempting to dictate to, or control, it; the right has been given to them to choose the most fitting managing body, but the right has also been given to this body to manage according to its own judgment.

The House, divested of independence and freedom, would self-evidently be a bitter scourge to the people, should it bring on them great injuries and sufferings, even though it should do so in humble obedience to their own commands. The grave question then arises,—Would their dictation never lead it into measures destructive to themselves? and an answer is exhibited in their present claims.

On the judgment of all authorities, it is essential for the executive to possess the powers it is endowed with. It is not a thing of popular formation, and in various points it stands as a kind of opponent to the people. Its duty is to watch their conduct, to restrain them when in error, and punish them for iniquity. It is bound by the most solemn obligations to defend the laws and institutions of the realm, and not for their benefit in disregard of their wishes, and protect whatever they may assail unjustly. It has no discretion to sacrifice their good to their will, or refrain from vigorously resisting them in whatever it may deem improper desires. Its duties continually bring it into conflict with them, and must often be discharged in despite of them, or be neglected. The House of Commons acts in some degree as a connecting link and arbitrator between the executive and the people. Bound to defend what is due to the latter, it is also equally bound to respect the rights and powers of the former. The executive can do nothing without the sanction of the House, therefore its ability to use its powers depends on the existence of one which will permit it to use them. The question then appears,—Could it perform its duties with a House of Commons completely under the dictation of the people? The answer is, This would be utterly impossible. It would be just as much under the dictation as the House, and consequently wholly incapacitated for exercising its more essential functions.

In the opinion of all competent authorities, the good of the people imperatively demands that the House of Peers should enjoy its power of scrutinising and rejecting the measures of the House of Commons and executive. Amidst its leading duties stands that of jealously watching the people, and inflexibly opposing them at discretion. Its composition and duties necessarily often bring it into discord with them. Here again the House of

Commons acts as connecting link and arbitrator: it has the powers of the lords to submit to, as well as the rights of the people to defend. With it and the executive under popular dictation, the House of Peers could not be better than a nullity.

It is thus demonstrable, that the House of Commons could not strip itself of freedom and independence, without stripping the crown and House of Lords of rights vitally connected with popular benefit, and forming to society the sole defence of many of its parts and possessions; even though it could place itself under the dictation of the whole people fairly.

But it cannot be so placed. The dictation is demanded for the less exalted part of the people, to the exclusion of the rest. The House will feel that it has no power to take away the rights of any part of the people without sufficient grounds, and that it has as much to take them from the whole as from the wealthy and intelligent portion. It is intended to represent all parts so equally, that none may preponderate. In almost every question that comes before it, it has to decide between conflicting portions of the people; one is between workmen and their masters, another between corn-growers and manufacturers, a third is between towns and villages, and a fourth is between England and Ireland. Farther, every question is in general between the few of one description or another and the vast majority. In all, the House forms a court of justice or equity, bound to decide with the utmost impartiality, according to right and the collective benefit. If it were under the dictation of any part, it would be able only to dispense unjust judgment, and violate its leading obligations.

The question for the transfer of taxes is, whether certain taxes shall be taken from the shoulders of one part of the people and placed on those of another. That for the abolition of the corn-law is, whether a large part of the property of farmers and small landowners, as well as of the rich, shall be at once destroyed, for the benefit of the rest of the community. The slavery and other colonial questions are, whether the property of the few shall be sacrificed for the gain of the many. Very frequently the measures of the executive create a war of interest between parts of the people. To a large extent these questions are between parts of equal rank, — between workmen and workmen, middle class and middle class; and the dictation demanded would confessedly decide them all, without regard to justice or national benefit, make the most wicked and oppressive distinctions, and ruin almost every division of the people in detail.

Here are the most weighty and conclusive reasons imaginable why the House of Commons should be free and independent, — the most unimpeachable proofs that, in proportion as it may be the contrary, it must be a curse to the people themselves. It will know that its power to be so must be drawn in a large degree from its being chosen fairly by all parts of the people, — the rich as well as the poor, the village as well as the town, the corn-grower as well as the manufacturer and shopkeeper; and that the ballot, or any other matter which may tend to cause it to be chosen and ruled in the majority by a part only, will tend in an equal degree to injure the whole people.

From all this, the House will decide, that the wish to make it the slave of the popular will, is flatly opposed to the first principles of government and the existence of society, — that, as it has being from the utter incapacity of the people to act wisely for, and judge uprightly between themselves, the wish would totally unfit it for the performance of duty, give management and judgment to this incapacity, and make the latter operate in the most baleful manner. It will decide that it is not more necessary for the people to have the most ample means of selecting it properly, than it is for it to be free from their control in its conduct.

Popular hostility, amidst its other objects, seeks through it to deprive the House of Peers of effective existence: the doctrine is regularly insisted on, that the latter ought to be compelled to sanction every demand which the people may make by means of the House of Commons. The Reformed House will dispassionately examine the grounds on which this object is supported, and will find that they consist mainly of the assumption that the people have a right to do what they please. It will deem the assumption false and treasonable, because, as we have stated, a free

government, in both its legislative and executive parts, exists in a great measure to prevent the people from doing what they please; the people themselves instruct it to decide in all matters for them, and exact from them obedience.

Reasoning from the self-evident truth, that it is as essential to resist the people when they seek what is unjust and injurious, as to concede to them when they seek the contrary, the House will necessarily conclude that the means of resistance are quite as essential for their good as those of concession. It will perceive, that amidst such means the Upper House of Parliament holds the first place, and stands infinitely above the executive; and that without it resistance could never be effectively and properly applied.

Devoted to the people's weal, and making a due estimate of the perilous nature of its trusts, and the extreme liability given by its mode of formation to error of judgment and improper influence, the Reformed House will naturally be anxious for the existence of a regular deliberative authority to revise its decisions and restrain it from error and guilt. It will see that the Peers form such an authority.

Well aware that it can neither perform its duties nor be other than an evil of the first magnitude, if it be not properly independent of, and able to restrain, the executive; and that it could not possibly be so without an institution like the other branch of parliament; it will regard the existence of the latter as a part of its own. Assured that, in the nature of things, the Lords must be incapacitated for restraining it when restraint will only be beneficial, and must render the executive irresistible against it, if they can be made the menial of the crown at pleasure, it will be not more jealous of its own independence than of theirs: it will see that their independence must be protected alike from the people and the crown.

The Reformed House, of course, will impartially examine the conduct of the other House of Parliament which provokes hostility, and this will be indisputable to it as the result. The Peers have only acted throughout on the defensive in favour of the national institutions they are bound in every way to defend. On the question of reform, they surrendered in the great majority what more particularly appertained to themselves, and only struggled to keep the House of Commons from dangerous change, and the rights of the more wealthy and intelligent part of the people from spoliation. Actually and principally, they endeavoured to protect a portion of the people from being wronged and enslaved, when it was assailed by the other, the executive, and the House of Commons; and which is at least as worthy of protection on the rights of man as the other. In defending the Church, they labour to preserve to the poorer part of the people gratuitous religious instruction and great pecuniary benefit. In regard to the corn-law, and other matters, they act much less for themselves than for an immense portion of the middle and lower classes. The Peers in these matters generally have acted and act in opposition to the executive. Thus the Upper House of Parliament is doomed to destruction for no other crime than labouring for the good of the people at large; and especially for defending, at every hazard, the rights, privileges, liberties, and property of a vast proportion of all ranks of the people against the executive and other division of the legislature, when they must otherwise have been defenceless.

The Reformed House of Commons will find in all this, the most triumphant evidence that the independent existence of the other house of parliament is quite as valuable to the people in every class as its own.

The hostility seeks, as another of its objects, to place the executive under the dictation of the people. The latter are taught to deem the king and his ministers their servants, who ought to obey them in all things, and do nothing save what they please. Here the Reformed House will look at the meaning of limited government, and find it to be any thing rather than an enslaved one; the limited government is still to govern, but it is to do so under certain limitations. On referring to the limitations which sit on our own, it will find amidst them these: The king and his ministers are limited to uphold the institutions of the empire, enforce the laws, study the good of the people only, and dispense justice and protection to every part of the people alike, without distinction of rank, calling, or number. So far are they from placing it under the dictation of the people,

that they bind it to exact submission from the latter, even in failure of other means by the sword.

On looking at the uses of an executive, the House will observe, that the people can know only the reverse of freedom and happiness if it do not effectually oppose and rule them in all unjust or pernicious desires. As we have stated, its leading duties are of a kind to bring it continually into conflict with their private interests and feelings in the great majority. An executive, therefore, which does not frequently withstand the demands of the people, and do what they clamour against, cannot possibly act for their good, protect right and freedom, and dispense justice. One which obeys them in all things, must, of necessity, be a profligate, senseless, destructive tyranny.

Popular or self-government does not mean, as the Reformed House will remark, that the people shall govern their rulers. Our government is pre-eminently a popular one; but it only allows the selection of their rulers to the people. To the farthest point possible, rule is kept from the executive; but here the people are only permitted, according to law and qualification, to select rulers from amidst themselves: they are not suffered to invade or resist the defined discretion and authority of the constable, overseer, coroner, &c. Beyond this point, they have only liberty to choose and make known their wishes to their rulers. The king, minister of state, and legislator, like the constable, overseer, and coroner, are appointed by the people to govern them; but the latter are not allowed to exercise the authority they so delegate. No other kind of popular government can have being. Rulers acting under the dictation of the people would form the reverse of a government, and their hour of anarchy would create a government the reverse of a popular one.

Of course the Reformed House will see, that it is as essential for the functionary—be he king, minister, or parish-officer—to enjoy his due discretion and authority over the people, as it is for him to be limited from acting to their injury. And on ascertaining what they wish to accomplish through the slavery of the executive, it will see that the wish includes the setting aside of all regular government, the perpetration of atrocious tyranny on the minority, and the production of deadly calamity.

The spoliation of the Church is another object of the hostility. The Reformed House, without overlooking the rights of the Church, will impartially, and in utter scorn of clamour and prejudice, examine her uses. It will find that she exists solely for the benefit of the people, especially of the poorer portion; and that, after making ample allowance for defects and perversion, she is of incalculable value to them, in regard to instruction and assistance. It will duly scrutinise the grounds on which she is assailed; it will perceive, that if her property were taken to diminish the taxes, it would take more from the poor on the one hand than it would give them on the other; and therefore would operate to them as an increase of taxation. The opposition of her ministers to such unjust and pernicious political conduct as the people exhibit, will form to the House a proof that they make the best use of their political influence, and that she is of the highest national value. It will decide, that it could not do the people a greater injury, than to deprive them of an institution which gives them, in every quarter, religious and moral knowledge, relief in distress, and advisers against disaffection and turbulence.

The Reformed House, on finding that the leading objects of the hostility are so vicious and ruinous that they ought not, on any account, to be conceded, will naturally seek the causes of their adoption;—it will see that the chief of them have been *evil instruction, encouragement, and concession.*

For a very long period the people have been taught by their press, and one of the great parties of the state, that they ought both to elect and command the House of Commons; and that it was their right to dictate to the legislature and executive. After the Whigs obtained office, the executive and House of Commons taught them this, and led them in attempting to practise it. The ministry and last House of Commons arrayed them against the rights and independence of both branches of the legislature and the sovereign, and impelled them to assail the Church and upper classes. While party and state questions have been in general of a kind to operate on them in this manner, concessions have been

made to them expressly for resisting the regular authorities of the realm, which have had the most fatal effects in giving them stimulant and means.

The Reformed House, on dispassionately looking at this, will at once see what its duty is, and thus discharge it.

Its first step will be to assert its own rights and independence. By resolutions, or otherwise, it will distinctly make known to the people how far these extend, and its determination to preserve them from invasion. It will as distinctly make known to the people their own solemn obligations, which bind them from such invasion, and the necessity for them; moreover, it will shew them that if they perform their duty, and elect only virtuous, patriotic, able men, an independent House of Commons will be incapacitated by composition for doing other than labour to the utmost for their advantage.

Its second step will be to make the people fully acquainted with its duties. It will point out to them what it owes to the Sovereign, the other division of Parliament, the Church, public institutions generally, and the population in its corporate national character, as well as to them; and shew them that it is bound to study, not their will, but their good, and to co-operate zealously with the executive and Peers against them, when they seek what is unjust or injurious.

In the third place, it will set before them the rights of the executive and Peers, the necessity on which they stand, and its determination to defend them to the last.

In the fourth place, it will detail to them what they owe to each other—what is owing by man to man, the poor to the wealthy, and the majority to the minority.

After making the people fully acquainted with the extent of their powers and obligations, also with the rights and duties of the different parts of the government, the Reformed House will prepare its general path of action. Knowing from the past, that if, like the unreformed Houses, it agitate the fatal questions which, from their nature, necessarily cover it and other authorities with popular animosity, it must soon involve the empire in blood and horrors, it will regard them as prohibited and accursed. Deciding that the distribution of power is now made, and speculative change can be carried no farther, it will not suffer one of these questions to be named without expressing its abhorrence.

Anxious to amend and supply, as far as safety will permit, it will cautiously distinguish between reform and alteration. It will not make a single reform, save on the clearest proof of actual evil; and its remedy will be strictly such as the evil obviously calls for. Every change, every reform, which is not thus proved to be necessary by practical grievance, and which is only sought to make well better, practise some ingenious theory, or gratify the popular wish, it will sternly reject, as in itself a great evil.

Manifesting the utmost readiness to take the prayers of the people into consideration, it will scrupulously discriminate, in the first place, between those which emanate from the genuine feelings of the people, and such as are put into their lips by clubs, demagogues, and factious newspapers; in the second, between the petitions which seek rational redress for evident grievance, and those which crave theoretic change or selfish profit; and, in the third, between the wishes of the sober, intelligent, peaceable, patriotic part of the people, and those of the deluded, ignorant, turbulent part. By word and act it will deter the people from factious or improper desires, and convince them that it will only grant what they ask in the spirit of uprightness from real need: it will be especially careful to shew them, that it will concede nothing to clamour, tumult, and intimidation.

Well aware that the restoration and maintenance of harmony between the different parts of the government is one of the most essential of reforms, the Reformed House will scrupulously judge every other with reference to it. It will studiously avoid all measures of reform, however advisable it may deem them in other respects, if it perceive that they will bring it into discord with, and stir up popular animosity against, the King and Peers. It will feel that any reform, having such effects, could only yield petty benefits through the production of gigantic evils. The rights of the King and Peers it will religiously respect, and uphold in all its proceedings; both as an example of obedience to the laws, and as the best means of preserving its own.

On this point it will, of course, be led by the past to regard the conduct of ministers with the utmost jealousy. Knowing that the king has legislative functions and bonds of conscience individually and independently of them, it will vigilantly prevent them from disabling him for exercising the first, or compelling him to violate the latter. It will as vigilantly prevent them from usurping the powers of the other House of Parliament. In times like these, it cannot possibly forget that they are especially charged with the protection of the government in all its parts, in the full exercise of its powers, and the possession of national reverence. From this it will necessarily see, that if they directly, or otherwise, prevent the Sovereign and Peers from using the rights they are endowed with, and draw on either, or both, popular animosity, they will commit a crime of the first magnitude. To the following facts it will give the attention they merit:—1. No change is necessary which the King or Peers could not conscientiously sanction; and their power only extends to the prevention of change. 2. If ministers propose such measures as they cannot conscientiously sanction, the general government must remain in its state of disorganisation, bondage, vice, and strife, and popular disaffection must soon cause the ruin of the empire. Reasoning justly on them, the Reformed House will not tolerate the being of that depraved, tyrannical, destructive thing—a ministry despoiling the king of his crown—a ministry forcibly acting as the House of Peers—a ministry destroying the independence of Parliament—a ministry stimulating and heading the people in disobedience, convulsion, and the rage for change—a ministry arraying the parts of government against each other, and rendering them as a whole unprincipled, incapable, powerless, and the destructive engine of faction.

The large share distress has had in misleading the people, and the necessity for its removal as a means of reclaiming them, will be duly noticed by the House. Here, warned by the misconduct of its unreformed predecessors, the House will cautiously avoid misleading the people still farther, by ascribing the distress to wrong causes. It will not tell them that taxes and pensions make work scarce, and wages bad—that tithes make the prices of corn and wool losing ones—that the aristocracy, in power and deed, fills the land with want and suffering—that this petty blemish, or that trifling deficiency of institution, causes the master's loss and the workman's privations: no, no, the Reformed House of Commons cannot possibly stoop to the imbecility and iniquity. It will as cautiously, from the same reason, avoid proposing wrong remedies; it will not tell landowners and farmers that the abolition of the corn-law will restore their profits; it will not tell the people that foreign corn will raise famine-wages, and foreign silks will give employment to the idle—that paltry reductions of taxes will banish hunger—that the robbery of the Church will give food to the starving—that the demolition of institutions will be a panacea for loss of profit and means of subsistence—that the ruin and slavery of the aristocracy will produce prosperity—that violation of law, and the power to domineer over all constituted authorities, will infallibly banish their sufferings. No, never can such folly and guilt be displayed by the Reformed House of Commons.

Standing forward in pure and lofty contrast to its predecessors, it will turn from the pledged party-leader, the interested party, the moon-struck theorist and projector, the profligate demagogue—all ready-manufactured causes and nostrums—to inquire, in the first place, alike impartially and comprehensively, into the true sources of the suffering. Its first act will be a severe examination of the actual fruits produced by recent commercial changes and experiments. In all its inquiries it will not, like its foolish predecessors, resort to the ignorant for information; it will not deem the profligate newspaper a better authority than the experienced man of business, nor think the individual who has spent a long life in a trade, and whose all depends on it, more incompetent to speak honestly and truly of what injures, or will serve it, than all other people. It will gather the truth from those who are the best qualified, by personal knowledge and private interest, to supply it; and then it will duly adapt remedy to evil. The wretched empiricism of the past, which pretended to relieve the distressed by reducing taxes they scarcely felt—to increase trade by depressing and contracting it—to raise profits and wages

by diminishing prices, will be regarded by it, not as matter of satisfaction, but as proof that its duty is to do the contrary.

In framing its remedies, the fatal errors of the past will naturally impel the Reformed House to act throughout in the spirit of impartiality and patriotism. It will not sacrifice one class of interest to another, or this country to foreign ones; and it will not make them subservient to political objects, or the pursuits of party and faction.

In looking especially at Ireland, it will trace the fearful condition of that part of the United Kingdom, in a great measure, to the direct encouragement given by its unreformed predecessors to turbulence, disaffection, and rebellion. It will see that the real object of the guilty is independence, and, consequently, the dismemberment of the empire. Duly scrutinising their pretended objects, it will ascertain what benefit concession would yield to them, and what injury it would inflict on the state. This will be the first question it will solve. Would the Irish Catholics, judging from their peculiar character and past experience, amend their conduct, if every thing were conceded them save the repeal of the Union? The reply will be, No; experiment proves they would do just the contrary. Then the question must be considered, would the total suppression of the Church, and seizure of her property, by the state, tend to mitigate penury and misery, or to improve the disjointed, defective condition of society in Ireland? The answer will be, It would do the reverse. It would take away a very large amount of annual bounty enjoyed by the poor, much resident expenditure, and almost the only link between the upper and lower classes; but it would leave religious discord, Protestant and Catholic, still more exasperated against each other, and the lower classes farther exempted from the influence of their superiors. All are agreed, that the repeal of the Union would do Ireland incalculable injury; therefore, it calls for no examination.

As the concession of what the Catholics seek would demonstrably yield no benefit on the one hand, its operation on the other will not be overlooked by the House. The Church and Protestants form almost the only effective bond, using the word, which holds England and Ireland together. To despoil and cut down the Church must, if daily proof be not worthless, proportionally weaken this bond, by reducing both the power and attachment of the Protestants. The latter are regularly alienated by regular concession, at their cost, to the Catholics; such concession, in its debating and making, not only adds prodigiously to the flame of religious strife, but it adds quite as much to the ungovernable, rebellious spirit of the Catholics, and their power of doing mischief.

No one can suspect, that the Reformed House of Commons will be so blind as to bestow no notice on this, especially when he considers the deplorable effects which have flowed from the mere proposal of government to make a change respecting tithes. It will at once perceive that, in proportion as it may debate on and grant what the Catholics clamour for, it must extinguish Protestant loyalty, feed convulsion, strengthen rebellion, disarm law, encourage civil war, and promote the fall of the empire. Perceiving this, it will sternly determine that, while real grievances shall be redressed, the distribution of power shall not sustain the least change — not a single institution shall be touched — defects and deficiencies in either shall remain — and the very mention of them shall be prohibited, until Catholic obedience will suffer attempted improvement to be other than a national scourge.

Inflexibly refusing to concede evil and ruin, the Reformed House, without either clamour or request, will profusely bestow benefit and prosperity. Disdaining demagogues and parties, it will dispassionately listen to common sense; it will give Irish want and misery, not lawlessness, strife, madness, and farther privation, but law, peace, food, and comfort. It will establish the supremacy of law, suppress religious tyranny, introduce poor-laws, remove excess of population, amend the construction of society, and banish whatever tends to keep the upper classes from connexion with, and due control over, the rest.

If the House of Commons exhibit this conduct, it will be really a Reformed one. Invaluable will be the fruits of its labours; boundless will be the national gratitude and attachment it will merit.

But if this House occupy itself with

party matters—if it make the retention of office for one party, or the obtainment of it for another, its leading duty, and think itself bound to consider only what this or that knot of public men may place before it, it will not be a reformed one.

If this House, in deliberating on, and attempting to, remedy the appalling condition of society, will only see, judge, and act through the medium of party-leaders; if it will embrace opinions, merely because one public man makes them, or believe assertions because another utters them, or sanction measures because a third proposes them, it will, even though its intentions be pure, be the reverse of a reformed one.

If this House call itself the servant of the people, obey their commands, do one thing because these classes call for it, and leave another undone because those refuse their sanction, seek opinion in popular clamour, and judgment in popular favour, it will be, not a reformed one, but the traitorous destroyer of the House of Commons established by the laws and constitution of England.

If this House employ itself with discussing questions, which from their nature must inevitably divide the different parts of society from, and exasperate them against each other; if it invade the possessions of the better classes for the gain of the rest, head dissenters and infidels in attacking churchmen, aid the trading world in assailing the agricultural one, keep laws and institutions continually on the anvil of change, for the loss of some and the benefit of others, it will be not a *reformed one, but a public* disturber and nuisance—the destroyer of public harmony, parent of convulsion, and ally of rebellion.

If this House attack the rights and privileges of the sovereign and peers, agitate questions which they will not sanction, refuse submission to the restraint they are bound to subject it to, attempt to place them under its dictation, direct popular animosity against them, and withhold from them the assistance and defence it is its duty to yield, it will be not a reformed one, but an illegal, unconstitutional, treasonable, rebellious assembly.

If this House defame and weaken the Church, and other institutions, it will be, not a reformed one, but the opponent of religion, morals, and loyalty—the best assistant of infidelity and republicanism.

If this House adopt such discussions and measures with respect to Ireland as will inflame Protestant and Catholic against each other, reduce the power of the former, and swell the hopes and means of the latter—fill the lower classes with hatred of law, institution, and England—it will be not a reformed one, but a callous, alien body, dead to all love of country and species, fomenting civil war, and producing the dissolution of the empire.

Here is the test: we commit it to the hands of the people, or, at least, of such parts of them as are patriotic, deserve to be free, and have their all as patriots and freemen placed in jeopardy, most earnestly urging them to use it with unsparing severity, and to act accordingly.

## RENCONTRES ON THE ROAD.

### No. VII.

#### APRIL FOOLS.

I AWOKE earlier than usual this morning, under the united influence of three of the most delightful things in nature, albeit alike unfriendly to repose; the soft vernal sun smiling his way to my undarkened chamber, through the fresh glittering buds of the newly pruned honeysuckles—my pet thrush on the old pear-tree, hailing with a full flood of melody the refreshing remains of the soft spring shower, by whose pattering on his arbour in the holly-bush *he* himself had been awakened some hours before—and (blending not inappropriately with his carol) the half suppressed but never to be mistaken tones of childish glee, bursting from the very hearts of sportive urchins, in the little parlour opposite my bed-room.

These latter sounds, however welcome, for a moment bewildered my half awakened faculties; till I recol-

lected having promised two favourite boys, the sons of a neighbour, the use of my long-neglected fishing-tackle, on the first showery morning when they could command a holyday.

All the world knows how early such a day begins in the calendar of a school-boy: if any one is superfluous enough to date its commencement so late as *sunrise*, it only proves that he has lived long enough to forget that sleep may be "murdered" as effectually by a fly-hook as by all the daggers in Christendom. As for myself, I never failed on such occasions to adopt the computation rendered familiar to us by the Hebrew historian, in a page, I humbly confess, more fitted by its sanctity to "point a moral" than "adorn a tale." With me, the "evening and morning" were always woven into one bright tissue of passive and active enjoyments — of breathless anticipation and blissful fruition — as surely as the languid weary evening, succeeding the twenty-four hours' excitement, might be said to belong to the same dark and sober woof with its homely morrow, and the many monotonous morrows, rescued by no red letter from the common herd of school-days.

Be this as it may, the sleep that joy kills is easily dispensed with, and my little invaders felt, I daresay, no great remorse for murdering mine, at what they considered the sad late hour of seven o'clock; though I concluded, from the somewhat restrained character of their mirth, and some remains of "method in their madness," that old Deborah was not entirely shorn of her terrors, even amid the license of a *whole* holyday.

A more decisive proof of its Saturnalian character was soon afforded; for after one of those ominous lulls with which explosions of all sorts are usually preceded, arose a burst of merriment, amid which the shrill cracked voice of my old housekeeper soon gained angry predominance. "Upon my word, Mister George and Mister Lionel, there's a pretty pair of ye! To be disturbing my good master at these hours with your noise and racket, and then shewing your boarding-school breeding by sending a woman old enough to be your grandmother on one of your sleeveless errands! April fools! quotha! I think my master, saving his presence, is one himself, for troubling his head——"

"And so I am, Deborah," said I, gently opening my door, greatly, I believe, to the discomfiture of all parties; for Deborah, the pink of duennas, was still in morning *déshabille*; "so I am, or have been at some time of my life, if not at this moment. 'Tis well if the 'sleeveless errand' you went on was of another's contriving: *mine*, alas! has been chiefly my own."

"Your own, your honour!" said Deborah, who was a matter-of-fact person — "Lord forbid such a contrivance should ever have entered *your* head, as to send a respectable middle-aged woman over the way to Dr. Gallipot's, in her bed-gown, at seven o'clock in the morning, to get two penn'orth of oil of sympathy, to throw on the water, forsooth, and make the trouts rise! The mischievous monkeys knew I would not send the boy Mick for a dose for fear of mistake, ever since Goody Wilson got ratsbane for magnesia — they knew well I'd be afeard to get master killed at second-hand by eating poisoned trout — so the little villains (that I should say so of any gentleman's sons!) let me go and make an April fool of myself for their amusement."

"Deborah," said I, "children will be children;" and I tipped her a wink, which at once conveyed the tacit assurance that ere long they should be in her own predicament, and share with her all the disgrace of this day of privileged mystification.

"Come, boys," said I, "let us overhaul the fishing-tackle in the garret, till Deborah has our breakfast ready. If you had not put her out of her way by your bad jokes, we should have been off by this time. I wonder who are April fools now?"

Deborah scuttled away somewhat propitiated by this speech, yet evidently looking forward to a more definite and overwhelming triumph. I had soon an opportunity of requiting in kind the injury her dignity had sustained. "Lionel," said I, looking very gravely over a coil of hopelessly entangled line, and a lot of nondescript flies, whose genera would have puzzled Linnæus — "'tis rather a pity you affronted Mrs. Deborah; for, without her help, I doubt we shall have but a poor day's sport with this gear. I daresay she *has* by her what we require; but whether she will part with it to such mischievous little urchins, is quite another affair. I assure you I don't

meddle with Deborah myself; she's very particular."

"Oh! but," answered both boys at once, "she's rather good-natured too, at times; and I don't think she'd spoil a day's fishing for us neither. Tell us what you want, and we'll coax it out of her, I'll warrant."

"Don't be too sure," cried I, looking as if my own fate depended on propitiating this Nemesis of the nether regions;—"if indeed you could persuade her to let you have——"

"What? what?" cried both at once, half pushing each other down the narrow garret stair.

"Why, George! you're the oldest and steadiest; go you and ask her—very prettily and distinctly, mind—for a few phenix's feathers (you're a classic, George, and have read of phenixes) to brighten these sad dingy flies; and hark ye, Lionel, you run after him and ask for a skein of silk to patch up this line with—sea-green sorrel will be best, tell her—it will harmonise with the tints of the reeds and water."

Cottages are seldom well-deafened, and I was soon privy to the success of my retaliatory stratagem. George's message was delivered and received with equal unconsciousness of jest on either side. "Phenix's feathers! marry, come up! where should I get such a thing? Sure the boy means pheasants!"

"Pheasants!" repeated the young classic with ineffable disdain—"no! I mean a bird that's the finest and rarest of all birds, and always burns itself to death."

"And, pray, where should I get any of its feathers, then, Mister George?" echoed Deborah, in a tone of incipient triumph

"Some silk, Deborah! some silk, if you please, to mend our line," called out Lionel, who waited impatiently the result of his senior's application—"sea-green sorrel will be best—your master sent us."

"And I think my master has sent me a couple of April fools!" exclaimed the delighted matron, her eyes opened to the phenix hoax by the more familiar heterodoxy of the skein of silk. "Go and tell him I'm much obliged to him; and I'll swallow, hook and all, every fish you catch with phenix's feathers and sea-green sorrel silk!"

Deborah's dignity being now restored, and her, at all times short-lived, resentment appeased, she produced from her stores materials for our purpose more tangible, and more likely to have their "local habitation" in an old woman's work-bag than the plumage of the "bird of Araby;" and the tackle being made at last sufficient to "take in" the couple of gudgeons for whom it was chiefly designed, I committed the young sportsmen (being unluckily obliged to ride on business some miles across the country) to the steady superintendence of my little foot page Nicholas—known in the parish, for his premature gravity, by the somewhat dubious appellation of old Nick—promising to meet them, if possible, in my homeward ride, and contribute the no-doubt welcome assistance of my pony in carrying home their ponderous basket.

"April fools again!" thought I to myself, as I saw the two little fellows strutting away, in full anticipation of a prize, to secure which their skill and means were equally inadequate; "and yet, no such fools either. For there *must* be sport, at least, in the attempt; and that is more than their betters always get for their money."

"Mocking is catching," says an old and homely proverb. So I and my countrymen had found it, when, after haranguing, at the beginning of the Roman carnival, on the folly of wearing wax phizzes, and peppering each other with lime-comfits, we ended by out-Herioding Herod, and "doing at Rome" more than the Romans ever did before us. And so I found it now, when—with some five-and-twenty years' added experience—I was actually smitten, by contact with two unlucky scooolboys, with the desire to make April fools of his majesty's lieges on the king's highway.

Under the influence of this wise and doughty determination I jogged on with unusual alacrity, little aware how nearly akin the very ride on which I was voluntarily bound might prove to the fantastic pilgrimages imposed on the "Cousin Slenders" of the world by their more facetious comrades: it is so much easier to make a fool of oneself than of any one else; the achievement implies, in most cases, so little effort, that one is generally indebted to some kind friend for the discovery of its accomplishment.

Be this as it may, Don Quixote did not hail with more satisfaction the first

*bonâ fide* antagonist, whom he either encountered or imagined, than I did the sight of a booted and spurred traveller, advancing at full speed in an opposite direction. "This man is on a fool's errand already, methinks!" was my vague conjecture, founded on a certain recklessness in his riding, which seemed to prove that the "better part of *his* valour was 'not' discretion."

I was saved all the trouble of devising a hoax, by the gratuitous confession of folly with which I was favoured. "Give me joy, Mr. Frank," exclaimed this most incorrigible of speculators, "I've found my coal-mine at last! A gold mine, I may rather call it, in this part of the country, where there never was such a thing found before. Do turn your horse's head, and go with me to the pit-mouth; we're to have a leg of mutton roasted with the first bucket of the Quigfield coal. All the world will be there—sorry you can't; good by—too busy for longer parley!"

Although not then aware that ten thousand pounds was the exact price of that leg of mutton—the first and last ever roasted with the coal aforesaid—I knew that Mammon had not on his list a greater gull since he and Raleigh sent April fools in scores to El Dorado. "The swart demon" of the mine was here fairly beforehand with me. "Full fifty fathoms deep" lay alike this poor man's brains and his guineas; and it would be well if the disappointment awaiting him did not lay his head under ground likewise.

I had not rode much farther, half-thankful to Providence for having denied me the means of being extensively ridiculous, when in my musing mood I was nearly rode over by my friend Mr. Ingilby's travelling-carriage, turning out rapidly from his park-gates. I knew the liveries, even had I not been hailed from within by a number of voices, which only wanted harmony to form a complete chorus.

"Hilloa, Frank!" growled out the fat gentleman from the corner of the coach, where he sat in "dim eclipse" behind his wife's only *demi*-fashionable bonnet; "here I am, devilish sorry for myself, going up to town just as the turnpike-meetings and parish-business are all coming on, and lots to do at home besides—farms to let, and barns to build, and a score or two of idle fellows to look after! But the womankind have got me to let them go to town, and now they pretend they can't go without me. Faith, they'll need a strong tether to keep me there, when I've every thing going to wreck and ruin at home!"

"La, papa!" squeaked out the youngest of the misses, who, not having experimentally proved the "vanity and vexation" of previous attempts, was the most excusable of the party—"why should your affairs go wrong any more than Sir John Townley's, who is away nine months of the year?" "Because I defy a man's affairs to go wrong that never have gone right. Sir John's a fool; and if he never came down at all, he would be none the poorer, and the country none the worse. But all men are no. drones and spendthrifts."

"All men are surely April fools!" said I to myself, as I saw this modern edition of the "Wronghead" family in full quest of disappointment, mortification, and embarrassment. For fear I should have excepted the mother—a quiet, sensible enough woman, when not under the influence of the London mama—she gravely appealed to me: "You know, Mr. Francis, it would be doing my girls no justice to coop them up at the Park, when all their neighbours go to town. Miss H., you have heard, is to be married to Lord B., and Anne S. to a member of parliament. Nothing remarkable, I'm sure, about either—only a little fashion; which, you know, is every thing. And besides," added she in a confidential diplomatic whisper, while her feathers nodded mysteriously as she spoke, "your friend there has a capital head for business; and really, things are so unsettled at head-quarters, that his getting some good situation in the scramble would by no means surprise me: there's nothing like being on the spot!"

"And leaving home, and business, and credit, and comfort behind!" thought I to myself, as, amid a second chorus of adieus, the carriage drove off, which was to transform a useful country magistrate into a sorry statesman or disappointed dangler—a worthy and successful rearer of turkeys and children into an unskilful barterer of a superfluous commodity of daughters; whose country roses and country

portions were more likely to touch the simple heart of some neighbouring clodpole, than the pocket of any of those charm-proof heroes, who, like the renowned Claverhouse, can be wounded only by a silver bullet.

Moralising, however, is dull work when one is bent on mischief; and this, I have already confessed, was my present object. I had begun to despair of assuming, even for a day, the abdicated vocation of "poor Yorick;" when I absolutely chuckled at the sight of the very individual whom, amid the million of gulls with which earth as well as ocean teems, a genuine lover of mystification would have selected as his favourite prey.

If I and my steed had been nearly *culbuté* by the ambitious turn-out of our migrating fashionables, Dumple nearly returned the compliment by walking over the lean and studious muser, who, in the threadbare livery of learning, and her privileged abstraction from all sublunary concerns, was pacing along the middle of the road.

Absence, like other qualities, has its degrees of comparison; if I knew of any beyond the superlative, I would reserve it for the Reverend Mr. Maze. He was tutor in a family of my acquaintance, and as much liked by the young people for his simple worth, as he was quizzed by them for his perpetual blunders, and the mixture of deep erudition and guileless credulity which he hourly exhibited. Parson Adams, the monogamist Dr. Primrose, Dr. Cayill of St. Ronan's himself, must yield the palm of harmless absurdity to Mr. Maze.

He had, like the renowned Dominie Sampson, preached *a* sermon; but his pulpit eloquence had received its *quietus* from the indignation excited among the old women of the parish, by his unlucky vindication of religion from the aspersion of being a "monkish tale." A ludicrous similarity of sound led to a still more laughable perversion of metaphor. All comparisons are said to be "odious;" of all the odious comparisons the "song of similes" ever afforded, how could the parish critics swallow that of Christianity to a "monkey's tail?" In vain was it explained away; the mischievous ape clung round the helpless divine, like the "old man of the sea" round the neck of Sindbad the sailor: so, denied the privilege of puzzling others, the honest man was content to bewilder himself.

To make this "confusion worse confounded," was at no time a difficult matter; and I had just composed my countenance sufficiently to request that he would, if not particularly engaged, walk a couple of miles to the top of a hill behind my cottage (suspected of having been used for the administration of summary feudal justice), to inspect some bones recently turned up by the workmen employed in digging for a quarry. To this, which was but a second-hand hoax, played off upon myself some days before, I added the clever device of the finders to extort a dram from Deborah; viz. that two of their number had fainted from the effluvia of the exhumed remains, which — if not since proved to have been those of a calf—must have belonged to a gallows-bird of the fifteenth century, at latest.

I was about to exult in the unhesitating acquiescence with which my "prætorium" bones, fainting labourers, and all, were swallowed by the unresisting antiquary, when the supremacy of nature's foolery over that of art was once more triumphantly asserted.

"I should be delighted to profit by your obliging hint," said the worthy somnambulist, with the indecision ascribed to a certain animal under the influence of rival bundles of hay; "but the bones, I hope, will not run away: and having written to a friend, just arrived from Italy, to bring me a bottle of genuine malaria, I am anxious to have it analysed before the noxious particles evaporate, and thereby, perhaps, overthrow all the existing theories on the subject; with none of which do I profess myself satisfied. You'll excuse my taking leave, sir; I have a long walk before me."

Thus outwitted for the third time by Dame Nature, I of course resigned all thoughts of intermeddling with her province, content to hope, that the first of April must contain in it elements of folly peculiar to itself.

I was roused from my reverie by the approaching sound of a horse's hoofs, and looking round, perceived in his rider one whose haste — as it usually indicated the imminent danger — was alleged by some to portend, almost as infallibly, the speedy dissolution of his luckless patient.

There had lately come to settle in our quiet neighbourhood a retired military disciple of Esculapius, more fitted apparently, by his gaunt, formidable appearance, for the combative than the curative branch of his late vocation. His figure was at all hours to be seen, enveloped in the professional surtout, which pride and poverty alike combined to retain on his peace establishment; and so constantly did his heels display the appendage of a pair of huge military spurs, that I have been innocently asked by a friend's little boy, whether I thought the doctor slept in them. Such, even on ordinary occasions, was the menacing aspect and swaggering deportment of our new Galen, that, could more serious disorders (as is certainly the case with the toothach) be bullied out of a patient by mere terror of the doctor, the *tout ensemble* of Dr. Q. might have been pronounced a universal specific.

Having myself considerably passed the age at which a man, it is said, must be "either a fool or a physician," and enjoying, moreover, such a state of negative health as art may make worse, but cannot hope to amend, I had a mere bowing acquaintance with the new practitioner. Besides, his radical politics and sceptical opinions combined their influence with that of his unconciliating manners to keep at arm's length a peaceful individual, whose settled creed on both points defied change, and abhorred controversy.

When, therefore, this tremendous personage overtook me on the first of April, and, to my surprise, slackened his hitherto furious speed, to suit the sober paces of my pony, it may be believed I felt not the slightest inclination to make him the subject of a practical joke.

There was something, however, in the whole air of his figure, joined to the swelling of his features (heightened as they were by the addition of a red worsted cravat, to a ludicrous resemblance with those of an enraged turkey-cock), and the portentous crimson of a nose, whose carnation half the vineyards in Europe had lent their juices to deepen, which led me to conclude him the victim of a hoax, even before his excited feelings urged him to make a stranger its confidant.

His usual gruff salutation was abruptly followed by asking, whether I knew any thing of the Rev. Mr. X.? I wish I could have answered in the negative; for if there be a case in which "ignorance is bliss," it must be when it conceals from a benevolent mind the aberrations of a Christian pastor. The one in question—a rare exception, indeed, among a class unrivalled in the world—was, I believe, hardly responsible for errors which, however disgraceful, seemed to have their source in eccentricity bordering on derangement; though a strange mixture of occasional shrewdness and plausibility made it doubtful whether rogue or fool predominated in his composition.

Further knowledge of him than rumoured acts of irregularity, and open ones of carelessness and negligence afforded, seemed as unattainable as undesirable; for he lived the life of a recluse, if not of an anchorite; and between dread of friendly admonition and suspicions arising from deep pecuniary embarrassment, admitted no visitors of any kind.

My brief answer, disclaiming all knowledge, save by report, of this recreant shepherd, emboldened the enraged physician to vent his anger without reserve. "Sir," said he, "the man must be either mad, or worse, to put (under cover of the cloth he disgraces) such an affront on one who has served his majesty! This morning early I received a very well-worded civil epistle, fit to be addressed to a medical officer of thirty years' standing, requesting me to call, as soon as possible, on the Rev. Mr. X., who was apprehended to be—though himself unaware of it—in a very dangerous way. The letter, purporting to be dictated by the anxiety of a near relative, was signed 'John Maddox.'"

"When I got to the house, sir, through roads that took my horse [a giant, of course, like its master] nearly to the giths, I found nothing—though near ten o'clock in the day—but closed shutters and barred doors; and I began to think death had been beforehand with the doctor, so impossible was it to awaken any mortal within. At length, after nearly knocking the door to pieces, it was half-opened by a bare-footed dawdle of a maid; who, on seeing a stranger, shut it hastily in my face again. As, however, she forgot to bolt it, I used the freedom of my profession, and followed her up stairs to the bed-room of my patient.

To my surprise I found the sick man sitting up, dressed — if dress it could be called, which, God knows, was neither clerical nor Christian! — over the remains of a breakfast, whose slovenliness was too bad even for an old campaigner like myself.

"He looked to the last degree annoyed by my visit; and having heard, that among his other oddities he hated doctors, I resolved, if possible, to let the mention of his illness come from himself, and confine myself to safer topics of discourse.

"After some remarks on the weather and roads, during which he kept eyeing me as a mouse in a trap might do a cat ready to pounce on it, I was obliged to come to the point, and ventured to ask, if he had lately heard of or seen Mr. John Maddox? At this unlucky question, he grew first pale and then red; and when I added, in explanation, that I was here at that gentleman's request, he started up in his chair, and asked me, with the face of a rabid tyger, 'How I durst force a passage into his house to exercise my dirty vocation?'

"Really, sir, this ineffable insolence to an army surgeon of my standing fairly struck me dumb! I could not answer for some moments, during which he completed the affront by personal reflections more contemptible still. He said, if the girl at the door had been any thing but a born-idiot, she might have read the bum-bailiff in every line of my countenance, in spite of my tawdry tassels, and the silver skewers at my heels!!! I didn't knock him down, sir! but I must, if I had not knocked over his tea equipage instead. There's no reasoning with a madman, or fighting with a parson; so, prescribing phlebotomy and a strait waistcoat, I rushed down stairs, and mounted my horse. The fellow himself is below contempt; but if I get hold of that Mr. John Maddox!——He can't live far off, for his note was scarce dry when I received it."

"Sir," said I, with all the urbanity I could possibly throw into my voice and manner, at the same time preparing myself and my pony for such a start as might place me beyond reach of the inevitable explosion,—"I believe the only Mr. John Maddox with whom Mr. X. has any connexion is a banker of Liverpool, his chief, and, I have heard, not very accommodating creditor. His signature to your letter must, I think, have been borrowed for the occasion; but it strikes me that the solution of the whole mystery will be found in its *date*,— this is the first of April!"

I touched my hat, gave spurs to my pony, and having ventured, when a few yards in advance, to look round, I saw the Patagonian doctor rise portentously in his stirrups, and, waving the fatal letter in deadly defiance, gallop towards the abode of the very luckless wag whom in my heart I suspected of the hoax!

I was not likely to be interrupted in my journey by any subsequent wayside greetings; for I had now struck off the turnpike-road, my way lying across a wide and rarely-traversed moor. How beautiful is even a moor in the magic livery of spring, with its bright and fragrant profusion of golden furze-blossoms, "unprofitable" surely neither to the eye nor nose of the passing traveller, and the source of wealth incalculable to busy commonwealths of bees; its short elastic turf meet resting-place for the downy bosom of the thousand larks which rise, only half-startled, before the unwonted passenger, and float away out of sight in ether, like living streamers from that broad and verdant banner of triumph which spring is waving over a renovated world!

I was enjoying myself so thoroughly amid the hum of bees and the carol of larks, and those delightful notes of the wheeling plover, which to me have more of spring in them than the whole orchestra of nature besides, that I was almost sorry to descry, though, from the nature of the ground, still at a considerable distance, the tall farm-house to which I was bound, whose extent of buildings and goodly array of stacks seemed erected in mockery of the desert they skirted. They stood, however, on the confines of a perfect Goshen; and few sites I have met with combined, in my opinion, more of the advantages of wildness and cultivation; for while moors, or rather wolds, swelling into respectable hills, stretched behind and on one side of the snug dwelling, it looked on the other with proud satisfaction over fields of the richest fertility; while it would have puzzled the rival arts of agriculture and gardening to settle their respective titles to the Eden-like expanse in front.

It may be well, before approaching this enviable dwelling, to say a word of the cause to which my acquaintance with it was due. Among the very few college friends with whom I kept up an occasional correspondence, Sir John Stanley retained the strongest hold on my esteem and regard, both by the warmth and generosity of his attachment as a youth, and its unimpaired steadiness, amid the chilling influence of prosperity on his part and misfortune on mine, not to mention that personal estrangement which few early friendships have stamina to survive.

Sir John, one of the oldest baronets of England, with ancestry to dignify his wealth, and fortune to lend *éclat* to birth, and talents to reflect lustre on both, never forgot his old fellow-commoner Francis M., in the humble tenant of Leverton Cottage. It was not his fault that we did not meet oftener; when we did it was as those whose paths in life are different, but their goal the same. I can no better attest the genuineness of our friendship to the curious in such compacts than by saying, that I, situated as we relatively were, felt quite as much pleasure in asking him a favour as he did gratification in complying with the request; yet, as this "reciprocity" had hitherto (like the Irishman's) been chiefly on one side, I confess it was with secret satisfaction I found it at length in my power to requite the cheerful courtesies of a life-time with an act of humanity to an only son.

A brief and hurried epistle from Sir John, then holding a situation of high diplomatic responsibility at a neighbouring court, first imparted to me an accident (of the extent of which he was, however, himself only imperfectly informed) which had befallen his son, while hunting in the adjoining county to ours, over those very wolds on whose picturesque appearance I have so feelingly expatiated. All the anxious father knew (which I of course immediately verified by inquiries nearer home) was, that Mordaunt had been thrown from his horse, and carried to a farm-house in a state of insensibility, from which he was now slowly but providentially recovering. The father felt it superfluous to say more. That the accident had happened within ten miles of me seemed in his eyes its chief alleviation; and it were an insult to the reader to say, that I fulfilled to my utmost the legitimate expectations of an absent parent.

During the first critical period of a six weeks' confinement, I slept more than one night at Dale Farm, sharing with its kind inmates the harrowing anxieties attendant on injuries imperfectly understood, and reason partially obscured. When by degrees I could venture to let days elapse between my visits, it was delightful to mark the gradual relumining of the eye, and hourly advance towards consciousness and memory, which compensated for weeks of agonising suspense; and when at length the gallant heir and hope of a noble house *first* asked, as awakened from a painful dream, "Does my father know all about me?" tears were my only answer.

They flowed not for one sufferer alone; for that parent, whom duty to his country could scarcely have kept at such a time from his son's bed-side, was a prisoner from illness, the effect of anxiety; and it had been my painful, though humane task, to alleviate by hopes, far beyond those the case warranted, the pangs of his involuntary absence. "He does not know *half* about you, dear Mordaunt," thought I to myself; "what a pang has his kind heart been spared!"

The favourable accounts I was now enabled, without deception, to convey to Sir John, reconciled him, however unwillingly, not to risk by a rash journey, during inclement weather, his own precarious recovery; and some time had elapsed (owing to the same cause) since I had last visited Dale Farm. But the newspapers having announced Sir John's intended return to England, I had resolved to ride over and prepare Mordaunt for the meeting, even before I was confirmed in my intention by a letter from his father, hinting that in the advanced state of his convalescence further residence at the farm must surely be an unnecessary tax on the hospitality of its inmates.

I was myself rather of the same opinion, and began to wonder whether I had ever, in any of my earlier *bulletins*, mentioned, among the attendant's on the invalid, the farmer's pretty daughter Lucy, whose deep sympathy, unwearied attention, and intelligent efforts to rouse and amuse the sufferer, had often excited my admiration; without, however, in the least waking a suspicion of any other motives than

those of humanity. When I was Lucy's fellow-watcher by the mute, unconscious invalid, his lack-lustre eye would have rested with equal indifference on the Medicean Venus; but latterly it had been otherwise, and I half recollected the farmer's wife saying, with pardonable maternal exultation, "Our Lucy's the best doctor of them all;" and the blush, whether of modesty or consciousness, which the remark called forth.

It was not without anxiety that I turned all these circumstances over in my mind, when I first came in sight to-day of the smoke of Dale Farm. Mordaunt, though all a fond parent could wish, and (as I had heard rather than seen) a lad of equal spirit and promise, was only nineteen; and to the lover of that age disparity of rank seldom presents a formidable barrier. Gratitude, besides, is a terrible auxiliary to youthful passion; and a sick nurse of eighteen a perfect walking epitome of the Loves and Graces. In short,—for I have, like other recluses, a knack of exaggerating possible evils,—I had prepared myself for a scene of boyish folly, and still more distressing girlish entanglement—for paternal severity, doubly painful at such a time—and all the *et ceteras* which attend the *denouement* of a romance, except what pride, prudence, and common sense, alike forbade,—the marriage of the parties.

Amid these unpleasant cogitations, I rode up to the farm; and fastening Dumple to the well-known latch of the garden-gate, had no sooner entered its precincts, than I observed Lucy walking with a pensive step, very different from her usual tripping airiness of gait, along the rose hedge at the bottom. She at first attempted to hide herself among some gooseberry bushes; but the effort proving vain, she stood, instead of meeting me with her usual frank cordiality, pulling the roses to pieces with a most ominous confusion,—so ominous, that I could hardly muster spirits to rally her on what I concluded could have but one cause.

"Miss Lucy," said I, in a tone which, though meant to be gay, was, I am sure, very cross—"have you nothing to say of your patient to-day? Is he in all respects as well as his friends could wish?"

"Very well, I believe, sir," answered Lucy, fidgetting in a manner quite calculated to confirm my suspicions; "though I don't know—I forgot to ask to-day." And she blushed as no woman ever blushed for nothing.

"Don't know! forgot to ask!" muttered I to myself—"little cunning gipsy!" and much of my sympathy for her hopeless passion oozed out at my fingers' ends, as she spoke. "Send Mr. Mordaunt here, child," said I, rather cavalierly; "I have a letter to show him from his father, and should be sorry to disturb the family."

She hung back in evident reluctance, inspired, I concluded, by the mention of Sir John. "Have Mr. Mordaunt and you quarrelled?" said I, rather tauntingly.

"I don't know—I hope not," faltered Lucy, getting every moment more uncomfortable; and at length, rushing upon Scylla to avoid Charybdis, making her escape into the house.

No Mordaunt appearing after an interval of some minutes, I followed her; and avoiding the parlour, where the family I suspected were at dinner, made my way at once to the young man's bed-room. He was sitting with his head on his hands at the open lattice, with looks the counterpart of poor Lucy's, and so full of melancholy, that all my sympathy returned, and I could have found in my heart to play the fool in my old age by comforting him.

He started up at my entrance, and endeavouring to shake off his dejection, received me with a cordial welcome. "Why, Mordaunt, my boy, you look wonderfully recruited," said I, affecting unconcern. I'm glad to see it, for I have a letter from your father, who is on his way home, and thinks you have been quite long enough a burden on the good folks here."

"I'm sure I think so too," sighed the young convalescent. "It would have been well for me, perhaps, if I had been moved before I recovered my senses, only to lose them again!"

"Not irrecoverably lost, my dear young friend, I hope," said I, soothingly—"time and your own good sense——"

"Nay," interrupted the young man, faintly laughing, "I shall owe my cure to something much more speedy and efficacious than either. I'm not the first April fool that has been made so by a woman!"

"Make a fool of *you*, Mordaunt!"

echoed I; "you really greatly relieve me. I thought you were much more likely to have made one of her, poor thing! Or, to speak more truly, I feared you were both in for it; and a more hopeless scrape could not be well imagined."

"'Tis rather heroic of me to make a fool of myself over again, even to you," continued he; "but I think, when once I've made my confession, the hoax will sit lighter on my stomach. Come into the garden, and I'll tell you all about it. You must promise not to laugh, though; I assure you it's no laughing matter yet with me."

I followed with all the feeling of relief of one, who, having provided an extra pocket-handkerchief for a tragedy, sees a comedy substituted in his play-bill. On passing the farmer's parlour, a strange voice, whose tones of frank good-humoured merriment seemed to grate on my companion's ear, partly explained his own absence from the social meal, and Lucy's secession among the roses; and I gladly recognised that of a young man of the neighbourhood, whom in my earlier visits to the farm I recollected as an almost daily guest, but who of late, from some cause or other, I did not remember to have met there. When we got to the garden, I made directly for an old-fashioned arbour it contained; but Mordaunt, exclaiming, "No, no! I can't tell you *there*," dragged me away in quest of a seat elsewhere, and told me the following tragi-comical history.

"You remember as well as I, and much further back than my shattered memory can carry me, the tender attentions and unwearied kindness of poor Lucy. I only know that, let my eyes open when they would, day or night, for weeks when I noticed little else, they were sure to rest upon Lucy, searching anxiously for expression in their vacant gaze, or bending her ear in unwearied attempts to catch words, equally deficient, I have since been told, in articulation and meaning. It would have ill become a man apparently on his death-bed to be a coxcomb—I hope I am none anywhere—but, as I am upon honour, I will confess that the thought, 'Lucy surely loves me,' came into my mind, long before I had any idea of being in love with her.

"Thanks to my father's aristocratic prejudices, and the principles he gave me to support them, I neither dreamt of avowed or clandestine love for a pretty peasant. I felt, however, from the first, a great deal of gratitude, which soon softened into pity for her supposed partiality; for Lucy, you will observe, was almost during my whole illness in a state of pensiveness and occasional dejection, which was like all the symptoms I had read of an incipient attachment.

"For some time after I became myself again, my chief—indeed only—occupation was watching the progress of those symptoms with an eagerness which pity or curiosity alone would hardly have dictated. As I grew convalescent, Lucy's attentions necessarily changed their character; and, from being my willing and constant nurse, she rather avoided than courted my presence—and even shewed reluctance to read or sing to me, as she had been used to do in the earlier stages of my recovery. These indications I had been led to look upon as infallible; and it was the uneasiness I felt under the privation of her society, which first taught me how nearly 'pity was akin to love.' Still, if any one had spoken of Lucy as one who could be any thing to me but a kind and careful attendant, the blood of the Stanleys would have mounted to my cheek in indignant disavowal.

"Once or twice during the next few weeks Lucy resumed her efforts to beguile my weary hours, and contribute to my amusement; but it was generally with the trace of recent tears on her cheek, and with a mind so evidently pre-occupied, that I lost all pleasure in the attempt, from the pain its constrained performance inflicted. The constraint was quite mutual. I had by no means made up my mind to speak to her on the only subject which I believed could interest her, and I had no heart to converse on indifferent topics;—so we went on, till, from one thing to another, I had fairly worked myself up to being a good deal in love with Lucy, though still without owning it to myself, far less to her.

"I had a long struggle as to the best means of imparting to the poor girl my conviction that, for both our sakes, the attachment must be suppressed; and that, with my father's ways of thinking, she might as well

hope to marry the heir-apparent of Great Britain. But there was always in her behaviour, when I saw her, (which was now more frequently, as I could join the family at meals,) a certain blushing consciousness, and timid retiring gentleness, which disarmed my resolution; and—for I will conceal nothing—I latterly sometimes ventured actually to let thoughts of private marriage, and braving parental displeasure, flit across my not yet settled brain. All these visions, you must observe, were chiefly founded on Lucy's silent and hopeless attachment, far more than on any incurable *penchant* of my own, else I should not be telling you all this with more of shame than sorrow for the result.

"Well! after tossing great part of last night in feverish agitation, occasioned by the newspaper report of my father's return, and the necessity it involved of saying or doing something decisive, I rose some hours earlier than usual, and stealing down stairs unobserved by any one, paced anxiously to and fro under a row of old elms at the back of the garden-hedge.

"I am not very strong yet, and was soon glad to sit down on a mossy stump right behind the arbour you wanted to go into just now. Into this arbour, as I could see by peeping through the hedge, came Lucy and her mother in earnest talk; and, really, at a time when so much depended on my obtaining an exact idea of the poor girl's sentiments, I could not so far play the fool or the hero as to get up and go away.

"So I sat still, and heard—really, Mr Francis, my cheeks glow yet when I repeat it—Lucy, *my* Lucy, for whom I was about to give up every thing, in answer to her mother's abrupt exclamation of 'Thank goodness, Mr. Stanley will be going away at last!' softly whisper, 'I'm sure, mother, I should not want him away, if it were not for poor Richard—it frets him so to have him here!'

"I tried to persuade myself this was an unsuccessful, though jealous rival; but the 'poor Richard' was uttered in a quite different tone from the many 'poor Mr. Mordaunts' which my illness had extorted; and I began to suspect why Lucy had of late been so remiss in her attentions, and so chary of her society.

"The conversation continued: 'Dick made himself a great fool in the business, child,' said the honest matron: 'did he think *you* such a one as to set your fancy on a baronnight's son? and a raw puny boy, too—no more to be compared to Dick Marshall than this willow-twig to an oak-tree!' 'No, sure, mother,' replied the gentle Lucy—'no more he is; but he can't help being puny, you know, after such an accident, and he's very good-natured—and, in spite of all the vexation and trouble he's cost me, I shall never repent that I nursed him through that terrible illness. But, mother, we won't talk of him any more, poor young gentleman!—I'd rather talk of Richard. When is he coming back again?'

"'This very afternoon, and he swears he'll have the day fixed before he leaves the house; and your feyther's agreeable; and if you're so too, we'll say Monday se'ennight. We've much need of a bit of pleasure after all the sad moping work we have had; and we'll have such a wedding as shall make the country ring. Have you finished your wedding-gown that you put by to nurse the sick gentleman?'

"'Yes, mother,' whispered Lucy, very gently: 'I did not like to have it about down stairs, when folks might be going out and in; so I worked at it quietly up in Mr. Mordaunt's room, who, poor fellow! was none the wiser; for indeed his eyes were shut most of the time.'

"Here was about the climax, or rather anti-climax, of my ludicrous love affair! Lucy had availed herself of my privileged chamber to work at her wedding-gown; and longed, as keenly as her gentle nature would permit, for my departure, to give her an opportunity of wearing it! I'm pretty much like the man who fell the other day out of a two pair of stairs window: I don't very well know yet whether I'm dead or alive, or how to feel on the occasion."

"Thankful to Providence for a very happy escape, Mordaunt," said I; "and no worse than half the world, who are April fools like yourself to-day. Clear up your brow, keep your own counsel, get your father to portion the bride, and dance at the wedding; and whenever you are tempted to do any mighty foolish thing, think of Dale Farm and the first of April!"

## No. XXXV.

### THE TIGER.

Only two and sixpence!—Ladies and Gentlemen, walk in!—Here is the great Tiger of Saugur and Upper Canada!!—Only two-and-sixpence!

To descend to *sermo pedestris*—the opposite print is a fac-simile of the outward man of Wull (*Anglice* William) Dunlop, M.D., author, among fifty greater and lesser productions, of the *Letters of a Backwoodsman*, published last year by Murray, and reviewed, *con amore*, by Billy Maginn *apud nos*, and by John Wilson *apud Maganh*.

"The Tiger,"—so called from his clearing two or three islands in the Ganges of a certain ferocious animal,—is by birth one of the Greenock folk, and now rising forty;—he received his education,—literary, medical, and convivial,—in Glasgow;—and *served* from 1812 to 1822, partly in the peninsula (where he is understood to have occasionally exchanged the scalpel for the *bagnet*), partly in North America, and partly in India. While in the East, he amused himself with the innocent diversions of tiger-murder, &c., above alluded to; and, moreover, editing a Tory paper, in opposition to that poor animal, James Silk Buckingham, who, in the catalogue of his victims, can claim no higher rank than that of a cat.

Hodson's pale ale, iced punch, &c.—in short *the Liver*,—induced the doctor to revisit this island in 1822, and he established himself professionally in Edinburgh; where, in the elegant society of Professors Cheape and Bell, Messrs. Peter Robertson, Sam Anderson, Mandarin Menzies, &c. &c., he confirmed his constitutional principles, and by copious exhibitions of hot *horn*, repaired the ravages which patriotic exertions in distant climes had been able to make even upon the most adamantine of physical fabrics. Had he remained, there is no doubt he would by this time have reached the eminence of a second Gregory; but certain love passages of the most romantic interest interfered, and in 1825 Dunlop shook from his shoes the dust of Modern Athens, and made his first appearance at the Pig and Whistle.

Wull strenuously assisted John Galt in the formation of the Canada Company in 1826; and in the following year, after being entertained by a distinguished party at a farewell dinner, in the Blue Posts, Cork Street, he departed along with the genial author of *Lawrie Todd* for the opening paradise of Ontario. There, or thereabouts, he has ever since sojourned; and his "Backwoodsman" may spare us the trouble of any detail either as to the bears he has slain, or the cocktail, flip, gin-sling, and other antifogmaticks, he has swallowed. As Commissioner of the C. C. C., established for the express purpose of increasing the population of a virgin soil, it is, we believe, universally conceded that his energies have been all along employed on the most liberal scale, and with persevering steadiness.

This remarkable biped, who is now in London for a few weeks, to worry Goderich and Howick about some beastly proceedings of our degraded government, stands six feet three inches—and measures two feet eight across the shoulders: in the graphic language of Rimini Ut—

"Lightsomely drops in his lordly back;"

the calf is just twenty inches in circumference—*ex pede Herculem*; the paw would have startled Ali Pacha; the fur is of the genuine Caledonian redness and roughness; and the hide, from long exposure to Eurus and Boreas, has acquired such a firmness of texture, that he shaves with a brickbat. As he sails again for Galtopolis in the course of a few weeks, we earnestly recommend to Lord Egremont the propriety of placing the next cargo of "respectable female emigrants, from Sussex," under his protection.

Farewell, noble savage, wild as thy woods! When shall we again revel in the rich luxuriance of thy anecdotes—or shake under the Titanic bray of thy laughter? Sooner, perhaps, than thou expectest—for verily! in the day of the dispersion, we mean to beat thy jungle. "*Deus dabit vela!*" Though Toryism were expelled from all the rest of the globe, it would find shelter in the log-house of Dunlop. *Vivat Victoria!*

## THE SEVEN BEFORE THEBES.

### Dramatis Personæ.

ETIOCLES.
ISMENE.
ANTIGONE.
*Herald.*
*Messenger.*
*Chorus of Virgins.*
*Thebans.*

*The Scene is laid in the Citadel of Thebe*

ETEOCLES. ASSEMBLY OF THE THEBANS.

*Et.* YE citizens of Cadmus! it behoves
The man, who rules the vessel of a state,
To use such words as to her welfare tend,
Watching with steady helm, nor suffering sleep
To weigh his eyelids down — a thankless task:
For should the voyage be prosperous, save the Gods,
Who gain the praise? but if (which Heaven avert!)
Ill fortune light on us, Eteocles
Will then, the theme of many an idle song,
To scoffs and groans be proverb'd through your streets.
Drive off such fate, Preserver Jove! be thou
The tutelary God of the Cadmeans,
Proving thy title well bestowed. Nor less,
As duty bids, my friends, do each of you,
Whether your spring puts forth the bud of youth,
Or shews of years the full-blown flower,
The sap and vigour of the frame, defend,
Each as becomes the season of his life,
The altars of these deities, that they
May never be profaned by foreign foes;
And next, your children dear, and this our land,
Mother and nurse of all, on whom devolved
The cares and burden of your boyish days —
Whose sacred earth received your tottering feet,
As lightly fell the step — who on her sons,
And men of might, now calls in this her need.
Thus far on us propitious Heaven has smiled,
And day by day, through this protracted siege,
Has blest, and all in all shall bless, our arms.
And now, so says the seer, of augurs lord,
(Who by his listening mind alone, and art
Infallible, the language of the birds
Oracular has learnt), a numerous band
Prepare to sally forth, in night-attack,
From the Achean camp. Then let them come!
Haste ye to man the ramparts; fill the walls
And parapets of the towers with all your force;
Strengthen the outer gates, and shew yourselves
Freely, undaunted by the assailing throng —
God fights for us; the victory who can doubt?
Meantime, to watch the movements of the foe,
And scan their strength, my messengers are gone:
I trust they will not dally on the way,
Nor unadvised we slumber on our posts.

MESSENGER. ETEOCLES.

*Mess.* I come, Eteocles! great King of Thebes!
With certain tidings from the leaguered host;
Myself eye-witness of its bold designs.
The Seven, their warlike chiefs, have sacrificed
Upon a sable shield an ox, and joined,
Dipped in its gore, their hands in solemn rite.
I heard them by Bellona, and by Mars,
And, carnage-loving power, by Terror swear,
From its firm base to hurl this city's walls
In one assault, or perish in the attack,
Shedding their blood like dew upon the dust:
I saw them crown, in sad memorial
Of their abandoned sons and distant sires,
Each holding some fond pledge of his loved home —
Adrastus' car, whilst many a bitter tear
Streamed from their eyes, though not a sigh betrayed
One face of pity; all the rather shewed
The stern and savage fierceness of the souls
Of lions glaring on their foes defiance.
I lingered not, nor brooked the sight delay,
But left them in the act of casting lots,
Thus to decide what gate each chief should storm.
Haste, then! the choicest of your troops move down
To guard the outlets of the gates.. Even now
The Argives are at hand, with all their force.
Lo! as I speak I see the dust arise,
And hear the neighing of the fiery steeds;
The champing of the bits, as the foam drops
From their broad nostrils, whitening all the plain.
That onward-sweeping host is like a wave,
Which comes to overwhelm, and ere it burst
On our devoted city, like a skilled
And prudent pilot, look that all's prepared
To meet the shock. Watch here our safety thus;
My sleepless eyes will guard you from without.

*Ete.* Jove! Earth! and guardian deities of this place!
And Fury! thou, avenger great and dread,
Charged with a father's curse! I call you — hear!
Let not this city founder as in shipwreck,
The language of my sires be lost and mixed
With barbarous tongues; but save our household shrines:
Oh! save the land of Cadmus from the yoke
Of foreign foes — this city of the free
From bondage! Aid us! Thus I pray for all:
A prosperous state in honour holds the Gods.

I wail for thee, and for thy coming woes,
Thy great and terrible calamity,
Proud city of my fathers! See! ah, see!
Already have forsook their camp our foes,
And many a horseman pricks before the van:
And, lo, the dust — the dust! on air-borne wing,
A true though voiceless messenger, to bring
Sure tidings of the approaching hurricane.
And hark! the iron tramp of war,
Ground-shaking, slumber drives afar;
It swells — it roars — it thunders on,
Like a cataract plunging down
From some vast precipice.

Hear, O ye Gods! and turn aside
The fury of that onward tide,
The stream of miseries.
Shields flashing like a torrent's foam,
They come! they come! the Argives come!
Ye powers above, defend!
What deity our vows will hear?
Save! — if your temples still are dear.
At which shall we now bend?
Whom shall I pray? What images
First clasp in the despair
To which my spirit yields?
Hear ye, or not, the clash of shields?
This is the time for prayer,
For robes and chaplets to appease
The wrath of Heaven. Near! near — more near!
And nearer still! that sound of fear
Is not of one, but many a spear.
God of the helm of gold!
Oh thee I call — behold
The towers you loved and made your own —
Blest guardians of my parent land!
And will you spurn a suppliant's moan?
And sues in vain this helpless band
Of maidens, in whose eyes you see
The dread of coming slavery?

It raves — it raves
With all its waves!
Anear — afar —
The tide of war
Sweeps chafing on. Sire! Jove, arise!
Drive back — oh, drive our enemies!
Your sacred ground
Is circled round
With fierce alarms
Of hostile arms;
Appear! appear, without delaying!
Listen to the charger's neighing;
They champ the bit, and shake the rein,
Their nostrils breathe devouring flame.
Again that sound — and yet again,
Chills my heart, and shakes my frame.
And lo! the flower of all the host,
Seven, the foremost and the best,
With arms of proof, and glittering crest,
Each at his gate's allotted post.
Daughter of Jove! save in thy might
Pallas, glorying in the fight!
And at our bidding hasten, thou,
Whose earth-shaking mace doth make
Spirits sink, and hearts to quake.
Succour, Mars! thy people now;
Venus! if with prayer and praise
Rightly we approach thy shrine,
Think that we are of thy race —
Theban princes of thy line.
Phœbus too, Lycean king!
Drive thou off the wolves, and shew
Thyself a wolf against the foe;
Nor with thee forget to bring
Dian chaste, who loves the free.

Huntress! bend for us thy bow;
And let sovereign Juno be
Of thy glorious company.
Haste! in pity, speed along!
We are weak, and you are strong;
Haste! set us from horrors free,
Worse than death or slavery!

STROPHE I.

Hark, how the chariots roll along!
Harsh-grating on its axles strong,
Rings loud the nave of every wheel.
And lo! the tempest-shaken air
Is all on fire with the red glare,
The lightning of a thousand points of steel.
They come! they come! the Argives come!
Ah, when and what will be our doom?

ANTISTROPHE I.

On the parapets of the towers
The stones are driving past in showers,
To crush us with their hurtling hail.
Hark how the brass-bound bucklers crash!
And lo! the shields their terrors flash —
Help, Onca! where the leaguering hosts assail.
Confound them at the battle's close —
Defend our gates — destroy our foes!

STROPHE II.

Hear, all ye Gods! the prayer, the wail
Of helpless virgins, chaste and young;
Betray us not into the hands
Of those who come from stranger-lands,
And speak a barbarous tongue:
If piety and right avail,
Hail! hail! all hail!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Hear, all ye Gods! a virgin's wail;
Come, save us ere it be too late!
With friendly guardianship divine,
Each encircler of his shrine,
O come, and save our state!
If piety and right avail,
Hail! hail! all hail!

ETEOCLES. CHORUS.

*Et.* Race not to be endured! and is it thus
You think to save the city? Answer! say,
If kneeling at these shrines, and wails, and tears,
Can drive the assailants from our gates, or breathe
Courage into the hearts of the besieged?
Thou sex! aversion of the wise, in good
Or evil fortune may I ever shun
Thy converse — all endangering, when in power,
By pride and insolence: in times of gloom
A greater mischief still, confounding then
With craven fear: as now, with tottering steps,
And flying to and fro, not knowing where,
You panic-strike my men, and make ourselves
Our greatest foes, abetting those without,
Till all things smile on them. This comes of thee,

Woman! of fellowship with thee! .. Now hear!
Mark my decree, which if or old or young,
Or man or woman, dare to violate,
They shall be judged by ballot,—stoned to death.
Arms and the Forum, these by right are ours—
No female province. Hence, then! go within,
Where you can spread no mischief. Do you hear?
Or hear you not? or are my words but breath?

*Cho.* Dear son of (Edipus! I was seized with dread
At the strange rumbling of the chariot wheels,
And the harsh grating sounds their axles made,
As they rolled on in thunder: nor the less
Did the continual champing of the bits
In the fire-breathing chargers' mouths affright me ..

*Ete.* Well — does the sailor in a stormy sea
Forsake the helm, and, flying to the prow,
Thus save his labouring bark from the wild surge?

*Cho.* .. Which when I heard, confiding in the Gods,
I ran to clasp their ancient images;
And in my way a rattling at the gates
Drove hard, like arrowy sleet. Fear lifted up
My soul in prayer — I cried aloud for help.

*Ete.* Pray that our towers be proof against the shock:
Ward off the lance,

*Cho.* Cannot the Gods do this?

*Ete.* 'Tis said, "the Gods forsake a falling city."

*Cho.* Oh, never whilst I breathe the breath of life,
May the blest train of Gods desert our walls!
Let me not see my fellow-citizens
Running in panic through our streets, their homes
Girt with devouring flames!

*Ete.* Will this defend?
Ill-counselling woman! talk not of the Gods —
A confidence in him, who reigns, begets
Security. Thou know'st the word.

*Cho.* Obedience
Is justly due, and not without reward.
But greater is our duty to the Gods,
Whose power can chase away the clouds of evil
That rise in shadows dark before our eyes,
Threatening destruction.

*Ete.* To appease the Gods
By sacrifice in danger's hour is mine:
You silence best becomes, and household cares.

*Cho.* Thanks be to Heaven! the city where we dwell
Is unsubdued, and many a tower keeps back
The foe. Why blame, then, or forbid my vows?

*Etc.* I blame them not. Honour the Deities,
But pray in silence; in our warriors trust,
Nor daunt their courage by your foolish fears.

*Cho.* Roused from my slumbers by the din of arms,
I rushed betimes to the Acropolis.

*Ete.* If then so early moved, should you behold,
Or hear of dead or wounded, spare your shrieks;
The God of Slaughter gluts his thirst for blood
The most in panics.

*Cho.* Even now I hear
The snorting of the horses.

*Ete.* Hearing, seem
As though you heard it not?

*Cho.* The city groans,
Breakered on every side.

*Ete.* Leave that to me.
*Cho.* Hist! hark! the roar increases at the gates!
*Ete.* Be still, and Thebes will not perceive it.
*Cho.* Gods!
Betray not ye these ramparts!
*Ete.* Shuts your lips
No dread of that I menaced?
*Cho.* Guardian powers!
Oh, doom us not to slavery!
*Ete.* You would enslave
Yourselves — the city — me!
*Cho.* Thou King of Gods!
Turn on our foes thy bolt!
*Ete.* All mighty Jove!
Why didst thou curse us with this sex?
*Cho.* To prove
As wretched as your own, if taken Thebes.
*Ete.* Wail you again, and clasp the images?
*Cho.* Fear
Distracts my mind; I say I know not what.
*Ete.* To end, grant that I ask — an easy boon.
*Cho.* Say! speak, and I will quickly answer.
*Ete.* Wretch!
Silence your fears, nor panic-strike my friends!
*Cho.* Calm thee, my spirit! I will bear my fate
In common with yourselves, as best I can.
*Ete.* At last there's reason in your words, and you.
Change this desponding tone, and call the Gods,
And in a different strain, to aid our cause;
But quit your shrines, and, listening to my voice,
Hymn them a festive pæan to the sound
Of sacred instruments, as best becomes
The maids of Hellas and the rites of Greece.
A strain may rouse my troops to warlike deeds,
Breathe courage in their souls, and put to flight
All terror of the foe. And here I make
A solemn vow to you, my country's Gods!
Whose care it is to watch o'er Thebes, and guard
These ramparts, and the Forum, and the fount
Of Dirce — for I speak not of Ismenus —
That should kind Fortune smile upon our cause,
Our arms be prosperous, and the city saved,
That I will offer on your reeking shrines
The blood of bulls, and of the fleecy tribe,
And the proud spoils of many an Argive slain,
As trophies in your holy temples raise.
This be your vow, nor with weak prayers and tears
Weary the Gods in vain.. Follow my counsel,
Or fate hangs o'er your heads! Six leaders I
Will choose for your defenders at six gates,
The seventh myself will guard; and thus shall we
Be armed at every point. Sure messengers,
And Rumour — courier swift, whose voice becomes,
As dangers thicken, louder and more loud —
Will give due note of warning, ere the foe
Calls me to mingle where the battle burns.

CHORUS.—STROPHE I.

My spirit yields — yet still the same
Is lulled not to repose, nor sleeps:
Like ashes, words may hide, not quench the flame.
And thus my soul her vigil keeps;

Or if awhile she slumber, 'tis to wake
As does a dove,
With fondest love,
Who nestles o'er her tender brood,
Dreading the ambush of some rustling snake.
Thus do I watch the restless multitude,
Coil after coil on every side,
On swelling in their crested pride—
A world of foes.. ah! where shall we retreat?
What shelter find? In arrowy sleet
Sharp stones pour down their hail upon our towers.
Drive off this gathering tempest, heavenly powers!
If you would lasting glory have,
Listen — remain — and save!

ANTISTROPHE I.

Will you exchange for other lands
This fertile soil, this ample plain,
And yield into the leaguering stranger's hands
Our fields, that wave with golden grain?
And Dirce's chrystal-flowing fount — whose waters
Are purer far
Than any are
That earth-encircling Neptune flings
From his exhaustless urn, or Tethys' daughters?
Will you resign the nectar of our springs,
And shall they be no longer ours?
On the besiegers of our towers
Pour mutual strife, and Panic's foul alarms,
And Rout, that casts away her arms.
Ye guardian deities! if praise or prayer,
This city or its people be your care;
If you would lasting glory have,
Listen — remain — and save!

STROPHE II.

And is it just — is it the will of Heaven,
That this time-honoured city, famed in story,
This city fair and free,
By fire and sword should perish utterly —
Be to the stranger — to the Achean given?
And have her proud neck bowed
To slavery's yoke? For ever lose her glory?
I see her maids and matrons, a sad crowd,
Haled by loose streaming locks, and wailing loud;
Their garments torn — like horses driven —
To the exulting victor's chariot bound.
And must our streets be made a solitude?
The gloom of death — one ruin Thebes o'ercloud,
With a funereal shroud?
Hark! what a piercing sound
Harrows my soul! Whence come the groans I hear?
Or were they prophet-echoes of my fear?

ANTISTROPHE II.

Alas! for thee, O virgin! (like a flower
Torn from the bleeding stem by a rude hand),
Exchanging the delight,
The promise of a joyous nuptial night —
A lover's arms — for a rude tyrant's power;
And forced from thy sweet home,
On a long journey to a foreign land.

Ah, happier any death than such a doom!
The sleep of death within the tomb
Better for thee than such an hour.
For if our bulwarks fall, worse may be done —
More dreadful things — horrors without a name!
Some drive a string of captives struggling on —
And there a murder's done;
One wraps the streets in flame —
Wide roll dark clouds of smoke through all the city,
Whilst carnage-breathing Mars enfrenzied stifles pity.

STROPHE III.

What dismal shouts are those?
What thunder shakes the towers, that close
Our city round — from engines of the foes?
Man spears or cuts down man — the dead and dying
Heaped together lie.
Torn from the breast, and dashed into the street,
The infant mingles its weak choking cry
With the wild shrieks of women .... flying ....
Plunderers, plunderers meet.
Each empty-handed comrade calls his brother,
To seize by force his portion of the spoil,
Which, from the spoiler wrenched, scarce pays his toil,
Or so he deems insatiate. One outvies
In his dark deeds of guilt and shame another —
What words can paint these spectres as they rise?

ANTISTROPHE III.

The gifts that nature pours
Profusely from her varied stores,
Are trodden under foot before our doors,
Or thrown into our streets with reckless waste;
Awakening many a tear
In her, whose provident mind sees gone for ever
Her precious stores, amassed from year to year:
Earth's fruits — promiscuous spoil — are cast
Into the passing river,
And carried down upon its useless waters;
And new to sorrow, brides and handmaids, ye
Reserved for horrors worse than slavery,
Your only hope is that death's shadows deep
May hide with Thebes her hapless daughters,
Burying their shame in one unending sleep.

SEMICHORUS I.

I think I see the messenger — he brings
News from the camp — his speed is chariot-like;
And from this haste his tidings are of weight.

SEMICHORUS II.

And I behold the son of Œdipus,
Our lord and sovereign; he too moves this way —
His eagerness admits of no delay.

MESSENGER. ETEOCLES. CHORUS.

*Mess.* All clearly knowing, I will now describe
The movements of the foe; and say what post
Is to each chief allotted. Tideus raves,
Fronting e'en now the Prætean gate; but him

The seer forbids to cross Ismenus' stream,
The victims giving inauspicious auguries:
Whence Tideus, baffled of the field, and like
A dragon rattling in the noon-day sun,
Taunts the wise son of Œcleus, and says,
Dastard and flatterer, that he fawns on Death.
And thus vociferating, on his helm
Shakes three dark waving plumes, whilst terribly
Beneath his shield the brazen bosses clang.
That shield displays an ensign of his pride,
For there is effigied a sable sky,
Glittering with stars, and in the midst the moon —
The clear round moon, the glorious Queen of Heaven,
Eye of the night. With such emblazonry
He stalks along the river's bank, and roars
Impatient for the battle, like a steed,
Panting to hear the clarion's sound, who champs
The bit, and paws to quit the ranks. What chief
Wilt thou oppose to this? What man of might,
The gate unbarred, would dare to face this champion?

*Ete.* I fear no outward shew, nor pomp of war;
His blazon wounds not, and his crested plumes
And brazen bosses are not arms to slay.
Well does that sky of brilliant stars, thou say'st
Is imaged on his shield, the fall of pride
Portend — an evil omen to its bearer;
For if the night should fall upon his eyes
Who carries that haught ensign, he will then
Have proved a faithful prophet of his shame.
To guard the gate against this boaster vain
I name the noble son of Astacus,
Of generous heart, who holds in scorn proud words,
And venerates the throne of modesty:
Slow to do evil, but no dastard he;
A true descendant of the teeth-sown Five,
From Menalippus flows his noble race:
And may his father's glorious fame attend
His martial deeds — Thebes calls by right her son:
He from his mother's breast will ward the lance.

*Cho.* Grant him, just Gods! a glorious destiny;
And raise for us a champion girt with power
To guard our walls: I dread to see him lie
On heaps of slain, and weltering in his gore.

*Mess.* His be the victory. To the Electran gate
The helm reversed allotted Capaneus —
A giant, not a man; more terrible
To view than him I named, or human aught.
His threats, beyond the bounds of mortal pride,
Are, if the Gods of Heaven consent or no,
To sack the city, which Jove's outstretched arm
Shall fail to save. The thunderer's bolt of fire
He likens to the sun's meridian rays;
And for his 'scutcheon is a naked man,
Who in his hand whirls round a flashing torch,
And thus, in characters of gold, exclaims,
"I WILL BURN THEBES!" To him a champion send.
Who dares to face him? Stands within these walls
One who could bide his onset?

*Ete.* Be his pride
Its own reward. What profits a vain tongue,
But to accuse a man of foolish thoughts?
Still let him menace and despise the Gods;

And mortal as he is, defying Heaven,
Lance forth his thundering words against high Jove,
Who will let fall upon his head a bolt
Somewhat more scorching than the noon-day sun's.
This idle vaunter I will send to meet,
A spirit fiery as his own, a soul
More daring — Polyphontes — with an arm
Whose lightnings can destroy, not dazzle: Thebes
Has not a firmer rampart, if Diana,
Who loves him, and the deities of our land,
Desert not their protector. Name the man
Appointed to assault another gate.

*Cho.* Perish the man who boasts to raze our walls!
And may the red right hand of vengeful Jove
Light on him, ere his lance in thunder falls
On these our chaste abodes of peace and love!

*Mess.* Now comes the third — his name Eteoclus.
Him did the inverted helm assign the attack
At the Neitian gate. He round and round
Whirled his hot steeds that fought against the rein,
Panting to break the barrier; with shrill sound,
As some barbaric pipe's, they ring their bits,
And from their nostrils spout a cloud of foam.
No effigy unworthy of his might
Was pictured on his shield; for there was seen
A man, in complete armour clad, who step
By step ascended swiftly to the top
Of a high tower, resolved to scale and take it:
In fierce articulations he proclaims,
"NOR MARS HIMSELF SHALL HURL ME DOWN!" To such
A warrior send a warrior armed with force
To rescue Thebes from the vile yoke of slavery.

*Etc.* Such have I sent e'en now in thought; success
To follow in his steps — no vaunting scroll
Shall fill his hands. Megareus, son of Creon,
One of the dragon's seed that from the earth
Rose armed, shall issue boldly from the gate,
Regardless of the neighing of those steeds —
As harmless as their master's threats. His blood
His mother-earth shall nourish — tribute fit
To her who bore him; or his arm bring home
Two warriors, and that tower upon his shield,
Adorning with rich spoils his father's house.
Go on, and magnify what yet remain,
As thou hast these, unsparingly — proceed!

*Cho.* Hear, Jove! and to my prayer propitious be.
Friend of our house! thy steps may fortune guide;
And these proud taunts of frenzy-breathing pride,
Call on thy foe the fate he threatens thee.

*Mess.* The fourth, who came loud-shouting to assail
The gate of Onca Pallas, is a proud
And giant chief, Hippomedon. As round
He whirled the broad circumference of his shield,
(I tell no idle tale) I shrunk with horror.
No common artist he who figured there
Such a device; for given to the life
A Typhon, who from his flame-vomiting mouth,
Breath after breath, sends forth black clouds of smoke —
Brother of fire. Around its ample disk
Serpents were interlaced: the jubilee
He sung to Mars was like some furious Mænad's,
And from his eye flashed lightnings. Need it were

To watch the coming on of such a foe!
His presence makes all hearts to quake: nay, Terror
Before him swaggers to the gate.
*Ete.* First, Pallas,
Who at the suburb sits to guard her gate,
Scorning his insolence, will keep him back;
And drive him, like some deadly serpent, far
From her loved young. The virtuous son of Œnops,
Hyperbius, shall his fearless breast oppose
To that proud heart: he longs to try his fate
In no unequal chance of war. Nor less
In stature he, nor strength of arms; and of
A nobler soul. Hermes has matched them well.
Man shall meet man — God stand a foe to God.
One has the image of the fiery Typhon
Raised on his shield: Hyperbius that of Jove,
Who stands erect, and vibrates in his hand
Forked lightnings — none has ever vanquished Jove:
All know the *love* these powers each other bear.
We shall be victors — they the vanquished: thus
Reasons his shield. They shall together meet,
As God and rebel ought; and Jove, who bears
Our hero's impress, shall protect his champion.
*Cho.* If faith inspire my soul, I trust that one
Who bears upon his shield, of Gods the hate,
The demon-form of Jove's rebellious son,
May lay his head in dust before the gate!
*Mess.* And so pray I. Yet hear me, as I draw
The fifth — a champion, posted even now
Before the northern gate, where stands the tomb
Of the divine Amphion. By his spear,
Which than a God he worships more, and holds
Dearer than are his eyes, he vows in dust
To lay the city, spite of Jove himself.
Thus swears of mountain-nymph the vigorous son —
A man-boy — on whose cheek the tender down,
Though thick the crop, has scarce begun to bloom;
But in his nature and his Gorgon eye
He bears no likeness to his virgin name.
In proud defiance thus before the gate
He stands; nor are his threats an idle sound:
His ample shield, and bound with circuit vast
Of brass, in bright and high relief displays —
Insulting emblem of his scorn for Thebes! —
A ravenous sphynx, who in her talons holds
A Theban citizen, as a target for
His many darts. In truth, it would appear,
That not for lingering war, or to reap shame,
Parthenopeus, this Arcadian prince,
Has made so long a journey from his home;
But, as it seems, is anxious to repay
Argos, who nursed him with a mother's care,
By executing threats against these walls,
Which Heaven avert!
*Ete.* God grant their imprecations
Fall on themselves! their sacrilegious tongues
Silence one evil fate — perish they all!
For this Arcadian you have named, I have
One who will meet him face to face; a man
Of deeds, and not of idle words, whose arm
Knows clearly all that it is bid to do:
The brother of a last-named champion — Actor.

He will not let, without a bit, run on
A tongue, and shew its naked blasphemies,
To prove no little pest once entering here;
Nor that foul monster set her foot in Thebes.
Weighed down, instead, beneath the furious strokes
Of countless darts and javelins, she shall hold
The man in scorn who bears her. I predict,
If so it please our city's Gods, the truth.
*Cho.* My very hair doth stand on end through fear.
May the just Gods their impious tongues condemn;
And, roused to wrath such sacrilege to hear,
With the just death they menace, visit them!
*Mess.* Humble the sixth, of courage tried, and force -
The sage, Amphiaraus. Lot to him
Assigned the Homoloian gate. With words
Of sharp reproof awhile he taxes Tydeus;
Calls him an impious homicide, of peace
Disturber, the chief actor in all scenes
Of blood to Argos, minister of death,
Invoker of the Furies, spring and source
Of every ill that has befallen Adrastus.
His scowling eye then fixing on your brother,
And syllabling twice his name of Polynices
With a marked emphasis, he cries: "Behold!
A goodly sight, and grateful to high Heaven —
A glorious enterprise, of honour full,
And worthy lasting record among men!
A son to deluge his own country leads
A foreign host; delivers to the spoiler
His native city; sacks his country's shrines,
The temples of his Gods — what plea of right,
Mother! shall staunch the fountain of thy tears!
Will she receive you to her bosom, stabbed
By hostile spears? she lift the spear with you?
My grave is Thebes — a useless prophet, here,
An enemy's soil to fatten, lie my bones.
To arms! — I hope for no unhonoured death."
Thus spake the augur, and embraced his shield,
All brazen. *There* was no emblazonry —
His pride was not to seem, but be the best;
Conscious of having sown within his mind
A deeply-furrowed seed, from which to reap
A crop well-harvested of wisest counsels.
Choose for this man some champions good and brave,
For mighty he who holds the Gods in honour.
*Etc.* O pitiable lot, that with the bad
Allies the good! Of all our mischiefs, none
Is worse than evil-fellowship — a rank plant,
Whose fruit is death. A just and pious man,
Embarking in a ship of evil freight,
And with a nibald crew, shall be involved
In the same fate with them; and even one
Of irreproachable life, who in the midst
Of wicked citizens, mindless of the Gods,
Passes his days, shall be encompassed round
With the same net, and meet a common end
With his companions in iniquity.
Thus with the son of Œcleus, a great prophet,
Brave, pious, modest, prudent, generous, good,
Mixed with the mad and impious multitude
Who now besiege these ramparts, to be sent —
Jove willing — to the city of the dead;

Shall be with them dragged down to the same ruin.
Nor do I think that he will storm that gate—
Not that his courage and his strength should fail,
But, if Apollo's oracles bring forth fruit,
He knows that he shall perish ere the attack:
Thus has he said himself, and he is wont
To prophesy the truth, or to be mute.
Come, then, to him the valour we confront
Of Lasthenes, stern warder to his foes;
The wisdom of the old in a young frame
Is his — a quick bright eye — a hand not slow
To snatch the naked blade, nor wait for shield:
Fortune and victory are the gifts of heaven.

*Cho.* Gods, may a suppliant's prayers your pity move!
Oh, turn away the spears from us, and ours,
Upon our barbarous foes, all mighty Jove!
And aim thy bolt to crush them from these towers.

*Mess.* One gate remains: I now must name the seventh
Then listen to the threats of Polynices,
Thy brother. Mark them well, for curses none
Of darker import menaced Thebes than his;
And fiercely loud those accents that pronounced,
Spite of its bulwarks, he would scale the tower,
And take the city, and proclaim himself,
With sound of martial pæans, and the shouts
Of his victorious allies, Lord of Thebes!
Meet you in single combat, and thus die,
Taking your life; or, if he should survive,
And thou, avenge his exile upon thee
With retributive ignominy. In such terms,
He called upon his country's Gods to hear
His vows, and to fulfil them. His bright shield,
Fresh from the forge, of cunning workmanship,
A double impress held, and pictured there
A warrior, blazing in gold-burnished arms,
Led by a woman; such stern majesty
Was in her look, as well might emblem Justice
For this the name they gave her. And a scroll
Pronounced, in characters distinct, these words:
"I WILL UPHOLD THIS MAN, WHO SHALL POSSESS
HIS FATHER'S CITY, TO HIS HOME RETURN."
This the device. Well knowest thou, O king!
Some champion equal to the rest in arms,
Whose prowess may confound this man, and prove
My warnings were not vain. Pilot of Thebes!
Preserve thy bark from foundering in the storm!

ETEOCLES. CHORUS.

*Ete.* Lost—fallen—devoted race! Hate of the Gods!
Joint-heirs of Œdipus and all his woes,
To end but with your deaths — and all must die
To consummate his curse. But now nor tears
Become me, nor laments, lest griefs beget
Griefs harder still to bear; for such the love
Of strife in Polynices, rightly named,
That soon shall be perceived with what result
He chose the motto of his shield; be seen,
Whether his gold-worked letters will regain
The crown he claims, or prove them, like himself,
False things of arrogance and pride. But if,
Daughter of Jove! Justice assist his arms
And councils, soon may he make good his title.

Yet since the light of life in him first dawned,
Neither in infancy, nor in the growth
Of boyhood, nor in ripening years of youth,
When first the down sprung on his cheek, nor since
Maturer years have clothed it in full bloom,
Has Justice with a single friendly look
Deigned to regard him. Should she now uphold
This daring and atrocious man, and aid
This bold invasion of his native land,
She would be wrongly named. But no, I trust
In better hopes; and Right and Justice both
Urge me to stand against him, king to king,
Brother to brother, foe to foe. To arms!
To arms! My greaves and spear—my shield and buckler!

*Choregus.* Dear son of Œdipus! liken not yourself,
In wrath or language, to that worst of men —
Your impious brother. Heed not thou his words.
Enough remains of Theban blood to flow,
Shed by the hand of Argive foes, and time
May wash away that crime; but who, and what
Can cancel the inexpiable sin,
When brother falls by brother?

*Ete.* If to bear
Wrongs like a slave bring no disgrace and shame,
Let a man turn his back upon his foes.*
Dishonour and defeat are twins — and he
Who glory loves, first in the battle-shock
Let him stand hand to hand, and eye to eye;
For honour ever rests upon his grave.

*Cho.* What means my son? where would the thirst unslaked
Of vengeance and of bloodshed hurry you?
Trust not the whisperings of that evil fiend —
Shake off your bad desires.

*Ete.* It must be so,
And God will have it done: be it done quickly.
Then blow, ye winds! and waft me o'er the waves
Of dark Cocytus — me, and all the race
Of Laius, hateful to the sun.

*Cho.* Deep, rank
The soil in which such passions struck their root,
And bitter is the stalk. You long for blood,
For blood may not be shed.

*Ete.* What room for wonder!
With dry fixed eyeballs the inveterate fury
Of my dear father haunts me night and day,
And howls into my ears. The coming fruit
Is worthy of the tree — fit consummation
Must follow crimes like theirs.

*Cho.* You urge your fate,
When you may save your honour with your life;
The sable-ægised Fury enters not,
Nor dares to shake with her dark storms a house
Where Gods accept the sacrifice.

*Ete.* What care
The Gods for us? What pleasure can they have,
Greater than our destruction? Prate not thou
Of Gods to me; 'twere foolishness to deem
That flattery can avert the storm of fate.

* The sense of this corrupt passage has been restored by means of the Scholiast, who has preserved some lines wanting in the text.

*Cho.* It roars! it boils! — now is the hour to try,
For wearied fortune may in time suspend
The madness of the waves, and breezes soft
Succeed the gale.
*Ete.* It rages in its might,
Obedient to a father's curse. Too well
The spectres of dismay that haunt my couch
Portend we must the deadly portion share —
A sire's bequest, the inheritance of wo!
*Cho.* Let me this once persuade you; though our sex
And us thou scorn'st.
*Ete.* Be brief.
*Cho.* Tread not the path
To the seventh gate.
*Ete.* Honour and duty whet
My purpose: thy words blunt it not.
*Cho.* God honours
Victory at any price.
*Ete.* Such were my scorn.
I am a warrior.
*Cho.* Then you wish — yourself —
To shed — a brother's blood?
*Ete.* If such Heaven's will,
This day he shall not 'scape that destiny.

CHORUS. — STROPHE I.

Thou evil prophetess! dread power!
Goddess or fiend, whate'er you be
(For of the Gods is none like thee),
I see thee come, in thine own hour,
To consummate a funeral dower;
Unnatural love, unnatural ire,
The furies of a frantic sire.

ANTISTROPHE I.

The sword that made two brothers foes,
And keen the edge in either hand,
Was forged in Scythia's iron strand:
What patrimony had they? — woes.
What heritage their days to close?
What destiny? — the fate of slaves.
What kingdom? — space but for their graves.

STROPHE II.

When brother falls by brother slain,
And earth polluted drinks the tide —
The crimson stream of fratricide,
What power shall purify again?
What expiation cleanse the stain?
New crimes on old, and wo on wo,
Is all the end their house shall know.

ANTISTROPHE II.

The thrice-told warning to fulfil,
The oracular voice is heard at last;
The generations two are past;
That speed which tracks the steps of ill
Pursues the race of Laius still,
Who, passion-blinded, would not see
His own, the city's destiny.

STROPHE III.

To better councils conscience-mute,
He wedded Misery — grim bride!
And propagated Parricide.
The seed might well produce the fruit,
The stem must have a bloody shoot;
Madness and blindness both had he
To plough such soil, and graft such tree.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Ills swell like seas — as fast — and now,
As one subsides another raves;
A third, with triple-crested waves
To whelm the vessel, strikes the prow:
And shall our towers withstand the blow?
Our walls are weak, their circuit wide —
The foe is strong, and fierce the tide.

STROPHE IV.

Curses sink not into the grave;
The deadly feud 'twixt sire and son
Must end but there — the strife's begun.
The billows rise — the tempests rave —
Blind man! would you your weak bark save?
Go lighten her of half her hoard,
And cast the cargo o'er the board.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Then boast not of your richest freight,
Or think of Œdipus the while,
So mighty once, so proud and great,
That gods grew envious of his state;
And Thebes, who basked in plenty's smile,
Hailed, from the Sphynx's bondage free,
In him almost a deity.

STROPHE V.

But saddest change was his! To find
That all things were as prophesied —
A murdered sire — a mother-bride —
A maddening frenzy seized his mind,
And cursed his sons the parricide;
But first, a deed of night was done —
Night, fit for such a sire and son.

ANTISTROPHE V.

The curse remains — the hour is come,
Invoked in bitterness of hate,
An exiled father's wrongs, and fate,
The sword, and vengeance, seal their doom.
Their thirst of sway but blood can sate:
Then haste, thou murderer of a sire!
Fury! arise! reglut your ire.

MESSENGER. CHORUS.

*Mess.* Be of good cheer, daughters! we have escaped
The yoke of foreign slavery: the proud,
In the vain boasting of their hearts are foiled;
And now, behold the vessel of the state,
Torn by the buffeting of the winds and waves,
Outlives the storm, and safely rides in port.

Our towers the shock, our chiefs their foes defied.
All at six gates goes well; the seventh, Apollo,
To prove his shrine oracular when the doom
He prophesied of passion-blinded Laius,
Took ....
*Cho.* What new pest has fallen upon our city?
*Mess.* The city's safe; 'tis of its kings I speak.
*Cho.* What kings? My mind misgives me—speak—I shudder
At my own thoughts — your words ....
*Mess.* Collect yourself;
The son of Œdipus ....
*Cho.* Alas! I am
A prophetess of evil!
*Mess.* Doubt it not —
Both bit the dust at once.
*Cho.* How dulst thou say?
And is it come to this?
*Mess.* I said — repeat,
They fell, each by a brother's hand.
*Cho.* Was theirs
One common fate? O say it was not thus!
*Mess.* The self-same hapless fate involved them both.
*Cho.* And now I know not whether to be glad,
Or send forth lamentations. For the city,
Rejoicing, I rejoice; but when I think
Of the young chiefs of two embattled hosts,
Whose swords of Scythian temper, pity-proof,
Parted a rich inheritance, and know,
In consummation of a father's curse,
That of their mighty kingdom nought remains
Save a few feet of earth to make their graves —
My eyes are filled with tears.
*Mess.* The city's saved —
Thebes drinks a brother's blood by brother shed.

CHORUS.

*Chorægus.* Great Jove, and deities of my father-land,
Who guard the walls of Cadmus! whether first
You shall I hail, and sing with hymns of joy
The saviours of our city, or set up
A voice of lamentation for the dead,
The throneless, godless, childless, who have fallen
In the proud counsels of their impious hearts,
And thirst of conflict — fallen, as well they might ..
For by the evil omen of a name,
It is not to be wondered that they wrought
Fatal completion of the curse entailed
On all the progeny of Œdipus.

A horror creeps through every vein,
It strikes like ice-drops on my brain.
The curse — the curse — in evil hour
A brother falls, by brother slain:
A fiend invoked with hell has power.
Weave, sisters! weave the funeral strain.

Mourn, mourn! let us the theme prolong;
Like some inspired and Mænad throng,
Your notes of sorrow blend with mine.
The curse was dark — the spell was strong.
Weep! weep for an extinguished line,
And weave the dirge, the funeral song!

Is this a falsely-visioned wo?

[*The bodies of Eteocles and Polynices are brought on the stage.*

Are brothers these? Behold! they come,
Fit inmates for a father's tomb.
In every feature still they shew
Stern wrath, that all who view must loathe,
A rage for rule, a thirst of hate,
Not death can quench, nor blood can sate.
A double doom 'twas theirs to see —
It parted, and it joined them both.
Misery is twin to misery,
And loves to crush, with woes on woes,
A house that makes the Gods its foes.

Swell high my notes, and bid the gale
On alternating pinions sweep,
And let our hands and bosoms keep
Accordance with the funeral wail;
And be it solemn, as the dirge
The parted souls in concert sing,
When with furled sail, like Fury's wing,
That spectral crew, with soundless oars,
Over the windless waters urge
Their bark, whose freight is groans, to shores,
Where not a beam of cheering light
Breaks on a universe of night.

CHOREGUS.

But, fitter for this office, and to pour
From their grief-swelling bosoms deeper woes,
A bitterer tide, and worthier of the dead,
Antigone and Ismene, gentle pair,
Come wrapt in grief. Yet ere their voices blend
In notes of anguish, be it ours to weave,
Hymn of the Furies, such a dolorous strain,
As may to hateful Dis fit pæan prove.

SEMICHORUS.

No mourners ever mourned over the dead,
No sisters wept for brothers as you weep;
Well may you weep, when heart-wrung tears we shed
In agony of soul.
*Semi.* Weep, virgins! weep!
Deaf to the voice of friends, and blind to fate,
They made their arbiter the spear.
*Semi.* To sate,
With blood of all their house, a father's ire.
*Semi.* Alas, for the destroyers! What your reign?
You had no other heritage than hate
And mutual bloodshed. What bequeathed your sire?
The sword.
*Semi.* His curse: the Fury was your bane —
Never invoked in vain.
*Semi.* Both shared their part.
*Semi.* Their death-wounds in the self-same place—the heart.
*Semi.* Dire lot!
*Semi.* Their mutual threats, how deadly
*Semi.* To their race!
*Semi.* Unheard-of threats!
*Semi.* To cut short evil days.

*Semi.* The city—the towers groan—shrieks, far and wide,
For those it loved, fill all the land.
*Semi.* And who
Shall now possess it?
*Semi.* The unborn; for you
Who toiled and fought for it, and bled and died.
*Semi.* Sharp-set the swords in either hand.
*Semi.* One path
They trod to Hades, in their savage wrath
Chose for an umpire one, to choose, would love
No friend, nor e'en the God of War approve.
*Semi.* An iron intercessor!
*Semi.* Umpire dread!
*Semi.* All might perceive the gulf to which he led.
*Semi.* Too easily. Why name what all must know?
*Semi.* Their father's yawning grave.
*Semi.* The palace round
Echoes a shrill wild shriek, a harrowing sound
Of sobs, and voices charged with their own wo;
Such as suit well that last calamity,
When, root-uptorn, falls a time-honoured tree.
*Semi.* So full of awe those tones, they make my blood
Run cold, my tears gush fast; opening anew
The wounds of my rent heart.
*Semi.* They stabbed thee, too,
My country! made, well forth a crimson flood
My countrymen!
*Semi.* And spoiled with stranger-band
Our homes and fields, by wasting sword and brand.
*Semi.* Wretched of all who bear the name of mothers,
The woman who bore them.
*Semi.* She wedded one
She should not wed, and bore sons to her son.
*Semi.* Brothers, to die each by a brother-hand.
*Semi.* Exterminating hands!
*Semi.* Unnatural brothers!
*Semi.* Whom to the self-same end brought maddening strife,
And mutual wrath.
*Semi.* Theirs now has ceased for ever:
The earth-enriching current of their life
Is mingled in one stream.
*Semi.* A kindred river.
*Semi.* Irreconciling mediator, Steel—
That ocean-stranger poured no genial tide.
*Semi.* To portion no hereditary weal
Came Mars—an evil advocate and guide.
*Semi.* Each took that half of sorrow from his birth
Assigned by ill-dispensing Destiny;
*Semi.* And soon their bodies, in the depths of earth,
Shall swell the treasures mid its stores that lie.
*Semi.* Our house had a deep mine of misery—
Parental curses, and fraternal hate;
*Semi.* And shrieked the Furies with exulting cry,
When none were left their vengeful souls to sate.
*Semi.* And at the gate, when both had fought and bled,
Insatiate whilst a victim could be found,
Ate hung out a trophy of the dead.

ANTIGONE. ISMENE. CHORUS.

*Antigone, over the body of Polynices.*
Wounded to death, you dealt a deadly wound.

*Ismene, over the body of Eteocles.*

And died yourself death-dealing.
*Ant.* With the spear
You killed him.
*Ism.* And by thine here killed he lies.
*Ant.* Ill-doing . .
*Ism.* Evil-suffering.
*Ant.* Arise!
Go forth the wail on wail.
*Ism.* Flow tear on tear.
*Ant.* Behold the slayer!
*Ism.* And the slain is there
*Ant.* Wanders my mind.
*Ism.* I die in my despair.
*Ant.* What tears can paint thy fate?
*Ism.* Thine what groans tell!
*Ant.* No stranger slew you.
*Ism.* You no stranger slew.
*Ant.* Story twice told!
*Ism.* Twice piteous spectacle!
*Ant.* Akin your woes.
*Ism.* As kindred we and you.
O Fate! dispenser of all woes to us!
O venerable shade of Œdipus!
Thou dark Erynnis — irresistible power!
*Ant.* With scenes of horror, in an evil hour,
You greeted a return from exile.
*Ism.* True;
He did return who slew ....
*Ant.* But how?
*Ism.* His life to lose
*Ant.* And lose it thus.
*Ism.* And take his brother's
*Ant.* Race
Of evil-fated days!
*Ism.* Fated to close
With kindred miseries:
*Ant.* Unimagined woes!
*Ism.* Dread to relate!
*Ant.* To look on, horrible!
O Fate! dispenser of all woes to us!
O venerable shade of Œdipus!
O dark Erynnis! whose power who can tell!
*Ism.* You now confess her power.
*Ant.* And you, too well,
At last have learnt it.
*Ism.* For this came a brother
To Thebes.
*Ant.* For this one stood against the other.
*Ism.* Dire story!
*Ant.* Doubly-miserable sight!
*Ism.* Wo! wo, for ever!
*Ant.* To the city infinite,
Our country, and ourselves; but most of these
To me.
*Ism.* Nor less my pa[illegible]s. Eteocles!
Prince! brother! cause of all our miseries!
*Ant.* Accuse not one, but both — tax evil fate.
*Ism.* Both goaded on to strife by frenzying hate.
*Ant.* What earth shall cover their remains?
*Ism.* Or, rather,
What spot the worthiest?
*Ant.* Rest they by our father.

HERALD. ANTIGONE. ISMENE. CHORUS.

*Herald.* Citizens of Thebes! the senate has decreed
Eteocles be buried with all rites
Their gratitude befitting, and his love,
Hating our enemies, and in defence
Of us and of our towers, he met his fate,
Like a young hero fighting for his country,
With all to make death glorious. For Polynices,
His brother, the destroyer of this city,
Had not some deity opposed his spear,
This is their sentence: Cast without our walls,
His corse shall be a prey to houseless dogs;
The hatred of the Gods whom he dishonoured,
And of our city, which he hoped to take,
In siege assaulting with a foreign band,
Shall mark with endless obloquy his name.
Therefore no tomb shall tell where he is laid,
But maws of ravening kites be his sole sepulchre.
No train of friends shall follow his remains
With loud laments, or pour upon his bier,
With pious hands, libations for his spirit.
You hear the ordinance — hear it, and obey!
*Ant.* Take back this answer to the chiefs of Thebes —
If no associate can be found to do
The office, and the danger share, myself
Will pay his corse the due funereal rites;
And honouring thus a brother, fear no shame
In violating laws imposed by man.
What are all human laws to nature's ties?
Wretched were they who gave us birth, and more
Than miserable their children: strong the force
Of blood cemented thus — wo mixed with wo.
Then willingly, O my soul! with kindred love,
Partake of his involuntary fate,
And join thyself the living to the dead.
Hope not that ravening wolves shall tear his limbs,
For I — alone — all woman as I am —
Will find some way to raise his sepulchre,
To dig his grave, heap earth on earth, and press
And fold him in the bosom of these robes.
Think as you may, I doubt not of fit means
And strength to work my purpose.
*Herald.* Once again
Be warned — respect the mandate of the state.
*Ant.* And I repeat, you warn in vain. No more!
*Herald.* Rouse not the fury of a people rescued
From hopeless perils: deadly their revenge!
*Ant.* And deadly make it — he shall not want a grave
*Herald.* And will you honour with a sepulchre
Your country's hate?
*Ant.* And had he not incurred
The hatred of our Gods?
*Herald.* Not till he brought
His land in danger from a foreign foe.
*Ant.* Evil for evil he repaid.
*Herald.* The crime
Of one he visited on all.
*Ant.* The last
Of Powers to yield is Contest — words beget
But other words. Add then no more; myself
Will bury him.

*Herald.* And on you alone must fall
The guilt. Sin not — be warned! I charge, and leave thee.

CHORUS. ISMENE. ANTIGONE.

*Cho.* O day of gloom! O fatal day!
Ye furies, in your pride rejoice!
Avengers! set ye up a voice
Of exultation. Passed away
The race of Œdipus! The tree is gone —
Fallen, withered, root and branch: your task is done.
*Ism.* How shall I tell — Oh, how endure my wo?
Thus losing, must I not lament thy doom,
My brother? not accompany thee to the tomb?
Is there a crime in tears? must I forego,
Through awe of Thebes, and dread of her decree,
This consolation to his shade, and me?
*Ant.* Many shall mourn, Eteocles! for thee;
A people o'er thy tomb shall weep.
Alas! but for his brother, he
Sinks to the shades, with only one to steep
With tears his grave; yet her affectionate tears
Shall wet his corse, in spite of threats and fears.
*Semi.* No, let the city pardon or condemn,
We will go with thee, weep for thee, and join
In honouring his obsequies; for we share
Thy griefs like sisters. Haply, too, may feel
A late remorse our citizens, and yet
Approve a deed so pious and so just.
*Semi.* With Justice in our train, we do our duty
In following Eteocles: next the Gods,
And Jove's all mighty power, his guardian care
Watched o'er the city, and when hostile waves
Rose threatening to o'erwhelm, drove back the tide,
And saved, like an experienced pilot, Thebes.

THOMAS MEDWIN.

## IRISH AGITATION.

[*Continued from page* 239.]

### CHAPTER IV.

WITH whatever indifference our Whig rulers might have looked upon the other effects of agitation, the repeal of the union is fraught with consequences too important to the majority of them, as individuals, to make it safe to allow their Irish allies any longer to play the game which has, at such desperate risk, been permitted, in return for the votes of the forty. The Whigs, numbering more strongly than any other party among the absentees, and possessing no inconsiderable stake in the soil of Ireland, see that the plan of reform to which they pledged themselves, to secure a preponderance on Lord Ebrington's motion, when their power trembled in the balance—although it had brought temporary security to them as placemen, threatens also permanent ejectment as landlords —have at length determined to stem the tide; and, at the expense of all their former statements and professions, have just declared, that even Whigs are unable to cope with Irish agitation, indulged and encouraged for three years, without the adoption of means more vigorous than those of which, when called for by others, they were loud, vehement, and incessant in their abuse and condemnation. They have certainly a plea which agitation never before afforded — things were never before in so bad a state. Hitherto agitation felt that it worked in opposition to power; but when the Whigs came in, agitation felt assured that its progress was looked on with a favour-

able eye by him who cheered it, on one occasion, with his expiring breath of power.

Accordingly, never before had the effects of agitation gained such a civil height. The aid of those who were always ready and able to resist its progress was rejected with contempt. The first fruits of its new-born zeal were treated with indifference; under the soothing permission of Whig treatment, it was foretold that its bad spirit would evaporate. *Principiis obsta* was urged in vain; one-tenth of the means which must now be used, applied in time, would have saved the lives and properties, and have secured the comfort and independence of thousands: but the triumph of Whiggery is complete.

"Behold," say the ministers, "the bloody record of that power which we seek means to oppose! Here is the sanguinary roll of one year of the annals of its crimes, its murders, and its outrages: behold the extent to which we, the professors of liberal views, have allowed it to go! Here is the list of victims, freely chosen by agitation from among his majesty's liege subjects committed to our care: does any man think the number not enough? Does any man say we should wait for a further addition? Does any man think that plunder may be still further indulged? If any one does, we tell him that it is impossible. Hitherto, the property of others only has been attacked, but our own is now in danger; and if for a little longer space assassination be unrestrained, Ireland must be abandoned altogether; and where, then, are we to look for our estates?"

For the present, we may hope, that by changing the principle on which the government of Ireland is conducted, some respect for the laws of society may be enforced, some security for life and property may be obtained; but as it is not to be expected that the extraordinary powers now to be granted will be permanently established, we come to the very grave and important consideration, of what the future condition of that country may be, when these powers are laid down. What chance have we of seeing the affairs of Ireland placed in such a position as to afford a reasonable hope, that the ordinary action of ordinary laws will enable the ruling power to conduct its administration with an even tenour? To do so, we must consider both what can and what it is likely will be done by the legislature; and how far individuals may do, or neglect, what lies in their power, to break up that state of society on which Irish agitation depends.

## Chapter V.

All government must be carried on by legislation or the sword. So long as the great majority of the subjects of the ruling power pay and assist in enforcing obedience to the laws of the country, so long may the sword be dispensed with; the civil power will then be sufficient to enforce the laws, and the interests of society will be safe from unpunished transgression. If, however, any portion of the community be indisposed to respect law, and prone to encourage its infraction, then the civil power must seek the aid of the sword; and in proportion as the influence and the numbers of those opposed to legal rule may be great or small, in the same must be the extent to which it will be necessary to use the sword.

The inhabitants of Ireland being divided in their views and inclinations with regard to British connexion, England has always found it necessary to enforce obedience to the law by means of military aid. As long as British connexion was opposed only by the numbers of one party, and while it was supported both by the influence and the numbers of the other, the Irish government was strong, and the civil power was feared by the bad, and respected even by the good, among those who were opposed to the source whence it sprung.

The system of policy under which England thought it right to seek support and assistance from her avowed and trusty friends in Ireland, in carrying on her government there, has, however, been changed; and all the confidence and power once freely given, and honestly responded to by the Irish advocates for British connexion, have been transferred with no unsparing hand to its fierce, avowed, and (it is to be feared) irreconcilable enemies. The change in the legislature alone is no less astonishing than important. Of one hundred and five Irish members of the imperial commons, fifty are pledged supporters for discontinuing

the connexion; half that number are only qualified opponents of an immediate dismemberment, while no more than thirty (if so many) of the old and well-tried friends of British connexion have been able to secure seats in the House of Commons — so much of influence has been transferred by the present policy of England to the ranks of the enemies of the union. Thus, to the daily augmenting array of physical force has been superadded a vast increase of parliamentary power, which has been directly subtracted from the strength of those whose interests, as well as inclinations, formed between them and England an indissoluble bond of union and of friendship.

In proportion, then, as England has diminished the influence of her natural supporters in Ireland, has she increased that of her enemies, and entailed upon herself the necessity of making up for the civil power she has lost by drawing on the military resources still left within her reach. As, however, it is impossible for her to call the latter to her aid, except through the voice of the legislature, it must not be imagined that the same majority which is now at her command will be always a secure retreat in the hour of difficulty. Though able now to obtain the statutory aid she needs, she must in return make sacrifices for it; if those sacrifices fail in putting down agitation, the government must come again and again to the representatives of the people for assistance. On every occasion fresh sacrifices must be offered, or will be exacted, until at length there will be as little left to give up as to protect; and in the end the power of England in Ireland must give way to the combined influence of the physical force, the parliamentary *talc*, and the bigotry of its Irish enemies.

Were we asked, Is there, in our opinion, no hope for the future? or is all before us matter for doubt and fear? we would answer, There is hope from judicious and prompt legislation — from prudent and well-timed sacrifices on the part of individuals; while there is danger only in rash and vain enactments, yielded without rational ground of hope to an unmeaning cry, and in an obstinate adherence to a system, which grasping at a shadow loses the substance, and perseveres in hope, while expectation is for ever mocked.

The power of Irish agitation arises from the existence of two old and one new element. 1st, the misery of the people; 2dly, the popish priesthood; and, 3dly, the parliamentary influence of Irish hostility to England.

It is within the power of legislation to correct the first; it is the duty of government not to encourage the two last, and of individuals to render their numbers and influence perfectly innocuous. We shall now pass to a separate consideration of each.

## Chapter VI.

It is not easy to approach the discussion of the state of the labouring classes in Ireland, with that temper and forbearance which every such discussion requires, because it is not easy coolly to contemplate the mass of misery which it discloses. Again, it is not easy to make those who are not acquainted with similar wretchedness aware of the intensity and extent of the privations, sufferings, and temptations of those unfortunate beings, whose actual condition has never been really inquired into; in whose name fancied wrongs are substituted for actual wants, whose degradation has never yet been attributed to its true source, and for the redress of whose grievances no single measure has ever yet been adopted which has not tended to increase them. In vain, however, will the age in which we live challenge for itself a claim to all those high distinctions of which it vaunts so much, if the woes of this body are allowed to remain any longer unenquired into and unredressed.

The "march of intellect," the "spirit of the age," "liberal opinions," the "schoolmaster is abroad," the "principle of self-government," "reform, not revolution," &c. &c., are all so many phrases of unmeaning cant, which must stink in the nostrils of every man who is intimately acquainted with the details of the Irish peasant's life, and who still sees those who utter them with so much self-complacency, leaving this degraded and defrauded creature a prey to all the horrors of the most abject penury. Our indignation, too, is increased, when we find the abusive lies which are heaped upon him at one side, and the grievous wrongs which are inflicted in his name on another. The Irish peasant is incorrigibly idle, says one party. Idle!!! Is he an idler, who, with perhaps no other

earthly support than a thin cake of oaten bread, leaves his family and his home, traverses on foot the breadth of his native country, crosses the channel in search of work which he cannot obtain at home, roams through England until his object be attained, toils for months in summer from sunrise to sunset, engaged in those agricultural labours which require the greatest bodily exertion, and then returns with his hard-earned wages, carefully husbanded and preserved; and for what? to gladden and rejoice the hearts of his ragged and wretched family?—No such thing. To be wasted in thoughtless extravagance and self-indulgence? By no means. His earnings are never carried to his house; he has made an improvident bargain for a little land; the price of which is calculated rather on what he can earn in England than on what the land is worth. As he returns, he must visit the landlord or the agent; every farthing is transferred to him—not a penny is brought to the cabin, which barely shelters his wretched family; and the return for all his toils and privations is the miserable produce of some spot of bog, or swamp, or mountain, for which he has trucked or bartered the work of his hands.

What marks of indolence does such a man exhibit? Can he, with truth, be called an idler, who makes such an exertion as this to obtain a wretched crop from an ungrateful soil, which he has not means to cultivate and improve? And to such a life as this one portion of the Irish peasantry is doomed.

Again, we are told that the Irish peasant is careless and improvident; that he spends his time at fairs and markets, &c. &c. We say, that if his circumstances be inquired into, it will be found that all those charges against him are misfortunes arising out of the anomalous condition in which he is placed, rather than faults voluntarily committed. Change his condition, and his habits will assimilate with the improvement which must take place when rescued from the misery in which he is now steeped, and freed from the disadvantages under which he now labours, he is enabled to obtain a fair remuneration for his time and toil.

When we sat down to write this article, we conceived it necessary to devote a good deal of it to proving that the crimes and poverty of Ireland are attributable, in one point of view, to the state in which the labouring classes have been struggling for ages; but we now consider it unnecessary. Already we find that our three first chapters have not been written in vain. In the *Morning Chronicle* of Saturday, the 9th of February, we find the following proof that our views have been universally adopted, as to the influence which the condition of the labouring classes has on the tranquility of Ireland:—

"We are glad to hear from all sides of the house an admission, that the outrages and disorders of the Irish are caused by the excessive competition for land, and the disproportionate exaction to which it leads; and that no hope can be entertained of any change for the better, till some means are taken *to extricate the peasantry from their dependent situation.*"—*Morning Chronicle, 9th February, 1833.*

This is precisely the view we took in our February number; and as the first position necessary for our purpose has been thus established by the unanimous consent of all parties in the House of Commons, it remains for us to shew how the peasantry may be speedily extricated, or how the day of relief may still further be postponed. In order that we may be enabled to come more directly to the point, we shall make two further extracts from the same number of the same paper, to shew how much error is mixed up with truth on this important subject.

"The law is entirely in the interest of the landlords."

Again—

"Lord Ebrington said he knew of no law by which the evils entailed by a redundancy of population could be remedied; and the high rent, the consequence of the competition for land, caused by that redundancy. Then his lordship knows no means whereby outrages can be prevented; for extreme destitution and obedience to the law cannot coexist."

Further on—

"With the means for enforcing payment for rent, ought to have been conjoined protection of the people against destitution."

That is, poor-laws; for the immediate adoption of which the *Chronicle* is, in the remainder of the article from

*which we have made these extracts,* very urgent.

Here we have a compendium of all the delusions respecting Ireland, which stand between that country and pecuniary prosperity. First, then, the great landed proprietors have very little connexion with the majority of the labouring classes. The connexion of the landlords is *generally* with the tenants, who are the class in immediate contact with the labourers, and whose dealings with them influence their condition. Over these dealings the landlord can have no control. They can be corrected only by the legislature. Secondly, although Lord Ebrington may know nothing about it, the present injurious competition for land may be by law corrected, and brought into a wholesome state. Thirdly, there is no redundancy of population in Ireland beyond the powers of the country to give occupation to; and, fourthly, the introduction of poor-laws into Ireland, while the peasantry is in its present condition, would aggravate all their evils. Poor-rates now would only go to pay the rents of the worst set of landlords and tenants, at the expense of the best, and would bring no relief whatsoever to the labouring classes.

Unlimited abuse has been heaped upon the landlords of Ireland, without the slightest consideration on the part of those by whom it has been written and spoken. A landlord lets his land, and while the lease continues he can exercise no power over it, nor over his tenant, while the rent is paid. But in one class of tenancies, the immediate tenant does not till the land, but employs the labouring classes: these are one part of the people whose condition is so wretched. But what connexion is there between them and the landlord? None. Why are these people so wretched? Because they are inadequately paid. But the tenant is the paymaster, and not the landlord; and it is the connexion or dealing between the tenant and the labourer which requires, ay and which admits of, vital and radical correction,— although Lord Ebrington may know nothing about it. What then is the nature of the dealing which takes place between the occupier of the soil and the man by the labour of whose hands it is tilled? Is it that the latter is employed at a certain rate of wages, which are *bonâ fide paid into his hands, and of which he* has the full and unrestrained use, in the providing himself with the necessaries of life? By no means; he is paid directly or indirectly by truck or barter in land. The payment for his labour is not reckoned out in money; it is not even measured out in kind; but it is assigned in the produce of a given portion of land, without reference either to the quantity or quality of that produce, which is attended with one remarkable peculiarity, that if it be, occasionally even, more ample than is necessary for the consumption of him to whom it is allotted, it has no marketable value, by which the deficiency of one year might be compensated for by the redundancy of another; the overplus will not keep, and when it exists is utterly valueless. The man then who is thus paid, independent of the land by which his remuneration is rendered so scanty and uncertain, can never save; he is thus rendered careless and indifferent, and is exposed to those temptations which, assailing him by the hope of recovering fancied "rights," make him the ready tool of agitation, and he becomes the horrid savage depicted by his crimes.

But, independent of the dagger and the brand, which are used so liberally in periodical excitements of great intensity, this unfortunate being attempts the use of civil and legitimate means to rescue himself from his unhappy lot, and then increases his difficulties by the numbers with whom he has to deal. Feeling how desperate his condition is as a labourer, he thinks that, if he could become a tenant, things must go on better, and he therefore becomes a candidate for a "little skirt" of land. But what are his qualifications and means? He has a spade with which he can dig; nothing more. If he succeeds in getting a "little farm," he erects a hovel covered with sods in place of thatch, and obtains a few stones of seed on a contract so usurious that, were the security at all equal to the "per cents," all the Jews of Europe would settle themselves in the bogs and mountains of Ireland. But on what terms will this tenant be treated with? Surely not on the same as if he were of undoubted solvency; he must tempt him with whom he treats by an offer proportioned to his deficiency of means; and the consequence is, that the rent he will

*promise is high in proportion: it is* measured by his only possession — his spade.

Imagine what the price of meat would be in Farringdon-market, if every candidate for a steak who could produce a knife and fork were to obtain credit on a promise of, "I will leave the price to yourself, only let me eat the meat first." To such tenants only bad land and in small quantities is let; but their existence affects more or less the letting of all the land of Ireland. A tenant is never deterred from taking land because his capital is insufficient; he does not always think it necessary to have means to pay for the labour of the farm; this he can get done on credit, by barter of land for work: hence the actual capitalist is either forced altogether out of the market, or is obliged to pay a rent inconsistent with the regular improvement so valuable to the two classes both of landlord and tenant, and so necessary to insure comfort to the peasant. But even on farms where the landlord is deaf to the temptations of high offers, the benefit of low rent stops with the tenant; it never descends to the labourer, whose condition under the more favoured tenants is still influenced by the prevailing misery of the class to which he belongs.

We have now exposed the root of the evil,— the remedy is obvious. Secure to the labourer A BONA FIDE READY-MONEY PAYMENT FOR LABOUR. By so doing, you extinguish all competition for land that does not rest on capital. The man who has that, will not risk it unless on a well-grounded expectation of profit, which can never co-exist with too high a rent: all the rent which may then be contracted for will be paid,—in point of fact more will be annually discharged in Ireland than can now be collected. The rent-rolls of Ireland must be taken with great abatements and allowances, both for sums that cannot and that will not be paid. Advantage is taken constantly, both at the termination of leases and the change of landlords, and, in periods of danger and excitement like the present, to enforce an abandonment of arrears, which must be considered as necessary abatements, and not merely as losses.

The landlords can have no object in resisting such a correction as we have proposed. In seven years their estates *would bring in higher rents,* after the adoption of such a remedy, than can now be expected in seventy, while their estates would exhibit steady and uniform improvement.

What a mighty change would be then experienced by the labouring classes! Now their competition is for permission to till for the farmers at their own risk, while they can never have a profit adequate to that risk. There is no truer maxim in political economy than this,—"that he who cannot have a profit should never run a risk." But then the competition should be among the farmers to obtain labourers to till at wages certain to the peasant, while the risk would belong to him who might reap the profit. The peasant should then be paid a settled rate of wages, which he would be certain of receiving, and which he could turn to the best advantage, as ready money can always be turned. Capital, which is now ready in abundance to be embarked in agriculture, if there were an opening for it, would diffuse itself throughout the length and breadth of the land. This would be no isolated measure, like a rail-road, or a canal, or any of these premature and local attempts which follow prosperity, but can never lead to it. Then, when capital came into play, it would be seen that Ireland has no redundant population, and that laws can be made to repress a vicious competition for land, and to secure a sound one.

But here we must have one word with Colonel Torrens. "He was prepared," he said, "to prove that the introduction of capital into Ireland, instead of making things better, would make them worse; it could not be employed in manufactures there; capital would establish an improved method of agriculture, and what would be the consequence? that any given quantity of labourers would cultivate more than they did at present; so that there would be less employment for any number of people upon any given surface."—*Morning Chronicle, Feb.* 9.

Then, according to the colonel, the state of things is this,—"that people must be employed either in manufactures or in agriculture." The colonel is wrong; the progress of employment is this: the power of expenditure is primarily obtained from land and agriculture. In proportion as profits are derived from these, employment will

be given to persons to make, procure, and bring the objects of that expenditure to those who are able to pay for it; these objects are manufactures in the abstract; and, without stopping to inquire where they are manufactured, it is undoubted, that those who are able to pay for them will obtain them, while the demand must give occupation in procuring and diffusing of them. Surely, the colonel does not think that all English capital is engaged solely in manufactures or agriculture within England, or that the whole population of a country is occupied in either. How much capital is embarked, and how many hands are employed, in bringing into England the productions of other countries, and in distributing those productions with her own throughout the kingdom? A vast proportion: and were capital allowed in Ireland to extract from the soil all that the soil can give, and to realise proportionate profits, they would be expended, and the expenditure would generate employment in more ways than it is possible for the colonel to anticipate.

But to return to Pat. See what would then be the condition of the Irish peasant! He would labour still, but he would be paid for his labour in sterling money. His only business would be to attend to his daily labour, receive his daily wages, to fear God, and, if it may be, honour the king; he would no longer have to deal with landlords, agents, fairs, collectors of grand-jury cess, proctors, quit-rent drivers, receivers, distresses, replevins, trespasses, magistrates, elections, candidates, and *hoc genus omne*, with not one of whom had he ever a legitimate connexion. Neither his means, his knowledge, nor position, qualified him for collision with any, not to say all, of those high and mighty Irish potentates. Agitation says, "You must suit all these to the penury of Pat." We say, in return, "It is impossible; and were it to become law to-morrow, that Pat should never pay any one of the parties who now have claims upon him, the condition of Pat would not be one single potato-skin improved; for those who barter with him for his labour know on how many Lumpers (see Sir J. B.) he can exist, and would never, while the system of truck exists, allow him another." No. It is impossible to render the occupation of land without capital compatible with the institutions of society; it is impossible, while barter for labour is allowed, to screen the Irish peasant from fraud and oppression. And, with this impression on our minds, we cannot resist adverting here to a little parliamentary anecdote intimately connected with agitation.

During the session when Mr. Littleton made his ineffectual attempt to bring in a bill to put down the system of truck in England, an Irish member, —perhaps we should say the Irish member,—took occasion, in the course of one of the debates to which it gave rise, to say, that "he would oppose it, unless Ireland were made subject to its provisions." Mr. Littleton replied, that "he knew not enough about Ireland to make it reasonable that he should extend his bill to that country, but that he had no objection that a similar measure should be enacted for it." The session closed. During the prorogation, the Irish member adduced this conversation as a proof that Ireland was treated with neglect by England; and then, in the following session, opposed the extension of Mr. Littleton's bill for the protection of the peasantry of Ireland. We wish this seeming inconsistency were explained.

We have not time to fly back on our manuscript; but we believe the introduction of poor-laws into Ireland is the subject which now calls for observation. Our opinion upon that proposal is this, that the sum assigned for the relief of any person considered entitled to support would be pledged or mortgaged as the payment or security for the payment of the rent of "a bit" of land, which, on the strength of parochial relief, would be let to the pauper upon such conditions as to leave him as wretched as ever; and that the competition excited by that security would be such as, if possible, to enhance the difficulties of the peasantry. It is in vain to object, that men would be too wise to give up a certain parochial payment in cash for the uncertain produce of land; for, in Ireland, we see the thing done every day. It would be easy to produce thousands of instances where persons in Ireland in possession of some little income have, on the strength of it, and not on a calculation of profit and loss, taken land at such a rate as to reduce them to beggary. We have it proved

that, when in seasons of extraordinary distress public works were undertaken to give relief, the wages of those employed have passed directly to some one to satisfy some "ould arrear." Connected with lands, we see the rooted habits and prejudices of the people in favour of securing temporary occupation, at any risk, of what agitation tells them they will on an early day acquire a free perpetuity. Establish poor-laws now, before a ready-money payment is established; before, by its means, a strong line of demarcation is drawn between the man who is to be relieved and the man who is to afford relief, and, without improving the condition of the peasant, you lay the foundation of gross pecuniary jobbing; pecuniary, we say; for, disgusted at the prospect of the political and religious uses, or rather abuses, to which it would give rise, we turn, at least for the present, from the discussion in any other than the single point of view in which we have been treating it.

This subject of the regeneration of the peasantry of Ireland is one which belongs exclusively to the whole body of the legislature, and should be taken up by it, without reference to governments or parties. It is only by the operation of the remedy we have suggested that the great body of the people can be at once and every where placed on a sound and wholesome footing; and it is only when it is, that any party can be enabled to carry on the government of the country. It is by such a great reform as this that Ireland can be improved, and not by petty boards of works or other such childish plans; such attempts are beside the proper duties of a government to undertake, or of a legislature to sanction. It is no part of the office of the one or of the other to take upon themselves the business or occupations of society; their duty is simply to regulate its relations, to remove obstructions, to create facilities, to open the sources of the country, and then to throw society upon its own exertions, to make the best of the means within the reach of its inhabitants. We could enumerate many Irish grievances, for the removal of which many laws have been made which have proved totally inoperative for this simple reason, that they were topical remedies, applied to the surface, but never reaching the seat of the disease; while every one of those enactments would have been rendered unnecessary by the adoption of one single proceeding by which the mere labourer's connexion with land might be cut off. Until this is done, church property may be abandoned or preserved, grand juries may be used or discontinued, judges may be old men or young, policemen may be of this creed or of that, five thousand farthings may be levied or given up; but Ireland never will, because she never can be improved. Almost all subjects and points connected with Ireland have had their committees and their discussions, while this case of the peasantry has been studiously avoided; but to all we address ourselves, and say, that while it is their duty to force an investigation of this subject, it is the interest only of the professional agitators to blink or to smother it. From such the landlords would come out triumphant, and governments would be acquitted of all but of ignorance as to the source of the evils of Ireland, or inability to procure their redress. We are aware that the independent members of parliament,—men who have no interest in concealing the real state of the country—men who are anxious to do justice to it,—are not in possession of information sufficiently accurate and extended on which to form a conclusion of how it should be dealt with. The knowledge, however, which is necessary cannot be obtained on the tops or in the inside of mail coaches; and we wish Mr. Richards would tell us how his Irish plans will or can promote the great desideratum — "employment;" how the success of his motion can increase the wages of labour in Roscommon, or multiply the number of days on which the labourer can obtain it. Does not Mr. Richards know that the transfer of property cannot increase the power of that property to give employment? It is its expenditure alone that does that. And is he aware that, if he divides the income of the clergy in Ireland by the sum necessary for the ordinary support of each member of a family there, he will be able to tell the number of the labouring classes who are now suffering from the stoppage of the ordinary expenditure of the clergy? While we make these observations, we are of opinion that Mr. Richards's story should not have been laughed at, but the error of the inference he drew from it should have been

pointed out. Mr. Richards was right in placing the value he did on the low rate of wages; but how will the rate be raised by diminishing the number of those who give employment, as Mr. Richards proposes to do? Can he expect that any man will pay higher than he is compelled to do, and that is the market price? The object is to raise that price by a competition of employers, and that is to be done by introducing capitalists into the occupation of the land, not by diminishing the number already in existence.

We now address ourselves most earnestly to every honest man who would do his duty to the British empire, and warn him, that on this single subject the most important consequences are depending; we warn every man who has property in Ireland, that if the unfortunate people in whose behalf we write are not placed in an improved condition, that property can only be preserved by making all Ireland a camp; and that no improvement can be made by measures which do not bear directly on the peasant's case, while every sacrifice to a popular but unfounded cry is only breaking down those guards and defences, without the preservation of which the social institutions which distinguish civilised man from the savage cannot exist, and the abandonment of which is the first downward step from civilisation and improvement to the wild and original state of human nature, from which man is led by so many means and by such slow degrees. This is no mere Irish question. The interests of England are intimately bound up with the prosperity of Ireland. Were the agricultural state of that country once placed in a true position, a wide field would be opened for the manufactures of England, which would then find an extended market there. Time would be more profitably employed in considering how crime may be prevented than in arranging the mode of trying criminals whose passions are inflamed, while their wants are undiminished. How little complimentary, how unjust to a nation, to have its self-vaunted representatives preparing for a perpetuity of criminal proceedings, instead of seeking for an antidote to crime; and, then, what a stain on that unhappy country is stamped by the mode in which the commission of crime is accounted for. Here it is. *Accusation* —"Sixty murders in one county in twelve months." *Apologist*—"Yes; but is not Baron Joy as old as Lord Guillamore; and is not that a natural cause of murder?" *Accusation*—"Six hundred houses have been attacked." *Apology*—"Well, why not? How many Catholic chief constables have been appointed?" *Accusation*—"No man's life is safe." *Apology*—"Why should it? has the murderer a chance of a jury of his own selection?"

Such are the parliamentary dialogues in which Irish members exhibit their respect for the people of the Emerald Isle, by representing that all the blood they spill is shed to achieve a fairer trial than they now possess, when they cannot be convicted at all. How gratifying would be the assurance, could we once experience it, that the day was come when the ground of all this wicked hypocrisy would be dashed by some master-hand from beneath the feet of the heartless slanderers who abuse the confidence of an unfortunate and misguided race! With what satisfaction could we then, as we must now, lay down the pen, while the wrongs and the agitation of Ireland remain still an unexhausted topic!

## Chapter VII.

Before we proceed to other points connected with this subject, we will briefly sum up the advantages which must result from the conversion of the Irish peasantry from barter-paid slave of farmers, or incapable, and therefore unfortunate, tenants of overcharged patches of land, into free, independent, and well-paid labourers. No longer interested in keeping down the rent of land, or regulating its divisions or subdivisions, they will cease to unite in illegal combinations for that purpose. Their daily bread becoming dependent on their daily labour, an immediate loss will follow any neglect of the latter, for which, indeed, other demands on the peasant's time will not as now furnish either occasion or excuse. Regular connecting links between the landlord and the labourer will, by means of adequate capitalists, be established all over the country. Rural property and business will be represented at fairs and markets by tens instead of thousands; the constant congregation of multitudes will be put an end to. The value of character and the necessity for regularity will increase.

The injurious competition for lands by the paupers being cut off, farms will afford well-paid rents, while improved cultivation will raise more produce and yield greater profits. Capital will furnish new demands for labour, and wages will rise. The expenditure of landlords, farmers, and labourers, opening new markets, manufactures will flourish, and the English poor-rates be lightened from a pressure now so severely felt; and want will cease to furnish so many, such cordial, and such eager supplies of physical force to agitation. The reduction, however, or disbanding, of this great camp of the enemies of British connexion will not be enough; without it all other efforts would indeed be vain; but when it shall have been effected, the legislature alone will have done its duty, and the landed proprietors and government will still be called on to perform theirs. What the Duke of Wellington calls "the perpetual conspiracy between the priests and demagogues of Ireland against the government of the country" (debate in the Lords, Feb. 15, 1833) will still remain; and though there may not exist such a heap of materials for that conspiracy to work on, still there will be elements enough to give rise to danger, which should be prevented, or controlled, by those in whose hands power adequate for the purpose is placed.

The first great object of the landed proprietors should be to sever the direct connexion between agriculture and politics; both the pecuniary and moral interests of the country loudly call for such a separation. It is certain in Ireland, that if, on either the part of the landlord or tenant, politics interfere in the letting of land, agriculture will be sacrificed. It might well be thought by those who are unacquainted with that country, that the comfort and respectability of the tenant, and the due cultivation of the land, would be insured by his being able to register as a 10*l.* voter out of his farm; such might be the case, were the value of the interest determined in any other way than it has been. The computation of the value on which the right of voting now depends rests on the tenant's oath, which is in Ireland a miserable security against deceit of any kind; but the weakest of the weak, when opposed as a barrier to the fierce assaults of bigotry, combined with a thirst for political power, by which the unfortunate tenants are made to believe, that a temporary tenure at an exorbitant rent may be converted into an estate. The consequence is, that, in three-fourths of Ireland, seven-tenths of the 10*l.* voters are unworthy of the franchise which has been obtained by the most flagrant perjury. Nothing is more lamentable than the utter disregard to truth which pervades so large a portion of the inhabitants of Ireland; and it grows out of the slight respect in which an oath is held. Nothing would prove more instructive of the nature and elements of the 10*l.* constituency of Ireland, than an account of the tricks, shifts, evasions, and misrepresentations which are made use of by agitators to swell the ranks of fictitious voters. But if the landlords of Ireland give a *bona fide* interest of 10*l.*, which could be realised not merely by cultivation but by reletting, how comes it that the landlords of Ireland have been subjected to all the very abusive language which has been so lavishly directed against them for the high rents they charge? It must not, however, be imagined, that the landlords are connected in all cases with the making of these fictitious votes. When a lease is made, the tenant is free to register if he can pass the ordeal, and is too ready to make up in swearing what is wanting in value. There is, indeed, little to tempt a proprietor in Ireland now to make any sacrifice, either of money or morality, to cover an estate with votes; *sic vos non vobis* may well be applied to those who do. It is to be supposed, that those who cultivate such a crop do it for their own benefit; but who that has brought it to maturity has not found that the fruits are gathered by another?

This evil, however, of fictitious votes, no matter to what extent it may exist, is not one which it is very likely will be abated by a legislative hand; but it is in the power of the landed proprietors themselves to apply a remedy: they have the greatest possible interest in effecting a cure, and should they neglect or encourage the disease, they will long retard the improvement of Ireland, should no worse consequence to themselves attend their heedlessness or apathy. A fixed determination, therefore, should be formed by the landlords of Ireland, never — while there is the slightest danger of such excitement as now exists — to make a lease. Such a determination will era-

dicate by the roots that dangerous conspiracy which has been denounced by the duke; and, by making the tenant independent of political influence, restore that confidence and good-will between landlord and tenant, which are so gratifying to the one, and so useful to the other.

Did the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland confine themselves not merely to the discharge of their spiritual functions, but to the ordinary dissemination of political views, as they are scattered in conversation and enforced by example, it might be unnecessary to guard so strictly against the entrusting of political power to all within the sphere of their influence. Such, however, is not the case. The peculiar politics of Popery do not consist in a bias to one system in preference to another, under which the government of the British empire is or may be carried on by either of the great parties into which its statesmen are divided, but in a fixed and rooted hostility to the British government altogether; and the priests spread and foster that hostility, not incidentally and as fellow-citizens of those over whom they exercise dominion, but with all the spiritual power and authority to which the ignorance and credulity of their flocks render them liable. Papists are always fond of representing, that the opposition they meet with from Protestants is owing simply to the doctrinal tenets they hold, and the conscientious integrity with which they abide by them: such, however, is not the fact. Though Protestants are not, and cannot be indifferent to the errors in which Popery binds its followers, still it is the politics which they connect with their articles of belief that render Papists dangerous to the well-being of a Protestant state; and it is to the repression of those politics that Protestants can most effectually devote themselves. Protestant landlords should look to the means and the opportunities of the Popish priests, and they should adopt measures commensurate to the difficulties with which they have to contend. Between Sundays, holydays, funerals, weddings, baptisms, and stations, the priests have about seventy annual drills, at which they can inculcate and enforce their political views; while the less public opportunities are fully as numerous and convenient for the discharge of their "volunteer" duty. While, then, politics are not merely recommended but commanded, under spiritual threatenings and terrors of (to those against whom they are denounced) the most awful and horrifying import, landlords are not only justified, but they are imperiously called upon to withdraw as many as they can from the disadvantageous position in which they are placed, when rendered subject to priestly influence, used for a purpose so foreign and unsuitable to its Christian profession or spiritual rank. Of such influence the tenant should be made independent. When no longer encumbered with a vote, his political creed will become less dangerous, and undue means will not be taken to place him at variance with his landlord.

## Chapter VIII.

The attention of the landed proprietors should likewise be turned to the providing a remedy for another of the evils of Ireland, which it is in their power alone to remove. Nothing is productive of more mischievous consequences in Ireland, or is a greater encouragement to the commission of crime, than the little support which is given by its inhabitants, in three out of four of the provinces, to the civil power, to aid in the prevention of crime, or the detection or apprehension of criminals. There is such a bond of connexion, so much sympathy among the peasantry, and so many whose houses are a ready asylum to shelter all manner of delinquents, that capture is impracticable in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred; and unless an immense civil force is kept up, this evil must continue until the landlords lend themselves to its correction. This can be done only by multiplying in the occupation of land, numbers willing and able to aid the civil power. For this purpose it will be necessary to provide or encourage agricultural establishments, where all the labourers, as well as the superintendant, shall reside under the same roof.

Landlords should build residences and offices proportioned to the size of their farms; and where suitable tenants do not immediately offer, who would bind themselves to the in-door maintenance of all the labourers whom it would be necessary to employ, they might place intelligent and faithful stewards in them, until proper tenants offered. Of such stewards, England and Scotland afford an ample supply.

Such men and their households being independent of all those local feelings and attachments which generate and keep alive so many evils, would at all times afford great aid to the civil power; and, by isolating different districts from all connexion with the disturbing spirits of the country, help to neutralise the mischievous disposition which they might not be numerous enough, altogether and at once, to supplant. Such establishments as those would have other highly-beneficial effects, which are also much wanting. They would become excellent schools for teaching improved and improving modes of agriculture; and by not being confined to one or two spots, the influence of their examples would rapidly diffuse the best practical instructions in farming.

Such establishments as those we have recommended, would tend materially, too, to correct the evils which have arisen out of the little connexion which for a long time has existed between farmers and labourers as household servants. The unbridled license enjoyed by young labourers in Ireland, after the hours of work are over, particularly during the short days and long nights, is highly injurious. The better practice of having those young men under the vigilant eye of a steady master, would soon work improvement; and a race of skilful and trustworthy farm-servants, now so scarce, would soon spring up, under the superintendence of men not too far removed above their domestics to be ignorant of their conduct, nor on terms too familiar to lose a wholesome authority. Nothing has tended more to the growth of useful habits among the English peasantry than their all—both male and female—passing the early part of their lives in farmers' houses, where they acquire habits of regularity, cleanliness, and good management, which they subsequently transplant to their own houses.

To reduce the danger of the evils arising out of the political power possessed by enemies of British connexion, it will be an essential and important duty of government, never, for any party-purpose, to lend its weight at elections to those whose claims to support are grounded on their enmity to the union. If government be unable to secure the return of its own friends, it should at least be neutral, if it cannot reconcile itself to the supporting of those who look to one common source of the power which should be administered there, either by one party or another. That the Irish government, during the late elections, threw its power into the scale of the repeal candidate, whenever the struggle lay between him and an avowed supporter of British connexion, is not only not denied, but has been avowed by the dismissal of Captain Hart, for voting at the Longford election for an anti-repealer, instead of joining the priests and the agitators in returning a very humble member of the craft. Not that we believe that the vote he gave was the real cause of his dismissal, but that it grew out of other circumstances; a full and separate examination of which, on abstract principles, connected with delegated powers of government, might be productive of much good. Longford, however, is not the single instance in which the enemy of British connexion was preferred to the friend.

The evil consequences arising out of this system of an Irish government playing these election-games, are not confined solely to the election or its issue; a vote more or less may make no great difference in the House of Commons. The confusion and uncertainty which grow out of this species of double-dealing are of a far more important nature. Nothing is more necessary in Ireland than a strong government—strong, not merely in power, but in the avowal of its policy, and the means by which it directly seeks its end. Were all living under its influence capable of understanding the *pros* and *cons* which might be urged on either side of a question of doubtful policy, then there might be, perhaps, less mischief arising from *finesse*. But in Ireland, where it is the object of so many to misrepresent the intentions, the words, and the acts of government; and where the delusions thus spread take effect upon millions incapable of forming a sound judgment of themselves; it is absolutely necessary that the whole conduct of the government should be uniform and consistent, and so direct and unwavering as to be above suspicion, and to leave no room for hesitation as to the views, or misconception of the motives, of those who are deputed by the king to administer his laws, protect his subjects, and maintain his rights and his power.

## Chapter IX.

Should landed-proprietors and the government adopt the course we have pointed out, their joint exertions would soon diminish the power of agitation to elevate beyond their proper level many of the professional agitators; and if a very steady line of conduct were also adopted by the government with regard to the Popish priests, agitation would soon prove innocuous. It has been said, that in Ireland there is one law for the rich, and another for the poor. Be this as it may, there is certainly one law for the Popish priests, and another for the rest of the lieges. We do not, by any means, wish to see any man, or any body of men, forgetful of the respect which should be shewn to him who assumes a spiritual character, while he confines himself to his vocation; but we are aware that in Ireland the most mischievous consequences have followed the transferring to the furious politician and the seditious bigot the tenderness and forbearance which may be due to the minister of Christ, however erroneous may be the system for which that ministry is instituted; but the very circumstances which give a claim to the pastor for peculiar consideration enhance ten thousand fold his responsibility and guilt, when he takes advantage of the incidental power which local circumstances, connected with professional influence, give him, to foment hostility, bitterness, and rebellion; to instigate strife, burnings, and murder; to mark the objects of his hate with the stamp of spiritual denunciation; and to set the seal of a church's blessing on all who shall aid in the extermination, in the name of God, of such of his creatures as may be obnoxious to him who assumes a divine right of deciding in this world who are for and who are against him. It is only to make a demonstration now and then, or when it is conceived that the priestly demagogue has in too flagrant a manner outstripped the wide circle in which he is generally allowed to move, that the state takes the liberty of checking his career in the gentlest manner; while some happy omission, or some judicious touch of policy, is discovered just in time to prevent unpleasant consequences. Let it not for a moment be imagined that we would place limits to the legitimate influence of the professional calls or duties of the priest; on the contrary, we would hail with joy a prospect of their full and constant exercise. Most gladly would we, above all things, hear of his constant preaching, enforcing, as well as he could, the doctrines of transubstantiation, invocation, extreme unction, and auricular confession, with all the arguments and authorities which reason and revelation supply. We know he has abandoned those duties to which we would gladly see him go back, and there take "ample room and verge enough;" but we would likewise make the law say to him,—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;" and never suffer him to enter the confines of criminality with impunity. If he will not volunteer to set an example of civil obedience, we would prevent his exhibiting on every occasion a practical license to trample on the laws of society, and on the rights, lives, characters, and feelings of those for whom the law should exhibit equal respect and protection.

For the present, we shall close our observations on "Irish Agitation," by a brief summary of our views and opinions with regard to the principal sources from which it is derived, and the means which, in our opinion, can be practically and effectually applied to the removal of each.

1. Its most dangerous aspect is given to agitation by the powerful physical force of the labouring classes, who are kept in a state of the greatest misery by the fraudulent system which prevents their labour from being fairly remunerated, and in a high degree of excitement by the priests and the lay-leaders of agitation. We would reclaim them from their misery and its consequences, by cutting them off from all connexion with land by a ready-money payment for labour.

2. The lay leaders of agitation are raised into consequence by fictitious voters, and the forced support of those subject to intimidation. We would withdraw that support, by refusing leases to all whose political power was controlled by the spiritual influence of others, and not by their own conscientious conviction.

3. The impunity with which priests are permitted to act illegally, and promote sedition, gives undue confidence and an evil example to millions. We would make the priests *legal*, if we could not make them *loyal*, subjects, and extinguish such influence for ever.

## PIOZZIANA.*

This is a complete specimen of the art of book-making. All the aids and appliances of typography, and all the resources of scrap-hunting, are put into operation, to make into a seven shilling volume what even in quantity of matter would not much exceed a couple of sheets of our magazine. As to any thing new or valuable (we mean valuable in reference to its object, Mrs. Piozzi), half a sheet would be an ample allowance. Moxon has done his part of the business very creditably to his genius.

The compiler's name we know not, but he takes care to inform us that he is the author of a letter to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, published in Bath, but most shamefully neglected both by the bishop and the rest of the world. He shall himself explain what was the business of the work.

"Certainly the object it [the aforesaid pamphlet] had in view was reasonable; that of exciting the attention of the diocesan and others to the manner in which portions of the church-service are usually delivered by the officiating clergyman, and the absurd manner in which congregations take part during the performance of the sacred duties. What was strongly censured in the pamphlet, and the passage to which Mrs. P. particularly points, was an incredibly silly practice, witnessed at all times of public prayer, when the clergyman pronounces 'the Exhortation.' This address of the priest to the people cannot be mistaken by any one possessing the smallest share of common sense, for an appeal to the Deity. Yet is it carefully and piously repeated by his hearers, who, with upturned eyes and clasped hands, may be seen and heard going over the words 'dearly beloved brethren,' &c. and 'wherefore I pray and beseech you.' Either they who thus recite words directed to themselves, as if words of thanksgiving or prayer, are fools; or so shamefully regardless of what they are doing, and in whose sacred temple they stand, as not to affix any sense to the expressions they employ, or listen to. Repeating (as is constantly practised) the words of the decalogue is equally childish and ridiculous, or indeed worse."

This is indeed matter of high moment, and worthy of investigation before the Star Chamber. The Bishop of Bath and Wells has much to answer for, in his neglect of the work which points out a heretical practice so ruinous to the existence of the church. We, however, who are churchgoers of precise punctuality must say, that if they manage matters so in Bath, we are more orderly in our attention to the rubric in London.

Our compiler's original remarks are generally of the same value as that which we have extracted. He has, however, given us some pleasant letters of the pleasant and gossiping old body whom he chooses as his heroine, and for whom he expresses the greatest admiration. He admits, to be sure, that "some passages of her life were marked by singularity," and touches but lightly on that most singular passage, her marriage with Piozzi. We are told that she lived very happily with the fiddler, and that he obliged her in many particulars; but though Beloe, Boswell, Croker, Lysons, are censured for their remarks on her, no new light is thrown on what Johnson called "that most ignominious matter," except that it is insinuated that the Doctor was angry with the match out of jealousy. Talking of a miniature of herself given by Mrs. Piozzi to the compiler, he says—

"Sometimes, when she favoured me and mine with a visit, she used to look at her little self, as she called it, and speak drolly of what she once was, as if talking of some one else; and one day, turning to me, I remember her saying,

* Piozziana; or, Recollections of the late Mrs. Piozzi. With Remarks. By a Friend.

"Perception quick, and luxury of thought.
* * * * *
And spirits light, to every joy in tune;
And friendship, ardent as a summer's noon;
And conscious honour's keen instinctive sense;
And smiles unforced, and easy confidence,
And vivid fancy."
Mrs. Barbauld.

London, Moxon, 1833.

'No, I never was handsome; I had always too many strong points in my face for beauty.' I ventured to express a doubt of this, and said that Dr. Johnson was certainly an admirer of her personal charms. She replied, that she believed his devotion was at least as warm towards the table and the table-talk at Streatham. This was, as is well known, Mrs. Thrale's place of residence in the country. I was tempted to observe that I thought, as I still do, that Johnson's anger on the event of her second marriage was excited by some feeling of disappointment; and that I suspected he had formed hopes of attaching her to himself. It would be disingenuous on my part to attempt to repeat her answer: I forget it; but the impression on my mind is that she did not contradict me."

The only other anecdote of Johnson we can find is the following:

"I had remarked to her that Johnson's readiness to condemn any moral deviation in others was, in a man so entirely before the public as he was, nearly a proof of his own spotless purity of conduct. She said, 'Yes, Johnson was, on the whole, a rigid moralist; but he could be ductile, I may say servile; and I will give you an instance. We had a large dinner-party at our house; Johnson sat on one side of me, and Burke on the other; and in the company there was a young female (Mrs. Piozzi named her), to whom I, in my peevishness, thought Mr. Thrale superfluously attentive, to the neglect of me and others; especially of myself, then near my confinement, and dismally low-spirited; notwithstanding which, Mr. T. very unceremoniously begged of me to change place with Sophy ——, who was threatened with a sore-throat, and might be injured by sitting near the door. I had scarcely swallowed a spoonful of soup when this occurred, and was so overset by the coarseness of the proposal, that I burst into tears, said something petulant,—that perhaps, ere long, lady might be at the head of Mr. T.'s table, without displacing the mistress of the house, &c., and so left the apartment. I retired to the drawing-room, and for an hour or two contended with my vexation, as I best could, when Johnson and Burke came up. On seeing them, I resolved to give a *jobation* to both, but fixed on Johnson for my charge, and asked him if he had noticed what passed, what I had suffered, and whether, allowing for the state of my nerves, I was much to blame? He answered, 'Why, possibly not; your feelings were outraged.' I said, 'Yes, greatly so; and I cannot help remarking with what blandness and composure you *witnessed* the outrage. Had this transaction been told of others, your anger would have known no bounds; but, towards a man who gives good dinners, &c., you were meekness itself!' Johnson coloured, and Burke, I thought, looked foolish; but I had not a word of answer from either."

We really cannot see any ductility or servility in the Doctor's conduct here. What can a man say when the mistress of the house flounces out of the room, after pointedly affronting her husband and a lady guest? And, after all, it was Mrs. Piozzi, and not Mr. Thrale, who found the person to supply the place of the dear departed.

We own that we look upon Mrs. P. as being very unlucky in the business of her marriage. She confesses here, in one of her letters (p. 140), that it drove all her former acquaintances away, and forced her to begin the world anew, with new faces and new scenes around her, which was annoying enough; and the annoyance was aggravated by the fact, that her intimate connexion with the history of Johnson exposed her to the carpings of all the literary tribe. A widow of forty might have married without making any sensation (we are sure that one of her ancestresses, Katherine Tudor de Berayne, cousin and ward of Queen Elizabeth, the Mam y Cymry (p. 29), married four husbands without half the fuss), if, as in Mrs. Piozzi's case, she had not made herself a sort of literary property. How amusingly the whole affair is treated in Peter Pindar's eclogue of *Bozzy and Piozzi*—

BOZZY *loquitur.*

'Well, ma'am, since all that Johnson said or wrote
You hold so sacred, how have you forgot
To grant the wonder-hunting world a reading
Of Sam's epistle, just before your wedding,
Beginning thus, in terms not formed to flatter:—
'MADAM,—
*If that most ignominious matter*
*Be not concluded'*—
Further need I say?
No! your kind self may give it us one day,

And justify your passion for the youth
With all the charms of eloquence and truth.

PIOZZI.

What was my marriage, sir, to you or him?
*He* tell me what to do! a pretty whim!
*He* to propriety (the beast!) exhort,—
As well might elephants preside at court!
Lord! let the world to damn my match agree,—
Tell me, James Boswell, what's the world to me?
The folks who paid respects to Mrs. Thrale,
Fed on her pork, poor souls! and swilled her ale,
May sicken at Piozzi; nine in ten
Turn up the nose of scorn,—good God! what then?
For me the devil may fetch their souls so great,—
They keep their company, and I my meat;
When they, poor owls, shall feel their cage a jail,
I, unconfined, shall spread my peacock tail,—
Free as the birds of air enjoy my ease,
Choose my own food, and see what clime I please;
*I* suffer only, if I'm in the wrong,—
So now, you prating puppy, hold your tongue."

Before we quit this subject, we may remark, that literary ladies are much addicted to second marriages; and of late it has become an infallible symptom that a second spouse is under serious consideration, when a lady writes the life or memoirs of the first. We could, if it were necessary, point out several examples, but the "world of letters" knows them already.

The specimens of the etymologies, charades, &c &c., given in this book are not very striking. We hope that better things are preserved than what we find here, and especially that the curious diary referred to in the following passage has escaped the flames.

"I called on her one day, and at an early hour, by her desire; when she shewed me a heap of what are termed pocket-books, and said she was sorely embarrassed on a point, upon which she condescended to say she would take my advice. 'You see in that collection,' she continued, 'a diary of mine of more than *fifty* years of my life: I have scarcely omitted *any* thing which occurred to me during the time I have mentioned; my books contain the conversation of every person of almost every class with whom I have held intercourse; my remarks on what was said; down-right facts, and scandalous *on dits*; personal portraits, and anecdotes of the characters concerned, criticisms on the publications and authors of the day, &c. Now I am approaching the grave, and agitated by doubts as to what I should do—whether burn my manuscripts, or leave them to futurity? Thus far, my decision is to *destroy* my papers; shall I, or shall I not?' I took the freedom of saying, 'By no means do an act, which done cannot be amended; keep your papers safe from prying eyes; and at last trust them to the discretion of survivors.' Her answer was, that, at least for the present, they were rescued from the flames; and so saying, she replaced the numerous volumes in her cabinet. I did not see the inside of one of them, and, of course, can say nothing from my own knowledge of the contents; but cannot doubt that they were, in all respects, most interesting."

No doubt. This was precisely the sort of work which she could do; and, when we consider with whom she lived, the conversations, facts, *on dits*, and anecdotes, would be highly amusing, whatever we might think of the value of her remarks and criticisms.

She was a clever letter writer. We give a specimen from this volume.

"*Weston Super Mare, July*, 1819.

"A pompous man—a Mr. Ray—I was once acquainted with, discovered some seditious tracts to have been written on French paper, by means not unlike those you mention, thirty or thirty-two years ago. I have probably told *you*, who know all my stories, how, when he was named a *Prothonotary* of some law-court, an humble friend came cringing with, 'Sir, I wish you joy, sir.' Seeing his patron stand as if fixed against the wall, 'Sir, I beg pardon, sir; but I thought it was proper for me to say, sir, how glad I was that you are become a thermometer.'

"Anacreon Moore is got into some scrape, is not he? He will want a *Mr. Ray* to help him out. My newspaper, the only one in this place, tells me nothing but the ladies' dresses who went to Carlton House, in costumes of different

courts; curious enough: but they who want to quarrel, will quarrel about *that*. Is the Duke of Kent's daughter baptised by the name of Charlotte, or is she Alexandrina Victoria? Nobody here can tell; but every body can blame those who gave the poor baby names which no one can speak, or say he has ever heard of.

"We have heavenly weather; and a cool comet that serves to amuse, but cannot much alarm us. The sea beautifully broken by two St. Helena-looking rocks, which we call the Holmes; and good savage bathing among stones and pebbles; poor machines, which donkeys cannot draw in or out; and horses I see none; young salmon not a quarter grown, and miniature soles about as long as your hand—none longer; infants innumerable for the benefit of salt-water dips, which they abhor most religiously; and old stories, which one has heard forty times told. Our place of meeting is at the hotel-door, where we ask how Weston agrees, and whether the air is not particularly sweet here? I somehow fancy it is. My fellow-lodgers have been diverted by an April-fool trick out of season, played me by young S. Six days ago here comes a poor man, a labourer, in a smock-frock, inquiring for Mrs. Piozzi. See her he could not, for one eye was quite out, and the other nearly extinct; hear what she would say to him, impossible—he was stone deaf. But he could tell my Bessy in Welsh, how he had begged Sir John of Brynbella, as he called him, to give him two pounds, because his honour's good aunt used always to give him two pounds on a Whit-Sunday morn. Bessy believes that he plagued S. so, that he was at last provoked to say,—'Well, go look for my good aunt; you will find her at Bath.' The wretched man took him *au pied de lettre*, and walked all the way, till hither he came for two pounds, *sans* eyes, *sans* ears, *sans* language, or good health.

"When we had cooled his fever, I despatched him across the Channel here, into the Principality; where he will do, at least, better than in England, having lain in the street at Bath the night before we saw him. A good supper was, however, likely to have comforted him: but this was a hotel, a cut finger club; and some one who had eyes, snatched his plate from before him who had none, and left him to the lamentation and derision of our fellow-lodgers and boarders. Such is the world, and such are its inhabitants!"

The observations on this letter afford a fair sample of the compiler's powers of commentary.

"I am unable to recall to memory in what species of troubles the celebrated translator of Anacreon was involved, at the date of Mrs. Piozzi's letter. Probably nothing very formidable, or the world would have enlarged on a subject connected, in the smallest degree, with one so important in the sphere of genius and literature as Mr. Moore; who, equally a master in prose and verse, holds even a higher place in public estimation, and in this age of superior refinement, than did Pope in *his* day; and who, as patriot and poet, will be known to nations which are yet to be. Her opinion of Moore as a literary character, and a man of general talents, was the same as that of millions who are familiar with his name; but she was not, I believe, acquainted with the bard; though the humble writer of this can boast of being so; as well as of being his fellow-townsman; and gladly takes the present opportunity of saying, that a person of such variety of claims to the love of his intimates, and the admiration of his country, has rarely existed."

Moore's father was a grocer in Dublin; so that our compiler is from the banks of the Liffey. We must doubt, however, his acquaintance with the Irish Anacreon. All the world who know any thing of Moore know that, in 1819, he got into a scrape, in consequence of the misconduct, or some such thing, of his deputies in Bermuda, which cost him his sinecure place, and exposed him to pecuniary losses. Our author's boast of his intimacy with Tom is, therefore, not exactly credible. From the absurd puffing of Grattan, the Marquess of Hastings, &c. &c., we are, however, quite sure that he is an Irishman, and a liberal.

He is not over well-informed even in the trifling literature in which he deals. Deriving the nightmare (p. 211) from the "*meres de nuit*" is nonsense. He might as well deduce it from Sir Peter Laurie, knight, mayor. The epigram of which he can give no account (p. 102),—

"Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedicina poetas;
Bubb, Stubb, Grubb, Crabbe, Trapp,
Young, Carey, Tickell, Evans,"—

he will find in Percy's *Reliques*, in the note on John Grubb's ballad of St. George for England. It has nothing to do with Wales. The celebrated quatrain, "*Lumine Acon dextro*," &c. &c., which Mrs. P. attributes to a Dutchman, who published it in Am-

sterdam in 1685, is at least a century older, if it was applied to Maugiron and the Princess of Eboli, in the days of Henri III. of France, as is to be seen in an authority not more recondite than the notes on the *Henriade*. The family appellation of Casaubon (p. 202) was not Beaujardin, for that is only the French, as Hottibonus is the Latin version of Casaubon,—Casau, in the native dialect of the great critic, that of Dauphiné, signifying a garden. One would have thought that every body knew the Italian Giovanni came from the Latin Johannes; not from Sannio, as is here strangely said (p. 203). Piccadilly (p. 206) was so named long before King William's time, and it comes not from the Dutch but the Spanish. The origin of the name has been often explained. But it is not worth while to pursue these trifles any longer. If, however, the compiler understood the meaning of stories here told of Torre (p. 202) and Purim-place (p. 207), he would scarcely have published them. They are queer things to be found in the scrap-book of a lady.

There are one or two good stories of ghosts, or omens, and a few anecdotes of remarkable people, worth reading; but the book is sadly spun out, and the compiler's part is sad rubbish. Those who wish to know that, in his opinion, the novel of *Rob Roy* "contains much vexatious prolixity, divers falsifications of facts, and grammatical solecisms, and not a few erroneous views of manners;" that "Miss O'Neill was neither tall nor majestic, and that her face, which was nearly white, wanted force and variety of expression;" that society did not possess an individual of greater respectability or more varied merits than Dr. Falconer; that playing cricket is not a feminine accomplishment; that Bishop O'Beirne, of Meath, did not wear a little greyish-blue wig, as the English prelates do; that some "fraudulent person" attempted to hoax the *Bristol Mercury*, in 1819, and was duly punished for that enormity; that "the apprehension of death occupies the human feelings;" with many other remarks of equal pith, sense, and originality;—are referred to the work itself, which Mr. Moxon will obligingly put into their possession for the valuation of about eight francs and a-half.

We were about to close the volume, when the following bit of politics caught our eyes, in a letter dated September 1819, shortly after "the Manchester massacre."

"I thought London was to have run mad last week; but the fever of Reform is not yet hot enough. You will see that the great men who think they are making *Hunt* and *Co.* their tools to pull down one set of ministers, and put up another set which they can command, will themselves at length be used as tools by the multitude, who are honest in the avowal of *their* meaning, however absurd. *They* mean, like the wise men of Gotham, to pull the pins out of London-bridge, and *oil* them. And I remember wondering, when a baby, why that was thought so very foolish a project; for I doubted not but they wanted something, as we say, to be *done* to them! Indeed, a later adventure showed me how cautiously a work of reformation must be conducted: an old wall we wished to repair, down in Denbighshire, was all overgrown with ivy: 'Cut it away,' said we. 'But,' replied an experienced workman, 'it has grasped the stones it loosened at the beginning; and if we cut it away, the whole will drop to pieces: the ivy now helps to support that wall to which it once clung for support itself.' So I recollected the more serious allegory of the corn and tares, and let the business rest."

The old lady is a propheteess here. Hunt, to be sure, is pretty well done, but the Political Unions reign in his stead; and we find that Lord Grey, and his companions, after having used them as tools in carrying reform, are now in turn converted into their tools. It is whimsical enough that Sir W. Scott should have used language similar to this of Mrs. Piozzi. He compared the experiments on the constitution to placing a repeater in the hands of a child, who will pull it to pieces; and the lady hesitates not to assimilate the Lord John Russells, &c. to the wise men of Gotham, who proposed to take the pins out of London Bridge, in order to oil them. Is not this agreement among all literary people of every grade respecting the intellectual abilities of our reformers somewhat striking?

## CHURCH REFORM: THE IRISH ALTHORPEAN.

### No. II.

NOTHING can produce in the mind of a true-hearted Englishman more melancholy reflections than the irresistible conviction, that the noble principles of justice, good faith, and common honesty, which were its peculiar characteristics, have ceased to influence the government of his country. "*Fiat justitia ruat cælum*" was once the motto which indicated the policy of Great Britain; but, in her latter transactions, we find it fast giving way to "Might makes right;" and we see the open, manly, straightforward course of the Protestant and reformed kingdom of England alloyed by the creeping, jesuitical, and dishonest shuffling which so peculiarly marks the wily twisting of the serpent which she has admitted to a participation in the guidance of her councils. Examine but the single subject of the proposed plan of Irish Church Reform, and what pregnant proof does it not contain that justice enters not into the views of those to whom the honour, as well as the conscience, of a British monarch are entrusted?

Let it, for the sake of argument, be conceded, that, consistently with the coronation oath, and in accordance with the true interests of the Church, three millions could be obtained by such management as that which Lord Althorp has proposed shall govern the disposition of the see-lands, who, we ask, have the first claim upon this money? We will shew.

The want of glebe-houses, which were all destroyed during the civil wars, being found, at the revolution, to prevent the residence of the clergy, laws were framed to encourage the building of them. The great principle of those laws was, that the glebe-house to be built should be proportioned to the value of the living; and the clergyman who erected a house was allowed to claim from his successor two years' income of his benefice. Under the sanction of these laws, there have been erected about eight hundred glebe-houses,—in round numbers, one to every two benefices; so that these houses represent two years' income of half the clergy. All the great authorities on the statistics of Ireland, viz., Wakefield, Douglas, Doyle, Hume, O'Connell, and Cloncurry, with a tail *ad infinitum*, repeatedly stated, previous to the passing of the Composition Act, that the tithes of Ireland yielded to the clergy immense wealth. The mighty men we have named did not agree as to the exact sum, nor did they ever suggest the maximum above which it could not have gone; but they were unanimous in the conclusion, that three millions was a most moderate estimate at which to fix the minimum. Now, taking the calculation, which comes to us under the sanction of men whose accurate knowledge of all Ireland is as incompatible with ignorance on any point as are their honour and veracity with direct falsehood or mistatement, we find that one million and a-half represents the value of half the benefices of Ireland; and the glebe-houses erected on this half, at a cost of two years' income, require three millions to pay for them. But what income have the parochial clergy from tithes at the present day, as ascertained by the compositions, to meet this charge?

From the parliamentary return, dated January 31, 1832, and signed William Gossett, it appears that, on that day, 1505 out of 2450 parishes had been compounded for 357,668*l.*; *ergo*, the 2450, if compounded in the same ratio, will yield an income of 582,250*l.* We say if, because the 1505 were compounded by the clergy themselves; but the 945, or by far the greater number of them, are to be compounded by persons over whom, or whose acts, the clergy cannot exercise any controul, as there is to be but one commissioner for each parish, appointed by that government under whose auspices the Irish Church has prospered so much during the last three years. By an act of parliament passed last year, the 357,668*l.* is subject to a reduction of 16 per cent, which amounts to 57,127*l.*, excluding fractions. The whole composition is to be reduced by 22 per cent, 15 given to landlords, as premium for collecting what the clergy will still have to collect, and 7 per cent, in lieu of church-rates, or cess, so generously offered by

the Church-reform plan to the landlords. 22 per cent on 582,250*l.* comes to 128,101*l.*, which, added to 57,127*l.*, the reduction to be sustained by the 357,668*l.*, will make in all 185,228*l.*, which, deducted from 582,250*l.*, will leave the enormous, bloated, pampering, atrocious, bloody, cruel, and heart-rending income, dragged, torn, and squeezed, by a heartless, avaricious, &c. &c. &c. clergy, out of the tenth of the produce of the kingdom (which yields 16 millions of rent, *teste* O'Connell) of 397,022*l.*!!!!!!!! Only think of that,—the clergy of the Established Church of Ireland deriving from its tithes 397,022*l.* Think what the unfortunate and miserable condition of that country must be which, necessarily subject to a great deal of absenteeism, has 397,022*l.* kept out of the rents of the landlords of Ireland, be they residents or absentees, and divided among two thousand well-educated gentlemen, who must reside and spend their public and private incomes on the spot whence they are derived.

But to return to the glebe-houses. We have shewn that the eight hundred houses should have, according to the terms on which they were built, and the authorities we have quoted, three millions to meet the cost of their erection; in place of which the clergy who are to pay for them are to have,—how much? Three-fourths? no; two-thirds? no; one-third? no; but 397,022*l.* It may, however, be asked, Have they not glebes? We answer, they have; and for these glebes, and for their livings, they pay rent and quit-rent, proxies and exhibits, diocesan and parochial schools, heavy fees, stamps, and expenses on presentation and induction. They have also to repay the advances to commissioners, and they are now to pay 7 per cent on the value in lieu of the church-rates bestowed on the landlord. All these charges are equivalent to the full value of the glebes, leaving still the total income of the clergy 397,022*l.*, or 169*l.* a-year for each parish. We forgot that there are 48 parishes which pay surplice-fees, which, spread over the 2450, must yield, on an average, four pence a piece to each.

This being the state of the case, have not the parochial clergy a right to say to the minister,—"Examine the value and the charge on every parish, and wherever two years of the present income are below the charge entailed upon the living for the erection of the glebe-house, apportion so much of the three millions to reducing the charge, until it bears no more than its original proportion to the value of the benefice." Such, unquestionably, is the language which the Church is justified in holding to the ministerial reformer, even supposing that the clergy had suffered nothing hitherto, and that privation was coming on them only prospectively; but how much stronger is the ground on which they can ask for justice, when it is considered that they are called on to make future sacrifices before they have escaped from present suffering and all its consequences. They have now been for years deprived of their ordinary incomes; the prospects of their families have in various ways been blighted for ever; they have been exposed to suits and heavy law expenses, in consequence of their inability to discharge their current engagements; they have been obliged to obtain the means of supporting life on highly disadvantageous terms; many, through the inability of government to provide safety for their persons, have been obliged to remove to towns, and pay for houses, while their own have been abandoned a prey to the spoiler: those houses are suffering under the accumulated injuries which follow from the unavoidable neglect of prompt and regular repairs. Such is a faint and feeble sketch of the condition of one of the most meritorious bodies of men that ever existed; whose calm and Christian conduct under all their unmerited hardships is no less remarkable than the cold-hearted selfish policy by which they were sacrificed, and which is equally incapable of acknowledging or repairing the mischief which it has permitted, if not created.

If, however, the clergy of the Established Church of Ireland are to be retained for the benefit of the public, is it not absolutely necessary that they should be independent in their circumstances? How, we ask, is it possible for any man to be independent or useful, if you expect him to do the duties of a living which he obtains subject to a charge for a glebe-house, which must now take not two but half-a-dozen years' income to pay off? Must not such a man, straitened and embarrassed as he will be under such a burden, be rendered incapable of taking and keep-

ing that place in his profession which it is of the utmost consequence to its utility that he should ever be able to maintain? No matter how humble his fortunes may be — he should have a full command of his income; and if that be mortgaged for years, it is quite impossible he can ever be respectable and efficient, for he never can be independent. The impolicy, therefore, of thus tampering with the Church is no less remarkable than its dishonesty and injustice.

The difficulties, however, thus entailed on individuals carry with them other evil consequences, injurious to the interests both of the profession, the establishment, and the public. When the incomes of the parochial clergy are thus diminished, it must follow that the employment of curates will be less general than heretofore. It is evident, that so soon as declining health or age render individuals less capable of discharging the more active duties of their profession, it is highly desirable that they should find it practicable to have the aid of curates. It is also desirable that opportunities for initiating young men in their profession, under the superintendence of those who have acquired knowledge and experience, should be frequent. The incomes of the clergy will, however, now be so reduced as to leave it in the power of a few only to afford to any an opportunity of acquiring a practical knowledge of their profession, until they are at once called upon to undertake all its responsibility.

As the door is closed upon young men desirous to take orders, so will the inducements to education be diminished; and then will the diffusion of knowledge be checked. Another part of the plan tends considerably to the reduction of the number who can enter into the Church. The presentation to all benefices, except those belonging to lay patrons, which have not had divine service performed in them for three years preceding February 1833, is to be suspended as they become vacant. As the non-performance of divine service has arisen only from the want of a church, how much more reasonable would it not have been for those who profess to promote the interests of religion, to apply at least some portion of the three millions to be derived from the sale of the see-lands to the building of churches in those benefices where they may be wanting, than to deprive the Protestant inhabitants of all spiritual instruction? One circumstance renders this proposition peculiarly unfair and unjust. The prelates of the Established Church in Ireland have latterly disunited many benefices in which, when united, there was but one church, with the view of having two or more resident incumbents and churches, instead of one only. In many cases, however, where these disunions have been effected, there has not yet been sufficient time or means to have a church built; and thus a measure which was calculated to have a most beneficial effect is now used as a weapon to inflict a deeper wound. Had the plurality been continued, benefices so circumstanced would have escaped suspension; while, in consequence of the wholesome improvement which was commenced, they are now to be condemned to extinction. We must not omit to notice the bonus this plan holds out to the peasantry of Ireland to remove, even prematurely, a few more parsons.

Now comes the question, *cui bono?* For whom is all this to be done? Who is to derive advantage from these changes? What substantial benefit is to follow all this sacrifice of principle and law? Will the Established Church be benefited by it? no; the see-tenants? no; the Irish peasantry? no. Who then? The Irish landlords; they are to gain immunity from church-rates,— 80,000*l.* a-year, and 15 per cent on 582,250*l.*, making 128,107*l.*, — in all 208,107*l.*; while the Irish peasantry lose by so much, with the income of ten bishops, being taken from those who were their uniform and best employers and friends. To be sure, new ground is laid for another tribute. O'Connell will claim the merit of the ministerial sacrifice, and will exact from the miserable popish peasants of the south a contribution equivalent to the remission he has gained for the landlords of the four provinces. The see-tenants must mortgage their lands, if they would purchase a perpetuity. The parochial clergy will be hampered with debt, if not reduced to complete destitution; and the principle of integrity which has always preserved the rights and privileges of the clergy, in accordance with the coronation oath, will be violated.

The fact is, that a false and malicious

cry was raised against the Church, and a determination was taken to act with regard to it as if the allegations of its enemies were founded in truth; and notwithstanding that the ministers must have discovered the greater part of its falsehood, and the ignorance with which they, when in opposition, joined the cry, before they produced their plan, they have yielded the property which they were bound to protect, even to the very injury of all those in whose name and for whose sake it is pretended that this reform has been concocted, and is to be made law. In vain, however, do the Whigs thus endeavour to stem the revolutionary current, which they themselves have let loose against orders, rights, privileges, and property. We tell them, that their day of *rent* is at hand, which they will not find a day of *reckoning*.

The ministerial plan, strangely called Church Reform, so far as we have considered it, tends, as we have shewn, by undermining the independence of the second order of the clergy, to diminish their powers of usefulness, considered not only in a temporal but also in a spiritual light. There is another part of it which, if adopted, will be highly injurious in the latter respect, by withdrawing them, in a great measure, from due ecclesiastical controul: this is the proposed diminution of the number of bishops. The ministers of the crown, if sincere Protestants, must hope, and believe, that the reformed religion will spread over and fill this land as the waters cover the sea. Is not their meditated procedure tantamount to an endeavour on the part of man to prevent, or at least to retard, the accomplishment of the will and promise of God? that the clergy of Ireland shall never have larger flocks to guide, never more than half the present number of superior pastors to govern them? This evil, however great it appears at first view, may be obviated by a very simple remedy. With the clergy of Ireland, maligned as they have been, money is a consideration of very minor importance; and although there shall be no more than half the present number of bishops enjoying revenues from see-lands, that is no reason why there shall not be an equal, or even a greater, number of persons pertaining to that spiritual order. What is to hinder every bishop now in possession of a see, which after his demise is to be suppressed, from appointing, during his life, a coadjutor? Such assistant would be, when duly consecrated, *a bishop*, fully vested with the spiritual character of that highest order of the Christian priesthood; and though he would not, upon the demise of his principal, be diocesan *de jure humano*, he might, with vast advantage both to clergy and people, discharge some of the duties, and exercise some of the functions, of a bishop *de facto*. We cannot conceive that it could cause any dissatisfaction to the ministers of the crown, that the clergy should have recourse to such a man for advice and direction in the performance of their duties; and that the people should have, in his presence and dwelling among them, an assurance that their children shall in due time be confirmed in the faith into which they were baptised, and admitted to the full fellowship of their brethren in Christ Jesus. It may be asked, Would not this be an assumption of the right of patronage—of presentation to vacant benefices? We answer, not at all. Patronage, like money, though a more important, is yet but a secondary consideration; let it rest with those to whom the crown shall think fit to entrust it. The prelates appointed by the crown might with much advantage consult with those, their equals as to ministerial order, though not in worldly wealth or worldly rank, in the selection of clergymen to fill vacant livings; and might with much good effect entrust to them the examination and ordination of persons admitted to the ministry. But we do not dream of encroaching upon the prerogative of the crown. Let the *presentation* of clerks and the possession of see-lands be the undisputed right of those bishops to whom the king shall please to concede them.

Since the foregoing was written, the Bill has been smuggled into the House of Commons, contrary to the standing order, which requires, in terms, that tax-bills—and by its equity enjoins that all bills, by their provisions affecting the interests of the subject—should be introduced by a discussion in detail in a committee of the whole house. In evasion of this just rule, the Bill has been smuggled into the House of Commons: it has been caught there, marked as contraband, condemned, and remitted to its authors. Of course,

another attempt to impose the measure will be made; but still *time* has been gained, and some things more valuable than *time*.

*The character* of the Bill has been fixed by the mode of its attempted introduction. "He that entereth not by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." Though duly required, Lord Althorp would not bring in his Bill by the usual and authorised door; he was for "climbing up some other way." We have him, therefore, exposed as fairly as ever was *family-man* by the jingle of his picklock keys, or the odour of his phosphorus-box, or the disclosed light of his dark lantern.

We have, too, not only the confession of the *animus furandi*, but the digested plan of the robbery in our hands; the Bill itself, the *corpus delicti*, is now before the public, exposed in the political *Morgue*,—open to the inspection of all men, and inviting them to aid in avenging the crime committed.

A nearer view, as generally happens in such cases, exhibits an aggravated deformity in the meditated scheme of wrong. We have already adverted to the seven-fold division of iniquity into which the Althorpean resolves itself. The perjury of the king, the violation of the treaty of union, the injustice to the clergy generally, the attack upon the independence of the church in the suppression of ten bishoprics, the alienation of church property from religious to secular uses, the ruin of the whole class (in Irish society a most important class) of church-tenants,—the inevitable tendency and obvious design of the plan, to waste the Protestant church, by a process of galloping consumption, to nothing, in the course of a very few years. We cannot try back upon all these branches, in reference to the particulars; but we will do all that we can. Reluctantly we touch, and hastily we relinquish, the consideration of the coronation oath. *Litera scripta manet*; we have printed that solemn obligation: it was contracted by a king in the presence of a nation; its proper interpretation had been illustrated by the practice of that king's father, the best of men; when taken, the oath was upon the instant consecrated by the most solemn right of our religion, the holy sacrament; whatever doubts might have existed as to its applicability to the Catholic question, none can obscure its application to the preservation of "the rights, estates, and dignities of churchmen and the church."

Here the injury threatened is not remote, or consequential, but *immediate*. It is in actual presence,—the very danger against which the king at his coronation swore to provide. There is no attempt at evasion which does not make the perjury which Lord Grey would have the king commit blacker and more gross. "*Fraus astringit non dissolvit perjurium.*" So much for the coronation oath, which,—we must not forget, and we hope no other person will,—however gilded by the pomp of circumstances, is *but* an engagement taken between a creature and his God.

No less direct and palpable than the proposed violation of the coronation oath is the threatened breach of the treaty of union. We need not to recite the article especially broken through; because the printed Bill, in its second clause, establishes an essential and perpetual separation in the Established Church, placing that part of it which exists in Ireland under a particular head,—a board of commissioners, a kind of complex pope, appointed by the minister of the day in the proportion of seven out of nine members,—the king being no longer the head of the severed branch of the establishment, to be for a time tolerated in Ireland.

The tax upon the clergy, to take immediate effect, appears to be not a tax upon church property, but a penalty, in the nature of a prohibitory impost, upon the performance of divine service, and the residing in Ireland. The impropriators are to pay no part of it; it is to be paid exclusively by the most impoverished class of the king's subjects. Let us pause for a moment, to consider the class of persons whom the Althorpean would exempt from a tax, to be enforced against the Rev. Mr. Gavin, the *de jure* proprietor, not possessor, of 200*l.* a-year tithes, and the *de facto* supporter of *thirteen children!* in his glebe fortress and dungeon at Wallstown,—and which is to be charged as a judgment debt (clause 24 of the printed Bill) upon the means of sustenance left for the widows and orphans of such as may undergo the fate of Messrs. Whitty, Ferguson, and the hundreds more of reverend martyrs whom Ireland has lately offered up to wipe away the old reproach, that she

had none in her *Hugiology*. Let us see the class of persons whom the Althorpean would exempt from a tax, to be remorselessly extorted from all clergymen, their executors, or administrators, as the case may be, whether they have received a single farthing of the income, of which the state ought to be the guarantee, or have not.

There are in Ireland, in the hands of lay impropriators, the whole tithes of 115 parishes, and a greater or less share of the tithes of 603 parishes,—total 718; rendering to these lay impropriators about 114,000*l.*, not one shilling of which is it proposed to take for ecclesiastical use; on the contrary, these lay impropriators are to be much relieved. But let us see who they are.

The Marquess of Drogheda holds twenty-eight parishes.

The Duke of Devonshire twenty-six parishes.

The Earl of Cork seventeen parishes.

The Earl of Shannon eleven parishes.

Here we have, in the hands of these four overgrown proprietors, the tithes of *eighty-two* parishes, or above two-thirds of all the wholly impropriate parishes in Ireland. The tithes of the remaining parishes, either wholly or partially impropriate, belong to such persons as Mr. Cæsar Colclough, who holds the tithes of ten parishes. These holders of church property are to be exempted from all new contribution to religious objects, on the reasonable ground, that, as they are not bound to say prayers, or to reside in Ireland, they have no interest in the promotion of Christianity in that island. But this is not all. The Bill proposes to relieve them from the necessity of paying that which they now pay to ecclesiastical uses. Some of these proprietors, holding the tithes of a parish perhaps to the amount of five or six hundred pounds per annum, discount it may be so much as four or *five per cent* of this income to a curate. This discount is technically called a pension; and the munificent Duke of Devonshire goes in some cases as high as twenty pounds a-year: nay, it has been said, that he pays, in the aggregate, to ministers of his twenty-six parishes, very nearly as much as to his underbutler. Besides this, his grace's tithes would, directly or indirectly, contribute something to the supplement of the sum necessary to keep the curate's body and soul together, afforded by the parish rate. There is, however, *no provision in the Bill for the future payment of "pensions" by lay impropriators*; and, by the 61st clause, rates are for ever abolished, and the curates, heretofore dependant upon them, are to be provided for out of the produce of the "Christian worship tax."

We cannot pass by the word *rates*, without pointing to one of the most dishonest artifices of the Althorpean. The noble lord whose title supplies the name of the plundering scheme, assumed, in his opening speech, that the whole product of the church-rate, or vestry cess, was applied to ecclesiastical, or at least Protestant, purposes; and, proceeding upon this assumption, demanded to excise the clergy to the full amount. Now, nothing can be more false than this assumed proposition of Lord Althorp. The whole of the church-rate, or vestry cess, in Ireland, is *not* applied to ecclesiastical, or even to Protestant, purposes; in many, if not in most, cases, the greater part of the sums voted at vestries are applied to lay purposes, and for the exclusive benefit of Roman Catholics,—dispensaries, relief of the poor, burial of paupers, maintenance of foundlings,— in other words, to supply the want of poor-laws, in a country the paupers of which are all Roman Catholics. These are the items which swell Lord Althorp's estimate of vestry cess from probably 30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.* per annum to double the amount; and afford him a pretext for taxing the clergy 100 per cent beyond what, even were it not extravagantly unjust, could be called necessary.

The 107th clause, which, besides holding out a reward for the exile or murder of the clergy, involves a curiously contrived plan for extinguishing, *gradatim*, the performance of Divine service in every parish of the kingdom, would demand a whole paper to its own share.

## TAYLOR'S LIFE OF COWPER.*

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

THERE be, then, diseases of the mind! Ah! and is it so? By heaven and earth! but this is wondrous strange! Strange? Whence came first the diseases of the body, if not from the mind? *Nay, sneak not off thus cowardly!*

"Come, come, tell me;
Nay, shake not thus the heads that are enriched
With eighty years of wisdom, gleaned from books,
From nights of study, and the magazines
Of knowledge, which your predecessors left.
What! not a word?"

And is, after all, your philosophy only a poor enlightened dotard? And does this simple question stagger you? Nothing know ye of the origin of evil, and as little of the mind! Go to — go to.

And what is Mind?

Ay, there is the rub —

The origin of all things,— *the fountain-light of all our day,— the master-light of all our seeing,*— substance invisible, without which the visible were not. Nay, it is the only real substance, — the only actual thing in the universe. Mind is the only being in the universe with the reality of which we are actually acquainted, and every thing else which appears to be, is but a manifestation of its eternal activity. We are mind! The mind is the man. Only because of its reality other things are real; modifications as they are of its being,— products of its actuality. In its eternal activity, it proceeds forth, and impresses on the chaos of disjointed things its own forms and order of arrangement. It is idle to talk of any cause beside mind; the mind is the only cause of all things,— the only motive power. The poet from whom he we have quoted saw it in the dying horse,— in those furious efforts which compelled him to exclaim,—

"Heaven! what enormous strength does Death possess!
How muscular the giant's arm must be,
To grasp that strong-boned horse!"

In vain the noble creature struggled in the gripe of the remorseless monster; in vain "his writhing fibres *spake* his inward pain;" in vain "his smoking nostrils *spake* his inward fire." The poet beheld the expiring glare — the last and fiercest,— heard the bubbling blood which seemed to burst his veins, — started with horror from the desperate plunge, and marked the place where his ironed hoof had dashed the sod with the velocity of lightning. Once he thought the majestic animal had won the victory; but no! Death, that stout wrestler, had thrown him again, and with a murderous fall. The conquered steed was quiet; a little while, and a groan was heard. Whence? From his chest, or from the throat of Death, exulting in his conquest? What recks it, since he breathed no more? "'Tis very strange!" exclaimed the observant, moralising bard,—

"'Tis very strange!
How still he's now: — how fiery hot — how cold!
How terrible — how lifeless! all within
A few brief moments! My reason staggers!
——— First, ye proud haughty reasoners, tell me,
Where the vast strength this creature late possessed
Has fled to? Say, how the bright sparkling fire,
Which flashed but now from these dim rayless eyes,
Has been extinguished! *Oh, he's dead!* you say.
I know it well: — but how, and by what means?
——— How comes it that the wondrous essence,
Which gave such vigour to these strong-nerved limbs,

* The Life of William Cowper, Esq., compiled from his Correspondence, and other authentic sources of information, containing Remarks on his Writings, and on the Peculiarities of his interesting Character, never before published. By Thomas Taylor. London, Smith, Elder, and Co. 1833.

Has leapt from its enclosure, and compelled
This noble workmanship of nature thus
To sink into a cold, inactive clod?"

What was the fire — bright and sparkling — which had been wont to flash from the now dim, rayless eyes of the once generous brute? What but the eye within the eye?—and what was that? Nay, rather, what is now the dim and rayless orb? "Carbon and nitrogen, oxygen and hydrogen, sulphur, phosphorus, and one or two metals and metallic bases," says a true and genuine philosopher, "constitute the whole. Look steadily at it — as it might lie on the marble-slab of a dissecting-room — is this cold jelly *the light of the body?* Is this the micranthropos in the marvellous microcosm? Is this what you *mean*, when you well define the eye as the telescope and the mirror of the soul, the seat and agent of an almost magical power?"

Hence, ye profane! Rapt in the spirit, lo,
My mind dwells in its own eternity,
Beholds life's source and aim, its ebb and flow:
I am become a seer, and am free
To speak. Now listen. Know, that Mind it is
Creates the light whereby the eye doth see;
And the night cometh, be the Mind remiss
Or absent: nor is then its orb the eye,
More than its ruins are Persepolis.

This wondrous essence was strength, and light, and vigour, to what is now "a cold, inactive clod." Necessarily must it be assumed in whatsoever is. — Something too much of this, yet one word more.

Necessarily — as necessarily also in the change which has operated, or is operating, in the first and subsequent stages of decomposition. It is present in the hour and power of death, and after; yea, and in the sickness and disease which is death's herald. To it also belongs, in that mysterious state we call Hereafter, a death — undying; and even in the life which now is, it is liable to mutation and to malady—nay, to the worst of diseases, the leprosy of sin.

There be, then, diseases of the mind. Ay, and in its highest and most palmy state, therein may be something as rotten as in the state of Denmark — "a mote to trouble the mind's eye."

Cowper, the poet whose life now lies before us, was a man of polished taste, and, whatever Lord Byron and others may have said, a genuine poet. But his mind was diseased, essentially diseased, "sick even unto death;" and, for himself,

"A nightmare life-in-death was he,
Who thicks man's blood with cold."

There have been sophists, who have attributed the constitutional infirmity of this graceful poet's mind to the influence of religious sentiment—nay, to religion itself. Religion! divine health of the soul! profane sophists have condemned thee as the author of insanity, the parent of madness! "But mark how plain a tale shall put them down." We will cite neither priest nor spiritualist, but will rest our case on the evidence of a medical professor. Dr. Abercrombie remarks, that "attempts have been made to refer insanity to disease of bodily organs, but hitherto without success. In some instances we are able to trace a connexion of this kind; but in a large proportion we can trace no bodily disease. On this subject, as well as various other points connected with the phenomena of insanity, extensive and careful observation will be required, before we are entitled to advance to any conclusions. In *regard to what have been called the* MORAL *causes of insanity*, also, I suspect there has been a good deal of fallacy, arising from considering as a moral cause what was really a part of the disease." Of this fallacy the miserable sophists alluded to were undoubtedly guilty. Dr. Johnson calls it "a most unhappy and erroneous idea to suppose, that those views of Christianity which Cowper adopted, and of which, when enjoying the intervals of reason, after he was brought to the knowledge of them, he was so bright an ornament, had in any degree contributed to excite the malady with which he was afflicted. It is capable," proceeds the great moralist, "of the clearest demonstration, that nothing was further from the truth. On the

contrary, all those alleviations of sorrow, those delightful anticipations of heavenly rest, those healing consolations to a wounded spirit, of which he was permitted to taste at the period when uninterrupted reason resumed its sway, were unequivocally to be ascribed to the operation of those very principles and views of religion, which, in the instance before us, have been charged with producing so opposite an effect. The primary aberration of his mental faculties was wholly to be attributed to other causes."

It is nothing extraordinary, that by the profane and impious many cases of insanity should be referred to erroneous views of religion. But in these, as also in those which are ascribed to love, or to ambition, or the other passions, it may be doubted, as Dr. Abercrombie well remarks, "whether that which was in these cases considered as the cause, was not rather, in many instances, a part of the hallucination. And even when the mind does give way under a great moral cause, such as overwhelming misfortune, we often find that the hallucination does not refer to them, but to something entirely distinct: striking examples of this are mentioned by Pinel."

That such was the case with Cowper, is evident from the whole history of his life. The highest blood in the realm, observes one of his biographers, flowed in the veins of the modest and unassuming Cowper, his maternal ancestry having descended by four different lines from Henry III., king of England; his mother being Anne, daughter of Roger Donne, Esq., of Ludham Hall, Norfolk. Nor was his father's race to be despised. Dr. John Cowper was the second son of Spencer Cowper, who was chief-justice of Cheshire, and afterwards a judge in the Court of Common Pleas, and whose brother William, first Earl Cowper, was, at the same time, lord high chancellor of England; and he was himself chaplain to King George II. The poet* lost his mother when he was only six years old—an early loss, always to be deplored, to whomever it may happen. More than fifty years afterwards he considered it as an affliction, writing of it in a copy of verses, on receiving her portrait from a relation in Norfolk, thus:

> "My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
> Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
> Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
> *Wretch even then, life's journey but begun!*"

He had reason for this assertion, for his schoolboy days were miserable. He was sent, it seems, to a large school in Market Street, Hertfordshire, under the care of Dr. Pitman. Here a boy about fifteen years of age persecuted him with the most unrelenting barbarity, and never seemed pleased except when he was tormenting him. This savage treatment impressed such a dread of this boy upon Cowper's tender mind, that he was afraid to lift up his eyes higher than the little tyrant's knees, and knew him better by his shoe-buckles than by any other part of his dress. One day, Cowper was sitting alone on a bench in the school, melancholy, and almost ready to weep at the recollection of what he had already suffered, and expecting at the same time his tormentor every moment, these words of the Psalmist came into his mind,—"I will not be afraid of what man can do unto me." This he applied to his own case, and immediately perceived a briskness and a cheerfulness of spirit which he had never before experienced, and took several paces up and down the room with joyful alacrity.

In this little incident we trace the first manifestation of Cowper's peculiar malady, and of the remedy best suited for its mitigation. It was undoubtedly his own timidity of character which made this Nero of the school exercise in particular on him his art of tormenting. Probably the boy's conduct, after all, impressed itself upon his mind in a manner entirely disproportioned to its relative cruelty. This is a state with which insanity frequently commences, and in which, says Dr. Abercrombie, these false impressions fail to be corrected by the judgment comparing them with other impressions, or with external things. In so far as mental habits, writes the same autho-

* William Cowper was born at Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, November 15th, 1731.

rity, "may be supposed to favour or promote such a condition, this may be likely to result from allowing the mind to wander away from the proper duties of life, or to luxuriate amid scenes of the imagination; and permitting mental emotions, of whatever kind, to be excited in a manner disproportioned to the true relations of the objects which give rise to them: in short, from allowing the mind to ramble among imaginary events, or to be led away by slight and casual relations, instead of steadily exercising the judgment in the investigation of truth. We might refer to the same head, habits of distorting events, and of founding upon them conclusions which they do not warrant. These, and other propensities and habits of a similar kind, constitute what is called an ill-regulated mind. Opposed to it, is that habit of cool and sound exercise of the understanding by which events are contemplated in their true relations and consequences, and mental emotions arise out of them such as they are really calculated to produce. Every one must be familiar with the difference which exists among different individuals in this respect; and even in the same individual at different times. We trace the influence of the principle in the impression which is made by events coming upon us suddenly and unexpectedly; and the manner in which the emotion is gradually brought to its proper bearing, as the mind accommodates itself to the event, by contemplating it in its true relations. In such a mental process as this, we observe the most remarkable diversities among various individuals. Insane, the mind rapidly contemplates the event in all its relations, and speedily arrives at the precise impression or emotion which it is in truth fitted to produce. In others this is done more slowly, perhaps more imperfectly, and probably not without the aid of suggestions from other minds; while, in some, the first impression is so strong and so permanent, and resists, in such a manner, those considerations which might remove or moderate it, that we find difficulty in drawing the line between it and that kind of false impression which constitutes the lower degree of insanity. Habits of mental application must also exert a great influence; and we certainly remark a striking difference between those who are accustomed merely to works of imagination and taste, and those whose minds have been rigidly exercised to habits of calm and severe inquiry. A fact is mentioned by Dr. Conolly, which, if it shall be confirmed by further observation, would lead to some most important reflections. He states, "that it appears from the registers of the Bicêtre, that maniacs of the more educated classes consist *almost entirely of priests, artists, painters, sculptors, poets, and musicians*; while no instance, it is said, occurs of the disease in naturalists, physicians, geometricians, or chemists."

This early indication, then, of Cowper's mental malady may be looked upon as a promise of his future poetical eminence; and it is a fact, that, but for his insanity, we should have had no poetry from Cowper,—a demonstration this of a doctrine which we have several times asserted, that genius is a defect rather than an excellence in an individual,—a splendid aberration. Cowper's physical frame, likewise, was imbecile; for we find him with specks on both his eyes, for the cure of which he was taken from school in his eighth year, and placed under the cure of an eminent female oculist, in London, for nearly two years. Removed afterwards to Westminster school, he had reason not only to complain of Dr. Nicholls, who was a negligent tutor, and encouraged his pupils in habits of indolence, but of unkind treatment from his schoolfellows,—a circumstance confirmatory of our previous remark. The slightest incidents impressed deeply, at least for the time, a mind so sensitive as his. Crossing a churchyard late one evening, he saw a glimmering light in rather a remote part of it, which so excited his curiosity, as to induce him to approach it. Just as he arrived at the spot, a grave-digger, who was at work by the light of his lantern, threw up a skull-bone, which struck him on the leg. This little incident, we are told, alarmed his conscience, and drew from him many painful reflections at the time, though shortly afterwards entirely forgotten, as it well might be. Preparations made by Dr. Nicholls for the confirmation of his pupils affected the mind of the incipient religionist and poet, and caused him, for the first time in his life, to attempt private prayer, in which he was somewhat impeded by his childish notions of religion. He was soon afterwards

in imminent danger from the small-pox, which removed to a great degree the disease in his eyes, but failed to awake in him those pious sentiments of contrition, which Mr. Taylor seems to think ought to have accompanied the visitation. He was now in his eighteenth year, and had left Westminster school.

After spending six months at home, he was articled to a solicitor, with whom he was engaged to remain three years. "In this gentleman's family he neither saw nor heard any thing that could remind him of a single Christian duty; and here he might have lived utterly ignorant of the God that made him, had he not been providentially situated near his uncle's, in Southampton Row. At this favourite retreat he was permitted to spend all his leisure time, and so seldom was he employed, that this was by far the greater part of it. With his uncle's family he passed nearly all his Sundays, and with some part of it he regularly attended public worship, but for which, probably, he would otherwise, owing to the force of evil example, have entirely neglected."

No profession could have been more unfit for Cowper than that of the law. His extreme modesty precluded the possibility of his being successful in his profession, though it endeared him to his friends and acquaintance. He was extremely unhappy, and well he might be; for, after leaving the solicitor's house, he lived twelve years in chambers in the Inner Temple, with nothing to do. It was said above, that Dr. Nicholls encouraged his pupils in habits of indolence. Notwithstanding the progress which Cowper made in his studies under this tutor, it is to be feared that this circumstance had a baneful influence on the character of the poet. No fact is better attested, than that occupation is a notable preventive of insanity,—occupation either bodily or mental. Dr. Gregory, it is said, used to mention a farmer, in the north of Scotland, who had acquired uncommon celebrity in the treatment of the insane; and his method consisted chiefly in having them constantly employed in the most severe bodily labour. A course of history, the leading events being distinctly written out in the form of a table, with the dates, has been found to fix the attention of the patient in an easy and connected manner, and to produce astonishing effects. The patient's former habits and favourite pursuits, at a period previous to the hallucination, having been discovered, it has been found beneficial to redirect his attention to them,—a complete suspension of all former pursuits and attachments often taking place in insanity, and a return to them being frequently the most marked and satisfactory symptom of convalescence. If such be the benefits of occupation, the want of it may be considered to be an injurious deprivation, leaving the disease to get a-head in a fearful degree, if not actually encouraging its progress.

The truth of this statement is more than illustrated by the case of Cowper. During the twelve years he was in his Inner Temple chambers, he scarcely did any thing more than compose a few essays and poems, either to gratify or to assist some literary friend. Prompted by benevolent motives, he furnished moral pieces for a work entitled *The Connoisseur*, edited by Robert Lloyd, Esq.; and a poetic epistle, addressed to that gentleman, indicates symptoms of the malady which idleness, if not producing, was conducing to strengthen. 'Tis not, he says, to rob his friend of his birthright to "Mat Prior's easy jingle," nor to shew his genius or his wit, that he presumes to address the muse,—

"But to divert a fierce banditti
(Sworn foes to every thing that's witty),
That with a black infernal train
Make cruel inroads on my brain,
And daily threaten to drive thence
My little garrison of sense—
The fierce banditti which I mean
Are gloomy thoughts, led on by spleen."

Though he cultivated the friendship of the most distinguished writers of the day, and took a lively interest in their publications, Cowper was yet too timid to attempt any original work of his own while in the Temple; but amused himself with translations from ancient and modern poets, which he distributed gratuitously among his friends. In Duncombe's Horace, published in 1759, are two satires translated by Cowper. All this was insufficient to keep his mind awake. His spirits became dejected — day and night he was upon the rack, lying down in horror, and rising up in despair. At length he met with Herbert's poems, which, Gothic and uncouth as they are, were as balm to his mind, and he pored

over him all day long, till, at the advice of a relative, he laid aside the volume. His mind thus induced to a pious turn of thought, he betook himself to the exercise of devotion, and composed a set of prayers, of which he made frequent use. A change of scene was recommended, and he spent several months at Southampton. "Soon after our arrival," writes the hypochondriac, "we walked to a place called Freemantle, about a mile from the town: the morning was clear and calm; the sun shone brightly upon the sea, and the country on the border of it was the most beautiful I had ever seen. We sat down upon an eminence, at the end of that arm of the sea which runs between Southampton and the New Forest. Here it was that on a sudden, as if another sun had been created in the heavens on purpose to dispel sorrow and vexation of spirit, I felt the weight of all my misery taken off, my heart became light and joyful in a moment; I could have wept with transport had I been alone. I must need believe that nothing less than the Almighty fiat could have filled me with such inexpressible delight; not by a gradual dawning of peace, but, as it were, with a flash of his life-giving countenance."

This marks his state of mind. Such feelings are born of weakness — the imbecility of his reasoning powers is even more distinguishably traced in what follows:

"I felt a glow of gratitude to the Father of Mercies for this unexpected blessing, and ascribed it, at first, to his gracious acceptance of my prayers; but Satan and my own wicked heart quickly persuaded me that I was indebted for my deliverance to nothing but a change of scene, and the amusing varieties of the place." This is creating imaginary crimes — but wo to the creator! The crime which he imagined Cowper contrived to commit. "By this means he [Satan] turned the blessing into a poison; teaching me to conclude, that nothing but a continued circle of diversion and indulgence of appetite could secure me from a relapse. Acting upon this false and pernicious principle, as soon as I returned to London, I burnt my prayers, and away went all my thoughts of devotion and of dependence upon God my Saviour. Surely it was of his mercy that I was not consumed: glory be to his grace!"

This is piety, but it is the piety of a madman. The hallucination is not in the ascribing his return of health to second causes, but in his making a crime of such ascription — and then, as if luxuriating in the commission, burning his prayers, and realising an atheistic imagination. Many are guilty of these hallucinations in the religious world, as it is called — and revel in the fancy of a fault. But it is painful to dwell on these extravagancies. It is quite clear that Cowper had taken up with erroneous views of doctrine, and a sort of pseudo mysticism of the most unreasoning kind — a feeble faith, not above reason, but below it — immeasurably below it. True religion is no more afraid to ascribe to second causes what to second causes belongs, than it is to give unto Cæsar what to Cæsar is due. It is to lose sight entirely of the proper relation of things, to hold that to recognise second causes is to deny the first. These second causes all lead, in a well-regulated mind, to the first; — they fill up the unmeasured interval between man and his Maker — they are, to adopt the eloquent language of the author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, "the towering hierarchy of intelligencies, at the basement of which the human system is founded." It is by means of these second causes that we are enabled to gaze upward from step to step, and from range to range, of the vast edifice of all existence, to attain its summit, and to perceive, at an infinite height beyond that highest platform of created beings, the lowest beams of the eternal throne. This reluctance to ascend by second causes to the first — nay, this suggestion of criminality in the very attempt, is among those many inventions, which, though made upright, man has found out for himself. Nature knows it not — God sanctions it not. We call upon that extensive class of religionists who adopt an error so fatal, forthwith to abandon, either in creed or conduct, a course originating in imbecility, and ending in mania. Have we not real sins enough to be atoned? Why should we add unreal ones to the list?

This tendency of mind, with what terror is it fraught, if united with genius! For genius is invention, and will in every act, every thought, find food for the indulgence of this vain appetite. Whenever Cowper's imagi-

nation was not employed in the composition of poetry, it was employed in this luxurious self-torment. No doubt the process was attended with a sort of voluptuous pleasure. It would be quite in character that it should be so. Dr. Willis knew a gentleman liable to periodical attacks of insanity, who was accustomed to expect the paroxysms with impatience, because he enjoyed, during them, a high degree of pleasure. Every thing appeared easy then to him. No obstacles presented themselves either in theory or practice. His memory acquired all of a sudden a singular degree of perfection. Long passages of Latin authors occurred to his mind. In general this gentleman had great difficulty in finding rhythmical terminations; but then he could write verses with as great facility as prose. "I have often," says Pinel, "stopt at the chamber-door of a literary gentleman, who, during his paroxysms, appears to soar above the mediocrity of intellect that was familiar to him, solely to admire his newly-acquired powers of eloquence. He declaimed upon the subject of the revolution, with all the force, the dignity, and the purity of language, that this very interesting subject could admit of. At other times he was a man of very ordinary abilities." It was no property of Cowper's malady to give this added activity of mind and rapidity of conception—this tendency to seize rapidly upon incidental or partial relations of things—this fertility of imagination, which changes, as it were, the very character of the mind; on the contrary, it depressed and quenched the wonted powers and faculties of his soul. But in the tender melancholy to which he was subject, there is something interesting both to the patient and his friends; and it is quite clear that Cowper's vanity—a quality in which no poet is deficient—was excited in relation to this subject. He is fond of dwelling in his correspondence upon the theme. In it he finds the marks of peculiarity which distinguished him from other men. It even contributed to make him famous—at any rate it made him interesting—it made him also beloved; and it was a pleasure not readily to be given up, that every body should be solicitous about the state of his mind, and should render all observance to its moods, and await with deference its accesses of strength and of weakness. In all this he was too much indulged. His friends should have discouraged the hypochondriacal letter-writing, of which he was so fond. Certainly his correspondence is valuable to the psychologist; but the health of his intellect would have been better consulted, had a strong-minded friend been at hand to have directed his communications in a channel external to himself, and made him write more of the world without, and less of the world within—more of nature, and less of grace—more of other people, and less of himself.

It was easy to multiply transgressions where a man was his own lawgiver, making laws only, *à priori*, for the purpose of transgressing them—or *ex post facto*, to turn a particular act into a transgression. We accordingly soon find Cowper boasting of having obtained a complete victory over his conscience. Next he imagined that he doubted whether the Gospel were true or false, and that nothing but a miracle could convince him. Nevertheless, in the company of Deists, he never failed to assert with vehemence its truth; for which, he adds, "I was the better qualified, having been always an industrious and diligent inquirer into the evidences by which it was externally supported."

We know of no worse qualification than that here assumed. The external evidences of Christianity are undoubtedly strong—but historical belief is not religious faith. The true evidences of Christianity are those which proceed from within—the substance which it finds in the character and conduct of the professor. It recognises, which the external evidences do not, an act of moral election, "an act," according to Jeremy Taylor, "of the *will* in it as well as of the understanding, as much *love* in it as discussive power. True Christian faith must have in it something of in-evidence, something that must be made up by duty and by obedience." We insist on this point all the more, knowing how far gone the church is in this matter—almost to heresy—confirmed as we are in this conviction by the too exclusive taste which prevails for books of natural and physical theology, and demonstrations of God from nature. "*Evidences* of Christianity!" (exclaims Coleridge), "I am weary of the word. Make a man feel the *want* of it; rouse him, if you can, to the self-knowledge of his *need* of it; and you

may safely trust it to its own evidence, —remembering only the express declaration of Christ himself: No man cometh to me, unless the Father leadeth him."

On the death of his father, in 1756,—an event which, from the state of his mind at the time, Cowper felt not much,—he found it necessary, since he inherited but little fortune, to be doing something for the augmentation of his income. It became every day more apparent to his friends, as well as to himself, that his extreme diffidence precluded the possibility of his being successful in his profession. After much anxiety of mind on this subject, he at length mentioned it to a friend who had two situations at his disposal, the reading clerk and clerk of the journals in the House of Lords—situations, either of which Cowper then thought would suit him, and one of which he expressed a desire to obtain, should a vacancy occur. Both shortly after became vacant; and as the reading clerk's was much the more valuable of the two, his friend generously offered it to him, which offer he gladly and gratefully accepted, and he was accordingly appointed to it in his twenty-first year. As soon as he was settled, he intended to marry one of his first cousins, an amiable and accomplished young lady.

Alas! for the feeble mind of Cowper! The situation required him to appear at the bar of the House of Peers! This was too much! Harassed and dejected by day and night with the anticipation of confronting an assembly so awful, perplexed between the apparent folly of casting away the only visible chance he had of being well provided for,—after the torment of a week, he determined to write a letter to his friend, though he lodged, in a manner, at the next door, and they generally spent the day together, begging him to accept his resignation of the reading clerk's place, and to appoint him to the other situation; which was, though reluctantly, complied with. An opposition being announced to the right of appointment, Cowper found it expedient to justify his friend's choice, and attended the office to peruse the journals, and to qualify himself for the clerkship—an object all the more necessary, as it was probable, in consequence of the opposition, that he would be examined as to his sufficiency at the bar of the house. This condition he felt was, in effect, to exclude him as a candidate.

In Oct. 1753, Cowper was required, for the last time, to attend the office, and prepare for the final push. This recalled all his fears—his labours in the office had been hitherto, from the state of his intellect and feelings, ineffectual. Nevertheless, he saw that now he must either keep possession of the situation to the last extremity, and thus expose himself to the risk of public rejection for his insufficiency, or relinquish it at once, and thus run the hazard of ruining his benefactor's right of appointment, besides the personal consequences to himself.

Wound up at length to the highest pitch of mental agony, there appeared to him no escape from the horror of his situation but by an escape from life. The supposed ruined state of his pecuniary circumstances — the imagined contempt of his relatives and acquaintance — and the apprehended prejudice he should do his patron, urged the fatal expedient upon his shattered intellect, which he now meditated with inexpressible energy. The poet had also fallen into the company of two sophists, who both advanced claims to the right of self-destruction, and whose fallacious arguments won him to their pernicious views, which were besides aided by his recollection of a certain book which contained similar reasoning, that, however weak in itself, now seemed to his disordered mind irrefragable. A satirical letter, also, in a newspaper, appeared to him to have relation to himself, though it had none; and he doubted not but the writer was fully acquainted with his purpose, and, in fact, intended to hasten its execution. Having made several attempts at suicide, and the dreaded day of examination having arrived, such were the melancholy results of his distress, that all his friends immediately acquiesced in the propriety of his relinquishing the situation for which he was candidate.

This distress furnished him with a subject for a letter; it was, however, to his brother, who visited him immediately, and put every favourable construction possible upon his conduct, but without effect. He insisted that he had committed the unpardonable

sin,* in not properly improving the mercy of God towards him at Southampton; whence he concluded, that he had no longer any interest in the atonement, or in the gifts of the Spirit, and that nothing was left for him but the dismal prospect of eternally enduring the wrath of God. The Rev. Martin Madan, a minister of an enthusiastic turn, was applied to in this extremity, and his conversation was found of use.

This was medicine applicable to his disorder; for the malady of Cowper was, strange as it may seem, a want of enthusiasm—pious enthusiasm. This will, however, not be understood by those who take their notions of what enthusiasm in itself is from the ingenious author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, whose whole work proceeds upon a wilfully erroneous definition of the term. Leaving the etymology of the word, he defines it according to its abuse, and not its use. He takes it up in the sense of the infidel, and is anxious to rescue the true Christian from the charge of enthusiasm. It is a dangerous practice, however, thus to neglect the original signification, and thus to bow to the vulgar application of a term; and it leads the clever writer into some strange inconsistencies. For

* What Hooker says upon the subject of the sin against the Holy Ghost deserves extracting. "Such as by error charge themselves of unpardonable sin, must think, it may be they deem, that unpardonable which is not. Our Saviour speaketh, indeed, of blasphemy which shall never be forgiven; but have they any sure and infallible knowledge what that blasphemy is? If not, why are they unjust and cruel to their own souls, imagining certainty of guiltiness in a crime, concerning the very nature whereof they are uncertain? For mine own part, although, where this blasphemy is mentioned, the cause why our Saviour spake thereof was the Pharisees' blasphemy, which was not afraid to say, 'He had an unclean spirit, and did cast out spirits by the power of Beelzebub;' nevertheless, I dare not precisely deny, but that even the Pharisees themselves might have repented and been forgiven; and that our Lord Jesus Christ, peradventure, might but take occasion at their blasphemy—which, as yet, was pardonable—to tell them further of an unpardonable blasphemy, whereunto he foresaw that the Jews would fall. For it is plain that many thousands, at the first professing the Christian religion, became afterwards wilful apostates, moved with no other cause of revolt, but mere indignation that the Gentiles should enjoy the benefits of the gospel as much as they, and yet not be burdened with the yoke of Moses' law. The apostles by preaching had won them to Christ, in whose name they embraced, with great alacrity, the full remission of their former sins and iniquities; they received, by the imposition of the apostles' hands, that grace and power of the Holy Ghost whereby they cured diseases, prophesied, spake with tongues; and yet in the end, after all this, they fell utterly away, renounced the mysteries of Christian faith, blasphemed in their formal abjurations that most glorious and blessed Spirit, the gifts whereof themselves had possest; and by this means sunk their souls in the gulf of that unpardonable sin, whereof, as our Lord Jesus Christ had told them beforehand, so the apostle, at the appearance of such their revolt, putteth them in mind again, that falling now to their former blasphemies, their salvation was irrecoverably gone. It was for them in this case impossible to be renewed by any repentance, because they were now in the state of Satan and his angels; the Judge of quick and dead had passed his irrevocable sentence against them. So great difference there is between infidels unconverted, and backsliders in this manner fallen away, that always we have hope to reclaim the one, which only hate whom they never knew; but to the other which know and blaspheme, to them that with more than infernal malice accurse both the seen brightness of glory which is in Him, and in themselves the tasted goodness of Divine grace, as those execrable miscreants did who first received in extraordinary miraculous manner, and then in outrageous sort blasphemed the Holy Ghost, abusing both it and the whole religion which God by it did confirm and magnify; to such as wilfully thus sin, after so great light of the truth and gifts of the Spirit, there remaineth justly no fruit or benefit to be expected by Christ's sacrifice. For all other offenders, without exception or stint, whether they be strangers that seek access, or followers that will make return unto God; upon the tender of their repentance, the grant of his grace standeth everlastingly signed with his blood in the book of eternal life. That which in this case over-terrifieth fearful souls is a misconceit, whereby they imagine every act which they do, knowing that they do amiss, and every wilful breach or transgression of God's law, to be mere sin against the Holy Ghost; forgetting that the law of Moses itself ordained sacrifices of expiation, as well for faults presumptuously committed, as things wherein men offend by error."—See *6th Book of Ecclesiastical Polity.*

instance, he makes an exception in favour of a few high-tempered spirits, distinguished by their indefatigable energy, and destined to achieve arduous and hazardous enterprises. These giants of human nature greatly surpass other men, it seems, "in force of mind, and courage, and activity: still, the heroic extravagance, and the irregular and ungovernable power, which enables them to dare and do so much, is, in fact, nothing more than a partial accumulation of strength, necessary because the utmost energies of human nature are so small, that, if equally distributed through the system, they would be inadequate to arduous labours. The very same task which the human hero achieves in the fury and fever of a half-mad enthusiasm, would be performed by a seraph in the perfect serenity of reason."

This enthusiasm, then, which the author has previously called the fault of infirm constitutions, seems merely a spiritual struggle to attain to a gigantic stature of human nature, or to the intellectual energy of seraphic essence. Ay! all things strive to ascend—nay more, they ascend in striving. Wo will it be for humanity when this struggle ceases! Neither is this enthusiasm a weakness of the *species*, though not of the individual. Man is himself the seraph—"a soul on fire with the velocity of its movement in pursuit of its chosen object!" But this is not the enthusiasm of the historian. Nay, but this is the *true* enthusiasm; and it is the affectation of such which the world calls by an abuse of the term. What says the etymology of the term? ἐνθουσιασμος, from ἐνθουσιαζω, *to infuse a divine spirit*; from ἐνθους, ἐνθεος, *inspired, divine*; ἐν and Θεος, *God*. Now, would this term have been invented for persons who laid unfounded claims to Divine inspiration? It was evidently intended to describe that class of persons to whom the world gave credit for having had supernatural converse with God. Not until faith had decayed—not until propagators of falsehood pretended to Divine revelation, was the term abused to designate the mere pretender. This abuse of the term, moreover, says, in our opinion, as much for the infidelity of the age, as for the prevalence of imposture. But the days of inspiration, according to some, like those of chivalry, have gone! We should be sorry to think so, since then should we look in vain for truth; for in whomsoever truth may be found, it must have been given to him by inspiration of God—nay, we should look in vain for the understanding itself, for "only by the Spirit of God cometh understanding."

What must the state of that time and clime necessarily be, where a term, expressing the presence of God in the human soul, kindling it to excellent aspirations, may only be properly and personally applied as a term of contempt, implying a hypocritical pretension in the individual of whom it is assumed! Truly, "where there is no vision, the people perish."

This quality, which such writers as our natural historian, in common with infidels, would only have known according to the abuse of its acceptation, was wanting in poor Cowper. Needful it was to touch his mind with the finger of the lightning, and thus kindle it to fine issues. It was in the absence of this "fine frenzy" that Cowper was weak—then was his spirit depressed for want of the divine breath. Not until the balloon is inflated will it ascend, and exanimate of that divine afflatus, which men of old time honoured, and men of these degenerate days dishonour with the name of enthusiasm, no man was ever great or good. Mr. Madan succeeded in shewing to Cowper the suitability of the gospel to his circumstances; still, he wanted faith to make the due application of the medicine to his soul.

This higher degree of enthusiasm, which is called faith, would have manifested also a higher degree of strength, and not have been indicative of imbecility, as above predicated. Nay, more; serenity would have attended on that state of his spirit—the more vigorous, indeed, the more serene. For enthusiasm, in its right sense, dwells not exclusively with this turbulent contention, but in the calm and tranquil hour of victory, and in the still and quiet consciousness of power. The different degrees between its turbulence and serenity are the consequences not of the inspiration, but of the state in which it finds the patient. They are derived from the rebellion in which nature rises up against the encroachments of a law above it. But it is well that the waters should be so stirred by the visiting angel of health: shall they become stagnant, as in the soul of Cowper, for fear of a byword, and that byword a

phrase implying a Divine presence in the soul? Shall a man take shame to himself for believing that he is a "temple of the Holy Ghost?" We have not so learned it. The state of serenity is however desirable, but it is to be derived only from an habitual sense of the sacred impulse, abating the excitement of novelty and wonder, and giving the prophet a self-possession of the spirit—an entire mastery above the subject demon. This can only be effected by attaining a complete victory over the temporal and sensible, and thus exerting familiar dominion upon the disturbing forces, which were before wont to resist the heavenly accesses. The soul having learned to breathe the thinner air of the mountain's top, will hold calm and undisturbed communion with the invisible world in neighbourhood with the skies.

Not thus possessing, but possessed by, the mysterious influence—from the previous ignorance out of which he wanted redemption—Cowper was maddened with the terrors of inexperienced truth, as with the approach of an armed stranger, whose design was as yet unrevealed. "His terrific imagination presented to him many horrible visions, and led him to conceive that he heard many horrible sounds." Nervous affections succeeded, and he was removed by his friends to Dr. Cotton's establishment at St. Albans, for the reception of such patients, where he remained in a gloomy and despondng state for five months.

"About this time," writes Cowper, "my brother came from Cambridge to pay me a visit. Dr. C. having informed him that he thought me better; he was disappointed at finding me almost as silent and reserved as ever. As soon as we were left alone, he asked me how I found myself? I answered, as much better as despair can make me. We went together into the garden. Here, on my expressing a settled assurance of sudden judgment, he protested to me that it was all a delusion; and protested so strongly, that I could not help giving some attention to him. I burst into tears, and cried out, 'If it be delusion, then am I the happiest of beings.' Something like a ray of hope was now shot into my heart; but still I was afraid to indulge it. We dined together, and I spent the afternoon in a more cheerful manner: something seemed to whisper to me, every moment, Still there is mercy. Even after he left me, this change of sentiment gathered ground continually; yet my mind was in such a fluctuating state, that I can only call it a vague presage of better things at hand, without being able to assign any reason for it."

He had thrown aside the Bible soon after his arrival at St. Albans. Two months before his recovery, having found it on a bench in the garden, he read the eleventh of John, where the miracle of Lazarus being raised from the dead is described. On a subsequent occasion, he found the Bible in the window, and read the 25th of the third of Romans, which revived in his remembrance what his friend Madan had said long before. Tears flowed from his eyes; and his physician had reason to fear lest the sudden transition from despair to joy should wholly overpower his mind. But there was no fear on that account; his spirit could scarcely be too elevated—this was its great need. Intense study of the Scriptures gave him employment, kept up the tone of his thoughts and feelings, and completed his recovery.

His newly awaked enthusiasm happily took a religio-poetic form. He composed two hymns, which he himself styles specimens of his first Christian thoughts. The first was upon Revelations, xxi. 5. The second is entitled Retirement. Of the last, the following verses are touching:—

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

There if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise."

He now employed his brother to seek out for him an abode somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, as he had determined to leave London, the scene of his former misery; and, that nothing might induce him to return thither, he resigned the office of commissioner of bankrupts, worth about 60*l.* per annum, which he still held. On the 17th June, 1765, Cowper left St. Albans for Huntingdon, where he entered upon his new abode on Saturday the 22d June, 1765, taking with him the servant he had brought from St. Albans.

His brother, who had accompanied him thither, had no sooner left him, than, finding himself alone, surrounded by strangers, his spirits began to sink, and he felt like a traveller in the midst of an inhospitable desert, without a friend to direct him. Having wandered a mile from the town, he gained a secret retired nook in the corner of a field, and, kneeling down on a bank, found solace in prayer. The next day he went to church; his emotions were strong, and, after service, repairing to the place where he had prayed the day before, he derived strength from the repetition of the holy exercise. In proportion to the depth of his depression, was the elevation of his rapture. These ecstasies of his enthusiasm were the symptoms of returning health and strength; not the faults of an infirm constitution, but signs of a restored and renovated mind. This state of feeling he describes in the following beautiful lines:—

"I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep enfix'd
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One, who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers: in his sides he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.
Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates, and not wishing more,
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now,
Than once; and others of a life to come."

Cowper now commenced a regular correspondence with his friends in relation to his religious experience, in which he found much pleasure in expressing the moods of his mind, and the alternations of his feelings. He felt great anxiety, in particular, for the spiritual welfare of his former associates, and ascribed to infidelity their continuance in sin. We will answer for it, that they were of the class who would have condemned, instead of praising Cowper for his enthusiasm. But his was the wisdom—theirs the folly; his was the strength—theirs the weakness. He felt the beauty of the Scriptures—beauty to which they were probably blind. Cowper, however, was afraid of being deemed an enthusiast, and used the word in its bad sense. He uses the word in this worst sense in the following passage: "Fevers, and all diseases, are regarded as accidents; and long life, health, and recovery from sickness, as the gift of the physician. No man can be a greater friend to the use of means upon these occasions than myself, for it were presumption *and enthusiasm* to neglect them." This marks the man: naturally, he had no tendency to soar—he was afraid of high flights; probably he was afraid of being, if he indulged in them, considered mad—and he sank into the state he feared. So true it is, that "while we labour for any thing below our proper humanity, we seek a happy life in the region of death." Well saith the moral poet,—

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how mean athing is man!"

Cowper did so erect himself: he became what his former associates, and himself too, perhaps, at one period of life, would have considered mad,—and he found his reason! Let not man think that such and such an elevation is only attainable by a seraph—or rather let him know, that he is that seraph for whom all things are possible, and to whom it shall be and is given to judge—angels!

At Huntingdon he made the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Unwin's family, and soon after became an inmate of it. This family, according to Cowper's account, was eminently Christian; and Cowper was now in such a state of mind as to feel, as well as believe, that the pious soul might enjoy communion with God.

"As to amusements," he writes, "I mean what the world calls such, we have none; the place, indeed, swarms with them, and cards and dancing are the professed business of almost all the *gentle* inhabitants of Huntingdon. We refuse to take part in them, or to be accessaries to this way of murdering time; and, by so doing, have acquired the name of Methodists. Having told you how we do not spend our time, I will next say how we do. We breakfast commonly between eight and nine; till eleven, we read either the Scripture, or the sermons of some faithful preacher; at eleven, we attend divine service, which is performed every day and from twelve to three we separate

and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval, I read in my own apartment, or walk, or ride, or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after dinner, but if the weather permits, adjourn into the garden; where, with Mrs. Unwin and her son, I have generally the pleasure of religious conversation till tea-time. If it rains, or is too windy for walking, we converse within doors, or sing some hymns of Martin's collection; and by the help of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord make up a tolerable concert, in which our hearts are the best and most musical performers. After tea, we sally forth to take a walk in good earnest; and we have generally travelled four miles before we see home again. At eight we read and converse till supper, and commonly finish the evening either with hymns or with a sermon; and, last of all, the family are called to prayers."

This was just the life to preserve Cowper's mind in the state of enthusiasm requisite to its health. "One half of the Christian world," he exclaims, "one half of the Christian world would call this madness, fanaticism, and folly." To Cowper it was neither; it was employment—it was sanity—religion—and health spiritual and bodily. His letters at this period are beautiful. He discusses with much taste and tenderness what knowledge Christians will have of each other in heaven; what will be the subject of their thoughts; and entertains, withal, very just views of Christian friendship. Such was the delightful situation in which Cowper found himself, when a melancholy accident happened which seemed to threaten his peace.

Mr. Unwin, proceeding to his church one Sunday morning in July 1767, was flung from his horse, and received a dreadful fracture on the back part of his skull, under which he languished till the following Thursday, and then died. Just after the occurrence of this unfortunate event, and while the family were in the midst of distress, Mr. Newton, then curate of Olney, while on his way home from Cambridge, providentially called upon Mrs. Unwin, who, in common with Cowper, stood in need of judicious counsel and consolation. Mr. Newton invited them to fix their future abode at Olney, whither they repaired in the following October, to a house he had provided for them, so near the vicarage in which he lived, that by opening a door in the garden-wall, they could exchange mutual visits without entering the street. Mrs. Unwin kept the house, and Cowper continued to board with her, as he had done during her husband's life.

At Olney, Cowper found even more health-giving employment than he had at Huntingdon. He visited the poor and sick, and attended the social meetings for prayer established by Mr. Newton; and "at such seasons, when he was occasionally required to conduct the service, agitated as were his feelings before he commenced, he no sooner began, than he poured forth his heart unto God in earnest intercession, with a devotion equally simple, sublime, and fervent, affording to all who were present on these occasions proofs of the unusual combination of elevated genius, exquisite sensibility, and profound piety, by which he was pre-eminently distinguished." Thrice a-day he prayed also in private, and composed at other times many beautiful hymns. Mr. Newton likewise procured for him a liberal allowance of cash for distribution among the poor, from John Thornton, Esq., a gentleman to whose memory Cowper has dedicated some fine eulogistic verses. Cowper's letters are less numerous at this than at any other period.

Another trial, however, awaited Cowper. A letter came from his brother, then residing as a fellow in Bene't College, Cambridge, stating his indisposition. Cowper immediately repaired to Cambridge, and found his brother on the verge of the grave. He was solicitous about his brother's religious sentiments, and accordingly began to state his own spiritual experience. At first his affection was but coldly met, but he succeeded at last, and his brother confessed the gratitude he owed him, and died rejoicing in his ministration. Cowper's mind was deeply affected,—more deeply, it is feared, than visibly. He had a friend, however, in Mr. Newton, who, to check the morbid melancholy which seemed approaching, engaged him in a literary undertaking. This was to contribute to a volume of hymns, which Cowper cheerfully undertook, and which are well known by the title of the Olney Hymns. These hymns are of excellent stuff, so far as Cowper was concerned in them, though perhaps too evangelical for the highest taste. Sixty-eight hymns were written by Cowper for this collection—the last (hymn 15, book iii.) in the twilight of

departing reason. A renewed attack of his hypochondriacal complaint, more protracted and not less violent than the one he had before experienced, overshadowed his mind for years—five years. During all this long period of darkness he was watched over by Mrs. Unwin and Mr. Newton with extreme solicitude. It was now that the advantage of occupation in such cases became illustrated.

Thinking that the poet might be beneficially employed in some amusing occupation, Mrs. Unwin procured a young leveret from the children of one of their neighbours, which, not knowing how to treat, they readily parted with.

"Beginning then to be glad of any thing that would engage his attention without fatiguing it, Cowper was willing enough to take the prisoner under his protection, perceiving that in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, he should find just that sort of employment which his case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that he was pleased with the present; and the consequence was, that in a short time he had as many leverets offered him as would have stocked a paddock. He undertook the care of three, which he named Puss, Tiney, and Bess. The choice of their food, and the diversity of their dispositions, afforded him considerable amusement; and their occasional diseases excited his sympathy and tenderness. One remained with him during the whole of his abode at Olney, and was afterwards celebrated in his unrivalled poem, 'the Task,' and at its decease honoured with a beautiful epitaph from his pen; another lived with him nearly nine years; but the third did not long survive the restraints of its confined situation. An admirably written narrative of these animals, from his own pen, was inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that day, which has since been published at the end of almost every edition of his works."

Mr. Newton being about to be removed to another scene of labour, was careful to find a successor in his attentions to Cowper, and introduced for that purpose to him the Rev. Mr. Bull, of Newport Pagnell, a Dissenter, who visited him once a fortnight. By this gentleman Cowper was prevailed upon to translate several spiritual songs from the poetry of Madame de la Mothe Guyon, the friend of the mild and amiable Fenelon. The beneficial result of this employment shews the need which Cowper's devotion had of excitement, and its natural want of enthusiasm. To the defects of these songs, this constitutional deficiency made Cowper more than commonly alive, and in his translations he endeavoured to cure them of the evil of mysticism.

Perceiving that translation had a good effect, Mrs. Unwin advised the recovering poet to attempt original composition. He did; and produced his *Table-Talk*, *Progress of Error*, *Truth*, and other poems of equal excellence. In two years' time he had composed a sufficient number of lines to form a respectable volume, which, with much solicitude and care as to the composition, he gave to the public in the spring of 1782.

Previous to this event, in the autumn of 1781, Cowper had become acquainted with Lady Austin, whose brilliant wit and unrivalled conversational powers were admirably adapted to afford relief to a mind like his. She took the house adjoining that in which Cowper resided, that she might be nigh him, such was her pleasure in his company. It was their custom to dine at each other's house every alternate day. It is to this lady's efforts that we owe the story of *John Gilpin*. To dissipate the gloom of a passing hour from Cowper's mind, she related first the tale to the poet when in a melancholy mood; next morning Cowper informed Lady Austin that convulsions of laughter, brought on by the recollection of her story, had kept him awake during the greater part of the night, and that he had composed a poem on the subject. It was to please this lady, and to suit the airs that she was accustomed to play on the harpsichord, that he composed the song beginning—

"No longer I follow a sound,
No longer a dream I pursue."

But to her influence is owing a much greater—Cowper's greatest—work.

"During the winter of 1783-4, Cowper spent the evenings in reading to these ladies, taking the liberty himself, and affording the same to them, of making remarks on what came under their notice. On these interesting occasions, Lady Austin displayed her enchanting and almost magical powers with singular effect. The conversation happened one evening to turn on blank verse, of which she had

always expressed herself to be passionately fond. Persuaded that Cowper was able to produce, in this measure, a poem that would eclipse any thing he had hitherto written, she urged him to try his powers in that species of composition. He had hitherto written only in rhyme, and he felt considerable reluctance to make the attempt. After repeated solicitations, however, he promised her, if she would furnish the subject, he would comply with her request. 'Oh!' she replied, 'you can never be in want of a subject —you can write upon any thing; write upon this sofa.' The poet obeyed her command, and the world is thus indebted to this lady for THE TASK."

This great production was completed at the close of the year 1784; at which period he commenced another, undertaken at the united request of Mrs. Unwin and Lady Austin—the translation of Homer. He, however, lost the company of Lady Austin, from causes which Mr. Taylor slurs over, and which we have no space to enlarge upon. It was well that he found a sufficient occupation to fill the void which her absence could not but occasion. In the spring of 1785, his friends became sanguine in their expectations of his speedy recovery; and in the summer of 1785, the success of his poem put him in such good spirits as to make the matter no longer doubtful.

Such was now Cowper's reputation, that he began to be recollected by his friends. Lady Hesketh, his cousin, on her return from abroad, where she had spent several years with her husband, renewed her correspondence with him, generously offered to render him assistance, and projected a visit to Olney, to which Cowper looked forward with pleasing anticipation. She arrived, much to his delight; and Cowper soon after removed from Olney to Weston, where he became intimate with the Throgmortons,—a circumstance that afforded him much happiness.

Now as to the great affair of Homer:

"For some weeks," says Cowper, "after I had finished *The Task*, and sent away the last sheet corrected, I was through necessity idle, and suffered not a little in my spirits for being so. One day, being in such distress of mind as was hardly supportable, I took up the *Iliad*; and merely to direct attention, and with no more preconception of what I was then entering upon, than I have at this moment of what I shall be doing this day twenty years hence, translated the first twelve lines of it. The same necessity pressed me again; I had recourse to the same expedient, and translated more. Every day bringing its occasion for employment with it, every day consequently added something to the work; till at last I began to reflect thus:—The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* together consist of about forty thousand verses. To translate these forty thousand verses will furnish me with occupation for a considerable time. I have already made some progress, and find it a most agreeable amusement. Homer, in point of purity, is a most blameless writer; and though he was not an enlightened man, has interspersed many great and valuable truths throughout both his poems. In short, he is in all respects a most venerable old gentleman, by an acquaintance with whom no man can disgrace himself; the literati are all agreed to a man, that, although Pope has given us two pretty poems under Homer's title, there is not to be found in them the least portion of Homer's spirit, nor the least resemblance of his manner."

In all this a sort of instinct seemed to direct Cowper to what was best as a remedy for his complaint. It may be doubted, however, if he did not in such labour overtask his fine but feeble mind. The mere duty of translation was simple enough; but there were various readings, and collations of copies and scholia. With a consciousness of his infirmity also, Cowper sought to repose on other minds, and solicited council, and criticism, and correction. This ultimately became a new trouble to him; he was puzzled in his choice of the different suggestions with which he had been favoured. The result was, that though he completed his work, he ultimately suffered a severe relapse, painful for its intensity and duration. He was interrupted, indeed, in the middle of his undertaking by an attack of his depressive malady, which lasted for six months, and which seems to have been primarily occasioned by the death, at that time, of Mrs. Unwin's son; and before its completion he had several seasons of suspension and affliction. The volumes, also, did not give that satisfaction either to the author or to his readers, which had been anticipated. This circumstance, however, at first had little effect; and he willingly engaged, feeling the want of employment, to edit for his bookseller (Johnson) a splendid edition of Milton.

For this purpose he engaged in translating Milton's Latin poems. This undertaking brought him in contact with Mr. Hayley, who, having designed a similar publication, surrendered his intentions in favour of Cowper. He might have retained them; for Cowper's mind was destined to be quite overthrown. Mrs. Unwin was attacked with paralysis. Hayley was witness to the effect which it had at one time on his mind. "After passing our mornings," says Hayley, "in social study, we usually walked out together at noon. In returning from our rambles round the pleasant village of Weston, we were met by Mr. Greathead, an accomplished minister of the Gospel who resides at Newport Pagnell, and whom Cowper described to me in terms of cordial esteem. He came forth to meet us as we drew near the house; and it was soon visible from his countenance and manner that he had ill news to impart. After the most tender preparations that humanity could devise, he informed Cowper that Mrs. Unwin was under the immediate pressure of a paralytic attack. My agitated friend rushed to the sight of the sufferer; he returned to me in a state that alarmed me in the highest degree for his faculties. His speech was wild in the extreme; my answer would appear little less so, but it was addressed to the predominant fancy of my unhappy friend, and, with the blessing of Heaven, it produced an instantaneous calm in his troubled mind." Mrs. Unwin recovered for this time, and was enabled to pay a visit with Cowper to Hayley at Eastham. This visiting, however, with his attention to Mrs. Unwin, had withdrawn him from his studious habits. He prepared for a second edition of Homer, and commenced writing notes upon it,—a work of great labour, and to which he gave close application. But his depression continued, and was not removed either by another visit from Mr. Hayley, nor by a handsome pension granted him by his majesty. The death of Mrs. Unwin, which shortly afterwards happened, it may be supposed deeply affected the poet. He recovered sufficiently, however, to resume his application to Homer, and finished his notes, as well as composed some original poems, and translated some of Gay's Fables into Latin

It became evident, towards the close of 1799, that his bodily strength was rapidly declining, though his mental powers, notwithstanding the unmitigated severity of his depression, remained unimpaired. By the end of February 1800 his weakness had become so great as to render him incapable of enduring the fatigue of his usual ride. In a few days he ceased to come down stairs, though he was still able, after breakfasting in bed, to adjourn to another room, and to remain there till the evening. Soon after, he was entirely confined to his bed-room.

The form which Cowper's insanity assumed, was a doubt of his personal interest in the salvation which was appointed for all, with the only exception of himself, whom, by a perversion of the doctrine of predestination, he deemed excluded from all interest in it by an especial Divine decree. Under this imagined act of Divine injustice he languished, and was pursued by this delusion almost, perhaps, to his dying hour. He died insensibly, and without the slightest apparent pain, on 25th April, 1800, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. His death was so mild and gentle, that though his kinsman, his medical attendant, and three others, were standing at the foot of his bed, with their eyes fixed upon his dying countenance, the precise moment of his departure was unobserved by any.

## THE FRASER PAPERS FOR APRIL.

A WORD UPON POOR-LAWS FOR IRELAND—FRANK FREEMAN—SADLER *versus* THE MALTHUS AND MARTINEAU SLANG—MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS AND THE QUAKER—NATIONAL GALLERY AND PORTICO OF ST. MARTIN'S—WILKINS AND THE WISEACRE PRESS—JOHN BULL AND THE LITERARY GAZETTE—STINKOWALER GWILT—HOSKING—WIGHTWICK—COBBETT AND THE STAMP-LAWS—WHIG AND TORY—WHO'S TO BLAME?

### A WORD UPON POOR-LAWS FOR IRELAND.

TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

DEAR YORKE,

Whilst all, who, as men and as Christians, lament the bitter privations, the want and wretchedness, in which the poor of Ireland are "steeped to the lips," must admire and applaud the spirit, truth, and justice, with which you have advocated the instant adoption of some means of relieving their sufferings; and whilst your arguments in favour of the introduction of POOR-LAWS into that ill-fated country must be admitted by all rational and dispassionate men to be perfectly incontrovertible, as pointing out the only mode of rendering relief effectual or enduring, there are, nevertheless, some points connected with the administration of those laws, which, requiring, as they do, the most serious consideration of all parties, I am desirous of seeing submitted to the test of free and fair discussion by the master-mind, to which all classes are indebted for the most powerful inducements that have yet been offered to the institution of "*Poor-Laws for Ireland.*"

And first, let us inquire by what set of men these laws should be carried into execution? By the parochial authorities attached to the established religion of the land? or by the Popish priesthood? If by the former, the proposition comes at an insuspicious season, when political agitators, under the plea of conscientious scruples, are labouring hard—and who shall say with what prospect of success!—to destroy, not only the parochial authorities of the established religion, but the church itself: if by the latter, why then, indeed, the success of superstition and bigotry will need but the abject surrender of all executive power, to make the triumph of Papacy as complete as the overthrow of Protestantism. It has been suggested that the administration of the IRISH POOR-LAWS should, in every district, be confided to a tripartite commission, consisting of the landlord, the Protestant clergyman, and the Roman Catholic priest; but let those who have had the slightest knowledge of the actual state of society in the sister kingdom, ask themselves where could more discordant elements be found than those to minister relief to the poor? There is not, there cannot be, the slightest community of principle, feeling, or interests, in such an association. The landlord, labouring hard for the extinction of tithes, that he may add the sum of which the Protestant clergyman must thus be plundered to his own rent-roll, sees in the conscientious claim of that clergyman an obstacle to his own avaricious attainment. The Protestant clergyman, who sees, on the one hand, the owner of the soil seeking only to transfer the property of the church into his own pockets, and, on the other, the Popish priest "working heaven and earth" to extinguish alike the church of which he is a member, and the religion of which he is a minister, cannot, with all his Christian charity, so far forget the injuries and indignities offered to both church and religion; neither can he so far forget what is due to the poor of his own flock, as cordially to co-operate with such associates, or tamely to yield up the rights of which he is the appointed guardian. The Popish priest, "whose being's end and aim" is the extermination of "heretics," and the advancement of the political power, as well as the temporal and spiritual ascendency, of "Holy Mother Church," beholds in the landlord only an unsanctified laic presuming to interfere with functions that should, in his opinion, be confided to none but the priesthood of the Church of Rome, and looks with a still more jaundiced eye upon the clergyman of the established church, whose very existence is incompatible with the supremacy of that priesthood. And from such a board, where neither concord, mutual esteem, nor any feeling of fellowship, can with truth be supposed to exist, are alms to be administered and charity dispensed to the pauper population of such a country as Ireland!

But, passing from the relievers to the relieved, can it be supposed that the poor will themselves be satisfied with such an arrangement? or are their feelings entitled to no consideration whatever? Will not the poor occupant of the miserable road-side cabin imagine that his wants would be better supplied, if the application of the alms were left entirely to the landlord? How shall we reconcile the priest-ridden pauper to believe that a fair and equal measure of relief is meted out to him by the Protestant

almoner, whom he is taught to regard as "a heretic," shut out from the pale of grace and redemption? And with what feeling can we suppose the Protestant peasant will receive the alms doled out to him by the avowed enemy of his church, and the bigoted denouncer of his religious belief? You will bear in mind, dear Yorke, that, in propounding these questions, I seek "but for the satisfaction of my thought," and in the hope of seeing all those obstacles which present themselves, in my mind, to the introduction of any system of Poor-Laws in Ireland removed by the higher authority to which I bow.

But now, turning from the proposed administration of those laws to the laws themselves, let me ask whether the relief thus contemplated is to be indiscriminately afforded to the poor—as well to the healthy and able-bodied peasant, capable of labouring for his subsistence, as to the aged, the infirm, the feeble, the young, and the destitute, utterly incapable of any exertion for their own support? If so, the mere transfer to Ireland of that system by which the people of England are now saddled with an encumbrance of eight millions and a half per annum, without any decrease of pauper wretchedness equivalent or proportioned to such an expenditure, must in a few years complete the work of ruin which it is intended to avert.

To me, and indeed to all with whom I have conversed on this subject, the only safe and effectual mode of relieving the Irish poor from the accumulated miseries to which they are exposed, and at the same time to relieve the poor of England from the prejudicial effects of Irish encroachment upon the provision made for their wants and necessities, is the adoption of *a poors' rate* for those who are really unable to work, and of a *labour-rate* for the employment of all who are capable of labour. The discussion of such a measure of relief, in the twenty-fifth chapter of Archibald Jobbry's *Autobiography*, deserves the calm perusal of all who wish to see the wants of the poor relieved, without needlessly adding to the burdens of the people. If my inquiries can only induce you to resume your notice of this all-important topic, my object will be attained, and men of all classes in the state benefited by your able advocacy of a measure which humanity, justice, and sound policy, alike imperatively call for.

I am, dear Yorke, thine, as of old,

*March* 12, 1833. FRANK FREEMAN.

We have only room for two or three brief remarks on this letter.

I. We hold it to be the wisest course, to keep quite apart the main question of the application of the *principle* of the poor-laws to Ireland, and the *practical difficulties* which will have to be met, whenever that task shall be seriously undertaken. Many attempts, we believe, were made in the House of Commons, to seduce Mr. Sadler into a premature development of *a plan*; but he constantly, and, we think, prudently replied, "first concede and adopt the *principle*, and then will be the time, and not till then, for the consideration of the *practical details*."

II. Having premised thus much, we are quite ready to admit the existence of great difficulties in the adoption of any plan. Those difficulties, however, after all the experience of three centuries, cannot be equal to what must have been encountered and overcome, on the first establishment of the poor-laws in our own country. Our correspondent has well described some of the rocks which will have to be avoided; and his proposition of a *poor-rate and a labour-rate*, operating conjointly, is worthy of attention. No one, we suppose, imagines that it would be advisable to bestow the existing right of relief, now enjoyed by the indigent in England, on the Irish cotter, without some safeguards. Those safeguards, we believe, would not be found so difficult of construction as may at first sight appear. A tract just published by Mr. Poulett Scrope, on this subject, deserves attention.

III. We would beg our correspondent not to indulge in language which looks too much like the *Malthus* and *Martineau* slang; such as, "the people of England are now saddled with an encumbrance of eight millions and a half per annum, without any equivalent decrease of pauper wretchedness." Such language as this, rather gives countenance to the false and wicked delusion spread by the economists, that the poor-laws are an actual *curse*, instead of being, as they really are, a *blessing*—the very stay of the country, and the only cement which could possibly, in the present condition of the labouring classes, preserve us from a dissolution of all the bonds of civilised society.

If from the "eight millions and a half" (itself an over-statement) we deduct the cost of the Irish paupers, which that country ought to maintain, the amount paid for labour out of the poor-rate, and the parochial litigation arising from the

present law of settlement, we should find the actual cost of the poor of England to be less than four millions. And that sum might be reduced, by a system of cottage allotments, to two millions—an amount perfectly trivial, when compared with the wealth and establishments of such a country as this.

### MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

We give the following as we received it, omitting only the address. It came with a pamphlet entitled "Some Remarks on Matrimonial Advertisements, being an Inquiry into their use and abuse; and addressed to the Heads of Families."

"The Editor of *Fraser's Magazine* is requested to accept a copy of this work; and if he should have leisure to make mention of it in his review, and that it is customary to pay for such notice, it will be immediately complied with, on addressing a note to "——— ———, ——— Square."

We want no *douceur* for "contributing to the comfort and happiness of our fellow-creatures," as the author describes his business to be. Sure we are that he (he is, by the by, an old Quaker) will be found a most accommodating personage, and no doubt those gentlemen who employ his mediation in affairs of amatory advertising will not be disappointed. He acts the part of marriage-broker; but as he is one of the Society of Friends, he is of course far too conscientious and strict in his religious principles to think that the intervention of parson or priest is necessary on all occasions. He has too great a regard for the arguments on this head of "the unrefuted Barclay."

As, however, he is so kind as to offer to bribe us, we cannot be so unkind as not to make some extracts from his book. One relates to a butcher's daughter.

"I know some young ladies who have been expensively educated, and who might have been agreeable, if they had acquired the rare accomplishment of a little common sense. They were born over their father's shop, a wholesale butcher and cattle-dealer. He left them 130,000*l.*; and I see they have just put up a gorgeous hatchment upon their newly-taken mansion in the purlieus of London. If you sit with them half the morning, little else will catch the ear beyond 'Milady,' and her 'Ladyship,'—a titled acquaintance they lately picked up in the half-starved widow of a respectable tradesman, who was knighted in the reign of George III. One of their father's craft, a good-looking and well-conducted young man,—their superior in some, and their equal in every other respect,—lately proposed to fulfil an old engagement with one of the girls, and he was summarily and haughtily rejected on account of his trade! By the by, they have discovered a similar name in the peerage, and it is now understood they are a branch of that family."

Why need these fair butcheresses torment themselves? More than one butcher's daughter is to be found in the aristocratic leaves of the peerage—more than one butcher's grandson sits among the Lords and Commons of England. And there was Michael Scales, the other day, who would have been the member of parliament for London, only he was beaten. Why do not some of our poets write us an amorous ditty of a butcher in love? It would be a glorious theme

The next concerns the inordinate expectations of the women,—on which point we suppose the broker is a competent judge.

"The inordinate expectations of some women really passes wonder. A lady with 200*l.* a-year writes me word that she will not marry unless I can procure her an income of 1500*l.* Another, with 75*l.* a-year, and *passée*, requires good looks, *distingué* manners, and a carriage; her own money being secured to her. And a Scotch widow, with one child, ordinary person, and *sans sous*, desires me to introduce her to a gentleman of ancient family (she is of course descended from Wallace), with at least 2000*l.* per annum, that 'she may regain her former position in society;' and by way of recommendation, she assures me, that she was so devotedly attached to her husband that she will never allow h*i*s feelings to be implicated again. For this 2000*l.* a-year and a husband, both good things in their way, I may reckon on receiving her 'best thanks;' and she is at this moment exceedingly angry with me, because I do not give her the introduction immediately. There are others who betray a wilful contempt, or an innocent ignorance, of orthography, who seriously reply to announcements headed 'A man of hereditary rank,' &c. But these are some of the inconsistencies all must expect who hazard a public advertisement."

Why so fierce about orthography? Our Quaker ought to be far above such contracted notions. The fair ones who write to gentlemen and ladies in his

profession are not qualified to fill chairs in the London University, or any other such learned seminary. They have their own appropriate places to fill, and no doubt they do it adequately. Our amiable Quaker himself, when he says "Harlequin *énoncé de* vérités en riant," or talks of "the embarras of a shy *débutanté*," &c. &c., does not orthographise over correctly. What the deuce has spelling to do with his business!

One statistical table, and we have done.

"A calculator has made out the following estimate of the chances of matrimony a girl has at the different periods of her life. Out of 1000 women, 32 are married between 14 and 15; 101 between 16 and 17; 219 between 18 and 19; 233 between 20 and 21; 165 between 22 and 23; 102 between 24 and 25; 60 between 26 and 27; 45 between 28 and 29; 18 between 30 and 31; 14 between 32 and 33; 8 between 34 and 35; 2 between 36 and 37; and 1 between 38 and 39. To judge by this table, a lady of 30 years would have only 28 chances of getting married out of 1000; when passed 40, the chances are far less."

There, ladies, then—there's your Bioscope. So, as old Herrick says,

"Gather your roses while you may."

This book of billing and cooing is appropriately published by Turtle; and the first author referred to is Archdeacon W———

We hope the Quaker is satisfied; and when we apply to him, we expect he will pick us out a good sample.

We think that justice should always be done to all parties. As the other side of the question to which our correspondent's letter relates has been impressed already on the public mind, with much vituperative detail and personal feeling, we have considered it only fair to give insertion to the following communication;

MR. WILKINS AND THE WISEACRE PRESS.

*A Letter to the Editor of Fraser's Magazine.*

Within the compass of a letter, although not a very short one, I cannot do more than pen some brief observations relative to a subject which, be its intrinsic value what it may, has acquired some importance from having been agitated, during the few last weeks, with so much warmth and asperity.

I do not ask you to countenance my opinions, further than by suffering them to appear in print. Most certainly they are not on the popular side of the question; for, with hardly an exception, the whole press have joined in a crusade against Mr. Wilkins. They have given him no quarter; they have assailed him through thick and thin: when their scanty ammunition of argument has failed, they have had recourse to puns; and when their puns have been exhausted, they have opened a battery of abuse. Mr. Wilkins' cause may therefore seem as desperate as it is unpopular. Still, some may, on that very account, be curious to learn what can be advanced in support of it; and whatever other merit may be denied me, I shall at least be allowed that of venturing to think for myself. And if what I shall say can be controverted, be it so: let my sophistry be exposed, my bad taste reprobated, my shallowness held up to scorn, my disingenuousness stigmatised, my self-conceit ridiculed. All that I ask is to be heard.

In espousing Mr. Wilkins' cause, I do so only so far as it appears to me to have reason on its side. Nor do I pledge myself to subscribe to all that gentleman's opinions, because I know no more of them than what he has expressed on the present occasion; and imprudent as it may seem for any one to side with an individual who has the common voice against him, it is not difficult to shew that in this instance the common voice has not been altogether the organ of common sense. Thanks to their blind vehemence, the enemy have exposed themselves in the most heedless manner. Instead of craftily exerting themselves to make the utmost of what may really be disputable points, they have, as unwarily as unwarrantably, had recourse to direct falsehoods of the grossest and clumsiest kind.

The universal outcry has been, that were the National Gallery erected on the line proposed by the architect, the portico of St. Martin's would again be completely shut out of view—*all* the advantages of clearing away the lower end of St. Martin's Lane would be lost; and, by way of climax to the whole, it was asserted that the architectural character of the metropolis would lose much of its splendour! The simple fact is, the portico would not be seen, as at present, from Pall Mall East. Now, if its admirers consider it indispensable that it should be viewed from that

station, and that all other considerations ought to give way to that single one, they might at least, methinks, have had the candour, and the discretion likewise, to pay some regard to truth. By recurring to manifest falsehood,—for, in a case admitting of mathematical demonstration, assertions like the above are somewhat more than mere hyperbole,—instead of bringing forward insuperable objections to Mr. Wilkins' plan, they afford him an opportunity of shewing that their objections are entirely chimerical, and founded upon sheer ignorance—they imagining that Gibbs' portico will not be visible at all unless viewed in a direct line.

So far from operating injuriously as regards St. Martin's, Mr. Wilkins' plan was calculated to shew that portico to greater advantage, than will the plan so loudly insisted upon by his opponents. I do not lay so much stress as he is inclined to do upon the circumstance of its being distinctly seen from Cockspur Street, because it will display itself to infinitely greater advantage either from the centre of Trafalgar Square, or, if a front view be preferred, from the avenue immediately facing the church itself. It is a most vulgar and absurd prejudice to suppose that a large area sets off a building to the greatest effect. Excess as to space around an edifice may be quite as injurious as the contrary fault, by making it appear less important than it otherwise would. This I think is the case with regard to the portico of St. Martin's, which undeniably had something imposing in its aspect when we used to come upon it suddenly in a contracted street, and when the houses on either side served not only as a foil to it, but also to screen the body of the church, leaving only the portico itself exposed, under such an angle of vision that the spire above it was not necessarily noticed. Yet, because the effect it then produced was bold and picturesque, those who were ignorant of its source ascribed it to the beauty of the structure itself; and forthwith inferred, that if beheld under such *unfavourable* circumstances it was a noble object, it would appear to infinitely greater advantage when entirely exposed; forgetting that—

"Tel brille au second rang qui s'éclipse au premier."

While the result was problematical, something might be urged in favour of an experiment. The experiment has been made: has it been a particularly felicitous one? I venture to say, No: and bold—not to say extravagant and foolish—as such an opinion may be deemed, I am more than borne out in it by that of an artist, whose name, were I at liberty here to mention it, would be of ample authority on a point requiring a knowledge both of architecture and picturesque effect. His opinion, too, is the more valuable, because, so far from entertaining precisely similar views of the question, we materially differ from each other in our general estimate of it.

Instead of attempting to shut out the portico, Mr. Wilkins certainly provided in his plan for its being seen from the most favourable point, since, independently of an oblique view of it, *ad libitum*, there would have been a space of eighty feet in front between the church and his building,—a space that has very unfairly been termed "a narrow street," but which, as every one who is not a perfect ignoramus in optics and perspective, or even in the use of his own eyes, well knows, is quite sufficient for viewing what is only about sixty feet wide, and as many in height. But no—that, it seems, will not do; the portico must be seen from as far off as possible in front. In order to retain the present view of Gibbs' building, from Pall Mall East, the front of the Gallery must be turned askew, so that Trafalgar Square will be a square without a single right angle. For once, however, the wiseacre public are right, since it must be admitted that they have one cogent argument in support of their favourite scheme, although no one has yet had the candour or the honesty even to allude to it;—which is, that the beauties of St. Martin's Church will not stand the test of very close examination—consequently, they may be better imagined when the building is thrown into the remote back-ground of the picture, than when the spectator is so near that he can distinctly make out all its features.

Were a question of this nature to be decided by a majority of voices, then ought Mr. Wilkins to shrink in dismay from the outcry that has been raised against him for having, in addition to his other offences, ventured to impugn the style of St. Martin's, and to cast a doubt upon its title to be reckoned a fine piece of architecture; or could a certain prescriptive right be established in such matters by mere usage, then certainly the church, "particularly the east end of it," as Ralph assures us, must be admitted to be a masterpiece of art. For my own part, I am inclined to think that Mr. Wilkins' opinion, even though it should be a solitary one—which it most assuredly is not—ought to weigh down that of a thousand people who can give no reason for their liking or disliking, and who, in fact, have mostly taken up their admiration, and their criticism also, at second-hand. It is certainly not very comfortable to be told that we have for about a century been throwing away our praise upon what is hardly worth it; yet as we are so ready to discard old opinions and

doctrines, and to take up with new-fangled ones, in matters of infinitely greater moment, I really do not see wherefore we should cling so very pertinaciously to an implicit faith in the genius of Gibbs. Has architecture alone been napping with the Seven Sleepers during the last hundred years? Has it made no acquisitions, no advance, within that period? Has Greece been ransacked in vain—has every style of the art been examined and studied without adding to our knowledge of its principles and powers—without at all influencing our tastes? Should the reply be a negative one, then and then only are we justified in appealing to the sentence of former critics—of critics, by the by, who could perceive few or any beauties in our ancient cathedrals—as a decisive and infallible one.

After all, so far from pulling the church to pieces, as he might have done—I do not mean pulling down the walls—Mr. Wilkins has only just given it a little rap *en passant*. If he has scandalised the public by the opinion he has expressed, I should absolutely horrify it by declaring my own; for, with the single exception of the portico itself—or, more strictly speaking, of the columns of the portico—I consider that "much-admired" building to be "so eminently gifted with vices," so detestably frightful in every part, inside as well as out, that I can find no term sufficiently vituperative to convey an idea of my abhorrence. No other part save the portico partakes, either in design or detail, of the character of the order employed in the structure—exhibits the least feeling in common with it—or any indication of having emanated from a mind entering into the spirit—I do not say of Greek, but of Roman architecture.

Well; it appears, however, that St. Martin's portico is neither to be buried nor smothered; the line proposed by Mr. Wilkins has been abandoned. Are those who so imperiously demanded this alteration at all better pleased now? Not a whit. Now the cry is that the Gallery will be nothing but "a narrow slip," and that the artists will be able to shake hands with the paupers in the workhouse from the back windows. Amiable consistency! rather than not find fault with Mr. Wilkins, these people now reproach him for inconveniences that he would have avoided, but which they have compelled him to submit to. As to the site being a bad one in itself, why were not its defects pointed out earlier, for it has been understood for many years past that it was intended to erect a National Gallery in this situation? At all events, it is not of Mr. W.'s selection; and I dare say he would not be sorry to have ampler space allowed him.

Apropos of space! I feel that I myself am but badly provided for in that respect—that I have already taken up as much room as you may feel disposed to allot me, besides having already reached perhaps the "Hercules' pillars" of your patience, although I have as yet merely touched upon a single head of my subject. This I shall now dismiss at once; and after shewing up some specimens of the twaddle which has been uttered, in the eagerness to abuse Mr. Wilkins and his design, will conclude by a few words relative to two heavy charges that gentleman has exposed himself to.

On occasions like the present, there are always persons ready to give gratuitous advice,* and also to make a sort of party question of the affair; and the less they seem to have considered all the *pros* and *cons* of the case, the more pertinacious becomes their headstrong and wrongheaded officiousness. So determined is one of these sapient gentry to cavil at the projected design, that, either unable to find any more substantial accusation against it, or too ignorant of architecture even to conjecture a plausible one, he sneers at it, forsooth, because the architect is going to employ the "shattered and time-worn columns of the portico of Carlton Palace"! More ingenious disingenuousness than this can hardly be instanced. Of course, those columns can be made to look little better than a patchwork of fragments; and such being the case, the writer might as well have spared his second epithet, which, by the by, produces rather an anticlimax—particularly as, by introducing it, he has most incautiously flung his dirt against the columns of St. Martin's, these latter having much greater right to be styled "time-worn" than the others.

For the sake of saying something, another of these clever busybodies affects to consider it a serious defect in Mr. Wilkins' design, that the two archways in the façade will lead only into a *cul-de-sac* behind the building. Mr. Wilkins is, I dare say, quite as sharp-sighted as any of his critics, and has so planned his building, that whatever be seen through those gateways will rather aid than impair the general

* One of these gentry, who signs himself Anti Goth, but who seems to be rather more of an Anti-Solomon, recommends that the National Gallery should be erected on the *east* side of Lincoln's Inn Fields; that is, upon the site of the garden of Lincoln's Inn. Whether he has the power of making a grant of the ground, he does not say.

effect. By no means do I purpose to defend Mr. Wilkins whether right or wrong; consequently, should it really be that those two gateways will expose to view aught that will detract from, or be out of keeping with, the embellished character of the façade, I confess that he will justly incur censure. Yet as this caviller has not—probably for very sufficient reasons—done more than launch a sweeping censure against this confined area, or *cul-de-sac*, I think it but fair to withhold my judgment for the present; and should it turn out, after all, that the architect has availed himself of the circumstances of the site, of its actual defects, so as, with some appearance of motive, to vary his extended façade, without breaking its continuity, and to suggest the idea of depth as well as length, let the space behind be ever so confined in itself, he cannot very well be refused the merit of cleverly taking advantage of even unfavourable circumstances.

Besides the numerous captious objections, not to say perverse misrepresentations, and the absolute silliness, that have appeared in the newspapers, Mr. Wilkins' design has been most unfairly and sneeringly spoken of in a journal which, professing as it does to be exclusively devoted to the fine arts, might have been expected to discuss its merits with some show of criticism, and to expose its defects, however maliguantly, with some pretension to cleverness. The paper to which I allude is indeed merely a letter to the editor; but as that is the only notice of the subject, and as he has made no comment upon it, I presume that the latter coincides with the writer, unless he considers the whole matter a mere newspaper squabble of the day, beneath his attention. Let us hear the tone which criticism upon art is permitted to assume in this country, and in this intellectual nineteenth century. After assuring us that the "mountain of a nation's groans" has "been the parent of a very *mouse*,"* this critical gentleman proceeds thus: "It is a mouse clad in an architectural garb, to be sure, but withal a mere mouse! It has a portico—a dome—ay, and triumphal arches—with military gateways into the bargain; it has long sides, 'lengthily drawn out,' to give it extent one way, and an *excavated* (*sic*) esplanade in front to give it height." Then comes a flourish of puns; after which he continues: 'It is a long, disconsolate-looking building, with a mongrel aspect. It has, thanks to rules, a decent-looking portico—but, thanks to no rules, it has this said glaring gap of an archway on either side, infinitely more important than the delicate centre, with its consumptive steps, and *unassuming* triple entrances. Then there is a dome well calculated, with its ornamental ribs, to retain the genial wet of heaven; and which will *effect*, what all loyal subjects must wish,—*preserve* the present rain." And this is the stuff, the drivelling maudlin, that is to be passed off as criticism!—such the intellectual calibre of the people who snarl at Mr. Wilkins! The writer's eagerness for a stale, vulgar pun, has not only caused him to break Priscian's head most wofully, and, "thanks to no rules" of grammar, to blunder on to his contemptible joke, but also betrays that the joke was father to the criticism upon the dome. From reasons he most prudently abstains, economising what he does not seem to be very abundantly stocked with, and therefore merely tells us that the building is disconsolate-looking, and has a mongrel aspect, leaving it to others to find out the cause. It is amusing, however, to perceive that, united as they are in determined hostility to him, the architect's opponents are likely by and by to fall out among themselves; for by his objecting to the consumptive steps in this design, our critic seems to entertain a very different opinion from that of the *John Bull* and the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, who can perceive only sheer absurdity in the magnificent flight at the London University. What may be the punster's opinion of St. Martin's, I know not; but most probably he can see nothing "mongrel" in a structure altogether in a different style from its portico.

Disdaining to assume even the semblance of fairness, the *John Bull* commences its attack upon "the brick-house of the insulated university in the mud, nicknamed by us, most ungraciously, Stinkomalee." If such insulting abuse—more insulting to his own readers than to the architect—is substituted by him for aught that looks like reason, this writer's opinions are not likely to prove either of any value or any influence. As he, however, brings in Mr. Gwilt, it may be worth our while to see how that gentleman speaks of the university; and he assures us, "that however unpleasant it may be to Mr. Wilkins to hear, as it is painful to tell him, the truth, the portico named is considered as inconsistent a production of art as ever was designed, and far from beautiful in its general proportions."

Most severely has Mr. Wilkins been taken to task for his "excessive vanity,"

* After just saying that the building is to be admired only for its size, it is strange that this writer should compare it to a *mouse*. Surely he might as well have preserved his consistency while he indulged his spite, and denounced it as an architectural monster—*ingens, informe*.

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

# TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XLI. MAY, 1833. VOL. VII.


## SPEECHES DELIVERED IN BANQUO REGINÆ,

BEFORE OLIVER, LORD PROTECTOR OF THE WORLD OF LETTERS, AND A JURY OF FRASERIANS:

WITH NOTES AND COMMENTS BY MORGAN RATTLER.

### MIRABEAU *v.* MACAULAY *and others.*

SIR CHARLES BOTHERALL, KT.

In this case I am counsel for Honoré Gabriel Riquetti Comte de Mirabeau. I am anxious faithfully to perform my duty towards my illustrious client; but I am unable to proceed in the course I originally intended, and which would certainly be more advisable than that which circumstances compel me to pursue. This is to me a matter of extreme grief; for the task I have undertaken is difficult from its extent and its intricacy. Mirabeau never had justice done him by his contemporaries; posterity has dealt with him still more foully. Time, in reference to him, appears stripped of all those fine moral attributes wherewith the poet loves to adorn the fabled scythe-bearer; he neither displays himself as the Beautifier of the dead—the Comforter—the Corrector—or the Avenger. The physical qualities with which he is invested, when he forces himself upon the mortal eye, are alone to be discerned even by the mental vision; he has gone on begriming, obliterating, confounding. Thus does it happen, that each succeeding year which has rolled by makes it harder and more hard to raise Mirabeau to his proper pedestal in the temple of fame. The thousand errors which prevailed respecting him in his own day have been sanctified by time; and those things which were once surmise, have become a superstition. Heretofore there has been no one found generous or eccentric enough (call it which you will) to entertain towards him, I will not say a kindly, but a just feeling. Of those who have written concerning him, each has adopted and added to the bitterness of his predecessor, until at last, in *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau*, lately published, we have a well-nigh unmitigated mass of venom. When, therefore, at length a man engages in an adventure on behalf of Mirabeau, having, as he needs must, to contend against the popular prejudice, and the popular opinion, founded on a host of esteemed authorities, it were well that he should be enabled forthwith to grapple with the last, and worst, and most dangerous of his client's enemies. Marvel not, therefore, that I lament exceedingly that it is impossible for me to proceed at present in the great cause of *Mirabeau* v. *Dumont:* I have been compelled to put it off, in consequence of my inability to arrange the evidence I have to adduce, and to compress it within a compass sufficiently succinct for production in this court. I have good hope, however, that on a future day I shall succeed in proving that Dumont is a liar and a scoundrel; or, to use milder words—and almost the same words which Mirabeau himself applied to another paltry humbug—I trust I shall be able "to tear the

mask from the charlatan, to rip him up, and lay him stretched (my Lord Protector) at your feet, convicted of falsehood and incapacity." Meantime it would be idle to proceed against any other memorialist or historian, in the absence of the grand delinquent. I am ready, however, as I have before intimated to the court, to go on with the case *Mirabeau* v. *Macaulay* and others. The defendants are a batch of reviewers, who have wound a number of parasite papers about M. Dumont's book. The charges against them are ignorance, presumption, and stupidity in suffering themselves "to be led by the nose, as tenderly as asses are," by this ancient Iago. They have one and all brayed a horrid chorus in praise of Dumont's portraiture of Mirabeau; but Macaulay has acted as Chorægus, and is consequently alone worthy of consideration. More seriously to speak: all our periodicals have praised Dumont's *Mirabeau;* and the universal cry is, Εὕρηκα, — I have found the real Mirabeau at last! Avaunt, ye pseudo-Mirabeaus, that have so long flitted before my eyes in ever-varying and shadowy indistinctness! Dumont alone has devised the spell to evoke him from the silent earth, and restore him to day, in all his living lineaments. All may now gaze upon him without glamour. Both those who fondly considered him a demigod, and those who, putting faith in his calumniators alone, regarded him with mingled detestation and amazement, abhorring the individual, and contemplating the monuments of his genius in deeds and works with a hating admiration, as though they had been the result of "arts inhibited;" both now may learn that they were mistaken, and that he was simply a Frenchman of a certain period, and a man of genius. Such has been the subject-matter of all the panegyrics on Dumont in the periodicals. But I will deal with only one, which is the best of its kind: it is written by Macaulay, who, although in speaking he hath a most ear-splitting sibilation, yet hath he in writing a most imposing clatter. His work, in a word, albeit consisting only of his usual declamation, is far more specious than any thing produced by his brother-reviewers; some of whom, in truth, seem to have dispensed with the trouble of reading the book, and so contented themselves with applying the scissors to a page, here and there, at random, and connecting the extracts with certain vague observations about the French revolution, which would suit Sarran's *Vie de Lafayette* just as well as Dumont's *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau.* I have selected Macaulay's work, too, for another reason, and that is, because he ought to be a high authority upon all things relating to the subject under consideration. His literary taste seems entirely to correspond with that of the Abbé de St. Réal.* He is fond of "treasons, stratagems, and spoils." The history of revolutions appears to have been the favourite study of his life. He has already written much concerning the English and French revolutions, in the periodicals. He is perpetually referring to them in his speeches; and, moreover, he was announced as the author of some volumes which are, in all probability, ere this, published, and contain a history either of the French revolution or of the revolution of July 1830, or perchance of both. In any case, he must have fagged a great deal at the modern history of France; and his opinions are consequently, in a case like the present, peculiarly deserving of attention.

But before I proceed to read the extract on which I propose to found my argument, it may be as well to shew the authority on which I so positively assert that this paper is the work of Mr. Thomas B. Macaulay. In conjunction with the internal evidence of style, and form, and course of thought, I have that which, thereto added, makes the authorship as clear as if T. Macaulay were written at the end of the last leaf. Some painters write their names on their pictures; others use a mark, or symbol, which serves quite as well as the signature to identify their works. In like manner, some magazine-men sign their names to their contributions;† others (for the most part, with-

* Author of *La Conspiration des Espagnols contre Venise*, on which Otway founded his *Venice Preserved*; *Epicharis*, from which Mister Lister manufactured a play; and of stories concerning half-a-dosen other conspiracies.

† These, by the by, are generally persons whose MSS. are not worth a curse, but who have such fine reputations, upon the scratch-me-scratch-thee system, amongst

out intending it, be it confessed) use a sign which is quite as distinct as the painter's. A friend of mine, who diversifies his graver pursuits by writing facetious poetry and funny prose, never yet indited an article without talking of blowing either his own nose, or somebody else's nose. Well, then, a nose is his sign,—a simple proboscis, be it observed, not the mystic one so celebrated in the tale of Slaukenbergius. But what is Macaulay's sign? Duessa, —the enchantress of the Red-cross Knight. In every production of his that I have ever read, from the first that gained him note to the last he has acknowledged, I find this same Duessa. In his gorgeous paper upon Milton, published in 1825, I can well remember that he tells us, certain illusions had cast over the minds of the royalists a spell potent as Duessa's, which made them, like the Red-cross Knight, imagine they were doing battle for a ladye-fair, when, in fact, they were fighting in behalf of a foul sorceress! And again, in 1832, I see in this paper on *Dumont's Mirabeau*: "During two generations, France was ruled by men, who, with all the vices of Louis XIV, had none of the art by which that magnificent prince passed off his vices for virtues. The people had now to see tyranny naked. That foul Duessa was stripped of her gorgeous ornaments. She had always been hideous; but a strange enchantment had made her seem fair and glorious in the eyes of her willing slaves. The spell was now broken; the deformity was made manifest; and the lovers, lately so happy and so proud, turned away loathing and horror-struck." In short, this pet illustration of tyranny, whereof Duessa is the soul, is dragged in by him upon all occasions, like the solitary Greek sentence by Mr. Jenkinson in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Therefore, whenever I detect Duessa in any article cast in that mould of style and thought which belongs to Macaulay, I feel justified in declaring positively that the paper in which the foul enchantress shews is indubitably his.

Now for the extract:

"We have never met with so vivid and interesting a picture of the National Assembly as that which M. Dumont has set before us. His Mirabeau, in particular, is incomparable. All the former Mirabeaus were daubs in comparison."

He then goes on to say—

"He was fond, M. Dumont tells us, of giving odd compound nicknames. Thus M. de Lafayette was Grandison-Cromwell; the King of Prussia was Alaric-Cottin; D'Espremenil was Crispin-Catiline. We think that Mirabeau himself might be described, after his own fashion, as a Wilkes-Chatham. He had Wilkes's sensuality, Wilkes's levity, Wilkes's insensibility to shame. Like Wilkes, he had brought on himself the censure even of men of pleasure by the peculiar grossness of his immorality, and by the obscenity of his writings. Like Wilkes, he was heedless, not only of the laws of morality, but of the laws of honour. Yet he affected, like Wilkes, to unite the character of the demagogue to that of the fine gentleman. Like Wilkes, he conciliated, by his good-humour and his high spirits, the regard of many who despised his character. Like Wilkes, he was hideously ugly; like Wilkes, he made a jest of his own ugliness; and, like Wilkes, he was, in spite of his ugliness, very attentive to his dress, and very successful in affairs of gallantry. Resembling Wilkes in the lower and grosser parts of his character, he had, in his higher qualities, some affinity to Chatham. His eloquence, as far as we can judge of it, bore no inconsiderable resemblance to that of the great English minister.

"He was not eminently successful in long, set speeches. He was not, on the other hand, a close and ready debater. Sudden bursts, which seemed to be the effect of inspiration,—short sentences, which came like lightning, dazzling, burning, striking down every thing before them—sentences which, spoken at critical moments, decided the fate of great questions—sentences which at once became proverbs—sentences which every body still knows by heart;—in these chiefly lay the oratorical power both of Chatham and Mirabeau."

Here is a fine splash of words! Wilkes-Chatham! O, Thomas Macaulay, you have entirely mistaken Mirabeau! How came you not to see that, with the solitary exception of the King of Prussia,—who was a sort of civilised Suwarrow—a being in whom, with

those *chiffonniers* of literature who swarm in the low coteries of the metropolis, that a nervous reader is afraid not to be delighted through the magic of the name; and it accordingly answers a publisher's purpose not to reject any trash which is decorated with a word of power.

great talent, the savage and the ludicrous were fearfully and fantastically blended,—all the other individuals that he so described were persons for whom he entertained the most supreme contempt? Surely, too, it is idle to imagine that any man of genius and action—any man, especially, of the highest order of genius—can be so described How many hundred great men would it require to make up a Julius Cæsar or an Alexander? Nonsense—and Wilkes-Chatham, too! My good fellow, Mirabeau soared far above the minister, and never sunk to the standard of the Common Councilman Touching the sensuality—it had only one direction, and what mortal is there who has not some pet sense that he is impelled to gratify, when occasion offers, in an inordinate degree! As to the levity, I know not that he ever displayed the least in any affair of moment Certain it is that, from his early youth to the hour of his death, he devoted all his energies with unflinching constancy to the furtherance of rational liberty, and this under circumstances of danger, and difficulty, and hardship, and discouragement, and oppression of mind and body, such as no other human being ever has contended against Touching the insensibility to shame, I deny that it ever existed No man was more keenly alive to the infliction of blame, even from enemies, and when undeserved; although he never suffered his conduct to be swayed by the feeling that yet preyed upon him

See what Dumont himself says upon this subject In one place he observes "Je n'ai pas connu un homme qui fut plus jaloux de l'estime de ceux qu'il estimait lui-meme, et qu'on pût mener plus loin par un sentiment d'honneur" Surely, now, this characteristic quality is quite incompatible with an insensibility to shame In another place Dumont remarks. "Je l'ai vu pleurer à demi-suffoqué de douleur, en disant avec amertume, 'J'expie bien cruellement les erreurs de ma jeunesse!'"

"Like Wilkes, he had brought on himself the censure even of men of pleasure by the peculiar grossness of his immorality, and by the obscenity of his writings" Now, Thomas Macaulay, on what authority do you state this? Your utter ignorance touching every thing relating to the character, conduct, and history of Mirabeau, renders your own assertion worthless. And here you have not even the apocryphal support of your friend Dumont He indeed utters some stupid truisms about the coarseness of passages in the letters to Madame de Mounier, (which, however, taken altogether, are inferior only—if inferior—as amatory effusions to *La Nouvelle Heloise*,) and says, "Dans ces temps de solitude, *où son imagination se devorait elle-même*, il composa un autre ouvrage erotique, qui n'etait qu'un ramas de ce qu'il y avait de plus impur *dans tous les auteurs de l'antiquite*" But he does not insinuate that either the letters or the *Erotica-Biblion* (nine-tenths of which, by the by, consist in recitals of adventures recorded in the Old Testament, with remarks thereon—so that here the orthodox arrangement is inverted, and the hymen of *les auteurs de l'antiquite* are only allowed the tithe) drew down upon him the censure of men of pleasure, and it would be preposterous to suppose that it such a period they could, when there was a positive rage for obscene compositions —when a degree of talent was prostituted upon them which has seldom been equalled in any productions, grave or gay—and when the avowed authors of such works as *Faublas** and *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* were welcome visitors in the *boudoirs* of the loveliest and most virtuous ladies of France Besides, it should be considered, first, that the morbid state of mind to which Dumont alludes ought to be accepted as some apology for the *composition* of his two erotic works Surely the long infliction of that horrific solitude, which would have overturned a weak intellect, may be well pleaded in favour of the wayward wanderings of a spirit which was clogged

* Dumont is very indignant at the idea of Madame Roland's being so misguided as to imagine the possibility of *le frivole auteur de Faublas* being a good republican, &c! Ha! ha! *Frivole!* Why, Louvet's intellect bore precisely the same relation to Dumont's that an angel's might to an oyster's. The proportion would stand thus

Louvet's intellect Dumont's intellect. angel's intellect oyster's intellect.

I suppose, if we were to turn this into an equation, we should, out of compliment to Dumont's humanity, set down the oyster's intellect as 1.

by sympathies with weak flesh, though in itself mighty, pervading, and incapable of subjection or control. Secondly, it should be remembered—or rather it should be stated—that there be circumstances which one might urge strongly in extenuation of his offence against society,—the publication of these productions. The one was published for the purpose of providing money to pay for the nursing of his daughter—his child, by Madame de Mounier—both parents being left in their confinement in a state as nearly as may be approaching utter destitution by their respective families; and the other work, together with the *Lettres de Cachet*, was published to raise funds to enable him to carry on his suit for the restitution of civil rights.* If Macaulay knew this, he should have declared it. Of Dumont hereafter. Thirdly, justice demands that, when Mirabeau is accused of having put forth these obscene books, it should be at the same time added, that in his maturer years he repented him of the error. In one of his letters from England (I am obliged to quote from a translation) he says: "Those works, the copyright of which belongs to the booksellers, I can have no control over; amongst others the *Erotica-Biblion*, which I sincerely regret should have ever appeared. What tempted me to write it I cannot now tell—not the *herbe tendre*, for there was none at Vincennes: but I suppose it was *le Diable poussant*.† Forget not, my dear abbé, that not much more than five lustres had passed over my head! Indeed, as I have already said, when I have it in my power, I will endeavour to suppress this and other writings."

"Like Wilkes, he was heedless, not only of the laws of morality, but of the laws of honour." As to the morality, Macaulay, you evidently do not lay much stress upon it; and, sooth to say, it has been at all times pretty nearly as rare a commodity in France as among your *protégés* the niggers—(by the by, Mac, you have very much the look of a white-washed nigger yourself; it is, of course, the result of the parental sympathies). But touching your observation on the insensibility to the laws of honour, it goes to say, Mirabeau would not fight duels; and the meaning, Tom, you wish it to convey is, Mirabeau was a coward. Well, really, this is very pretty; and comes with a peculiar grace from a sucking statesman, belonging to a cabinet which is glorified by the approved valour of Brougham and Durham and Graham, and the probable chivalry of Spring Rice and P. Thompson. Leigh Hunt, of the yellow breeches, *doubted* the courage of Lord Byron; Thomas Macaulay, of the sad-coloured inexpressibles, proclaims the cowardice of le Comte de Mirabeau. And such-like companions there were found, at various times, to doubt the courage or proclaim the cowardice of Frederick the Great, Marlborough, Napoleon, and Wellington. But let that pass. I would simply ask you, Mr. Macaulay, why it is you declare Mirabeau a coward? Your sole reply must be—you can have no other—because M. le Comte de Commevous-voudrez courteously invited him to a breathing at small-sword, and that he declined the invitation for the present; and that many other gentlemen insulted him with the purpose of provoking him to fight; but that he was not to be so driven to the field. Now hear what your friend Dumont says upon the subject, and remember that, previous to the period whereof he speaks, there was no stain upon the count's honour—no dream that he was not as brave as Bayard or Duguesclin. In his youth he raised himself, by his exemplary conduct and remarkable courage, from the rank of volunteer to that of captain of dragoons: money or interest he had none. And when, after all this, crowned as he was with the soldier's early praise, and buoyant with the hope of future honour, he applied to his father for means to purchase his majority; he was answered by a silly truism, to the effect that the Bayards and Duguesclins had never raised themselves by purchase.

Remember, too, that he suffered by the verdict of a court of law for challenging the Baron de Moans, (who insulted his sister la Marquise de la Cabris;) and for flogging the Baron, on his refusing to give him satisfaction. Here is something in your own way; and there be other like passages in the previous time which do not now occur

* Les Animaux malades de la Peste. (La Fontaine.)

† He was, in his absence from France, tried and condemned to the death for the abduction of Mdme. de Mounier, and executed in effigy.

to me. But during the sitting of the National Assembly he had resolved not to fight. Was there any thing cowardly in this? Let any man consider his position for a moment, and he will not dare to say that there was. Why, if he had not made this resolution, his first speech would, in all human probability, have been his last; and then farewell to all his mighty schemes for the regeneration of his native country, and through it of the world. There were dozens and dozens of mad royalists ready to fight for those doctrines which they could not otherwise defend, since, in sooth, they understood them not; and he must have at last fallen a victim to the skill or fortune of some of his antagonists. In fact, if he had not made this resolve, nothing could have saved his life. No rank was high enough, no place sufficiently sacred, to protect the gentleman who took side against the court. Hear one little anecdote, related by Bertrand de Moleville:—

"After the return of the Duke of Orleans from England, being in the queen's apartments, M. de Goguelas, who happened to be there, went up to him, took him by the shoulder, and twirling him violently round upon his heels, said, in a very loud voice, 'Hah! you here? you scoundrel! How dare you appear in this place?'"

I say nothing of M. de Frondeville, a grave president of parliament, having insulted this first prince of the blood, and expressed his willingness to meet him in the field, in reply to a challenge from which the scoundrel father of a scoundrel son afterwards shrunk.

There was, therefore, nothing cowardly in Mirabeau's resolve to refrain from maintaining those opinions in the field which he had launched from the tribune—when he cautiously abstained from offering the slightest personal offence, even in reply to the grossest insult—when he at all times preserved in his orations a due regard for the dignity of the assembly, and the rights of each member. In truth, therefore, it was not cowardly. Was it so considered by his contemporaries—by the very men who were anxious to spill his blood? Most certainly not. Hear the evidence of two fierce political opponents.

The daughter of Necker, who deems it necessary to apologise for saying any thing that might appear favourable to her father's enemy, and who evidently did not understand Mirabeau's character in the first instance, and, secondly, would not have done it justice if she did—even she bears testimony upon this subject in the following words:

"Quand il se levoit pour parler, quand il montoit à la tribune, la curiosité de tous étoit excitée; personne ne l'estimoit, mais on avoit une si haute idée de ses facultés, que nul n'osoit l'attaquer, si ce n'est ceux des aristocrates, qui, ne se servant point de la parole, lui envoyoient défi sur défi pour l'appeler en duel. Il s'y refusoit toujours, *prenant note sur ses tablettes des propositions de ce genre qu'on lui adressoit, et promettant qu'il y répondroit à la fin de l'Assemblée.* Il n'est pas juste, disoit-il, en parlant d'un honnête gentilhomme de je ne sçais quelle province, que j'expose un homme d'esprit comme moi contre un sot comme lui. *Et chose bizarre dans un pays tel que la France, cette conduite ne la déconsidéroit pas; elle ne faisoit pas même suspecter son courage. Il y avoit quelque chose de si martial dans son esprit, de si hardi dans ses manières, qu'on ne pouvoit accuser un tel homme d'aucune peur.*" *

So that, according to Madame de Staël, those hot gallants of France, who keep their honour at a wary distance, never once suspected his courage. But what says Bertrand de Moleville? †

"*He has been unjustly accused of cowardice: on several occasions, when his life only was at stake, he has given unequivocal proofs of courage.* But he was often dastardly through avarice or vanity. There was no insult, however serious, which he could not bear, when he had a large sum to receive, or an important speech to deliver in the Assembly next day; and it seldom happened but that one or other of these was the case."

I have quoted this passage entire, for the purpose of shewing the bitter feeling of the writer towards Mirabeau, and thus establishing the value of his testimony when it happens to be favourable. The only thing really to be gained from the passage is, that a man who detested Mirabeau, yet feels himself in common justice compelled to say, that he did not believe the count was a coward, and that he never had any reason to imagine he was; for as to the charge of venality, and the rest,

* Considérations sur les principaux Evénemens de la Révolution Française, tom i. p. 263. † Annales de la Révolution Française.

I shall hereafter shew that there is small pretence for believing it was not unfounded. Let me now, however, summon one more witness—the immaculate and right trustworthy Dumont himself. What does he say? That Mirabeau acted very wisely in not fighting at the period, and had observed to him, "Ils auront autant des spadassins qu'ils voudront, et ils pourront avec des duels se débarrasser de tout ce qui leur fait ombrage; car enfin, quand on en aurait tué dix, on succomberait au onzième." But certainly the fellow insinuates that he had no faith in Mirabeau's bravery, and it is from him Macaulay must have caught his belief in Mirabeau's cowardice. He introduces the subject by observing, "On a élevé des doutes sur le courage personnel de Mirabeau;" and without any affirmation or negation of the charge upon his own part, he goes on to state that he "très sagement" declined to fight during the session; and then proceeds forthwith to give us recollections which certainly are not calculated to convey a high idea of his friend's courage. "Il était toujours armé de pistolets, et ses domestiques l'étaient de même. Il craignit souvent d'être assassiné, quoique sans raison, car il n'y a pas eu d'attentat de cette nature; et qui aurait osé commettre un crime si dangereux dans la disposition où le peuple était alors?" And then comes a story which will either reflect honour upon the courage of the count, or the veracity of the author. "Un soir à Versailles, après nous avoir quitté, vers les onze heures, nous—(now mark! there has been no person previously spoken of or indicated; if, therefore, he means to insinuate that he was accompanied by somebody, and consequently had a witness of the truth of his statement, to whom, if it so pleased him, he might have referred, it is a gross and palpable trick; so that we must prefer taking the change from singular to plural in M. Dumont's expression of his identity as an attempt at an idiomatic turn)—"nous le vîmes rentrer quelques minutes après avec une émotion manifeste." And what was the cause? He and his servant (who, by the by, loved him devotedly), both being armed with pistols, saw a man, wrapped in a mantle, standing at the corner of the street; and they are, of course (for that is the insinuation), afraid to pass by this mysterious stranger; and therefore return to claim the safe conduct of M. Dumont. He starts with them, brave as a lion. The stranger turns out to be merely a servant waiting for his master; but still it is necessary that the philosopher should see the ex-captain of dragoons to his own door. "Et après avoir laissé Mirabeau à sa porte, nous rentrâmes sans mauvaise rencontre!" So that the moral is, that the count and his servant, with a couple of brace of pistols, were afraid to do that which M. Dumont did unarmed and alone. O, Macaulay! Macaulay!

But let us go on. "Yet he affected, like Wilkes, to unite the character of the demagogue to that of the fine gentleman." What do you mean by demagogue, Macaulay? You cannot answer. You will be obliged to tell me that the word bears two significations—one, ancient and honourable; the other, modern and disgraceful. Why do you, then, thus apply the term to the two men, without specifying the sense in which you use it? Tib. Gracchus, Caius Gracchus, and Julius Cæsar, were demagogues—O'Connell, Cobbett, and Hunt, are demagogues; yet did any body ever dream of putting the old and new "leaders of the people" into the same category either of politicians or created beings? Why then attempt to foist a parallel upon us by the application of a term which, if used in the one sense, must sink Mirabeau beyond measure; and which, if used in the other, must in like fashion raise Wilkes? And then, why do you talk of Mirabeau's *affecting* the fine gentleman? How was it possible that in France he could, with his birth, breeding, education, talents, genius, and even passions, be any thing but a fine gentleman? He was born of the aristocracy—he passed his youth in the best society—he never lived in the soul-abasing shadow of a superior—(one, I mean, whom he was obliged to acknowledge a superior, and who, from the prejudices of education, traditional opinions, and conventional feelings, impressed from childhood alike by precept and circumstances, could, as it were, of inherent right, rebuke him with his eye)—he was, in a word, a gentleman; and so felt that even a king was nothing more than *le premier entre égaux*. Besides, his whole history proves that he had wit and genius and learning, and an exceeding love for the sex; and that he passed the great portion of his life in the society

of ladies. Surely, then, it is quite as impossible that he should not have been a fine gentleman, as that, being so, he should deem it necessary, like Wilkes, to affect the character.

The next sentence deserves no remark: it is taken from a story of Dumont's, at which we shall laugh hereafter. I approach the last:—"Like Wilkes, he was hideously ugly; like Wilkes, he made a jest of his own ugliness; and, like Wilkes, he was, in spite of his ugliness, very successful in affairs of gallantry."

To begin with the beginning. Thomas Macaulay, I admire the emphatic manner in which you, who are yourself a handsome man, and the colleague of Brougham, Durham, and other handsome men, enunciate the ill-favouredness of Mirabeau. It is quite in keeping with your horror of his cowardice. As to his being successful in gallantry, you are at least *old* enough to know that personal appearance has little to do with it. If you have any doubts on the subject, however, read Grammont, about le petit Jermyn and his triumphs, and you will be enlightened;—and as to the dress, ill-looking men, as needing it most, are likely to be most curious in it. But now, really if he were, like Wilkes, hideously ugly, he was not, like Wilkes, ugly hideously; and if he made a jest of his ugliness, there was nothing joyous in it: for although he really suffered little from his ill-favouredness, yet would he fain have been godlike in countenance as he was in mind. His strong feeling upon this subject is visible in his writings and speeches, and even in that mirth, mocking itself, wherewith he used sometimes to allude to his ugliness. Allusions to it occur frequently in his letters. To save others from sharing his fate, he wrote treatises in favour of vaccination; and we find him earnestly imploring his wife and father that his son may be vaccinated, observing (I quote from memory), "The certainty of not being disfigured is worth something; I should be very happy that my son were not so ugly as his father." And to Madame de Mounier he writes in like fashion about their daughter.

Besides, when Mirabeau had not actually, like Wilkes, the face of a leering satyr assigned to him by nature, it is rather annoying to hear him styled hideously ugly—it jars upon the feelings. The highest order of genius we have generally found combined with the greatest beauty consistent with the most intellectual expression. Thus was it in the cases of the greatest men the earth ever knew—Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon,*

"Fame's thunder-bearing minions."

And those who gaze upon such creatures may, with a pardonable superstition—if such indeed it be—exclaim,

"This is the porcelain clay of human kind,
And *therefore* cast into those noble moulds."†

It consequently—I repeat it—jars strangely on the feelings, when we hear a man of the highest order of genius is hideously ugly; and it becomes a matter of interest to examine if this indeed be the case; or, at least, if these harsh words be fairly applied. Here they undoubtedly are not. The fact of Mirabeau's being ugly, might have been communicated without shocking that superstition to which I have alluded. Mirabeau was terribly scarred with the small-pox. His countenance, however, was naturally a fine one—such as limners might love to paint, and ladies to look upon; but the smoothness and sheen of the surface was quite destroyed by the disease. Still, the expression remained unharmed, and this was, upon occasions, all that we might attribute to the demigod; and still more, I may add that he bore a wonderful likeness to his sister, who was "beautiful ex-

* Ay! certainly the third, but "following them of old with steps unequal."

† Lord Byron praises Pope, but he steals from Dryden. Milton praises Euripides, and steals from Æschylus by the yard.

The passage above quoted is from *Don Sebastian*; in *Don Juan* we find,—

"happy they!
Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mould,
The precious porcelain of human clay,
Break with the first fall."

He has not improved upon the mode of bodying forth the fine conception of Glorious John. It is dangerous for one great poet to steal from another. He can seldom do it happily. Here, for instance, the crockery-ware idea conveyed by the breaking spoils all.

ceedingly." The features, though something massive, were all good, both separately and in their proportionate relation to each other; the forehead was boldly and beautifully chiselled, and announced the principles of force and genius, as the eye did passion and power in the highest possible degree. The eyes were in truth splendid; they had really within them that *quiddam divini vigoris* attributed to the eyes of Augustus. Sometimes they were

> "Eyes, whose arrowy light
> Shone like the reflex of a thousand minds;"

and anon they gleamed forth from their depths with lurid glare, like heaven's lightning. And as for the countenance generally, it was capable of expressing every shade of feeling and passion, from the utmost tenderness and pathos, to irresistible will and the most terrific rage. The countenance, in fact, was so essentially expressive, that it was perpetually imaging forth each passing thought, unless when held under the most strict control.

"Ma physionomie parle lors même que je ne parle pas," says Mirabeau, in one of his letters to Sophie. I may remark, too, that the massive moulding of his features was, like all the qualities he possessed, physical and mental, useful extremely to one who had to address large assemblies. A face, the characteristic traits of which were delicately developed, would have been powerless as the representation of the human countenance in shadow, to communicate the successive emotions of the speaker's mind to the distant many, and thus draw them to him by the magic that "lies in God's own image;" without which the spell that can be woven of words, though often quickening, never is complete. Mirabeau, on the contrary, had the power of enforcing upon the mind, the senses, the imagination of the twelve hundred members of the National Assembly, one and all, every passage of persuasion, of argument, or of denunciation, by the pervading power of his look.

As to the comparison between Chatham and Mirabeau, it is a pretty string of words, and that is all. I will not dwell upon it; and I here close my case against the paltry defendants. When I myself speak about Mirabeau at some length, it will appear how idle it is to weigh Chatham in the same balance with him: the count, in sooth, is not a man to be made up of the characteristics of any two individuals. If time served, I think it would not be difficult [illegible] the qualities, the differences, properties, and accidents of Byron, Caius Gracchus, and Demosthenes; the whole being sublimed, and at the same time shaded, by certain of the characteristic qualities of Napoleon. And indeed, so strongly am I impressed with this opinion, that, as there is no farther business before the Court, I shall venture, even at haste, to throw out for the world's consideration certain of t[illegible] of resemblance.

similarity of many passages in character and fortunes of Byron and Mirabeau, to me appears really wonderful. Both were descended from very ancient families, which were in their respective countries raised to the rank of titled nobility for services performed in the civil wars. Charles I. conferred a baronial title upon Sir J. Byron for the gallant bearing and good services of his house against the Puritans. Louis XII. granted similar distinction to Victor Riquetti for his loyal and good service against the Huguenots. The fathers of Mirabeau and Byron were hard-hearted ruffians and selfish spendthrifts; their mothers, heiresses, most unfortunate in their marriages,—and quick-tempered women, most injudicious in their treatment of their sons, in their alternations of extreme indulgence and extreme severity. Neither Mirabeau nor Byron, therefore, enjoyed that greatest of all advantages, as Napoleon has truly described it—the fond care of a talented and gentle mother, who loves her offspring well and wisely. Neither ever knew in their boyhood the sweets of home, or the steady and soul-searching affection of parents. Both had from the first before their eyes the horrid spectacle of hate, in bosoms where love should have alone reigned; and were nurtured, either in the actual contemplation, or under the wormwood influence of domestic war. Both gentlemen, too, were disfigured (the form of one, the face of the other) in their infancy; both had the same wondrous mobility of feature and power of expression; both, indeed, had countenances in which every passing thought and passion, good or evil, was imaged; and in both cases we have high authority for the fact, that "this extreme facility of expression was sometimes painful even to admiring beholders;"

and this chiefly from the intense power of the eye So saith our own "gorgeous Lady Blessington," and so saith Madame de Mounier. Both were cast upon the world in early youth, without a friend or guide, a prey to the allurement of those fiery passions which nature had instilled into their blood; both received an extremely irregular education, both were exceedingly fond of reading books upon all manner of subjects, and thus early stored their mind with a vast deal of miscellaneous learning, which they were arranging while they added to it each succeeding year. Both displayed in early youth a strong bent to authorship, both published small volumes in their minority, with indifferent success, both were goaded into their first great effort as literary men, both wrote under the mighty inspiration of a sense of wrong, appealing to the world against the injustice they had suffered The productions of both at once placed them in the highest rank of contemporary intellect, the fortunate exertion was made by both at nearly the same period of life—Mirabeau was not yet twenty-three when he wrote his *Essai sur le Despotisme*, Byron composed the satire in his two-and-twentieth year The boyish fancies of both were martial—their boyish aspirations were for military glory—their boyish dream was to head their own retainers in many a well-fought field,* and yet Leigh Hunt doubted the courage of the one, and Thomas Macaulay proclaimed the cowardice of the other They were both, in Alfieri's fashion, partisans, or, more properly to speak, patrons of the people, for they always firmly held the multitude not to be of the same order of created beings with themselves, and would, like the "three hundred scoundrels" who oppressed Rome in the olden time, have struggled to the death against plebeian rule

Both were very inadequately provided with means to maintain their rank, and consequently had to suffer many slights, as well from their own order as from others; and were led to imagine more, which created great bitterness in their minds against those classes of mankind to whom Fortune had been more bountiful than the blind jade was to themselves Both were proud exceedingly of their birth and titles—Byron prouder, we are told, of being the descendant of the De Burons of Normandy, than of being the author of *Childe Harold* and *Manfred*, and Mirabeau to the last prouder of having sprung from the Riquettis of Florence, and of his five hundred years of historic French nobility, than of the monuments of genius he had fixed in the world's story, or the tremendous power that he wielded. Both evinced this pride after fashions between which there is a strange coincidence Witness their fondness for naming their own names and titles, and hearing them from the lips of others Witness the style in which they vaunt their nobility of blood—the one in the famous attack upon the English laureat, the other in the no less celebrated appeal against the president of the Provençal noblesse Byron, too, was most chary of his rank and style of nobility with all, even with his mistresses, and Mirabeau, notwithstanding the decree abolishing all titles of nobility, still maintained his own, and openly assailed the journalists in the National Assembly, when they attempted to reduce him to his simple cognomen † "Mais, parbleu, messieurs! avec votre Riquetti vous avez desorienté l'Europe pendant trois jours."

Byron could not repress his indignation even at a *lady's* (Madame de Biron) claiming relationship with him, Mirabeau has left a still stronger proof of his feeling on the like subject When buried in a damp unwholesome dungeon, from whence he had no near prospect of release—when cold, and want, and disease, were wasting him

* Mirabeau's brother, the vicomte, was fortunate or unfortunate enough to do in reality that of which the comte had only dreamt. After emigrating, he raised a regiment from his friends and followers, which he commanded for the king against the republicans The regiment was styled "Les Chasseurs de Mirabeau"

† Even those of the French nobility who willingly resigned the style of duc, marquis, &c clung obstinately to their territorial, historic titles, and refused to take their surnames Even the old humbug of two worlds insisted on retaining his territorial title, Lafayette, and spurned at his surname, Motié which so admirably depicts and declares his character and history. Leigh Hunt, in his book against Byron, states that he met an Italian boy whose name was in itself an opera. In accordance with this doctrine, there can be no doubt that the general's true name is in itself a biography.

—when wretched as was the condition of the other prisoners at Vincennes, his was, as he himself declares, still more wretched. "Tous les prisonniers qui sont au compte du roi ont abondamment le nécessaire; faut-il que je manque de tout, parceque je suis au compte de mon père?" This, if I remember rightly, is in a remonstrance to the minister; and in a letter to Madame de Monnier, written about the same period, he tells her, "Il est vrai de dire que je n'ai plus ni culottes, ni souliers, ni bas, ni habit." And yet such was his inextinguishable pride of birth, that we find him, in this state of want and raggedness, writing thus about le Comte de Caramant, a gentleman who claimed kindred with the house of Mirabeau. "J'ai toujours compté forcer M. de Caramant avec tous les égards dû à un homme que j'estime; mais avec toute la fermeté que je crois me devoir à quitter l'y dont il a augmenté son nom. Mon père a pu reconnoître qu'il a voulu pour son parent, le roi aussi, etc.; mais moi, je puis toujours revenir contre ces mauigances. Je ne veux de Riquetti, que ceux qui le sont; et comme MM. Riquet de Caramant ont 500,000 livres de rente, que je n'aurais jamais, il est très probable que dans cent ans le public, à qui l'autorité ni les généalogistes n'en imposent pas, mais qui n'a point le temps d'écouter les manifestes de tout le monde, prendroit la branche entée pour la bonne, et nous pour la branche entée. C'est ce que je ne veux pas."*

Mirabeau and Byron, too, were both exceedingly vain of their declamation, of their persons, and of their proficiency and excellence in athletic exercises; and both were fond of carrying arms, and partial to the buccaneer weapon. They were both men of a disposition singularly affectionate; yet they really had, neither through life nor at their death, a single friend. Byron's nearest approximation at the last to a friend, it would appear, was Moore—and a very distant approximation he himself gives us to understand it was. Mirabeau's was Talleyrand—on the possibility of any good quality in whom, in relation with his fellow-creatures, it would be idle to offer a comment. Both were at heart of a melancholy temperament, yet both possessed singular elasticity of spirits, and revelled in occasional fits of unbridled merriment; and both indeed existed only in a succession of excitements physical and mental. Both, like the many of high genius, apprehended madness—dreaded, in the words of Swift, "dying at top;" and both had moods of mind in which they actually doubted their own sanity. Both, too, exhibited a touch of *monomania*, in the feeling which was ever inducing them to exaggerate their proper offences in the eye of the world, and darkly to insinuate, as it were, in a confession wrung from the agonised heart, that they were the perpetrators of some all-nameless crime, which, however, had not a local existence even in their own imaginations. Ay, both were eternally arraigning themselves as the worst of sinners; albeit, from all that could be ever ascertained, they actually were not a whit worse than their neighbours, and differed from the multitude only in the morbid feeling which led them to proclaim what others would anxiously conceal; and in the circumstances which kept them during the great portion of their lives exposed to the inquisition of a thousand eyes. Both, too, affected to believe, or, perhaps, truly fancied, that there was an ineradicable taint of fierceness—of savageness—in their blood and race. Witness a thousand passages in Byron's correspondence, and especially this strange extract from his diary:†

* The above is stated to account to Sophie for his not soliciting the powerful interest of the house of De Caramant for his release. It may be curious to add, that the event which he apprehended has taken place, as may be seen by reference to the *Dictionnaire de la Noblesse de France*.

† John Murray is a good fellow; so I will write a note for his new edition of *Byron's Life and Works*. "Laissez aller!"—that is to say, in free and vulgar translation of the knightly phrase, "Here goes!" From the mistaken opinion which his lordship appears to have entertained of Nero, I do not think he would have written the above if he remembered that the emperor's branch of the *gens Domitia* was remarkable for that tiger-like peculiarity, which with a stern pride he claims for his own family. Nero himself was an only child, and the descendant of five only children—all male. Velleius Paterculus, speaking of a period when the father of Nero was yet living, thus alludes to the "odd circumstance" affecting

"I have been thinking of an odd circumstance: my daughter, my wife, my half-sister, my mother, my sister's mother, my natural daughter, and myself, are, or were, all *only* children. My sister's mother had only one half-sister by that second marriage (herself, too, an only child); and my father had only me (an only child) by his second marriage with my mother. Such a complication of *only* children, all tending to *one* family, is singular, and looks like fatality almost. But the fiercest animals have the rarest number in their litters,—as lions, tigers, and even elephants, which are mild in comparison."

Witness, in like manner, a host of passages in Mirabeau's correspondence, and the curious testimony of the man Dumont:

"Mirabeau avait un fils, dont j'ai ignoré la mère: il était aimé et négligé; il avait cinq ou six ans. 'Cet enfant,' disait-il, par manière d'éloge, 'a une âme féroce.' Il croyait que tout ce qui tenait du sang-Mirabeau devait être extraordinaire."

Both likewise affected an utter indifference to the opinion of the world, but the breasts of both were lacerated by its censure; both were singularly incontinent of speech,* and both were in consequence subjected to considerable annoyance; both were prone to enter into a familiarity of bearing and freedom of communication with the companion of the hour, which they had afterwards occasion to rue, alike from hurt pride and tarnished reputation—tarnished, first, by the society; and, secondly, by the misrepresentations of those persons that they spurned for

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the Ænobarban line: "Notetur Domitiæ familiæ peculiaris quædam, et ut clarissima, ita artata numero felicitas, iv. ante hunc nobilissimæ simplicitatis juvenem, Cn. Domitium, fuere singulis omnino parentibus geniti, sed omnes ad consulatum, sacerdotiaque, ad triumphi autem pæne omnes pervenerunt insignia." The "nobilissimæ simplicitatis juvenis" was the father of Nero—the gentleman who himself observed that nothing could be generated by him and Agrippina (the daughter of Germanicus) but what was detestable and pernicious to the common weal. And indeed the physiological principle set forth by Byron, "that the fiercest animals have the rarest numbers in their litters," applies directly to the Ænobarbi,—for a fiercer, a prouder, or more cruel race, there never yet existed, either amongst men or brutes. Of the Domitii, as of the Douglasses, there were two branches, distinguished by their complexions and the colour of their hair, the one black, the other red. From the old legend we learn that Lucius Domitius, while walking in the country, had his hair changed from black to red by two young men (Castor and Pollux, of course), for the purpose of convincing him of the truth of their divine mission, and to induce him to convey the news of a victory to Rome. His branch then assumed the agnomen of Ænobarbus (Copper-beard); and the first man of note among them was Nero's great-great-grandfather Cneus, who conquered the Allobroges, and who, by an act of the vilest treachery, bore Bituitus, chief of the Averni, captive to Rome, and who was also the first of all the wolfish conquerors and atrocious scoundrels of the republic to insult the vanquished, by the erection of monuments in their country to perpetuate their discomfiture and the Roman triumph. He was the man, too, on whom Crassus the orator and avenger of the Gracchi made the bitter remark, "That it was no matter of wonderment that he should have a copper beard, who had an iron mouth and a leaden heart." His son opposed J. Cæsar, and he is described by the historians as a man of an inconstant, and yet atrocious disposition. The next in succession was the greatest of the name—a most distinguished officer in the civil wars; but he had the full taint of the vices inherent in his blood. His son is described as arrogant, profuse, and cruel—as having, when only an ædile, compelled L. Plancus the censor to give him the wall—as having, during the games in honour of his prætorship and consulship, produced Roman knights and Roman matrons upon the stage—and as having exhibited combats of gladiators with such excessive cruelty, that Augustus, after in vain remonstrating with him in private, was obliged to restrain him by a public edict. Then came the father of Nero, "in every passage of his life detestable"—who killed his freedman for refusing to drink, and was therefore cut by his regiment—who wantonly drove over a child (it is said) on the Appian way, and poked out the eye of a Roman knight for being, as he conceived, something saucy—and who, moreover, was accused of treason, adultery, and incest with his sister Lepida. Nero followed him; and every body knows that Nero was no saint, though I am well convinced that history has done him foul wrong. These formed the largest and the most celebrated batch of only-children that were ever known.

* Mirabeau, it is evident, (alas for history!) could keep state secrets. But Mirabeau the politician was a very different creature from Mirabeau the count.

presuming upon their condescension.* Both, by the operation of a different phasis of the same feeling, which induced this unbecoming laxity of communication, breathed their whole thoughts and soul into their works, making them instinct throughout with the history of their own passions and adventures, whether good or evil, joyous recklessly, or fraught with wretchedness. Both also (perchance under an influence similar to the above mentioned) were delightful companions in the social hour, flinging to the winds the gravity of mediocrity, the reserve of the prudent, and the supercilious coldness of the world's minions. Both had attained undying fame, not by slow and anxious steps, but by strides such as those that bore the Earth-shaker from the woody Samos to his palace in the deep. Both, too, by the way, were, in their respective works, most happy in the illustrations which they borrowed from the classics. Both, too, had the habit of setting down—of fixing, as it were—those passing thoughts which delighted them (no matter what the subject) in their familiar letters to their friends, and afterwards reproducing them, to live for all time, in their publications. Both were accused of wholesale plagiary; both were maligned, as men and authors, by such literary nightmen as Attila Watts, Leigh Hunt, and Dumont—creatures whom they had themselves fed;† and, apropos to these fellows, both were entirely beloved by their other dependents and domestics. Both were gentlemen of exceedingly bland and frank manners; both intimate haters of hypocrisy and cant; and both carried their aversion to them to an extent which led them into an unwise braving of popular prejudices, and the public judgment. Both held pretty much the same religious opinions—doubters of the Christian creed, but, in seriousness, no scoffers; and utter abominators of the dull doctrines of materialism. Both, in a word, were adorers of the sublimity, the poetry, of a religion, which declares the pure existence of that Divinity with which all nature is instinct; and yet both "fell upon evil tongues," for making light remarks touching the details connected with our faith, and set forth in the sacred volume.

Both had made the spring-time of their life a season of riot, and both suffered deeply from it, morally and physically: they had "become old in their youth." Ambition was the only passion, after a brief course of their existence, which rendered life worth enduring to them; for of all the things detailed in *Manfred* which crush the heart and stamp the wrinkle on the brow of youth "had they partaken."‡

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* Every body remembers how Byron was wont to get drunk with —— ——, and how he afterwards ordered him to be kicked down stairs by his valet for taking a book from the library without his lordship's leave. This was the proper and practical mode of proceeding. And I have nothing parallel to produce on the part of Mirabeau; although I am not at all sure that he did not occasionally amuse himself by kicking the Suisses, who might have probably, however, received it as a mark of favour, as the count's valet, Teutch, according to Dumont, did—but as Teutch wrote no Souvenirs, we hear nothing of it. Mirabeau, however, philosophises, in a letter from the donjon of Vincennes, upon the question of undue familiarity in inferiors. He says:—"Quoiqu'il en soit, ma Sophie, je ne te reprocherai jamais cette faculté cordiale et naïve qui t'a donnée la nature, et qui te porte à mettre, soit dans la conversation, soit dans les procédés, tout le monde à ton niveau. J'ai le même penchant, et je n'ai encore trouvé personne qui à la longue n'en abusât. Ils sont très-rares ceux qui ont assez de délicatesse et de moderation pour sentir que lorsque leurs supérieurs veulent bien oublier qu'ils le sont, c'est un motif de plus pour que les inférieurs s'en souviennent. Assurément je ne suis pas haute (quoique fier, surtout dans l'infortune, parceque j'ai toujours voulu et espéré valoir mieux par mon personnel que par mes parchemins), mais je vois que le plus souvent on prend de l'affabilité pour de la familiarité. J'ai cent et cent fois, partout et en tout temps, été temoin de cette méprise de jugement. Je m'y suis toujours exposé, et probablement je m'y exposerai toujours. 19 July, 1776."—Tom ii. p. 260–1.

† I think Sir Charles is wrong about Attila. I do not believe that this Cockney-Hun, or Hungary-Cockney, ever succeeded in making good his way to Byron's kitchen. I mention this for the sake of fair play.

‡ "There is an order
Of mortals on the earth who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
Without the violence of warlike death:

Both were successful in affairs of gallantry,*

" —— having kissed
All those that would, regretting those they missed;"

and both were fond, exceedingly, of talking, writing, and boasting of that success, and affecting the libertine to a greater extent than they ever played it. Both were beloved fervently and fondly by every woman with whom they were connected for the briefest period, excepting only their wives. Both, it was remarked, might be led to almost any thing by every woman with whom they lived, excepting their wives only. A Lejay could mould the Count de Mirabeau to her will, a Margaretta Cogni could do the like with my Lord Byron. But touching their matrimonial fortunes, what of them? Did they bear any similitude? Ay, and a similitude most strange! They both married, after a tempestuous youth, for the purpose of settling steadily in life,—retiring to a quiet hearth, and assuming that high station in society to which they were alike entitled by birth and genius. They both married ladies whom they really did not love, but whom prudence seemed to point out to them as befitting and desirable partners. They both married heiresses, and only children; the one the daughter of Sir Ralph Millbanke, the other the daughter of the Marquis de Marignane. They each displaced six suitors.† Neither received with his lady a provision adequate to meet the absolute necessities of an increased expenditure; this brought on new embarrassments; while the circumstance of their having married heiresses drew down upon them the most peremptory demands from all their old creditors. This soured the temper of the husbands, who felt that the change from which they fondly hoped so much, instead of bettering their condition, had only wrought them misery. Matrimonial bickerings ensued, but never of a nature sufficiently serious to excite the sympathy or even attract the attention of strangers. It was only at a later period that they were known to have taken place at all. The husbands were both made fathers, an event at which they were each delighted. They were both separated from their wives. What was the cause?

" Not any of the many could divine."

Their ladies left them for the purpose of visiting the elder members of the families, with the husbands' full consent and approbation. The ladies bade farewell to their spouses in terms of the utmost kindness and endearment. They wrote, in the course of their journeys, in the " *most playful*" and affectionate manner to their " loving

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Some perishing of pleasure, some of study;
Some worn with toil, some of mere weariness;
Some of disease, and some insanity,—
And some of withered and of broken hearts;
For this last is a malady that slays
More than are numbered in the lists of fate,
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names."

* Mirabeau, by the by, was much more the man *à bonnes fortunes* than Byron. It was through his fame as a man of genius, and as " the observed of all observers," alone that Byron was successful; and really his conquests were not of the highest order in the annals of gallantry. The ladies with whom he prevailed were all either of a certain age, or else of no very fascinating appearance, with the solitary exception of Giuccioli (who, however, is not to be compared to any one of the count's mistresses); and then his lordship descended to low *liaisons* which Mirabeau would not have been fettered by for an hour. Mirabeau, on the contrary, was successful from temperament and earnestness, and the power of communicating the burning passion he himself experienced, and from assiduous practice, and the deepest knowledge of the human heart, and the constant capability of availing himself of those critical moments, on the use of which the destinies alike of ladies and of empires are well known to depend. Therefore it is that we find the count a happy fellow with the women at all periods of his life, and conditions of his fame and fortunes. Poverty, obscurity, exile, never were able to mar his luck; and perhaps there never yet was the man who had more and better *bonnes fortunes* than Mirabeau.

† Byron says, in a letter to Moore, " You will not deny her (Miss Millbanke's) judgment, after having refused *six suitors* and taken me." The six refused for Mirabeau were, M. de la Valette, M. Dalbertas, le Marquis de Grammont, le Vicomte de Chabullant, le Marquis de Caumont, M. de Valbelle.

lords," whom they had in truth deserted,—whose hearts they consigned to misery, and whose hearths they devoted to desolation. For the one, Moore states, "Lady Byron had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father's house in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was in a short time after to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness; she wrote him a letter full of playfulness and affection, on the road," &c. &c. And in another place he remarks: "In truth, the circumstances so unexampled that attended their separation,—the last words of the parting wife to the husband being those of the most playful affection, while the language of the deserted husband towards the wife was in a strain of the tenderest eulogy,—are in themselves a sufficient proof, that at the time of their parting there could be no deep sense of injury on either side."

Touching the other (Madame de Mirabeau), it appears that she left her husband on the 23d of October, 1771, at his own request, for the purpose of going to Paris, "afin d'y prévenir son beau-père (le Marquis de M.) et sa famille sur les suites d'une affaire bizarre et malheureuse, tout-à-fait étrangère à Madame de Mirabeau, dans laquelle son mari se trouva engagé par un sentiment honnête et une démarche imprudente. Depuis cette époque Madame de Mirabeau ne l'a jamais revu (le fait est incontestable, et de notoriété publique). Or voici de nombreux fragmens des lettres qu'elle lui écrivoit, et de sa route, et de la maison de son beau-père, où pendant 18 mois elle a reçu les marques de l'amitié les plus soutenus, où toujours elle temoigna pour son mari une vive tendresse." And thus they parted! Incidentally, I may observe, I am sorry for it. Justice, moral and poetical, would have been much better fulfilled if the husbands had dealt with their gentle dames as Simon Fairfield does with the heroine of the ballad, "As I sat upon a bench." Then, indeed, might they have said, and posterity heard with satisfaction,—

"THUS WE PARTED."

But fate would have it otherwise; they endeavoured to effect a reconciliation; but it was bootless. They who had received the injury freely offered pardon; it was not accepted: and charity would fain believe that the women *could* not believe in the sincerity of that proffered pardon. In both cases,

"Their friends had tried at reconciliation,
Then their relations, who made matters worse."

The fathers-in-law* were, in either case, dull, easy men, who were dragooned by their daughters and other female relatives; and amongst those of the Marquis de Marignane, there was one who played the part of *Discordia tetra* in the Mirabeau dispute; as Byron alleges the heroine of his attic sketch did in his affair. I forget the names of both these persons, but remember that Mirabeau's foe had some excuse beside the natural love of mischief, as she was next in succession to the Marignane property after the count's wife; who, by the by, suspected her of having poisoned her son.† But for years, however, the hope of a reunion was not resigned by the moral Agamemnons. They wrote, till their letters were returned unopened. They both, in some sort, struggled for the attainment of their soul-seated wish, by a public appeal; they had, in the course of a brief time, "become sadder and wiser men;" they longed, at they cared not what outward sacrifice of pride, or unseen laceration of the heart, to return to society, to cease to be a mark of hostility to the base world,—the butt of every sneaking scribbler or emasculated courtier, who affected the moralist or the champion of dames—to cease to be, in a word, a thing "for daws to peck at." They longed to place themselves again on the broad

* Mirabeau says,—"Mon beau-père est un homme honnête, mais il aime uniquement sa fille qui est son seul enfant. Elle parle, et j'ai toujours dédaigné de parler. Il la croit, et je ne l'ai jamais détrompé; il est foible, elle est présente, et je suis absent; il m'a pris en haine." It will be recollected, that there is something very like this in one of Byron's letters, wherein he speaks of Sir Ralph Millbanke, and his daughter's and wife's influence over him.

† "Madame de Mirabeau a soupçonné que son malheureux enfant avoit été empoisonné; elle a été si frappée de terreur, que son premier mouvement a été de se sauver dans ma famille," &c. 16 Mai, 1779.

highway to the distinction that all men most prize,—that which is won in their own country and their own circle; and they infused their whole mighty genius into appeals that must not have only acted directly upon the sensibilities of the fair foes (if any sensibilities they had), but also indirectly, and still more strongly, through the world. Many an eye has wept over Byron's "Fare thee well;" and many a kind heart has wondered how such feelings as be therein expressed met not with a due reciprocation. When Mirabeau delivered his speech, reclaiming his wife at Aix, the involuntary exclamation of the adverse crowd was,—Oh! if she had only heard him, she must have rushed into his arms!

But both were mistaken,—both defeated in their attempts; and the strong revulsion in their feelings took place as it might have been expected. Both then revealed the fact that their partners were cold, yet jealous, women. Both dwelt particularly upon the perfidy which had desolated their hearths, and denounced their ladies as "the moral Clytemnestras" of their lords; and both, in sooth, loved, in the outrageousness of their grief, to compare their families with the fated house of Atreus. Both, too, have, in their proper ways, convinced us that they were the victims of an unjust obloquy, and that it was in cold and slimy bosoms alone they were unable to awake

"The late remorse of love."

Yet both did for a length of time act with wonderful forbearance towards their Clytemnestras; while both were visited with a reprobation scarcely ever paralleled in its intensity or extent. Both contended desperately against it; both appealed to the eternal principles of justice; and both irritated the world against which they were struggling, and added the venom of wounded self-love to the mere natural malignity of human nature wherewith they had been first assailed, by the superior powers they exhibited, and by convincing the many that they had injured them, and were therefore, by the canons of the heart, bound to hate them to the death. Both afterwards felt that they were unwise in attempting to grapple with an unsubstantial foe,—with calumny, like Proteus, taking every foul, and terrible, and abominable form, but never like him embodying itself in any permanent shape, and therefore never to be caught—never to be crushed. They have both given utterance to this feeling; but it will suffice for me to quote for both Mirabeau's epigrammatic and meaning expressions. I can only give the sense; it is, that you should always deal with calumny as with a wasp,—never attack it unless you are sure to destroy it, or else it will again assail you with increased exasperation and greater force. So be it. But the temptation to the conflict, however unequal, is to the generous mind irresistible. There were peculiarities, too, in either case.

In every quarrel, the base and cowardly million sides with the stronger party; but here it had additional incitement to add atrocity to its usual rabidness of persecution. In the first place, there was the pleasure—the self-seeking, intoxicating pleasure—of degrading, and if possible destroying, men of genius; secondly, there was the general feeling which induces the crowd to invert the principle of the truly just and good,* and to endeavour to prove their hatred of a sin by their hatred of the sinner who has been detected, or the unfortunate who has been accused;—the feeling cognate with that golden rule of orthodoxy, which was something after this fashion briefly conveyed to the mind of the converted Anastasius by that respectable Turk who stood his godfather on the occasion of his second baptism: Whenever you meet a Christian, or any other misbelieving dog, abuse him, and then nobody will doubt the fervency of your own faith. And, to continue, there was, lastly, the fine pretence of assisting the weaker;—the weaker! a most vile pretence!—a most despicable pseudo-gallantry is that which always leads the world to take part with the wife, in the event of her separation from her husband! Her side is not the weaker in any case at all approximating to those of Mirabeau or Byron. The person accused is always the weaker party, whatever may be that accusation, unless the charge be distinctly and publicly stated; he is the party entitled to all indulgence; for he has not only

* 'Jamais contre un pécheur ils n'ont d'acharnement;
Ils attachent leur haine au péché seulement."—*Le Tartuffe.*

to contend against the charges actually in the contemplation of his accuser, but against the wicked imaginations of the evil-minded, which are infinitely more terrible than the worst reality. Byron's reclamations upon this subject, inspired by pain, mighty in power, and glorified with genius, are at this present moment in every hand; it were idle, therefore, to quote them. I will only ask my auditors to turn their mind to them, and to remember that neither dame had uttered any specific charge against the unhappy husband she had abandoned in his misery; and I will then beg to call attention to some remarks of Mirabeau,* which are pregnant and soul-stirring truths. After protesting vehemently against the system of separation, by which it was contrived that a wife could live in the world "libre, indépendante, ne tenant plus à son mari que par son nom, et trop souvent par le ridicule ou la honte dont elle le couvre,"—he goes on to say,—"une femme interessante par elle-même, plus intéressante encore par l'apparence de l'infortune, qu'on sait lui donner, va remplir le royaume de ses plaintes. Elle seduira d'abord le cercle qui l'environne; ses parens, ses amis, ses connoissances, seront entraînés, et deviendront les échos de ses plaintes. Un monde entier, qui n'approfondit rien, dont la malignité ne veut le plus souvent trouver que des torts, n'écouter que des anecdotes, ne répéter que des épigrammes, fera d'un procès en séparation une affaire de parti; et les plus sages, les plus équitables des magistrats verront la balance tréhucher dans leur mains." And afterwards, in reply to a paper set forth by his wife, declaring that it was neither consistent with her honour, her delicacy, or public decency, that she should return to him, he well and truly says,—"L'honneur d'une épouse est de respecter et de faire respecter celui de son mari, dont elle ne pourroit que partager la honte aussi long-tems qu'elle porte son nom. Sa délicatesse est de ne pas permettre la moindre démarche qui puisse causer à son mari une juste inquiétude. Enfin, la décence repousse avec indignation l'idée d'une épouse sans cesse entourée de la jeunesse d'une ville entière, et inaccessible à son mari seul."

But perhaps, however, I have already quoted too largely—I should think not; my justification is, that the passages apply equally to either of the cases between which I am instituting a comparison. To continue it:—in either case a merciful public was pleased, in the absence of all evidence respecting any offence, to insinuate as exactly as may be the same abominable vices and crimes in both gentlemen, as the reasons of separation; and the whole world shrunk from those who were poor, and whom it was the fashion to contemn.† Ay, but in either case

* Mirabeau was at the last obliged to plead for the restitution of conjugal rights. Madame Mirabeau's pleas in resistance were, cruelty (which she could not prove to any degree that a court should not have laughed at) and infidelity on the part of her husband,—a misfortune which was common to her with every lady in France, and for which, in accordance with the usual custom, she had indemnified herself. Mirabeau was therefore more fortunate than our countryman, for he had in his lifetime the opportunity of proving how futile were the pretences upon which his household gods were shivered, and how base was the conduct of the yelping million that assailed him. And all this, notwithstanding that a partial and corrupt tribunal decided against his claim.

† If Mirabeau was more fortunate than Byron, in at last having the charges against him distinctly stated and openly declared, he was in other respects much less happy. One of his editors speaks thus of his wife: "Sa femme, qui *l'illuminoit* de crimes, dont le moindre étoit de préférer la statue d'Endymion à celle de Diane, et qui, pour trouver en lui un Oreste, faisoit de sa mère même une Clitemnestre." It is certain, also, that Madame de Mirabeau was displeased at the great affection and familiarity which subsisted between her husband and his beautiful sister, Madame la Cabris; and after the separation, she at the least pretended to doubt the purity of those ties

distinctly, there was some slight appearance of foundation for the lady's suspicion, although I do not in the least think that, under all the circumstances of the case, it makes in her favour. The charge was insinuated too late to justify her conduct; and when pressed to the utmost, as the meagreness of her defence at the trial proves, she ventured not to make use of it; and this could not have been from any feeling

there was a bright exception to the rule that swayed the many. Lady Jersey exhibited sympathy towards Byron, and lent him countenance when the cry against him was at the loudest, and his name had become a by-word of reproach; and Madame de Vence did the like for Mirabeau—la Comtesse de Vence (*a la Rochefoucauld*), a lady of the highest blood, station, and character, and one who held the same supreme rank amongst the fashionables of Provence that Lady Jersey did—and, I am happy to say, yet does—amongst those of England. The names of those ladies will be transmitted to the remotest posterity, linked with the immortal names of Mirabeau and Byron; but by a purer and nobler tie than that which, perhaps, ever before united the memory of gentle and lovely womanhood with masculine and passionate genius.

Both left their children with the mothers; both have left behind them letters to assure these mothers that they had no intention of asserting the paternal right, and claiming possession of these children. Both complained most bitterly of the cruel silence of their ladies respecting the health and well-being of their offspring. Mirabeau says, "La mère de mon fils m'a horriblement trahi et calomnié; et l'insolente cruauté de son silence, dans un moment où je doute de la vie de cet enfant, ne m'apprend que trop qu'elle est bien sûre d'avoir réussi à me perdre sans retour."

I forbear to quote any of Byron's numerous reclamations, for a reason already stated. Both ladies, too, condescended at length to write; and there is a marvellous similarity in the feeling that seems to have dictated their letters, and the style in which

of delicacy towards her husband or his family, for the basest and most cruel violation of all confidence and honour was resorted to by her, in publishing the letters written by the now repentant father of Mirabeau to his daughter-in-law, under the influence of one of his mad fits of rage against his son. I am afraid, however, as I said, that there was some shadow at least of foundation for the charge; for I find in one of Mirabeau's letters, from Vincennes, after he had quarrelled with his beautiful and beloved sister for neglecting him in his captivity, and shrinking from his defence, that he says, "Une sœur et des amis pour qui j'ai exposé plus d'une fois ma vie, et perdu peut-être pour jamais ma liberté, ont lâchement déserté ma cause. Heureux encore, s'ils n'avoient fait que cela." And in another place he observes, "En revanche, Madame de Cabris a écrit à mon père toutes les horreurs qu'elle a pu imaginer sur mon compte, et en convenant, en des termes aussi singuliers qu'insensés et indécens, qu'elle m'avoit *trop aimé*." And now, while we are talking of these extraordinary men, it may not be amiss to remark that, in *Manfred*, Byron has darkly sketched out a character such as Mirabeau, with his soul of fire, his unquenchable thirst for knowledge, and his indomitable will, might indeed have been, if he had

> ——— "Passed
> The nights of years in sciences untaught,
> Save in the old time' —

if he were a practiser of the art magical, and the unfortunate who, having committed the deadly sin, and witnessed the horrible destruction of that he loved and ruined, betook himself to the dreadful solitude, as a human being in relation with his fellows, wherein remorse was eating away his heart,—and that still more dread society, that converse with spirits, which is withering to the mortal frame. Madame la Cubris, too, might have been the Astarte. We have the sin of the all-nameless hour shadowed forth in as near as may be the same words: "Qu'elle m'avoit trop aimé," quoth Mirabeau, in the words of his sister. What says Manfred?

> "Thou lovedst me
> Too much, as I loved thee."

And next we have, in exquisite verse, that description of the similitude between the pair, which Mirabeau has so frequently given in truly poetic prose with words that have hues—

> "She was like me in lineaments,—her eyes,
> Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone
> Even of her voice, they said were like to mine;
> But softened all and tempered into beauty.
> She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,
> The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
> To comprehend the universe."

they are expressed. Both were for years banished men, and wandered from country to country, still struggling manfully against the world's condemnation; and proving, as they embodied each successive mighty effort of their minds, that far less were they separated from the million by an unjust ostracism, than by the immeasurable remoteness of genius. Both in their state of compelled widowhood ran away with young ladies of rank (*femmes qualifiés*), who had been forced into a marriage with old and wealthy husbands; both acted for a time in the capacity of *cavalier servente*. The husbands in either case winked at the intrigue; but were at length forced by their relations to open their eyes, and see that which seeing they would fain have left unseen. Both gallants were in some sort compelled by circumstances to take their "ladye-loves" under their protection; and this step it was that drew down upon both the censure of the world. The intrigue went for nothing, it was quite in order—*selon les règles;* but the abduction was dreadful, because it was informal. Both lived happily enough with their paramours; both felt fully the advantage of changing

"The curtain-lecture for the curtain-love;"

but neither had a high opinion of his fair one's delicacy. Byron submitted the freest edition of *Don Juan* to la Contessa's inspection; and Mirabeau his *Erotica-Biblion* to that of Madame de Mounier. Both, too, recorded the moment of their triumph; and both were in the habit of speaking of their amorous passages with the ladies in the plainest and coarsest terms. Both were known to have had a natural child by unknown mothers; both died in the prime of life; both perished in their height of fame; both fell while carrying on an enterprise in which they were embarked heart and soul; both suffered but a short illness; and both were rather the victims of their physicians than of their disease.

The last words, too, attributed to both, are a comparison between Death and "his brother Sleep the filmy-eyed." "Mourir c'est dormir," murmured Mirabeau; "Now I shall go to sleep," said Byron, closing his eyes upon the world physical and moral, although for hours he continued to be a breathing-machine.

Now all these be strange points of resemblance; but still, notwithstanding the strong relation existing between the two gentlemen, it was nothing in the least approaching a relation of identity. The original inspiration, and the continued excitement of pain, made Byron a poet: I do not think he could have been any thing else that was great—his intellects, and every quality that was high in him, were only for holydays; they could not have constantly struggled through the web of circumstances which enmeshes every working day. If he had been subjected to the same trials with Mirabeau, he would have certainly sunk under them, have maddened, and probably committed suicide; and in either case his name and fate would have only been the question of an hour—his only historian would have been the compiler of obituaries, or the reporter of "crowners' 'quests." But Mirabeau, however he had been born, wherever he had been cast, must have been great; he had that principle of buoyancy in his nature which nothing could depress—that sense of force, which, combined with genius, rendered him irresistible, and which nothing in the nature of things ever could overbear. He was, besides, a man living in the world and for the world; and, with all his transcendent genius, he was a man of the world. Byron was, if not a dreamer, at least a creature entirely abandoned to his imagination. He loved to retire from the bustling scene around, and shrouding himself in his own high thoughts, to betake him to the sphere of dream. The relation between his mind and Mirabeau's was, in truth, that of a brother's and sister's; the difference was that of masculine and feminine. Byron and La Cabris had both that delicate and beautiful dreaminess of intellect, (as all find it to be, and adoringly acknowledge it, when the glorious imaginings can be embodied,) which distinguished them from the male athlete, who, like the tree of which my friend Churchill sings, flourished in the storm, and whose dearest thoughts and exertions, and whose quickest feelings, were brought to bear upon the things that actually were—all those points of difference, in short, which declared that the similarity between Mirabeau and Byron should be only that between an image and a reflection; and that are so well described in the course of the sketch of the beautiful sister, which in itself is so

exquisite a portrait of a lovely and passionate *bas-bleu*, that I shall take the liberty of submitting it to consideration. In one of the letters from Vincennes, Mirabeau says, in allusion to a subject on which it is not necessary to enter,—"Je n'en excepte pas La Cabris, dont l'esprit a une étendue et une sagacité peu commune même chez les hommes les plus distingués par leur talens, et qui avoit avec tout l'éclat de la plus brillante jeunesse, les yeux noirs les plus éloquens, la fraicheur d'Hébé, cet air de noblesse que l'on ne trouve plus que dans les formes antiques, et une taille comme je n'en ai point vu depuis d'aussi belle; qui avoit, dis-je, avec tout cela, cette souplesse, cette grâce, cette magic de séduction, qui n'appartient qu'à ton sexe. Quelques dépravées que j'ai trouvé depuis son âme et sa raison, je persiste à croire qu'à 17 ou 18 ans cette perversité étoit encore à une profondeur immense; et je ne doute pas qu'un homme* d'honneur et censé, amoureux d'elle, n'eût pu contenir sa tête et redresser son cœur; *car son imagination, est bien l'unique théâtre de ses opinions, de ses sentimens, et peut-être de ses sensations;* mais son impétuosité, sa mobilité, sa fécondité prodiguoient alors les ressources. Cette femme étonnante étoit susceptible de générosité par l'amour propre, de sensibilité par illusion, de constance, de fidélité même par opiniâtreté. Tout cela fut devenu habitude; et l'habitude, même pour les génies les plus actifs, devient une chaîne bien difficile à briser." In a word, the great distinction between Byron and Mirabeau was, that one never had that which was never absent from the other,—*l'esprit de son âge et l'esprit de sa position.*

But, to proceed with our comparison, Mirabeau, in his more advanced age, resembled Caius Gracchus in his wondrous industry, in the multiplicity of his occupations, in the nature of his pursuits, in his opposition to the patricians, in his energy of manner and delivery, and style of eloquence, (though his was of a higher order), and in having been the first to introduce that style of oratory into his country. Both, too, had in youth served in the army, and were withdrawn from the public eye for a number of years, which they spent in preparing themselves for the station they were one day destined to fill. As an orator, he more nearly resembles Demosthenes than any modern, albeit he is far, far inferior to the mighty master of eloquence. And it is curious to observe, that pretty nearly the same objections have been taken to both in their public capacities. Both were accused of venality—of composing speeches for both parties in a suit—of being incapable of speaking without preparation, or of replying to an opponent who had attacked their set-speech. I refrain, however, from dwelling on these matters, as I propose to consider them at large upon a future occasion. Lastly, Mirabeau resembled Napoleon, in early struggles—in familiarity with poverty and downright want—in practical wisdom—in deep knowledge of the human heart—in the right royal talent of seizing a character at a single glance, and so providing himself with the most efficient agents, by discovering at the instant the purposes in which any individual might be rendered most serviceable—in a power of calculating, from things past and present, probable futurity, and this with such amazing accuracy, that it often appeared like unto an absolute foreknowledge of events—in irrepressible ambition and inextinguishable love of glory—in utter unbelief in impossiblity†—and in almighty will. He carried his motions, too, in the assembly, as Napoleon did his battles in the field, by seizing the moment that was big with fate, and using it for an overwhelming attack upon a single point in the enemy's array. In a word, Mirabeau was the Napoleon of the tribune!

* Or, in the other case, an honourable and gentle woman, like Mary Chaworth!

† Hear Mirabeau himself upon the subject. "Voltaire a dit—

'Qui n'a pas l'esprit de son âge,
De son âge a tout le malheur.'

Il en faut dire autant de l'esprit de sa position: qui ne peut le prendre, souffrera et rompra par tout, et ne réussira à rien. Mais pourquoi senteroit-on un homme si ce n'étoit pour réussir à tout et partout, depuis le peuple jusqu'aux rois, depuis les frivolités jusqu'aux hautes sciences, depuis le plus petit intérieur domestique, jusqu'au commandement des armies et au gouvernements des empires? Il ne faut dire de rien, Cela est au-dessous de moi, ni sentir rien qui soit au-dessus. Rien d'impossible enfin à l'homme qui peut et sait vouloir, avec suite et constance. *Cela convient-il? Cela sera!* Voila la seule loi.—*Août 24*, 1781."

## THE IRISH JURY-BILL.

Fifty years have scarce elapsed since the Irish enemies of the British crown carried the first outwork of those defences by which the power of the British monarch was secured in Ireland, and now but one of those defences remains which can oppose any resistance to the unceasing efforts of that revolutionary party which has hitherto so successfully sought separation. Vain, indeed, would have been all the efforts of the Papists of Ireland to have wrested that country from their king, had not their attempts been supported by other traitors to his crown and the true interests of their country. While the steady loyalty to the British throne of the Protestants of Ireland was backed, encouraged, and supported by a strong majority of their English brethren, England's king could treat with contempt the puny efforts of all Irish rebels. No sooner, however, had there been formed in England a party base and dishonest enough to seek accession to power through Irish disaffection, than the position of all parties was changed. The ranks of a bad ambition became gradually so strongly recruited, that numbers soon gave countenance and confidence to all who either had no principle to contend with, or were ready to barter that which they professed for the prospect of power and place. To the ambition of the English legislator was added the cupidity of the Irish landlord; and the avarice of individuals became an active instrument in their country's degradation. In Ireland, the first assault was made on British connexion, by entrusting the elective franchise to every Irish Papist who in his own estimation, attested only by his own oath, possessed, for the uninsurable term of an Irish life, an interest of forty shillings by the year. The numbers ready to give this test were limited only by the opportunity of coming to the book; and the multitude of competitors promised to the proprietors of Ireland an abundant harvest. It came, it is true; but for the fruits which they expected, they relied upon the breath of man; and, as they sowed the wind, it is not surprising that they should have brought to maturity the storm, whose blasts are so rudely arousing them from their golden dreams. Standing on the vantage-ground of the political power thus conceded to the Papists of Ireland, the Protestant Whigs of both countries redoubled their efforts, as their supporters increased, to make captive the power of the once great and independent monarch of the British empire. Both the Protestants and Papists, who had thus united for the overthrow of the British constitution, had each a separate and ultimate object in view; still, they fought side by side with desperate fidelity. Though often partially successful on some minor points, the bold and firm front presented by the true Protestants of Ireland long proved an insurmountable barrier. The power of resistance possessed by this body, strengthened by the purest religion, animated by the truest loyalty, confident in undaunted bravery, and vigilant from a sense of impending danger, was not undervalued by those who plainly perceived that it was only by the prostration of its strength they could ever hope to succeed. Accordingly, recourse was had to every species of open outrage, or covert attack, which suggested itself as likely to be useful to those whose opinions taught them that the end sanctified the means.

The lying peer, the shuffling commoner, the crafty statesman, the double-faced holder of office, the lurking assassin, and the midnight incendiary, were each ready at his post, watchful to strike a blow by which either an individual, or a number, of the obnoxious body might be injured or destroyed, insulted or maligned: their attacks were as unceasing as their objects were various. Protestants were assaulted, either altogether or in detail; the church they had established, the religion they had defended, the Bible which they loved, the preachers whom they followed, were continued subjects of obloquy, insult, and reproach: no station was too lofty or too humble to afford protection or impunity. The judge upon the bench, the magistrate in his office, the peasant in his cabin, were alike exposed to the defaming pen, the lying tongue, and the bloody sword. Still, however, the Protestants of Ireland, secure in the armour of conscious integrity, which formed a part of their nature, unlike that

of Lord Plunkett, which, *to use his own words*, the noble lord got tired of buckling on every day, were unsubdued. While supported by the faithful ministers and those Tory leaders on whose truth and honour they placed implicit confidence, they remained unconquered, protected by the great rampart of the constitution, in defence of which had they been called upon, they would have died. That rampart, however, no longer exists; the Protestant bulwark of the British throne has been beaten down: but how? We blush to tell the tale. Was Protestantism conquered in the open field? Did it, coward-like, shrink from the face of its enemies? Was it faithless to itself, or did it desert its leaders? No; it was betrayed. There was treachery in the camp. He who was once called honest, and He who must ever be called great, in a moment of weakness, abandoned their own troops, and yielded the long-defended post to the enemy. Wounded as deeply by the destruction of all political confidence, as they were weakened by the positive loss of parliamentary power and social security, they yet did not abandon the field in despair. While the constitution and the laws afforded any hope or prospect of safety or protection, they firmly resolved to stand by their country and the remnant of its constitution. They rallied their broken strength. Smarting under the sense of recent injury, the necessity for which was never explained, they nobly vindicated the rights of freemen; and, disdaining to aggrandise the power by which they had been duped, they, in their turn, struck an unexpected, but an open and manly, blow. It is true they conquered; but, alas! they have reaped none of the fruits of victory. They did for the Whigs what they never could have done for themselves; and, in return, they have suffered a further diminution of their parliamentary and political power. Notwithstanding all these losses, they survive. Though thinned by murder, persecution, and emigration, they still remain a powerful and influential body; brave, intelligent, and UNITED; and "true as the dial to the sun," though clouded; steadily loyal to their British king; and, while they so remain, presenting an insurmountable obstacle to the long-cherished object of Papists and of Popery,—THE WITHDRAWAL OF IRELAND FROM THE SCEPTRE OF A BRITISH KING.

As, however, the Protestant body in Ireland threatens to survive (*while it has one single point of protection*) the abandonment of friends, the triumph of enemies, the loss of political power and influence, the countenance and favour of their king and his ministers, their enemies see that it is absolutely necessary to adopt new measures to remove altogether from the country a body which protracts the consummation of their fondest wishes. While the Protestants of Ireland remain firmly knit together as one man, relying upon themselves and their own resources, they form no very inviting object for an open and avowed attack; and while the law interposes that shield of justice with which it is now armed, desultory and individual skirmishes would prove both slow and doubtful. Here, then, is the point by which Protestants must be assailed. The last, the only hope of safety which they have left, is the once-boasted palladium of the rights and liberties of the British subject—the pure, the free, the uncontrolled, independent, and unbiassed tribunal of THE TRIAL BY JURY!

This is the single point of protection still left to the Protestants of Ireland, and it is to the destruction of that, that all the energies of Popery and of Papists—the immitigable enemies of civil and religious liberty—will be directed, until, either foiled in the attempt, their political fang be once again extracted, or, successful, they shall trample, with the unrelenting hoof of bigotry, the last of those brave men who shall dare to exercise the right of private judgment, or breathe the name of freedom.

What is a British trial by jury? Is it the submitting any issue of life, property, or character to any twelve men, brought together by chance, accident, chicanery, or contrivance? No such thing. But it is the submitting of such issues to jurors, taken from a roll furnished by each sheriff—the sworn, respectable, and responsible officer of the crown, who, in the discharge of an important duty, returns all those whose character, acquirements, probity, and station, qualify them to discharge those solemn duties, on which all that is dear to individuals or society depends.

This system, which has stood the test of ages, that has proved itself the guardian of property, liberty, reputation, and life—this system, which has so fearlessly and firmly punished crime,

denounced treason, resisted tyranny, and protected innocence—this system, which has cherished freedom, silenced sedition, and abashed the sharking traders of the law, is to be changed; and for what?—the chance drawing of a lottery, in which the blanks, or ciphers, must fearfully outnumber the prizes, which may sometimes be drawn, but oftener remain in the wheel. For Irish jurors as they are now nominated, it is proposed that human creatures should be indiscriminately taken from the whole body of those who enjoy the self-sworn right to a ten-pound franchise; and who are they? Irish tenants to Irish landlords, who, subject to Irish rents, tithes, and cesses, holding not more than one, two, or three acres of ground, swear that they have thereout an interest of not less than ten pounds a-year; which they also swear they could realise, and have, above their present rent, by letting their acre, their two acres, or their three, to a tenant who, they also swear, would be solvent!!!

So much for the pecuniary and moral qualifications of the proposed jurymen. Now let us try them on the score of education. No inconsiderable number of those who have, in the manner we have described, obtained the elective franchise, are incapable of attesting their signature by their own hand-writing; they are what are technically called *marksmen*. Of those who have mastered the accomplishment of writing their own names, many are incapable of affording any other practical proof of their skill in penmanship; while those who might, with more security than they have given evidence of their ten-pound interest, swear that they are scholars, not one in ten could read *currente oculo* the deed or instrument which forms the title to his tenure.

This body, however, is not unknown to the history of Ireland; these are the men who have figured as the choice and active spirits of the

WHITEBOYS,
DEFENDERS,
UNITED IRISHMEN,
REBELS,
RIBBONMEN,
ROCKITES,
TERRY ALTS,
WHITEFEET,
BLACKFEET,
VOLUNTEERS,

And now, as CANDIDATE JURORS, have deluged, and are still deluging Ireland with blood. These are the men who have so long mocked the laws of God and man—who have for so many years defied and trampled on law, equity, and justice. To such it is proposed, by *honest* and *consistent* Whigs, to yield the key of that sanctuary which alone can now preserve in Ireland, to its Protestant inhabitants, the rights of property, life, or conscience.

Do we boast that this is a discovery first made by us? Do we pretend that we alone are convinced that this statement is true? By no means. We are perfectly well satisfied, that, from Lord Grey to Spring Rice, there is not a single being connected with the ruling, or, rather, misruling ministry of England, who is not deeply impressed with the conviction, that the scheme of what is called, in the cant of the day, "a *good Jury-bill* for Ireland," is fraught with consequences of the utmost peril to all who are opposed to the objects and machinations of that fierce, vulgar, bigotted, and insatiable faction, which taunts and goads their ill-assorted allies to the adoption of such desperate measures.

Do we attribute to any member of his majesty's government the slightest wish or disposition to see the consequences that we have anticipated from the destruction of the trial by jury in Ireland, realised in part or altogether? Certainly not. On the contrary, we feel assured, that if ever their consent be wrung from them, it will be yielded slowly and with reluctance. Whence, then, arises the necessity for the adoption of this measure, on the issue of which is inevitably staked the continuance of Protestantism in Ireland? Simply and solely because Lord Althorp, in his individual capacity, in the plenitude of his ignorance, talking of men and of things of which he knew nothing, pledged his silly self, that the sword of justice also should be transferred to those whom he saw making such a conscientious use of the staff of power. To keep pure and unspotted the consistency of this mighty statesman, this rash pledge is to be rashly redeemed; when a new and another war will be waged upon the loyalists of Ireland.

Little do they know of Ireland, who think, that in the picture of it which has been drawn in the debates of the

first reformed parliament, there has been exhibited to them a full representation of the triumphs which Popery seeks, or of the sufferings to which Protestants are doomed. To elevate the host before the wondering eyes of unbelieving heretics, to bring to the kennel the knee which has never bent to the object of an idolatrous worship —these are among the fondest objects, the dearest hopes of those meek and holy men, who ever (we are told) in Ireland preached peace and good will towards all men. For such an exhibition, however, the time has not yet arrived; but let the "*good Jury-bill*" pass, and the day of triumph has come. The Protestant, felled to the earth, insulted, and degraded, may bring within the walls where justice was once administered his bleeding proofs of injury, his "eloquent wounds,"—what then? Will the hand which, armed with a bludgeon, would smite to the earth in the king's highway the fancied reviler of his fancied God, deal out a different measure of justice to the victim of bigotry, merely because he is transplanted from the ranks of a superstitious procession to the jury-box, where he sits in judgment with those with whom he lately walked? No; it is as hopeless as it is impossible. The "*good Jury-bill*" for Ireland will be the death-warrant there to religious liberty.

The freedom of the press—how will it fare? Popery takes offence at the freedom with which a heretic may discuss the doctrine, the tenets, the acts, the speeches, or the politics, of the humble and holy servants of their mother church. "Will an action lie?" "No doubt of it; you can choose your county, and make sure of a jury!!!" To whom, *then*, is intrusted the liberty of the press? To twelve men who would each, with averted eyes and outstretched arms, bearing the longest possible pair of tongs grasping a copy of the word of God, follow Dr. Doyle to the mouth of a furnace, and plunge therein that book which consecrates the art of printing!!! So much for civil liberty.

Can that which was once the property of the Church of Rome, be, according to its canons, transferred without the sanction of the pope? No. Did not, and does not, all Ireland belong to the pope of Rome? It does. Has he sanctioned publicly or *privately*—mind, mark, we say, or "PRIVATELY"—the grant or sale of all or any of the forfeited estates or church-lands of his holiness's kingdom of Ireland to a heretic? Has, then, any heretic in Ireland a title to property so acquired good and valid in a court of Rome? Unquestionably he has not. But the "*good Jury-bill*" is passed, and in what court is his title to be tried? Will he who, with the murderous knife and burning brand, strong in the absolution of his church, sought eviction or possession, even by the shedding of blood to quench the fire he kindled, be less scrupulous or less powerful when only armed with the issue-paper in a jury-box? Is this the man who will acknowledge *that* as a title which is repudiated by his pope? If Lord Althorp would preserve the substantial consistency of a conscientious course of action (for, though we question his judgment, we do not impugn his honour), we would entreat of him, while there is time, to pause, and, before it be too late, narrowly to scan the gulf into which the "*good Jury-bill*," if it pass, will plunge the lingering loyalty of Ireland.

Much that we have said might pass for declamation, were it not that the proceedings before the Longford election committee have made a full exposure of the wholesale mode in which the manufacture of the contemplated jurors is carried on in Ireland; where the most flagrant perjury is practised by those in whose hands the redemption of Lord Althorp's pledge is about to place the fate of the property, the lives, and the character, of all who have any in the country. It is worse than mockery to say that the proposed bill still leaves it in the power of the magistrates and sheriffs to select from those who may have the initiatory qualification. No such power will, in fact, be left; and any attempt to exercise sound discretion will be the unceasing object of those seditious howlings which are driving from the discharge of the *munera* of a country gentleman those whose feelings make them shrink from the foul abuse which is levelled against every man whose education, habits, and principles, render him indisposed to participate in the disgrace of acting with those who are incapable of understanding the respect to which honour and integrity are entitled, or of exposure to the criticism of men who hate the qualities which they well know that they do not possess.

No; whatever list the collector makes out, will and must be the jury-list: its adoption in three-fourths of Ireland will be imperative. The collectors, in making out their lists, will naturally look to their own future ease in effecting their collections; and they will endeavour to gain popularity by extending to all, who have the most distant pretensions to it, the honour of a place on the jury-list.

But where, after the adoption of this monstrous measure, are to be found men capable of judging and conducting the causes of those who may then be clients? Hitherto it has been essential, to the successful management of a suit, that the jury and the counsel should all understand one common language. Hitherto, in cases where their interposition was necessary, it has been found practicable to explain, by interpreters, the evidence of witnesses who did not speak the vulgar tongue of the court and the jury. Without laying any stress on the necessity of having a jury possessed of that general course of reading and education which render familiar the knowledge of those technical terms acquired by experience, and which are so necessary to the understanding a statement of a case,—how, we ask, is a lawyer who cannot speak Irish to do justice to his client's cause? Hitherto the object has been to bring the jury up to the standard of the judges and the box; but if the jury-bill pass, the process must be reversed, and the bench and the practitioners must be reduced to the level of the jury. To state a case through an interpreter, would be, at best, a very clumsy course of proceeding, if at all practicable; twice the time in which a case can now be disposed of, would then be necessary, and law proceedings would be spun out to an interminable, at least to a very tedious, length; and reports would be almost impracticable. If the project is to be entertained at all, time should be given to the legal practitioners and reporters to qualify; professors of the Irish language should be established in all the inns of court; and the undergoing a severe examination in the Irish language should be made an indispensable ingredient in the course of preliminary preparation for the bar. In England, some prizes for proficiency, to be awarded by competent judges,—say the chancellor, some of the chief judges, and a few of the popish members from Ireland as assistants,—might act successfully in stimulating exertion: and when a sufficient number of judges, barristers, and solicitors, were found qualified to afford a fair choice to clients, then would be the time to adopt this measure, which cannot, without producing great inconvenience, be at once introduced into practice.

Looking to the welfare of some of our colonies, and the establishing in them the trial by jury, the proposed measure may be defended, as one well calculated to fill them with men practised as jurors, and versed in the ways of at least the criminal courts.

If, indeed, the coercive measure were to be continued in force for some years longer, and the trial by court-martial and the trial by jury were concurrent jurisdictions, after the good jury-bill shall have passed into a law, no very long period would elapse before many, very many of those who shall grace the jury-list of Ireland, will, in one way or another, have found a passage to New South Wales, where they will at once be able, with the experience they have acquired in Ireland, to assist in discharging the duties of that court, although they may have been indebted to another for their transmit from Ireland to Australia. One amendment would, however, go far to reconcile us to look with a favourable eye on Lord Althorp's bantling, and that is, that the late registry should be declared null and void; that a new one should take place, before the wealthiest and ablest men at the bar; and that the registering barrister should, for seven years, be accountable for the rent of every man whom he should have declared to be possessed of a 10*l.* beneficial interest. Such a registry would become of sterling merit, and would indeed form a sound standard for a jury-list. No such standard is provided by the new jury-bill, which will, if adopted, destroy all confidence in the administration of justice in Ireland, where, amidst the destruction of sound principles in the other institutions of the country, it still remains a proud and noble monument indeed of the wisdom of our ancestors. If the foundations of that monument be sapped, its ruins will soon cover every trace of civilisation which still survives the doings of the Whigs.

## HAYWARD'S TRANSLATION OF GOETHE'S "FAUST."

No man has suffered more from his translators than Goethe. There was that infamous version from the French, published by Colburn under the title of *Memoirs of Goethe, written by himself*, professed to be rendered from the *Dichtung und Wahrheit* of the German master. Then there was Lord Leveson Gower's traduction of *Faust*, full of blunders of every conceivable kind, and worse intentional perversions—to say nothing of omissions. Never was work so imperfectly represented as this very splendid and original poem by its aristocratic translator. What business had such a man as Gower to undertake a task of this kind, to which, on all accounts, he was so unequal—so incapacitated both by nature and education? If the drama contained passages that offended his delicacy—or if the drift of the whole was, in his opinion, of an equivocal character—why was he solicitous to put it into an English dress? Or was he learning German upon it, and, being desirous to turn his lessons to a good account, thought it best to remunerate himself for the fees he paid to his tutor by publishing his daily exercises? If so, his lordship made a capital hit; and, however he may have misled the public, or injured the original author, contrived to fill his own pockets,—the chief thing to be heeded now-a-days.

Had the fame of the German master been suffered to remain under the protection of such friends, it would have sunk in the opinion of Englishmen to an irretrievable depth; but (blessings on the Nine therefore!) the Muses who inspired him would not permit that the oracles which he uttered should be thus perverted from their right meaning, and lost to their intended purpose. They therefore were careful to raise up other servants of theirs, who should interpret well the prophecies which they had suggested. Shelley, a true *vates*, was called upon by their divine influence to render some choice passages from this very *Faust*, which, from confessed inability, Gower had left unattempted in his precious version, and some which from other motives he had purposely reticensed. To *Wilhelm Meister*, also, they assigned a mighty man to conquer the Herculean labour, which only a giant might sustain. Well did he perform the duty set; and, like one of the true Anak race, he laid about him with his staff like a weaver's beam, so that the hearts of the enemy sunk within them because of fear. They shewed fight, however; but now they had to deal with Goethe indeed, in the person of his translator, and accordingly opposed English taste to the German, and fairly enough, though feebly, met the question at issue.

This debate of taste has since that time been waged almost to an issue, in Mr. Carlyle's and Mr. Heraud's papers in the *Foreign Review*, on Goethe, and Klopstock, and the Stolbergs, and Werner, and in others from the same hands in Regina. The subject of German literature is in consequence looked upon with more favourable eyes by the judicious. That there is something worthy of regard and examination in German genius, is now a matter of general acknowledgment; labourers in the field of inquiry are daily making their appearance, and it is becoming more and more evident that the harvest is at hand.

In evidence of this conclusion, we desire to point public attention to the prose literal translation of *Faust* with which we have embellished the title of this paper. Mr. Hayward deserves the best thanks of all lovers of German genius, and of all, indeed, to whom genius in the abstract is a subject of serious and loving consideration, by the very successful effort with which he has enriched the English language. We have now, at any rate, the meaning of the great work intelligibly expressed; though the harmonies of the original verse have yet to be transfused into our native numbers. Let us hope that ere long this yet remaining *desideratum* may be realised in a manner worthy of both literatures; we feel, indeed, no doubt that it will be. In the meantime hail we this godsend as a godsend, and give it solemn welcome.

The importance of this production will be best estimated by a glance at the mass of error and absurdity from which we are hereby redeemed. Mr. Hayward has thought fit to expose, in no measured terms, (and he is right in entertaining no accommodation on a matter of such importance,) the delu-

sions arising from mistranslations, by which the public mind has hitherto been led astray. Pitiable must be the condition now of all parties in these misrevealings; and low ought they to bow down their foreheads in the dust, and abase themselves before the Genius of Truth and the poet; for against both they have offended.

"Lord F. Gower's faults," says Mr. Hayward, "are twofold — of omission and commission. To begin with those of the first kind—he has omitted the Prologue in Heaven, with the exception of the Angel's Song at the commencement; the Shepherd's Song, post, p. 29; the beautiful little Song of the Invisible Spirits, which follows the curse, post, p. 55; a large part of the scene in Auerbach's cellar; the Flower Scene, post, p. 130; the Summer-house Scene, post, p. 133; and the whole of the Interlude supposed to be played upon the Blocksberg. The inevitable effect of these omissions was forcibly stated in the *Quarterly Review*: 'In one page (of the original) we have Raphael and Gabriel uttering strains of Miltonic harmony and grandeur, in the hearing of all the host of Heaven. In another, the jabber of fiends and sorcerers in their witch-sabbath presents an unearthly mixture, in which it is impossible to draw any definite line between the grotesque and the ghastly, the sadness of immortal degradation, and the buffoonery of diabolical despair. In the midst of all this, human passions — love, hatred, revenge, repentance, remorse — clothe themselves alternately in the severest simplicity of idiomatic dialogue, and the softest or noblest strains of lyric poetry. Even mere satire—the satire of literature, of manners, of politics, above all, of philosophy, finds its place. The effect of so strange a medley of elements must have been abundantly considered by so learned an artist as Goethe; and no translator can have any right to interfere with him, by diminishing their number or variety.'

"But besides omissions of the kind above mentioned, omissions of two, four, six, or eight lines at a time, are constantly occurring, to the irreparable injury of those fine links of association in which all works of genius abound, and which are not the less to be regarded, because (as in the case of the finer fibres of the human body) we are often unconscious of their existence till they are snapped, and the work becomes loose and lifeless for want of them. What renders these omissions still more censurable is, that in the second and last edition no notice whatever is given that any omission of any sort has been made, and in the first edition, we are only cursorily informed that his lordship 'had left sundry passages unattempted, from a conviction of his own inability to transfer their spirit to a translation; and that considerations of decency, also, in a few instances, prevented him from proceeding.' Where these omitted passages occur, and what may be their length and character, the reader must find out for himself; except in the single instance of the Prologue, which, from what I can collect from his note, is one of the instances in which he was checked by decency. Again, I shall borrow some just and striking remarks from the *Quarterly*:—'It is no great wonder, that persons who have considered only an analysis such as Madame de Staël's, or a version thus incomplete, should, in spite of occasional passages, mistake the general purpose of the poet, and accuse him of ridiculing curiosity, knowledge, and virtue; while, in fact, he had himself taken especial precautions (whatever may be thought of the *taste* with which he had selected some of these) to make it clear to every capacity, that the only objects of his attack were the extravagance, restlessness, and misery of curiosity, when directed to subjects beyond the legitimate range of human intellect, the uselessness of mere knowledge divorced from wisdom by the intervention of vanity, and the feebleness of that virtue which presumes to rely solely on itself.'

"According, therefore, to the opinion of a very partial critic, his lordship has not merely aided in giving an immoral tendency to the poem he professes to purify, but has been, no doubt unwittingly, the means of fixing a stigma on the moral and religious character of Goethe.

"I now come to faults of commission. These are very, very numerous; and I shall be obliged to quote a great many, in order to counterbalance the weight of authority which Lord F. Gower has contrived to enlist upon his side. Most of the examples, however, are so irresistibly ludicrous, that I do not think the commentary will be found dull. All but one are taken from the second edition, published at an interval of two years from the first; ample time having been thus afforded for the correction of mistakes. That one is the following.

"In allusion to the spirits invoked by Faust, Wagner is made to say,

> 'They feign their native home the sky,
> Assume a false gentility,
> And lisp in English when they lie.'

Patriotism compels me to say, that *englisch* means *like angels*, and conveys no national

reflection. The line, therefore, stands thus:

'And lisp like angels when they lie.'

It is strange that Gregory's pun, embalmed in Wordsworth's poetry, did not give his lordship a suspicion of the truth.

"All future references are to the second edition.

"In the first six lines of the 'Archangel's Song,' generally considered one of the best-executed parts of the translation, there are two slight errors and one glaring one:

'The sun his ancient hymn of wonder
Is pouring out to kindred spheres,
And still pursues, with march of thunder,
His pre-appointed course of years.
*Thy* visage gives *thy* angels power,
Though none its dazzling rays withstand.'—Vol. i. p. 17.

"The sun is pouring out his hymn of wonder (as his lordship is pleased to term it) *with*, not *to*, kindred spheres; and *course of years* is a very incorrect mode of rendering *reise* (*journey*); but the *thy* of the fifth line is the great blunder of the passage, as it proves Lord F. Gower to have supposed the *ihr* and *sie* of the original to refer to the Deity. I do most earnestly assure him that they refer to the sun, and that a German would no more think of addressing the Deity in the third person plural, than an Englishman of affixing *Mr.* to the name. Indeed, nothing can shew more strongly Lord F. Gower's unacquaintance with the German language and literature than his repeated mistakes as to *sie*; which word is never used as a mode of address in elevated composition, except now and then ironically. At the present moment, I do not recollect a single instance in the whole of *Faust*. I subjoin two other passages in which this sort of blunder occurs, to the obvious sacrifice of the sense. In the second scene with Mephistopheles, Faust is made to speak to him thus:

'My breast, that swells no more with learning's throes,
I give to pain, and bare it to the storm;
And all that man enjoys, or undergoes,
I wish concentered in this single form:
High as *yourself* to mount, to dive as low;
Upon myself to heap your weal and wo;
Wide as *your* range my circle to extend,
And, like *yourself*, be blasted at the end.'
—p. 99.

"The full extent of this error may be seen at a glance, on turning to the passage (post, p. 60). It has arisen from the translator's supposing *ihr* and *ihrem*, which really refer to *menschheit* (*humanity* or *the human race*), to be the ceremonial mode of address. The wonder to me is, that he did not pause and inquire before writing down so palpable an absurdity, as making Faust wish for the lot of the Devil. Again, in the dialogue between the Student and Mephistopheles, the latter tells the Student that he will daily feel a greater longing for the breasts of Wisdom; to which the Student replies, that he shall joyfully hang upon her (Wisdom's) neck. His lordship, misled by *ihren* again, makes him reply,

'Sir, from *your* neck I shall with joy depend;'

as if he wanted to hug Mephistopheles!

"To bring these mistakes together, I have been obliged to anticipate a little. Going back to the conclusion of the first paragraph of Faust's first soliloquy (post, p. 8), I find the following couplets:

'That I may need dispense no more
The solemn nothings of my store,
But dealing less in words than *deeds*,
Explore the world's primæval seeds.'

Any one would suppose from this, that Faust was anxious for action *instead* of knowledge, and had thoughts of going forth to battle, by way of getting better acquainted with the world. Lord F. Gower would say, no doubt, that he could not complete the couplet with a word (as *things* or *realities*) conveying the right meaning. In such cases he ought to annex a Nota Bene, like that to the following epitaph:

'Here lies the body of Nicholas Now City,
Who died t'other day—the more's the pity!
*N.B.—The man's name was Oldtown, but it wouldn't rhyme.*'

"In the next page but one (p. 24), we find the simple expressions *den wurme nagen—which worms gnaw*, expanded thus:

'Where revelling worms peruse the store
Of wisdom's antiquated lore.'

Can any thing be more inconsistent with the spirit of the scene than this conceit? There are a few good lines in page 25, but all the rest of the invocation-scene is given in the weakest and most wishy-washy style. For example:

'*Faust.* Yes, I am Faust, a powerful name,
Thy *more than* equal, child of flame.
*Spirit.* I wander and range
Through existence's change,
Above and below,
Through the tide and the flow,
I shoot and I sparkle, and never am still,

*Faust.* Say, thou ever-roving spirit,
*What relation can I bear to thee?*
*Spirit.* To some other form, in another state,
Thou mayest bear relation;
Not to me.'

"I know not why Faust is made to declare himself 'a powerful name,' except to justify his calling himself 'more than equal,' which he does not pretend to in the original. The six lines chanted by the Spirit remind me strongly of the countryman, who managed to spell a word (*usage*) in such a manner (*yousitch*) that not a single letter belonging to it was left. But for the position of the lines, I could not have discovered what they were intended for. The words which Lord F. Gower translates as a question, 'What relation can I bear to thee?' are an exclamation, 'How near I feel to thee!' which the Spirit answers, 'Thou art mate for (or thou resemblest) the spirit whom thou conceivest, not for me.' To make the Spirit deny any relation to Faust, is in direct contradiction to a preceding passage, in which the relation of every thing to every thing is dwelt upon. But perhaps Lord F. Gower meant relation-*ship; i. e.* that the Spirit was not uncle, aunt, grandfather, or grandmother, to Faust.

"Two pages after, in the course of Faust's remarks on elocution, we find:

'And must we, when we learn to speak,
Consider how 'twould sound in Greek?'

"I doubt whether any man ever asked such a question before; I am sure Goethe never did. But this is a favourite mode of eking out a line with his lordship. Thus:

'The chemist calls it Nature's encheiresis,
And scarce knows why, although the name
from Greece is.'—p. 108.

'To gain the love, and learn my Greek of
A man whom all with honour speak of.'
—p. 104.

When Greece won't serve his turn, he manages to make shift with Rome:

'Confirm a story I have made,
*As how* her husband's limbs are laid
At Padua, in a decent tomb.
*Faust.* Fine! I must travel then almost
to Rome.'—p. 180.

"I need hardly say, that there is nothing about Rome, Greece, or Greek, in the original."

This will, perhaps, serve as a relish of his lordship's quality. We can only afford room for another extract. The full exposure occupies forty or fifty pages in Mr. Hayward's preface; and we can promise the reader a fine treat from their perusal, if he has at all a taste for this sort of thing.

"The Quarterly Reviewer says: 'The terrible prison-scene, with which the volume closes, is rendered with fidelity, elegance, and strength.' To the proof!

"The first line is—

'Mich faust ein längst entwohnter
Schauer;'

it is translated,

'Strength to my limbs my fainting soul
denies.'

The fourth is—

'Und ihr verbrechen war ein guter
Wahn;'

rendered,

'Frenzy the crime for which her blood
must flow.'

"Margaret's song is represented by these four lines:

'Now shame on my mother
Who brought me to light,
And foul fall my father,
Who nursed me in spite.'

"The exquisitely simple expressions, '*Schön war ich auch, und das war mein Verderben*—I was fair too, and that was my undoing,' are rendered,

'And yet so soon to perish by your laws,
Once I was fair too—*that was just the
cause.*'

"Examples of this sort of weakness abound:

'Ich herze dich mit tausendfacher Glut.'
'With twice its former heat my love shall
glow.'—Vol. ii. p. 71.

'Stumm liegt die Welt wie das Grab.'
'And all are dumb with speechless pain,
As if they never would speak again.'
Vol. ii. p. 76.

"See also vol. ii. p. 69, from l. 11, a passage spoilt by the change of person and the omission of the exclamation, 'I am saved!' And see p. 70, from l. 7, to the second line of the next page. At p. 74 his lordship gives another version of *lauern*. He translates '*Sie lauern doch mir auf*—They *glare* upon me still;' and in p. 75 he shews a total insensibility to one of the most exquisite touches of nature in the scene. The literal translation is—

'*Faust.* The day is dawning, my love! my love!

'*Margaret.* Day! yes, it is becoming day—the last day is pressing in. It was to be my wedding-day! *Tell no one*

*that thou wert with Margaret before.* Woe to my garland!'

"His lordship gives it thus:

'*Faust.* Day, Margaret! day! your term will soon be past.

'*Margaret.* True, 'tis the day; the last, the last!
My bridal day!—'twill soon appear.
Tell it to none thou hast been *here*,'—

*i. e.* in the prison. His lordship takes no notice whatever of the garland, which, at any rate, ought to have suggested the real meaning.

"Margaret's frenzied call to save her child (post, p. 201) is rendered thus:

'Quick! fly!
Save it, *or the child will die!*
Through the wild wood,
To the pond!
It lifts its head!
The bubbles rise!
It breathes!
Oh save it, save it!'

"The beauty of this passage depends on the minuteness of the particulars which crowd upon the poor girl's mind. His lordship leaves out two-thirds of them, and gives us, by way of recompense, his own logical conclusion, that the child will die if it be not saved. But his lordship—God knows why!—has evidently taken a strong dislike to this unhappy child, and resolved that it should neither be born, nursed, drowned, or buried, as the mother and the author wished and intended.

'On my right breast my boy shall be,
Let no one else lie there but he;
'Twere bliss with *him* in death to lie,
Which, on this earth, my foes deny.'

The passage (post, p. 200) runs, 'No one else *will* lie by me,' not 'Let no one,' &c.; and Margaret, not having so much as an *ahndung*, or presentiment of his lordship's attempt, expresses no anxiety whatever as to her boy, to whom he has applied the apprehension she expresses about Faust. The *him* in the third line should therefore be altered into *thee*.

"The translator finishes his undertaking in character:

'*Mephis.* She is condemned!
*Voices from above.* Is pardoned!
*Mephis* (*to Faust*). Hence and flee!
[*Vanishes with Faust.*
*Margaret* (*from within*).
Henry! Henry!'

"There being no attempt at metre or rhyme in this place, his lordship has no excuse for inaccuracy; yet every word of this conclusion, except the proper names and one of the stage-directions, is wrong. '*Sie ist gerichtet*' is not '*She is condemned*;' '*Sie ist gerettet*' is not '*She is pardoned*;' '*Her zu mir*' is not '*Hence and flee*;' and '*Stimme von Innen verhallend*' is not '*Margaret from within.*' Of such passages we may certainly say—

'Emendare lituræ
Multæ non possunt, una litura potest.'"

Mr. Hayward then passes in review the blank verse extracts which accompany Moses' Engravings from Retsch's series of Twenty-seven Outlines illustrative of *Faust*. It is not necessary to dwell on the ridiculous blunders of this writer. What respects poor Shelley demands more attention. We need not, however, enter into a defence of his errors, as the animadverter himself has found an apology for them. He confesses—(as who must not?)—the power manifested in the unfinished fragments left by Shelley, and agrees that nothing but a few months' study of German was wanting to make him fully equal to an adequate translation of *Faust*. Besides, as he very properly urges, they *are* unfinished fragments; and Shelley never professed himself to be perfect in the language from which he was translating. Some of these supposed errors, however, are evidently, we must tell Mr. Hayward, designed alterations, and meant for improvements of the original. Whether they are or not, we decide not; but in such cases, the variations most certainly should not be set down as mistakes. For instance, "*mit dauernden Gedanken*," could never have been mistaken by Shelley for "*with sweet and melancholy thoughts.*" Neither can we agree that Shelley has, in the passage to which these words belong, failed to represent its meaning. On the contrary, we believe that he has caught better than any other the sentiment; but he has rather paraphrased than rendered it, and so paraphrased it as to explain what in the German text is so obscure as to have puzzled half a score of commentators. But what can puzzle OLIVER YORKE? We have as clear a perception of the poet's meaning as it is possible for reader or critic—ay, critic—to have of poet; and so we shall shew when we come to consider fully and at large the place in question. Further than this it is not necessary to defend Shelley; and for all beyond—why, "take it in the very words of"—Leigh Hunt.

"I was away from my friend, in another country, when he began to read German; and my impression is, that he did not make any very long or extensive acquaintance with the literature: only what he did read, he would read exquisitely, and with a thorough knowledge of the meaning, *making it a point to have a perfect understanding of the letter, in order that he might leave nothing unperceived of the spirit.* Of the particular state in which the manuscript was left, I have no recollection, except that a few passages were not filled up."

The French translations have been equally faulty with the English, though undertaken by men of ability and learning. There are three French prose versions; but no talent, it is well observed, can overcome the difficulties which the peculiar character of the French language presents, and they have all shewn themselves hopelessly incapable of conveying any thing like a correct notion of the work. M. Sainte-Aulaire's translation is a clever and spirited, but vague and loose paraphrase, invariably shunning the difficulty which the various meanings present, by boldly deciding upon one, instead of trying to shadow out all of them, and avoiding the charge of incorrectness by making it almost impossible to say whether the best construction has suggested itself or not. MM. Stapfer and Gérard's merits it would be hard to estimate. What they understand they so abominably Frenchify, and what they do not they substitute with such miserable inanity as would——But never mind; what care we for the French translations?

Yet something of the French must be cared for — female genius having made it rich and precious in the eyes of an admiring world. Mad. de Staël and her *L'Allemagne* cannot be omitted in any survey of this matter. She is, however, justly censurable, both in regard to Goethe and other German authors, for frequently outrunning the constable in her critiques. Her blunderings are truly unaccountable; but we may readily believe that a lively Frenchwoman would write from reminiscence rather than from reference. No wonder that, seeing and talking so much as she did, her recollections of things were confused; and so that she remembered enough to give a shew of illustration and authority to a few brilliant paragraphs, she retired from her labour well contented. What cared she for the subject she pretended to be anatomising? It was for the brilliant thing she contrived to say, whatever the occasion, correct or incorrect, that she was solicitous only;—that end answered, every other consideration was given

"A doubt to all the winds of heaven."

Mr. Hayward has contrived to indicate, though unconsciously it would appear, the relative excellence of English poets by the relation which they bear to Goethe. This he has effected by giving in his notes such parallel passages from English poets as occurred to him. For this purpose, and also for assisting him in the grand affair of diction, he re-read the greater part of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, during the progress of his undertaking; a course of study which he recommends his fellow-labourers in this walk to pursue. He mentions it as a singular fact, that he was able to gain no addition to his stock of expressions from Byron, though at one period of his life he knew him pretty nearly by heart.

This will appear extraordinary to most who recollect Byron's *Manfred*, *Cain*, and *Heaven and Earth*, which are generally esteemed as Faustish dramas. It is, however, we doubt not, a fact. No two poets can be conceived more diverse in character and temperament than Goethe and Byron. The one was an artist, the other a madman. We have formerly shewn how the two poets dealt with a similar incident which occurred to both in early life. Both met with a girl a little older than themselves, who, in exercise of the privilege belonging to this difference of years, thought themselves at liberty to exercise a maternal or elder sister's patronage, which was mistaken by the *protégé* as a return of the affection which he felt rising in his own bosom. Both were disappointed. Byron bore the wound rankling in his heart all his life after; Goethe made use of the incident—which, however, he felt in the first instance keenly, even to derangement—as a material for his poetic purpose, and reproduces, to a certain extent, the character and some of the circumstances, as well as the name of the fair maiden in the person of his heroine, in this same tragedy of *Faust*. By this we may perceive that Goethe had obtained a

mastery and control of his emotion; the spirit of the prophet, in his case, "was subject to the prophet." This distinguishes effectually the two men. Byron might be—nay, he was—a poet; but he was no artist. Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, are all artists in their different styles; but Byron was only a man pouring out in vehement rhythmical declamation and figurative allusion his sorrows and reflections, and the tale of what he had seen, and heard, and read—and was little regardful of rules and principles, whether self-imposed or derived. We would not fetter genius with laws—but this we say, that genius should be a law to itself. Lord Byron's was not—passion was the law of his genius. Goethe's genius, on the contrary, is essentially active. It operates upon the materials of art, and converts them all to its glorious purposes—to set forth the heart of man, the mystery of the universe—how it all appeared to his own mind, and what his mind has made of it. Above all, there is a presiding will, directing, shaping, informing, and subduing all, as a conquest to its self-determined motive.

It becomes our pleasing duty, since we are at length in possession of a literal translation of *Faust*, to put at once our readers in possession of what fare they may expect to find in it; and without delay to eclipse all former commentators and critics—Madame de Staël herself—in our analysis of its contents.

Goethe is fond of poetical *proëmia*, and one of these precedes the play of *Faust*. We mean not the all-celebrated Prologue in Heaven, but a matter of humbler effort, in the shape of a dedication and a prologue in the theatre. The former is addressed to the memory of his days of boyhood, when first love, with friendship, illustrated the morning of life. It refers to Margaret and her circle, to whom he communicated the original fragments of the poem; so early was the first conception formed in his mind. The latter is a dialogue between *Manager*, *Theatre-poet*, and *Merryman*, on the best means of pleasing the public,—a consummation which the manager has most at heart. The poet is rather desirous of appealing to posterity; but the last speaker thinks that contemporaries are entitled to some regard. "He who knows how to impart himself agreeably, he," says Merryman, "will never be soured by popular caprice. He desires a large circle, to agitate it the more certainly. Then do but pluck up courage, and shew yourself a model to the world. Let Fancy, with all her choruses, Reason, Understanding, Feeling, Passion, but—mark me well—not without Folly, be heard." The manager adds to this, "But, most particularly, let there be incident enough;" with other remarks, which shew that he looks on the poet as a handicraftsman; and, in conclusion, since it is hard to satisfy, advises to mystify the people. Whereto the poet replies:—

"*Poet.*—Begone, and seek thyself another servant! The poet, forsooth, is wantonly to sport away for thy sake the highest right—the right of man, which Nature bestows upon him! By what stirs he every heart? By what subdues he every element? Is it not the harmony, which bursts from out his breast, and sucks the world back again into his heart? When Nature, carelessly winding, forces the thread's interminable length upon the spindle; when the confused multitude of all beings jangles out of tune and harsh—who, life-infusing, so disposes the ever equably-flowing series, that it moves rhythmically? Who calls the individual to the general consecration—where it strikes in glorious accords? Who bids the tempest rage to passions? the evening-red glow in the pensive spirit? Who scatters on the loved-one's path all beauteous blossomings of spring? Who wreathes the unmeaning green leaves into a garland of honour for deserts of all kinds? Who ensures Olympus?—associates Gods? Man's power revealed in the poet.

"*Merryman.*—Employ these fine powers then, and carry on your poetical affairs as one carries on a love-adventure. Accidentally one approaches, one feels, one stays, and little by little one gets entangled. The happiness increases—then it is disturbed; one is delighted, then comes distress; and, before one is aware of it, it is even a romance. Let us also give a play in this manner. Only plunge into the thick of human life! Every one lives it,—to not many is it known; and seize it where you will, it is interesting. Little clearness in motley images! much falsehood and a spark of truth!—this is the way to brew the best liquor, which refreshes and edifies all the world. Then assembles youth's fairest flower to see your play, and listens to the revelation. Then every gentle mind sucks melancholy nourishment for itself from out your work; then one while this, and one while that, is stirred up; each one sees what he

carries in his heart. They are as yet equally ready to weep and to laugh; they still honour the soaring, are pleased with the shine. One who is formed, there is no such thing as pleasing; one who is forming, will always be grateful.

"*Poet.*—Then give me also back again the times when I myself was still forming; when a fountain of crowded lays sprang freshly and unbrokenly forth; when mists veiled my world,—the bud still promised miracles; when I gathered the thousand flowers which profusely filled all the dales. I had nothing, and yet enough,—the intuitive longing after truth, and the pleasure in delusion! Give me back those impulses untamed,—the deep pain-fraught happiness, the energy of hatred, the might of love! — Give me back my youth!" &c.

Now for the celebrated Prologue in Heaven, which commences what may be arranged as the first act of this drama; of which prologue the idea is taken from the introductory chapter to the Book of Job, whence also Goethe seems to have formed his conception of the Evil Principle, as a being not rebellious to the Creator's will, but employed by him in the capacity of a powerful tempter, authorised and appointed for wise ends by the Supreme Wisdom. The archangels Raphael, Gabriel, and Michael, are singing to the Lord. Afterwards they are joined by Mephistopheles, who sneers at the anthem in which they have been engaged, having nothing himself, as he affirms, "to say about suns and worlds; I only mark how men are plaguing themselves." The Lord rebukes him for always complaining of what goes on on earth; and after a while asks him, "Do you know Faust?"

"*Mephis.* The doctor?
*The Lord.* My servant?
*Mephis.* Verily, he serves you after a fashion of his own," &c.

After some familiar talk of this kind, Mephistopheles is permitted to tempt this second Job. "Divert this spirit from his original source, and bear him, if thou canst seize him, down on thy own path with thee, and stand abashed when thou art compelled to own — a good man, in his dark perplexity, may still be conscious of the right way." Mephistopheles expresses his confidence in the result, and receives from the Lord an assurance that he had never hated the like of him. "Of all the spirits that deny," he remarks, "the scoffer is the least offensive to me. Man's activity is all too prone to slumber: he soon gets fond of unconditional repose; I therefore willingly allow him a companion, who stirs, and works, and must, as devil, produce." Then follows a passage which our translator is puzzled, like his predecessors, to render.

"Doch ihr, die ächten Göttersöhne,
Erfreut euch der lebendig reichen Schöne!
Das Werdende, das ewig wirkt und lebt,
Umfass' euch mit der Liebe holden Schranken,
Und was in schwankender Erscheinung schwebt,
Befestiget mit dauernden Gedanken."

The difficulty in this place is not in rendering the words literally, but in giving to them an intelligible meaning; and it does seem to us that the translators have mystified themselves strangely about the matter. The Lord is leaving and dismissing the angelic assembly, and observes, before rising, that they, as the true sons of God, rejoice in the living profusion of beauty. So far so good. But then he follows up the remark with a parting word of admonition—leaving them in the loving embraces of the *Werdende, das ewig wirkt und lebt.* This Mr. Hayward renders, "the creative essence, which lives and moves through all time." A friend of his prefers, "creation's energy, ever active and alive." Our friend Thomas Carlyle, in a letter to Mr. Hayward, observes on the whole passage thus:

"There is clearly no translating of these lines, especially on the spur of the moment; yet it seems to me the meaning of them is pretty distinct. The Lord has just remarked, that man (poor fellow!) needs a devil, as travelling companion, to spur him on by means of Denial; whereupon, turning round (to the angels and other perfect characters,) he adds, 'But ye, the genuine sons of Heaven, joy ye in the living fulness of the beautiful (not of the logical, practical, contradictory, wherein man toils imprisoned); let Being (or Existence), which is every where, a glorious birth into higher Being, as it for ever works and lives, encircle you with the soft ties of Love; and whatsoever wavers in the doubtful empire of appearance (as all earthly things do); that do ye by enduring thought make firm.' Thus would *Das Werdende* (the thing that is—a being) mean no less than the universe (the visible universe) itself; and I here phrase it by 'Existence,' which

is every where a birth into higher existence (or in some such way), and make a comfortable enough kind of sense out of that quatrain."

A periodical writer gives the meaning to be, that "The Lord, addressing the heavenly host, commands them, as the genuine sons of God, to rejoice in the eternal growth of beauty; there being in the divine creation a ceaseless flow of beautiful phenomena, which the divine intellect fixes, as it were, by contemplation and thought." In addition to all this, our present translator extracts, for a note, Mr. Coleridge's aphorism on the word *became*, to make the part a little clear.

A trifle more acquaintance with theology and German philosophy would have saved a deal of the trouble thus taken; nor would some attention to the character of the speaker and the nature of the occasion have been quite useless. The speaker is the second person in the Trinity, and the occasion is the breaking up of the sacred assembly, and the words which he is made to utter are intended for the Divine benediction at parting, in which he formally leaves them, to comfort them for his absence, according to the Scripture rule of proceeding, the loving influences of the Holy Spirit. The desire to be familiar in this dialogue—to make it dramatic rather than sacred — led Goethe to avoid religious terms of expression; and therefore he preferred the phrase, "the becoming, who ever operates and lives," to the "fellowship, or the blessing, of the Holy Ghost," and similar modes of address which are consecrated to the service of public worship. "The becoming" (*das Werdende*) is of course that which becomes—*i. e.* that which continually passes from one state to another, whose essence it is to do so. This is undoubtedly the office of the third person in the Trinity. The Lord, therefore, leaves and dismisses the angelic assembly with a benediction, recommending them to that divine influence which proceeds from the Father to the Son, and from both in an eternal procession, an operative and living principle, to whatsoever works and lives. This spirit he desires to remain with them, and to encompass them within the gentle enclosures of love.

So far for two lines of the doubtful four. But the other two are equally difficult. Mr. Hayward renders them, "What hovers in changeful seeming, do ye fix firm with everlasting thoughts." His friend: "And that which flits before you, a fluent and changeful phantom, do ye fix by the power of enduring thought."* Thomas Carlyle's translation we have already given, as also that of the periodical writer.

The simple English of the words which seems to have puzzled these very worthy people is only, "and what floats in fluctuating appearance befasten ye [*befestiget*] with enduring thoughts." This word *befestiget* is used precisely in the same sense by Shakespeare and Swift.

"Thinking by this face,
*To fasten* in our thoughts that ye have courage."—SHAKESPEARE.

"The words Whig and Tory have been pressed to the service of many successions of parties, with different ideas *fastened to* them."—SWIFT.

According, then, to a perfect English usage of the words, the sentence might be rendered,—"Attach ye the proper and permanent conceptions to the different phenomena of which ye may be percipient,"—*i. e.* Give a meaning to the things ye see, and hear, and feel, and touch, and taste,—let them not pass you by, and be forgotten; but, by attention at the period of their appearance, fix them in your thoughts, and make them a part of the permanent furniture of the mind. This would

* For this, he quotes the following from Coleridge:—"The particles that constitute the size, the visibility of an organic structure, are in perpetual flux. They are to the combining and constitutive power, as the pulses of air to the voice of a discourser, or of one who sings a roundelay. The same words may be repeated; but in each second of time the articulated air hath passed away, and each act of articulation appropriates and gives momentary form to a new and other portion. As the column of blue smoke from a cottage-chimney in the breathless summer-noon, or the steadfast-seeming cloud on the edge-point of a hill in the driving air-current, which momently condensed and recomposed is *the common phantom of a thousand successors* (*schwankende Erscheinung*); such is the flesh (and every organised body), which our *bodily* eyes transmit to us, which our palates taste, which our hands touch."

be the signification in plain and vulgar English; and the sense, thus expressed, would be obvious to the meanest capacity. But, for the sake of brevity, and of giving a magisterial air to the announcement, Goethe has expressed it technically. The technical allusion is to the *critical* philosophy of Kant; and, taken in connexion with the theological reference before stated, the passage may run,—"This spirit remain with you, during my absence, and enable you to seize on, and to fix, and to unite into form, by the power of thought, the variety of fluctuating phenomena which floats in an unconnected state before the faculty of sense."

It may be as well, perhaps, to explain, that the critical philosophy considers all the intuitions of sense as disconnected phenomena, — *i. e.* parts merely in succession or extension, without connexion,— to which the understanding, by uniting them, gives a form. Except for this exercise of the understanding upon them, they have no permanence, but evanesce instantly as they arise. Hence the propriety of the phrase "enduring thoughts"— "make firm"—or "to unite"—or "to seize upon"—or "to fix firmly"—or "to hold together"—or "to make fast"— what else would vanish away. It is, according to the phrase of Swift, to fasten an idea upon the appearance —either to understand it, or to register it in the memory.

The reader will perhaps accept the whole passage rendered in humble verse.

But ye, true sons of the Eternal,
Joy in the Beauty living and supernal.
May the Proceeding, that aye works and lives,
Clasp ye about with Love's benign defences;
And what the Apparent, ere it vanish, gives,
Make ye to endure in your intelligences.

We hope, now, to hear no more of this difficulty; the passage is really worth very little trouble. It is but a dry stick at the best; though, like Aaron's rod, it may be made to bud, as Shelley's version shews, which has caught well enough the sentiment; though, by shirking the letter, he has elevated it into a more poetic region. If we wanted to be poetical, which the original is not, we should give it a similar turn—somewhat in this way: "May the spirit of love, that works and lives in all things, embrace you within its benign influences, and, witnessing with your spirit, enable you to give thoughtful permanence to the evanescent phantoms that, as symbols of his operations, perpetually appear and vanish, for your delight and instruction." Compare this with Shelley's, and we shall not have much reason to complain.

"But ye, pure
Children of God, enjoy eternal beauty;
Let that which ever operates and lives
Clasp you within the limits of its love,
And seize with sweet and melancholy thoughts
The floating phantoms of its loveliness."

Heaven closes; the archangels disperse; and Mephistopheles concludes the scene with a brief reflection, in a style of some levity. According to Falk, Goethe is reported to have said, that "even the clever Madame de Staël was greatly scandalised, that I (Goethe) kept the devil in such good humour. In the presence of God, she insisted upon it, he ought to be made grim and spiteful. What will she say, if she sees him promoted a step higher, —nay, perhaps meets him in heaven!"

Goethe knew what he was about, better than Madame de Staël could tell him.

The next scene represents Faust in his study—a high-vaulted, narrow Gothic chamber—seated restless at his desk. Philosophy, jurisprudence, medicine, theology—he has mastered them all,—and what has he more to learn or teach? Faust is, therefore, in the condition, predicated in the prologue, of proneness to slumber. He may now soon get fond of unconditional repose; and it will be needful "to allow him a companion, who stirs and works, and must, as devil, produce." Nor is it long before such a goad is provided to prick the sides of his intent. But, in the meantime, the doctor's activity seems yet willing to keep awake, and has expended its energy in the study of magic, as the only thing yet which has occupation in it. A mysterious book from Nostrodamus' own hand presents to his view the sign of the *Macrocosm*, which, after contemplating, he exclaims,—

"How all weaves itself into a whole; the one works and lives in the other

*How the heavenly influences ascend and descend, and reach each other the golden buckets,—on bliss-exhaling pinions press from heaven through earth, all ringing harmoniously through the* All. What a show! but ah, a show only! Where shall I seize thee, infinite Nature? Ye breasts, where? ye sources of all life, on which hang heaven and earth, towards which the blighted breast presses — ye gush, ye suckle, and am I thus languishing in vain? [*He turns over the book indignantly, and sees the sign of the Spirit of the Earth.*] How differently this sign affects me! Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art nearer to me! Already do I feel my energies exalted, already glow as with new wine; I feel courage to cast myself into the world; to endure earthly weal and earthly wo; to wrestle with storms, and stand unshaken mid the shipwreck's crash. Clouds thicken over me; the moon pales her light; the lamp dies away; exhalations arise; red beams encircle my head; a cold shuddering flickers down from the vaulted roof, and fastens on me! I feel it — thou art flitting round me, prayer-compelled Spirit! Unveil thyself! Ah! what a tearing in my heart — all my senses are stirring up to new sensations! I feel my whole soul surrendered to thee. Thou must — thou must! should it cost me my life.

[*He seizes the book, and pronounces mystically the sign of the Spirit. A red flame flashes up; the* SPIRIT *appears in the flame.*

"*Spirit.* Who calls for me!

"*Faust* (*averting his face*). Horrible vision!

"*Spirit.* Thou hast potently attracted me, after long sucking at my sphere. And now —

"*Faust.* Torture! I endure thee not.

"*Spirit.* You pray, panting, to see me, to hear my voice, to gaze upon my face. Your potent invocation works upon me. I am here! What a miserable terror seizes thee, the demigod! Where is the soul's calling? Where the breast, that created a world to itself, and upbore and contained it? which, with a thrill of ecstasy, swelled to lift itself to a level with us spirits. Where art thou, Faust, whose voice rang to me, who pressed upon me with all his energies? Art thou he? — thou who, blighted by my breath, art shivering through all the depths of life, a trembling, writhing worm.

"*Faust.* Shall I yield to thee, thou child of fire? I am he — am Faust, thy equal!

"*Spirit.* In the stream of life,
In the storm of action,
I move up and down,
I flit hither and thither.
Birth and grave,
An eternal sea,
A changeful weaving,
A glowing life —
Thus I work at the whizzing loom of time,
And weave the visible clothing of the Deity.

"*Faust.* Busy spirit! thou who sweepest round the wide world, how near I feel to thee!

"*Spirit.* Thou art mate for the spirit whom thou conceivest, not for me.

[*The Spirit vanishes.*

"*Faust* (*collapsing*). Not for thee! For whom then? I, the image of the Deity, and not mate for even thee!"

Now here comes a question. What means the poet by his Macrocosm, and that other sign of the Spirit of the Earth? We suspect that the best way of coming at this point is not to listen to Dr. Hinrich, or Falk, or even to consult Dr. Herder' *Ideen;* but to go at once to those alchemical books which Goethe tells us himself in his Memoirs he read, whilst confined by ill health, with a Miss Von Klettenberg. He mentions Welling's *Opus Mago-Cabalisticum*, Theophrastus, Paracelsus, Basilius Valentinus, Helmont, Starkey, and the *Aurea Catena Homeri*. Now it happens, that at one period of our life we read many books of this kind; but, at a distance from town, can only now lay our hands on an odd volume of Paracelsus, in a bad translation. It will serve for the nonce, however. According to Paracelsus, then, the macrocosm is the great world, and man is the microcosm, or a little world — a kind of epitome of the great. Oswald Crollius, "physitian to the most illustrious prince Christian Anhaltin," in his admonitory preface to Paracelsus's *Three Books of Philosophy*, delivers himself right learnedly on both worlds, *macros* and *micros*. "Whatsoever," says he, "lieth hid and unseen in man, is made manifest in the visible anatomy of the whole universe; for the microcosmical nature in man is invisible and incomprehensible. Therefore, in the visible and comprehensible anatomy of the great world, all things are manifest, as in their parent. Heaven and earth are man's parents, out of which man last of all was created: he that knows the parents, and can anatomise them, hath attained the true knowledge of their child man, the most perfect creature in all his properties; because all things of the whole universe meet in him as in the centre, and

the anatomy of him in his nature is the anatomy of the whole world. The external world is the figure of man, and man is an hidden world; because visible things in him are invisible, and when they are made visible then they are diseases, not health, as truly as he is the little world, and not the great one. And this is the true knowledge, that man may microcosmically be known visibly and invisibly, or magically. The knowledge of every sound and perfect physician proceedeth from the true and full anatomy, both of the great and little world, unto which he may safely trust, as to a most sure anchor. Considering, then, the original of all diseases, it will appear that the nature, as well of the macrocosm as of the microcosm, is its own medicine, disease, and physician."

Such is the sort of stuff to which this scene of Goethe has reference. In the sign of the macrocosm, Faust contemplates "the visible anatomy of the whole universe."

To this contemplation Faust feels himself unequal — its sphere is too large for his faculties; he is therefore desirous of limiting his aspirations, and, turning over the leaf, is fain to put up with the Spirit of the Earth, as "nearer to him"— as a more possible subject for his intellectual grasp. But, alas! even this less infinite spirit is too much — too overwhelming.

Presumptuous Faust! vain, and infirm of purpose. What less than the entire universe may satisfy thine ambition? The macrocosm! Futile endeavour! and thou art fain to put up with what in comparison is but a microcosm, a part of that mighty whole! a smaller world—like man, that greater world's epitome. But even in the Spirit of the Earth there is a mystery and an awe, which to thyself manifests thy imbecility; a spirit it is which thou canst not conceive, and therefore must put up with such spirit as thou canst— a Mephistopheles—a scoffer—a denier. Thou, who wantedst nothing so much as affirmation; a lover of wisdom, whose faithful wooing entreated and expected yes, and was answered by the proud and disdainful deity of thine affection, No! Comfort, however, may be found in this—that here, as in other cases of courtship, the no may mean yes.

What art thou, Spirit of the Earth! that thus overpoweredst mortal function, and didst thrust back the wielder of magic "on the uncertain lot of humanity!" Nay, what is Earth herself? The visible outgrowth of a nature—the apparition of a substance, alike imperceptible and inconceivable. Almost within the sphere of sense and understanding, man sometimes, in high Faustish moods, brings the secret thing which he necessarily assumes; but evermore it enlarges beyond the limits of both, and, like new wine, bursts the vessel that would contain it. And this is the Spirit of the Earth—the correlative reality of her phenomena, for which high Reason yearns, bearing as she does in her own essence the idea thereof, native as fruit is to the tree. Weak, too weak the flesh, how willing soever the spirit, such reality to compass. Such is Earth and her Spirit; such the result of an endeavour, ever baffled, yet instinctive. For what is man, in respect to his immortal sympathies? — a creature of baffled instincts! and so far less fitly placed in earth's region than the inferior animals, who find within its limits an answer to all their wants. A creature of baffled instincts: "and thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."

Despondency and madness both now beset Faust. First, despondency. Wagner, the unidea'd groveller, his amanuensis, breaks on "these full revealings;" or what might have been such, as he vainly, vainly thinks. Wagner thought that Faust was declaiming a Greek tragedy, and wished to be taught the art; for he had heard it said, that a player might instruct a priest, and verily believed that elocution makes the orator's success. Needful for him it is that he should arrive at this, and by a short cut; for his critical studies so increase upon him, that he finds a poor devil may die before he mounts to the fountain-head of all art and all science, *malgré* the pleasure which he feels in transporting himself into the spirit of other times. Something, too, of the world and the heart of man he would know — but how? In answer to all this, Faust gives him the lesson, which he has failed to realise in himself. He refers him to his own bosom, to his own feelings. Have something to say — there will be no difficulty in saying it; no elocution needed. Let the holy well in his own heart be permitted to gush out, and the study of old parchments will be useless. And as to the spirit of the times, as people

term it, what is it but their own spirit, in which the times are reflected?

Ah, reader! think again on the Spirit of the Earth. In what differs it from the Spirit of the Times? What could the majestic vision be, but a projection of Faust's own spirit? and by the dignity of his own being was he self-rebuked, when, reflected as in a mirror, he contemplated therein "the mighty and manifold universality of the earth itself — that focus of all phenomena, which at the same time contains within itself sea, mountain, storm, earthquake, tiger, lion, lamb, Homer, Phidias, Raphael, Newton, Mozart, and Apelles." And all these were glassed in his soul; as in the glorious mirror of the ocean,

"The Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed; in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible."

Such was Byron's Vision of the Sea, which he beheld when he looked introvertedly into his soul, and saw there the deep reflected in his own profounder deep. And such was Faust's and Goethe's Vision of the Earth, when opening in their own spirits "the great book of Heaven, they saw before them her measureless palace, which alone, and every where, the Godhead only has power to fill; and concluded, as undistractedly as they could, from the whole to the particular, from the particular to the whole." Well might the poet, then, give the spirit of the vision that sublime boast, no longer now mysterious —

"Thus work I at the whizzing loom of time,
And weave the visible clothing of the Deity."

Our dear Hayward! you will feel, we are assured, that we are welcome to what use we have made in our above rhapsody of your very excellent notes about the subject of that same. Like Barbara Lewthwaite's song to the poet, it seemed to us, as we retraced it line by line, that but half of it was our excellent translator's, and one half of it the no less excellent YORKE's. Like the poet, again and once again did we repeat it, as we would a song.

"Nay," said *we*, "more than half to dear Hayward must belong,
For *he* looked with such a look, and *he* spake with such a tone,
That YORKE almost received *his* heart into *his* own."

Having made this *amende honorable*, we are glad to get rid of this subject; as glad as Faust was to get rid of Wagner. And now he is alone. Despondency! the presence of even a Wagner had been a charm against this disease; and Faust soliloquises his thanks to this "poorest of all the sons of earth. Thou hast snatched me from despair, which had well nigh got the better of sense. Alas! that vision was so gigantically great, that I felt shrunk into a dwarf."

Yet was that vision, as we have demonstrated, of himself. What greater proof need we of the Miltonic axiom, placed in the mouth of the very first Faust too, Adam himself? "We feel that we are greater than we know," or can bear to know. For this revelation of a man to himself, what is it? To what is the majestic vision correlated? Our Oswald Crollius shall answer all gainsayers in respect to the microcosm, "or little world, man, concerning whose generation, dignity, and excellence," he says "something," and that something, much every way; but this in brief: The microcosm man is the quintessence of all things—the divinity on earth—and his spirit is none other than God himself. "As the sidereal spirit dwells in the body, and works therein day and night—for this invisible is himself the firmament, and hath all things in him; so the Spirit of the Lord, the WORD of God, the eternal man, dwells in the soul: the house is the habitation of the soul, the soul is the habitation and cottage of God. Therefore when man, the most perfect completeness of God's works, the most complete figure of the world, and express image of God, in whom he rested from creating, as having nothing before him more honourable to be created, all the wisdom and power of the Creator being shut up and perfected in him, as the supreme artifice, in that he containeth all things in himself that are in God, when (I say) he was on the sixth day made up of all things, the last of the creatures, *and image not only of the eternal God, but also of the great world*, because with it he comprehendeth and containeth all things in

himself: it followeth that there are three worlds or heavens in man, and that he is borne about of three worlds, or rather is all the world, and a most sure and undoubted pattern of the whole universe. And therefore some have called him the fourth world, in whom are found all those things that are in the other three; for which cause, also, he may be called by the name of every creature. He hath a spirit or mind from God; *for what else is the spirit of man, which God breathed into him, but God himself dwelling in us?* The invisible body, or true internal man, consisting of reason and an astral spirit, agreeth with the angels, and is their fellow; AND IF HE BE A TRUE MAGICIAN, HE IS NOT INFERIOR TO THE ANGELS IN ALL MAGICAL OPERATION, and is lord and possessor of all things. His mortal physical body he hath from the frame of the world and all things created therein; for all external things are nothing else but the body of man. So that he partaketh of a threefold world,—of the archetype, or godlike world in God—of the intelligible, or angelical—of the sensible, elemental, or corporeal world; and hath a symbolical operation and conversation with them all."

The projected revelation of a spirit like this—thus adumbrating symbolically the creation and the Creator—what wonder that Faust should call the vision so gigantically great, and fail to recognise himself therein, exceeding as it did all conception? And what man can conceive of his own spirit; for that which comprehends all he knows, how can it be comprehended? Containing all consciousness, it can only be self-contained, and not included in consciousness, which reveals it by parts only, and, save in successive parts, never as a whole. It can indeed affirm its own being in its identity and integrity; but in so doing it passes the limits of consciousness, and obtains a self-intuition, of which the source and manifesting power must be sought in a still higher region. Seek it, and it appears, as it did to Faust, and to Moses, in fire—an unconsuming fire, yet terrible, and smiting the visionary with a sense of his own finite and derivative existence into the stature of a dwarf. Then becomes he conscious—(and indeed it is because consciousness will step in, that it is so—and if consciousness stepped not in, man would be reabsorbed into the blaze of Deity, and be discreated)—that "something foreign to it is ever clinging to the noblest conception the mind of man can form."

The company of Wagner had restored Faust's mind to its equilibrium. He could contemplate and compare himself with Wagner, and feel pride in the consciousness of being the more majestic creature. But left alone, again the memory of his vision recurs, and he "feels but too deeply he is not like"—and yet in reality how like!—"the heavenly essences. I am like the worm," he continues, "which drags itself painfully through the dust—which, as it seeks its living in the dust, is crushed and buried by the step of the passenger." Under this delusion, his despondency returns, and ere long is succeeded by madness.

Just in the access of this frenzy, his eye, wandering from shelf to shelf in his study, and loathing the sight of books and musty parchments, antiquated lumber and scientific apparatus, catches a glance of a phial containing poison. This he grasps as a remedy for all—nay, more, as leading him to the place where wisdom may be found.

"Ay, only resolutely turn thy back on the bright sun of the earth! Dare to tear up the gates which all willingly slink by! Now is the time to shew by deeds that man's dignity yields not to God's sublimity,—to quail not in presence of that dark abyss, in which phantasy damns itself to its own torments,—to struggle onwards to that pass, around whose narrow mouth all hell is flaming; calmly resolve upon the step, even at the risk of dropping into nothingness."

At this point, as he is about to place the goblet to his mouth, the scene takes a beautiful turn. Bells are heard to ring, and choirs to sing, in honour of Easter day. A chorus of angels celebrate the risen Redeemer, and the poison is withdrawn from the maniac's mouth. "Are," Faust exclaims, "ye hollow-sounding bells already proclaiming the first festal hour of Easter? Are ye choruses already singing the comforting hymn, which once, on the night of the sepulchre, pealed forth from angel-lips the assurance of a new covenant?" The chorus of women, seeking and finding not the body in the sepulchre, follows, closed with a chorus of angels. The heavenly tones subdue Faust, but

he wants faith in miracles. In infancy it had been otherwise with him. Then the kiss of heavenly love descended upon him in the solemn stillness of the Sabbath; the full-toned bell sounded so fraught with mystic meaning, and a prayer was vivid enjoyment. A longing, inconceivably sweet, drove him forth to wander over wood and plain, and amidst a thousand burning tears, he felt a world rise up to him. This anthem harbingered the gay sports of youth, the unchecked happiness of spring festivity. Recollection now holds him back, with childlike feeling, from the last decisive step. "O! sound on," he cries, "ye sweet heavenly strains! The tear is flowing—earth has me again!" And the scene concludes with a chorus of young people and of angels, reasserting the fact of the resurrection.

In the next scene Faust is mingling with his fellow-men, in company with Wagner, before the city-gate, where crowds have assembled, holyday making. Faust moralises on the multitude.

"They celebrate the rising of the Lord, for they themselves have arisen;—from the dull rooms of mean houses, from the bondage of mechanical drudgery, from the confinement of gables and roofs, from the stifling narrowness of streets, from the venerable gloom of churches, are they raised up to the open light of day. But look, look! how quickly the mass is scattering itself through the gardens and fields; how the river, broad and long, tosses many a merry bark upon its surface, and how this last wherry, overladen almost to sinking, moves off. Even from the farthest paths of the mountain gay-coloured dresses glance upon us. I hear already the bustle of the village: this is the true heaven of the multitude; big and little are huzzaing joyously. Here, I am a man—here, I may venture to be one."

Wagner's answer to this is very characteristic of the class to which he belongs:

"To walk with you, Sir Doctor, is honour and profit; but I would not venture hither alone, because I am an enemy to coarseness of every sort. Fiddling, shouting, skittle-playing, are sounds thoroughly detestable to me. People run riot as if the devil was driving them, and call it merriment, call it singing."

To this succeed dance and song by rustics under the lime-tree; after which Faust is greeted by an old peasant and the people, who express gratitude for Faust's having been their friend in the evil days of pestilence, during which his father had medicined the suffering town, and himself, then a young man, had visited the houses of the sick. Retiring with Wagner to a stone, on which he had at that time, thoughtful and solitary, mortified himself with prayer and fasting, that the plague might be stayed, he recollects with remorse the praise he received, and mentions with horror and derision the art of physic as then practised. In all this, Wagner is the very antipodes of Faust. When he unrolls a precious manuscript, such is his boast, all heaven comes down to him.

"Thou," replies Faust, "art only conscious of one impulse. Oh, never become acquainted with the other! Two souls, alas! dwell in my breast: the one struggles to separate itself from the other. The one clings with obstinate fondness to the world, with organs like cramps of steel: the other lifts itself majestically from the mist to the realms of an exalted ancestry. Oh! if there be spirits hovering in the air, ruling 'twixt earth and heaven, descend ye from your golden atmosphere, and lead me off to a new variegated life. Ay, were but a magic mantle mine, and could it bear me into foreign lands, I would not part with it for the costliest garments—not for a king's mantle."

Wagner is terrified at Faust's invoking "the well-known troop;" and more still, at his gazing with astonishment at some object: it is a black poodle. "Dost thou mark," inquires the doctor, "how in wide spiral curves he quests ever round and ever nearer us; and, if I err not, a line of fire follows upon his track!" In this Goethe has exalted into gramery an appearance, which he has explained in his *Farbenlehre*.

But to Faust, this natural phenomenon has a wizard meaning—the poodle is drawing light magical nooses, to form a toil, round their feet—the circle grows narrow—he is already close. Upon a nearer inspection, however, the learned doctor finds no trace of a spirit, but recognises that the poor brute has been well trained; and, in company with it, he and his amanuensis enter the gate of the town.

And now we are in Faust's study

again. The master enters with the poodle. He has left field and meadow veiled in deep night, which wakes the better soul within us with a holy feeling of foreboding awe, and he now disposes himself to study—ever and anon chiding the poodle for disturbing him. He feels the want of contentment, and longs for revelation, which, he declares, no where burns more purely and brightly than in the New Testament. He feels impelled to translate the original text, and opens the book on the verse of John, "In the beginning was the Word," and perplexes himself with different renderings of the last phrase, changing it from word to sense, from sense to power, and from power to deed. At this moment the disturbance of the poodle causes him to rise for the purpose of ejecting him as a nuisance. But the poodle grows long and broad, and swells to the size of a hippopotamus, with fiery eyes and terrific teeth, while spirits are heard chanting in the passage, and Faust by his incantations drives him behind the stove. The hell-hound, as a mist rises to the ceiling, which soon subsiding, presents to view Mephistopheles, who comes from behind the stove, in the dress of a travelling scholar. A spirited dialogue now ensues. In answer to Faust's inquiries, the fiend describes himself as "the spirit which constantly denies, and that rightly; for every thing that arises deserves to be annihilated. Therefore better were it that nothing should arise. Thus, all that you call sin, destruction, in a word, evil, is my proper element."

"*Faust.* You call yourself a part, and yet stand whole before me.

"*Mephistopheles.* I tell thee the modest truth. Although man, that microcosm of folly, commonly esteems himself as whole, I am a part of the part, which in the beginning was all; a part of the darkness which brought forth Light—the proud Light, which now contests her ancient rank and space with mother Night. But he succeeds not; since, strive as he will, he cleaves as if wedded to bodies, he streams from bodies, he gives beauty to bodies, he is broken by a body in his course, and so, I hope, will perish with bodies before long.

"*Faust.* Now I know thy dignified calling: thou art not able to destroy on a great scale, and so art beginning on a small one.

"*Mephistopheles.* And, to say truth, I have made little progress in it," &c.

The conversation of Mephistopheles so pleases Faust, that he gives him a general invitation. The fiend is now at liberty to depart, but is prevented by the pentagram in the threshold from availing himself of that privilege, which pentagram as a poodle he remarked not when he entered; and it is a law binding on devils and phantoms, that they must go out the same way that they stole in. Faust is pleased to learn that hell itself has laws; and finding that the wizard foot on the threshold is an obstacle, determines not to remove it, on the principle that he who has got hold of the devil should keep hold of him, since he will not catch him a second time in a hurry. Mephistopheles consents to stay on a plea of amusing him, and with a song of spirits lulls him to sleep; when, with the aid of a rat's tooth, he succeeds in breaking the spell at the threshold, and so makes his escape. The pentagram was a pentagonal figure, supposed to possess the same kind of power which, amongst us, used popularly to be attributed to the horse-shoe. Faust wakes, half disposed to believe the adventure with the poodle a dream only. Thus ends what may be considered the first act of this eventful drama.

In the second act, Faust makes that contract with the devil, signed with his blood, which is so famous in the legend. Faust has wearied himself with speculation; the fruit of the tree of knowledge has lost to him all flavour of good—of the evil only he is now sentient. He wants no more to know—but to be and to do. He cries out for action! action! action!

This desire Mephistopheles promises to gratify, and urges him to be "quick and have done with poring, and straight away into the world with me. I tell you, that a fellow who speculates is like a brute driven in a circle on a barren heath by an evil spirit, whilst fair green meadow lies every where around." As Faust goes in to prepare for starting, Mephistopheles assumes the doctor's dress, to receive a student who has been waiting in the passage for an interview, and who, in the dialogue which he holds with the fiend, thinks that he is speaking to Faust. Madame de Staël's representation of this scene is so faulty, as to require particular reference and correction. Mr. Hayward thus animadverts on it:

"She describes Mephistopheles' soli-

loquy when left alone to receive the student in this manner: — 'Il revêt la robe de docteur, et, pendant qu'il attend l'écolier, il exprime seul son dédain pour Faust. Cet homme, dit-il, ne sera jamais qu'à demi pervers; et c'est en vain qu'il se flatte de parvenir à l'être entièrement.'

"This is the passage which calls down the well-merited indignation of Jean Paul."

In the soliloquy with which we have now to do, Mephistopheles expresses no contempt for Faustus; neither does the fiend say that "the man will never be more than half wicked, and it is in vain that he flatters himself with the hope of becoming completely so." Reader, there is not one word of all this, neither could be, in the passage alluded to. What, then, is there in it? Thou hast eyes—peruse it for thyself.

"*Mephistopheles in Faust's gown.*— Only despise reason and knowledge, the highest strength of humanity; only permit thyself to be confirmed in delusion and sorcery-work by the spirit of lies, and I have thee unconditionally. Fate has given him a spirit which is ever pressing onwards uncurbed, whose overstrained striving o'erleaps the joys of earth. Him will I drag through the wastes of life, through vapid unmeaningness. He shall sprawl, stand amazed, stick fast; and meat and drink shall hang, a bait to his insatiableness, before his craving lips: he shall pray for refreshment in vain; and had he not already given himself up to the devil, he would, notwithstanding, infallibly be lost."

The scene between the simple student, who, in his simplicity, is desirous of becoming acquainted with every branch of knowledge, is satirical, and casts no unjust scorn on the modes of instruction pursued in German universities; but, at the same time, has also a higher end in view,—a vein of fierce irony, suggesting the vanity of art and science in the abstract. The poor student is, of course, completely mystified; but cannot possibly retire without putting his commonplace book in the hands of his instructor, for insertion of some album verses or sentenc . Mephistopheles writes, *Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.* The puzzled and amazed student closes the book reverentially, and takes his leave. And soon after, Faust and the devil are away into the scenes of action and of life, in the pursuit of practical knowledge, as an exchange for speculation.

There are two regions in which the spirit of man may be and do something, and manifest its activity. It may pass from the sphere of the speculative intellect into that of the practical reason, in the exercise of a holy will and the realisation of the laws of morality. This would be indeed to eat of the tree of life. But, in every age of the world, and in the experience of most individuals, both on the public and private scale, the higher reaches of the understanding have not been left for an elevation to still loftier processes of mind, but for a fearful fall into a lower sphere of character and conduct. Not into the higher region, therefore, Goethe makes Mephistopheles lead his hero, but into the mazes of sensuality and superstition,—setting out in this way the progress of the human race from lofty to low, according to the course which the dispensations of Providence have actually taken in the history of the world, and the way in which it is divinely appointed that redemption shall be worked out. Goethe's notion of the Christian religion is, that it is grounded on a reverence for what is under us, and which reverence was the last step which mankind were fitted and destined to attain. "What a task was it," says he in his *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*,—"What a task was it, not only to be patient with the earth, and let it lie beneath us—we appealing to a higher birth-place,—but also to recognise humility and poverty, mockery and despite, disgrace and wretchedness, suffering and death,—to recognise these things as divine; nay, even on sin and crime to look not as hinderances, but to honour and love them as furtherances of what is holy." Into this region of sin and crime it is that, in the subsequent part of the play, Faust is introduced. But Madame de Staël completely mistook the divine meaning of the piece, when she supposed that the heroine (of whom something by and by) should die and be pardoned, while the life of Faust should be preserved, but his soul lost. Goethe had no such vulgar intention; but to draw out of these apparent hinderances to, furtherances of, the holy, and ultimately to redeem Faust, as man shall be redeemed, of whom Faust is but a type and a symbol. Madame de Staël was led into this error, by considering this drama as a whole, whereas it is but one fragment out of many—a

part of a design—begun by Goethe in many shapes, but never completed in any.

Now, presto, then for a knowledge of the world, and for experience and experiment. And the first scene into which Faust was introduced is one of sensuality; none other, indeed, than Auerbach's wine-vaults, in Leipsig, with a drinking bout of merry fellows, singing a delectable song, among others, of a rat poisoned by a cook. Mephistopheles' song is even "more exquisite:" it is of a flea, the property of a great king, who directed his tailor to make for the youngster a coat, waistcoat, and breeches, and measure him for hose; and then made him minister, with his brothers and sisters, who tormented the ladies and gentlemen at court; but they were not permitted to crack or scratch them away. This piece of satire suits, of course, the company, who cry, "Liberty and wine for ever!" Mephistopheles, as became him, would drink the honours too, were the wine a thought better; and ultimately offers to produce better out of his own stock. With a gimblet, accordingly, he bores holes in the table's edge, closing the holes with wax stoppers, which, after an invocation, are again drawn, and the wine he chooses runs into each man's glass. They get gloriously drunk; till some of the magic wine being spilt on the ground, it turns to flame, and one drawing a stopper from the table is set on fire by the burning element. The enraged drunkards now draw out their knives, and attack Mephistopheles in revenge of sorcery; when, by a charm, he causes them to appear to themselves as if they were in a beautiful land of vineyards; and, taking each other by the nose, they brandish their knives, as if about to cut down a bunch of grapes. In the confusion, Faust and the fiend disappear; when, the charm being dissolved, the fellows start back from one another, in awe of the peril each had been in from either.

The witch's kitchen is a yet wilder scene. A female monkey is watching a cauldron fuming over the fire on a low hearth. A male one, with the young, is seated near, warming himself. Other witch furniture depends from the walls and ceiling. Faust loathes this mad concern of witchcraft, and doubts the power of this mess of cookery to take thirty years from his body. Mephistopheles honestly points him out a better way.

"Betake thyself straightway to the field, begin to hack and dig, confine thyself and thy sense within a narrow circle; support thyself on simple food; live with beasts as a beast, and think it no robbery to manure the land you crop. That is the best way, believe me, to keep a man young to eighty."

But the confined life does not suit Faust. Anon the monkeys are questioned as to their mistress's absence. They answer in lyrical lines, in which the frequent recurrence of the diphthong *au*, according to Falk, "bears a strong affinity to the language of monkeys;" nor is the incivility of their dialogue the least amusing portion. At length the monkeys direct Mephistopheles to "take the tail, and sit down on the settle," who is compelled to comply. Faust, meantime, has been contemplating the figure of a lovely woman in a magic mirror. The cauldron, which the she-monkey has neglected, begins to boil over; and in the flame which it occasions, the witch-mistress comes raging down the chimney. With oaths and curses, she scatters flames from her skimming-ladle on Faust, Mephistopheles, and the monkeys. But the fiend, whisking round the tail which he holds in his hand, strikes away the glasses and pots, breaking and spilling them and their contents. The witch steps back in rage and amazement, while he exclaims—

"Dost thou recognise me, thou atomy, thou scarecrow? Dost thou recognise thy lord and master? What is there to hinder me from striking in good earnest, from dashing thee and thy monkey-spirits to pieces? Hast thou no more any respect for the red doublet? Canst thou not distinguish the cock's feather? Have I concealed this face? Must I then name myself?

"*The Witch.* O master, pardon this rough reception! But I see no cloven foot. Where, then, are your two ravens?

"*Mephistopheles.* This once the apology may serve; for, to be sure, it is long since last we met. The march of intellect, too, which licks all the world into shape, has even reached the devil. The northern phantom is no more to be seen. Where do you now see horns, tail, and claws? And as for the foot, which I cannot do without, it would prejudice me in society; therefore, like many a young man, I have worn false calves these many years."

After brief but wild greeting, the

magic cordial is prepared, which is to renew the youth of Faust. The witch reads the charm from a great book, the monkeys being made to serve her for a reading-desk, and to hold the torches. The terms of her charm are mystical, like the Athanasian creed, shewing the necessity of making ten of one, seven and eight out of five and six; on all which Mephistopheles makes sarcastic reflections. The witch still continues her raving, while Faust's head is splitting, as if he heard a hundred idiots declaiming in full chorus. Faust having partaken of the cup, thus prepared, the circle is dissolved, and, after another look in the glass at the lovely female form, he is glad to depart, followed by Mephistopheles, who remarks, aside, "With this draught in your body, you will soon see a Helen in every woman you meet."

The next scene we like to consider as commencing the third act. The Helen appears to Faust in the form of Margaret, a humble girl, passing in the street, the daughter of a widow, who seems to be a pawnbrokeress. She disengages herself from his addresses; but Faust is determined to possess her, and demands the assistance of Mephistopheles, particularly in the needful articles of presents. The address of Faust has not been free of influence on poor Margaret; and, accordingly, a casket of jewels, which her lover and his demon contrive to place in her room, is not without effect. Her mother, however, will not permit the girl to wear gifts so equivocally come by; and hands it over, by the medium of a priest, to mother-church, who is stated to have a stomach for digesting ill-gotten wealth. Another ebony casket is placed in Margaret's press, which, to keep from the disposal of her mother, she carries to her neighbour, Mrs. Martha Schwerdtlein's house—a woman forsaken of her husband, and longing to be a widow. While there, Mephistopheles enters, with a trumped-up story of her husband's death, and accepts an invitation for an evening visit to both ladies, with his friend, as witness of Mr. Schwerdtlein's decease, in the garden. The garden-scene is one of the most beautiful in the play. Margaret on Faust's arm, and Martha with Mephistopheles', circle the garden-walk; and as they alternately come in front, do what Lord Leveson Gower calls "make love." This "naughty" flower-scene, however, which is among his lordship's reticences, is none other than the following beautifully simple and exquisitely innocent dialogue:

"*Faust.* You knew me again, you little angel, the moment I entered the garden?

"*Margaret.* Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes.

"*Faust.* And you forgive the liberty I took—my boldness as you were leaving the cathedral.

"*Margaret.* I was struck all of a heap. Such a thing had never happened to me before; no one could say any thing bad of me. Alas, thought I, has he seen any thing bold, unmaidenly in my behaviour? It seemed as if the thought suddenly struck him, 'I need stand on no ceremony with this girl.' I must own, I knew not what began to stir in your favour *here*; but certainly I was right angry with myself for not being more angry with you.

"*Faust.* Sweet love!

"*Margaret.* Wait a moment.

[*She plucks a star-flower, and picks off the leaves one after the other.*

"*Faust.* What is that for—a nosegay?

"*Margaret.* No, only for a game.

"*Faust.* How?

"*Margaret.* Go! You will laugh at me.

[*She plucks off the leaves, and murmurs to herself.*

"*Faust.* What are you murmuring?

"*Margaret* (*half aloud*). He loves me—he loves me not!

"*Faust.* Thou angelic being!

"*Margaret continues.* Loves me—not—loves me—not—

[*Plucking off the last leaf with fond delight.*

He loves me!

"*Faust.* Yes, my child. Let this flower-prophecy be to thee as a judgment from heaven. He loves thee! Dost thou understand what that means? He loves thee! [*He takes both her hands.*

"*Margaret.* I tremble all over!

"*Faust.* Oh, tremble not. Let this look, this pressure of the hand, say to thee what is unutterable:—to give ourselves up wholly, and feel a bliss which must be eternal. Eternal!—its end would be despair! No, no end! no end!

[*Margaret presses his hands, extricates herself from his embrace, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, and then follows her.*"

The summer-house scene, also omitted from motives of delicacy!!! follows:

"A Summer-House.

*Margaret runs in, gets behind the door, holds the tip of her finger to her lips, and peeps through the crevices.*

"*Margaret.* He comes!

"*Faust enters.* Ah, rogue! is it thus you provoke me? I have caught you at last. [*He kisses her.*

"*Margaret (embracing him, and returning the kiss).* Dearest man, I love thee from my heart. [*Mephistopheles knocks.*

"*Faust (stamping).* Who is there?

"*Mephistopheles.* A friend.

"*Faust.* A brute.

"*Mephistopheles.* It is time to part, I believe.

"*Martha comes up.* Yes, it is late, sir.

"*Faust.* May I not accompany you?

"*Margaret.* My mother would—farewell!

"*Faust.* Must I then go? Farewell.

"*Martha.* Adieu!

"*Margaret.* Till our next speedy meeting! [*Faust and Mephis. exeunt.*

"*Margaret.* Gracious God! How many things such a man can think about! How abashed I stand in his presence, and say yea to every thing! I am but a poor silly child; I cannot conceive what he sees in me."

Thus ends, as we take it, the third act.

We must make brief work of the remainder; and yet how? Have we not Faust in the forest and cavern, apostrophising the sublime spirit, who gave him every thing that he had prayed for?—a scene which Madame de Staël has cut into two, and given another and a wrong place to the latter half. Here Mephistopheles tempts him back to the love-affair, which, pricked by conscience, Faust is half-inclined to give up. Then we have Margaret's song at the spinning-wheel—then her conversation with Faust; in which, before she trusts him with her honour, she is desirous of ascertaining his religious sentiments. He answers her evasively: one passage, however, is fine:

"Mistake me not, thou lovely one! Who dare name him? and who avow, 'I believe in him.' Who feel, and dare to say, 'I believe in him not?' The All-embracer, the All-sustainer, does he not embrace and sustain thee, me, himself? Does not the heaven arch itself there above? Lies not the earth firm here below? And do not eternal stars rise, friendlily twinkling, on high? Are we not looking into each other's eyes, and is not all thronging to thy head and heart, and weaving in eternal mystery, invisibly—visibly, about thee? Fill thy heart with it, big as it is; and when thou art wholly blest in the feeling, then call it what thou wilt! Call it happiness! heart! love! God! I have no name for it—feeling is all in all. Name is sound and smoke, clouding heaven's glow."

Dazzled by all this blaze of eloquence, she at length consents to admit him to her chamber; and, in order to secure her mother's non-interference, to administer to her in her drink three drops from a phial which her lover gives her, as a sleeping-draught.

There is a sweet little scene, too, at the well, where Margaret meets with one Bessy, each bearing her pitcher. Bessy tells Margaret of one Barbara, who will have to expiate her shame by penance in a white sheet in a church. Margaret can express no indignation, but pity only for the poor girl's frailty; and in the next scene, we find her kneeling before a devotional image of the Mater Dolorosa, placed in a niche in the wall, provided with pots of flowers: and there she places, too, her pious tribute of like ornament. To the Dolorous Mother—herself such, or about to become such—she cries for rescue from shame and death. In vain; her brother Valentine, returned from the wars, has learned her shame; and coming to her door at night, meets Faust and Mephistopheles serenading his sister.

Severe things in this paper have been said, or sung, or written of Madame de Staël; her comment, however, on this part of the story, is so beautiful as to preclude omission. We give it in English. "Disgrace," she says, "seems to have greater hold upon persons of an elevated rank; and yet it is, perhaps, more formidable among the lower class. *Every thing is so plain, so positive, so irreparable among men who never, upon any occasion, make use of shades of expression.*" Rightly she remarks, that "the language of Valentine is at once harsh and pathetic. A man severe in appearance, yet inwardly endowed with sensibility, causes an expected and poignant emotion. Goethe has painted with admirable truth the courage which a soldier is capable of exerting against moral pain, that new enemy which he perceives within himself, and which he cannot combat with his usual weapons. At last, the necessity of revenge takes possession of him, and brings into action all the feelings by which he was inwardly devoured. He meets Mephistopheles and Faust at the moment when they are going to give a serenade

under his sister's window. Valentine provokes Faust, fights with him, and receives a mortal wound. His adversaries fly, to avoid the fury of the populace. Margaret coming out, asks *Who lies there?* the people answer, *Thy mother's son!* And her brother dying addresses to her reproaches, more terrible and more harrowing than more polished language could ever make use of. The dignity of tragedy could never permit us to dig so deeply into the human heart for the characters of nature."

Madame, we presume, means French tragedy. English tragedy has many such examples; and will, we hope, still have many, in spite of Bowdler's Family Shakspeare.

Valentine, her brother, is dead; and so is the mother of both. That mother was unable to support the sleeping-draught, and slept too long — for ever. What we designate as the fifth act of this tragedy, commences with the following scene:

"CATHEDRAL.
SERVICE, ORGAN, AND ANTHEM.

*Margaret amongst a number of People; Evil Spirit behind Margaret.*

"*Evil Spirit.* How different was it with thee, Margaret,
When, still full of innocence,
Thou camest to the altar here —
Out of the well-worn little book
Lispedst prayers,
Half child-sport,
Half God in the heart!
Margaret!
Where is thy head?
In thy heart
What crime?
Prayest thou for thy mother's soul? who
Slept over into long, long pain through thee?
Whose blood is that on thy threshold?
— And under thy heart
Stirs it not quickening even now,
Torturing itself and thee
With its foreboding presence?
"*Margaret.* Wo! wo!
Would that I were free from the thoughts
That come over me and across me,
Despite of me!
"*Chorus.* Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favillâ. [*Organ plays.*
"*Evil Spirit.* Horror seizes thee!
The trump sounds!
The graves tremble!
And thy heart,
From the repose of its ashes
For fiery torment
Brought to life again,
Trembles up!
"*Margaret.* Would that I were hence!
I feel as if the organ
Stifled my breath;
As if the anthem
Dissolved my heart's core!
"*Chorus.* Judex ergo cùm sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.
"*Margaret.* I feel so thronged!
The wall-pillars
Close on me!
The vaulted roof
Presses on me! Air!
"*Evil Spirit.* Hide thyself! Sin and shame
Do not remain hidden.
Air? Light?
Wo to thee!
"*Chorus.* Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus!
Cùm vix justus sit securus.
"*Evil Spirit.* The glorified from thee
Avert their faces.
The pure shudder
To reach thee their hands.
Wo! wo!
"*Chorus.* Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
"*Margaret.* Neighbour, your smelling-bottle! [*She swoons away.*"

These last words have been a terrible thorn in the sides of translators — this specimen of German sublimity sits not well on these dignified gentry. Of course, Lord L. Gower would have nothing to do with it. Mr. Thomas Taylor, however, improved on the original with a vengeance. The original is simply, "Neighbour! your bottle!" The said Thomas Taylor qualifies it thus: "Neighbour, your dram-bottle!" Poor Margaret! this was the sharpest cut of all!

To this succeeds the crowning witch-scene of the play. The May-day night among the Hartz mountains, which Shelley so beautifully translated, and which in his version is so well and adequately known to the English reader, that we need not enlarge upon it. Those who, without reading German, would desire a more literal acquaintance with the original, we refer to Mr. Hayward's book. The *Walpurgis Night's Dream; or, Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding Feast*, which is performed in the dilletante theatre, is a matter of which no conception can be rendered, except by a perusal of the original.

It is a day of gloom; Faust and Mephistopheles are together on a plain, discussing, in passion on one side, and irony on the other, the mournful case of Margaret, who has murdered the

child to which she has given birth, in the hope of avoiding shame, and is now in prison for the crime. Faust insists upon her being freed; and accordingly, at night, behold he and his demon rushing along an open plain on black horses. Then comes the last—the dungeon-scene,—a scene which no description can do justice to. Peruse it then, reader, for thyself.

"DUNGEON.

*Faust, with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron wicket.*

"A tremour, long unfelt, seizes me; the concentrated misery of mankind fastens on me! Here, behind these damp walls, is her dwelling-place, and her crime was a good delusion! Thou tremblest to go to her! Thou fearest to see her again! On! thy irresolution lingers death hitherwards.

[*He takes hold of the lock.—Singing within.*

My mother, the whore!
She was the death of me;
My father, the rogue!
He ate me up;
My little sister
Picked up the bones
At a cool place.
There I became a beautiful little wood-bird.
Fly away! fly away!

"*Faust* (*opening the lock*). She has no presentiment that her lover is listening, hears the chains clank, the straw rustle.

[*He enters.*

"*Margaret* (*hiding her face in the bed of straw*). Wo! wo! They come! Bitter death!

"*Faust* (*softly*). Hush! hush! I come to free thee.

"*Margaret* (*throwing herself before him*). If thou art human, feel for my wretchedness.

"*Faust*. You will wake the guard by your cries!

[*He takes hold of the chains to unlock them.*

"*Margaret* (*on her knees*). Who has given thee, executioner, this power over me? You come for me whilst it is yet midnight. Be merciful, and let me live. Is not to-morrow morning time enough? (*She stands up.*) I am yet so young, so young! and am to die already! I was fair, too; and that was my undoing. My true-love was near—he is now far away. Torn lies the garland, scattered the flowers. Don't take hold of me so roughly! Spare me! What have I done to you? Let me not implore in vain. I never saw you before in all my life, you know.

"*Faust*. Shall I survive this misery?

"*Margaret*. I am now entirely in thy power. Only let me first give suck to the child; I pressed it this whole night to my heart. They took it away to vex me, and say now I killed it. And I shall never be happy again! They sing songs upon me—it is wicked of the people! An old tale ends so—who bids them apply it?

"*Faust* (*throws himself down*). A lover lies at thy feet, to unloose the bonds of wretchedness.

"*Margaret* (*throws herself by his side*). Ay, let us kneel to invoke the saints. See, under these steps, under the threshold, hell is seething. The Evil One, with fearful fury, is making a din!

"*Faust* (*exclaiming*). Margaret! Margaret!

"*Margaret* (*listening*). That was my true-love's voice! (*She springs up; the chains fall off.*) Where is he? I heard him call. I am free! Nobody shall hinder me. I will fly to his neck—lie on his bosom! He called Margaret! He stood upon the threshold. In the midst, through the howling and clattering of hell, through the grim devilish scoffing, I recognised the sweet, the loving tone.

"*Faust*. 'Tis I.

"*Margaret*. 'Tis thou? Ah, say so once again! (*Clasping him.*) 'Tis he! 'tis he! Whither is all my wretchedness? Whither the agony of the dungeon?—the chains? 'Tis thou!—thou comest to save me. I am saved! There again already is the street, where I saw you for the first time; and the cheerful garden, where I and Martha waited for you.

"*Faust* (*striving to take her away*). Come along—come along!

"*Margaret*. O, tarry! I like to tarry where thou tarriest. [*Caressing him.*

"*Faust*. Haste! If you do not make haste, we shall pay dearly for it.

"*Margaret*. What! you can no longer kiss? So short a time away from me, my love, and already forgotten how to kiss? Why do I feel so sad upon your neck? when, in other times, a whole heaven came over me from your words, your looks; and you kissed me as if you were going to smother me! Kiss me, or I will kiss you! (*She embraces him.*) Oh wo! your lips are cold, are dumb. Where have you left your love? who has robbed me of it? [*She turns from him.*

"*Faust*. Come, follow me! take courage, my love! I will press thee to my heart with thousandfold warmth—only follow me. I ask thee but this.

"*Margaret* (*turning to him*). And is it thou, then? And is it thou, indeed?

"*Faust*. 'Tis I—come along!

"*Margaret*. You undo the fetters! you take me to your bosom again! How comes it that you are not afraid of me? And do you then know, my love, whom you are freeing?

"*Faust.* Come, come, the depth of night is already passing away.

"*Margaret.* I have killed my mother, I have drowned my child. Was it not bestowed on thee and me?—on thee, too? 'Tis thou! I scarcely believe it. Give me thy hand—it is no dream—thy dear hand! But oh, 'tis damp!—wipe it off. As it seems to me, there is blood on it. Oh, God! what hast thou done? Put up thy sword, I pray thee, do!

"*Faust.* Let by-gones be by-gones. Thou wilt kill me.

"*Margaret.* No, you must remain behind. I will describe the graves to you; you must see to them the first thing to-morrow. Give my mother the best place—my brother close by—me, a little on one side, only not too far off—and the little one on my right breast; no one else will lie by me. To nestle to *thy* side, that were a sweet, a dear delight! But nothing will ever go right with me again; I feel as if I were irresistibly drawn to you, and you were thrusting me off. And yet 'tis you; and you look so good, so kind.

"*Faust.* If you feel that 'tis I, come along.

"*Margaret.* Out there?

"*Faust.* Into the free air.

"*Margaret.* If the grave is without, if death lies in wait, then come! Hence into the eternal resting-place, and not a step farther. Thou art now going away? O Henry, could I but go too!

"*Faust.* Thou canst; only consent—the door stands open.

"*Margaret.* I dare not go out; there is no hope for me. What avails it flying? They are lying in wait for me. It is so miserable to be obliged to beg, and, what is worse, with an evil conscience too. It is so miserable to wander in a strange land—and they will catch me, do as I will.

"*Faust.* I will stay with thee.

"*Margaret.* Quick! quick! save thy poor child! Away! Keep the path up by the brook—over the bridge—into the wood—to the left where the plank is—in the pond. Only quick, and catch hold of it! It tries to rise!—it is still struggling! Help! help!

"*Faust.* Collect thyself, I beg. Only one step, and thou art free.

"*Margaret.* Were we but past the hill! There sits my mother on a stone—my brain grows chill!—there sits my mother on a stone, and waves her head to and fro. She signs not, she nods not, her head is heavy; she slept so long, she'll wake no more. She slept that we might enjoy ourselves. Those were pleasant times!

"*Faust.* As no prayer, no persuasion, is here of any avail, I will risk the bearing thee away.

"*Margaret.* Let me alone! No, I endure no violence! Lay not hold of me so murderously! Time was, you know, when I did all to pleasure you.

"*Faust.* The day is dawning, my love! my love!

"*Margaret.* Day! yes, it is growing day! The last day is pressing in—it was to be my wedding-day. Tell no one that thou hadst been with Margaret already. Wo to my garland—it is all over now! We shall meet again, but not at the dance. The crowd thickens; it is not heard. The square, the streets, cannot hold them. The bell tolls! the staff breaks! How they bind and seize me! Already am I hurried off to the blood-seat! Already quivering for every neck is the sharp steel which quivers for mine. Dumb lies the world as the grave.

"*Faust.* Oh, that I had never been born!

"*Mephistopheles appears within.* Up! or you are lost. Profitless hesitation! lingering and prattling! My horses shudder; the morning is gloaming up.

"*Margaret.* What rises up from the bottom? He! he! Send him away! What would he at the holy place?—he would me!

"*Faust.* Thou art to live!

"*Margaret.* Judgment of God! I have given myself up to thee.

"*Mephistopheles* (*to Faust*). Come! come! I will leave you in the lurch with her.

"*Margaret.* Thine am I, Father! Save me! Ye angels! Ye holy hosts, range yourselves round about, to guard me! Henry! I am horror-struck for *thee*.

"*Mephistopheles.* She is judged!

"*Voice from above.* Is saved!

"*Mephistopheles* (*to Faust*). Hither to me! [*Disappears with Faust.*

"*Voice from within, dying away.* Henry! Henry!"

Of these last words the explanation is thus: Margaret dies, after pronouncing the last words assigned to her; the judgment of Heaven is pronounced upon her as her spirit parts; Mephistopheles announces it in his usual sardonic and deceitful style; the *voice from above* makes known its real purport; and the *voice from within, dying away*, is Margaret's spirit, calling to her lover on its way to heaven, whilst her body lies dead upon the stage.

## "MY CONTEMPORARIES."

### FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A RETIRED BARRISTER

(*Concluded from p.* 190.)

### SIR VICARY GIBBS.

DURING the period in which Lord Ellenborough was Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, Sir Vicary Gibbs, was appointed Attorney-General; that took place in Easter Term, 1807. He had previously filled the office of Solicitor-General. No man went through the gradation of professional toil or legal probation more regularly than he did. He had been an eminent Pleader under the Bar, and when called to it had a very considerable share of business. He was admitted on all hands, to be the most accomplished Pleader of the day. To excel in that branch of the Profession requires consummate accuracy, information, and acuteness; the habit of thinking which it calls for, and the necessity of committing so much to paper, gives a precision to knowledge not otherwise to be attained. This did not, however, constitute the whole of the merits of Sir Vicary Gibbs. He was an able and accurate general Lawyer, of extensive reading and profound discrimination.

Stripped, however, of his title to great knowledge in his Profession, society did not hold a more disagreeable man. Sneer and ill-nature appeared to have taken settled possession of his countenance — to form the leading traits of his character, and he exercised both with untired perseverance. These communicated to his aspect a settled look of sarcastic malignity, and conveyed the most perfect idea of Horace's "*naso suspendis adunco*," from the corresponding shape of that feature of his face. His laugh was an hysteric affection, unmarked by cheerfulness or good humour; and, although my intercourse with him in Profession was frequent, and in business-time I was in the daily habit of seeing him, I do not recollect ever to have observed a ray of pleasantry pass across his countenance.

His stature was low, his person mean, and his address assuming, distant, and reserved. He stooped occasionally, to be what he thought gracious; but he wished to have it considered as condescension. This made his civility disgusting, as it was accompanied with an air of assuming superiority: it seemed to be a reluctant homage which he paid to the settled rules of decent civility, not the offering of good nature, good feeling, or good manners. This majesty of bearing was displayed upon all occasions, but chiefly at his consultations. After stating his own view of the case, he went through the ceremony of asking the opinions of the other Counsel in the Case who attended him. He received their answers with a simper of affected acquiescence; but it was evident that he paid no attention to their suggestions or opinions, and had made up his mind to act wholly upon his own. The exercise of this prerogative of absolute judgment was not confined to those who were his juniors and without rank; silk gowns and coifs came in for an equal share of it. In one instance only do I recollect to have observed him relax his unbending superiority; it was at a consultation at which Mr. (now Sir Edward) Sugden attended him as one of the Counsel in the Cause. It would be unjust to deny, that on that occasion he violated his second nature, and treated Mr. Sugden with civility, and his opinion with respect. It was on a question of real property, in which he condescended to think that Mr. Sugden might be as well informed as himself.

No man bore this supercilious reception of his opinion more indignantly than Marryat. He rated his own abilities and legal attainments with as much partiality in their favour as Sir Vicary Gibbs did his own. To the highest polish of vulgarity, Marryat added a strong head, and an inflexible insensibility to any thing like feeling. He therefore occasionally ventured to combat some of Sir Vicary's legal positions, but was answered only with a

* It is a matter of well-founded remark, that those who have slender pretensions to birth or education feel more keenly than others what they consider as a want of due respect. Equally true is it, that if they happen to attain rank, they become

Sir Vicary Gibbs was first raised to the Bench in 1812, as a Puisné Judge of the Common Pleas. He was from thence translated to the quiet inaction of the Court of Exchequer, of which he was made Chief-Baron; and in the month of April, 1814, he was appointed Chief-Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

Until that appointment took place, the members of the King's Bench Bar knew little of him as a Judge; but there was but one opinion as to his fitness for the situation which he had been selected to fill, and that in point of learning and experience no one could be found better qualified for it. It was the resumption of all the practice of his former life, and afforded a field for the full exercise of his legal knowledge. His decisions on the Bench or at *Nisi prius* furnished equal proofs of the extent of his reading, and of the accuracy of his mind.

His appointment to the Common Pleas, however, was not hailed with much satisfaction by the Sergeants who then composed the Court. To the manners of Sir Vicary Gibbs they were no strangers, and anticipated, that whatever learning he might contribute to the Court, he would add nothing to its comforts. Report spoke of him as carrying an unaltered temper and unchanged manner into his higher situation, and conferring their blessings on his newly-adopted brothers. Endless peevishness of observation, and petulance which knew no fatigue, formed the ordinary accompaniments of his administration of justice. Whatever Professional rank the coif procured, it afforded no protection against the virulence of the Chief-Justice's remarks; and the situation of a Sergeant was far from being an enviable one. Every member of the Profession who had occasion to come before him felt and complained of the offensive peevishness of his temper; and I recollect an observation of one who was then a King's Sergeant, and has since filled a judicial situation: "I wish Sir Vicary would knock me down at once, and not keep continually pinching me."*

While at the Bar, his arguments

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more assuming than those by whose conduct to themselves their pride had been wounded. This was the case with Marryat, who illustrated the reflection of Tacitus —"*so immitior quia toleraverat.*" In business, or conversation unconnected with his profession, he never shewed any mark of education, or of acquired knowledge. He had been intended for an attorney, and had served under articles of clerkship to two attorneys in the Temple, of the names of Holt and Barber. That branch of the profession he quitted, and was called to the bar. The connexions formed by this means with his contemporary clerks brought him forward early at the Bar; and an indefatigable industry and undivided attention to business secured and increased it, until he at length obtained a silk-gown. By that he became a leader, and presided at his own consultations. He forgot the inflictions which his pride had suffered from Sir Vicary Gibbs, and adopted that part of the conduct of the latter which had been so offensive, as if anxious to indemnify himself for former mortifications. He affected an important display of superlative knowledge at his consultations, to astonish the attorney in the cause; and treated with overweening neglect the opinions of the other counsel. He was solicitous by such means to have it thought that his information stood in no need of the aid of others. This too was done, not with the constrained civility of Sir Vicary Gibbs, but with mock dignity and coarse ill-breeding, which made it peculiarly offensive to those of education of some standing at the Bar, who drew their information from other sources, and who knew that all his knowledge had been gleaned in an attorney's office: it was a failing, however, not of the heart but of the manner, as he was esteemed to be a friendly and good-natured man. His ignorance and want of acquaintance with books was always an object of ridicule; and on one occasion, when Vattel, the author of the *Law of Nations*, was quoted, "I knew him very well," said Marryat; "he was an attorney in Lincoln's Inn Fields." Never having heard of Vattel, he thought it was a mistake for Platel, an attorney who resided there.

* A friend of the late Sergeant Runnington, who had never before been in the Court of Common Pleas, having one day accompanied him into it, and hearing the Judges and Sergeants address each other by the affectionate title of "Brother," observed that it was the first example he had found of Shakespeare's line —

"We few — we happy few — we band of brothers."

"We give that a different version here," said Runnington; "it is, We, few happy, band of brothers." "Whom do you mean, Sergeant, by the few happy?" "They who have no business," replied the Sergeant, "for they do not come into contact with Gibbs."

were rated as possessing the highest merit, and bore unerring marks of extensive information and acuteness of mind. As a leader at *Nisi prius* his powers were contemptible: subtlety in an address to a Jury is wholly misapplied, and nicety of distinction is a mere waste of words. The speeches addressed by Sir Vicary Gibbs to Juries were neither calculated to persuade, to convince, or to produce effect. They were laboured displays of studied ingenuity, too refined for the apprehensions of those to whom they were addressed. To be convinced, we must not only hear, but understand. He divided, distinguished, and defined, until his speeches became logical enthymemes, through which the Juries were incapable of following him. His voice was shrill, sharp, and unmusical, and he never tried the experiment of aiming at persuasion by softening its tones: he punished the ears of those whom he addressed in a tone of objurgatory expression, resembling that of an angry scold, when, as was generally the case, he could neither command their attentions nor convince their understandings. No joke nor sally of wit was ever known to escape him; and to any thing bordering upon pleasantry he was not only an utter stranger, but his countenance prohibited every attempt at it by others.

In this defect of elocution, wholly uncalculated to produce an effect upon a Jury, Sir Vicary Gibbs furnished not the only example. His was the effect of habits derived from his early pursuits in his Profession. He had long practised as a Pleader under the Bar, and when called, his business was chiefly connected with that branch of the Profession. He had studied to argue, not to address a Jury; and he asked for damages in the same stiff language and unmoved manner in which he argued a demurrer. The effect of his early pursuits was visible in every description of business in which Sir Vicary Gibbs was engaged; and in most of those who have similarly commenced their Profession, the same defects will be found. The latter part of the couplet on Dryden has not been inaptly applied to them:—

"Nor wine nor love could ever make me gay,
To *writing* bred, I knew not what to *say*."

The imputation conveyed by the first line of this couplet against the festive character of my special pleading friends, is well known to be wholly without foundation, nor do they want the aid of my assurance to vindicate them from so graceless a reproach; but, with equal regard to truth, I must admit the justice of the second, with very few exceptions, that those who have long practised under it, and have come late to the Bar, are deficient in fluency of language and grace of delivery. It would seem as if most of the learned members of that branch of the Profession had never suffered it to enter into their contemplations, that they might be at some time called on to speak in public, and to address to a Court or Jury a few connected sentences. "*Poëta nascitur, non fit*"—*orator fit*. Eloquence in public speaking is the result of habit, and fluency the acquisition of repeated exertion. The pursuits of Pleaders under the Bar has a wholly different direction; the plodding habits of deep thought: the seclusion to which the nature of that pursuit condemns those who adopt it, and the description of books which they are in the daily habit of reading or referring to, are of the very opposite character to those from whence a correct taste in writing or speaking can be acquired. Chained to the desk, they look to it for fame and fortune; and for them the knowledge so acquired forms the best and surest foundation. It would be highly unworthy of me to underrate its value, as it forms an essential part of the education of an English Lawyer; my observations are confined to those who, having spent a large portion of their professional lives in the toilsome and ill-paid labours of special pleading, to which their whole attention has been devoted; when they are called to the Bar, feel their defect in that which they had neglected to cultivate. They want words to give utterance with fluency to their ideas; their delivery is embarrassed, hesitating, and awkward, and it is then too late to improve. An English Lawyer should be an Advocate, as well as learned in the law; and I think that, in legal studies, too little attention is paid to the cultivation of the requisites for an effective public speaker.

Whatever faults or failings were imputable to Sir Vicary Gibbs, they never reached his character as a Judge. In

public life, they rendered him one of the most unpopular who ever presided in a Court of Justice, and equally so in private as a member of the Profession, in his general intercourse with the Bar; but in the discharge of his duty he was upright, and never suffered his passions to warp his judgment. He was said to be a man of strong private friendship, and of steady attachment to those for whom he professed it. The selection of his friends was judicious, and their merits were justly appreciated. To his friendship, it was understood, that Mr. Justice Dampier and Lord Gifford owed their elevation to the Bench. No men were more highly qualified to fill their stations, or did more honour to the patronage of their friend than they did.

Sir Vicary Gibbs was fond of alluding to his having been educated at Eton, and I believe he was a distinguished scholar at Cambridge; but he very rarely gave a quotation: I recollect but one, when, in concluding an argument, and observing on that of his adversary, he said,—

"Magnoperè a vero, longèque errásse videtur."

As those who have been educated at Eton possess a high character for making verses, that line was thought by many to have been coined by him at the time, from its prosaic construction; but it is to be found in the first book of Lucretius, l. 712.

### TOPPING.

The retirement of Erskine and Mingay brought forward Topping and Sir Vicary Gibbs to the lead of the *Nisi prius* Bar in the Court of King's Bench. No two men could be found more opposite in manners and in character. Topping possessed a mind of considerable compass, of great firmness, and of decided manliness of deportment. These are leading qualifications to constitute a man of business, and his manner of doing it shewed how well founded his claim was to that title. His every thought was that of a gentleman; and though his temper was occasionally irascible, it never betrayed him into an unbecoming warmth, or a coarse observation; and nothing illiberal in my hearing ever fell from his lips, though I was for many years in the habit of daily association with him in Court. His personal appearance did not do justice to his natural character. He was short-sighted, which gave him the appearance of reserve, and the carriage which is the effect of imperfect vision, is often mistaken for supercilliousness. From the latter of these faults he was wholly exempt; but his manners were grave, and his countenance severe. His delivery was far from being grateful to the ear, and he had his share of the harsh and untuneful tones which distinguish the accent of the natives of the north of England; but it was wholly free from provincial phrases or distorted expressions. These were not recommendatory qualifications in a public speaker, and he was accordingly not a very popular one or successful in his verdicts. He never addressed himself to the passions of the Jury, nor attempted to work upon their feelings; he was too wise not to be sensible that his voice and manner were wholly unsuited to produce any effect on the bulk of those to whom they would be addressed, who were too dull and unintelligent to have pretensions to either. Those who compose the common Juries are for the most part formed of such materials. To any Jury, Topping was an unimpressive speaker. His voice was not merely void of modulation, but wanted variety of cadence and occasional emphasis; his delivery, therefore, wearied with its sameness. His professional knowledge was sound and well arranged; and though never a popular leader, he was an able one: he wasted no words, and took his points with powerful precision.

As a Leader, he was a fair and manly antagonist. He never disgraced his knowledge by taking captious objection, nor refused to those of the Bar who were with or against him, the fair merit to which they were entitled.*

* I was on one occasion his Junior, in an Action on a Bastardy Bond. These Bonds are given by the putative father to the Overseer of the poor at the time; but by stat. 54 Geo. III. c. 170, Actions may be brought on them by succeeding Overseers, in whom they are declared to be vested, in case of a breach of it in not supporting the child. The Cause in which we were so concerned was of that description.

Topping was a haughty man, but pride was never displayed in his intercourse with the members of his own Profession. Entitled, however, to some station and rank in society, he ill brooked the upstart assumption and irritating peevishness of Sir Vicary Gibbs. He tolerated it long, though his pride was evidently suffering from his forbearance. He seemed unwillingly, from a respect to his profession, to keep down his resentment, and curb the public expression of his feelings; but an occasion occurred which overcame his resolution, and rendered him unable longer to control them. His indignation was roused at a Trial at Guildhall, in which he and Sir Vicary Gibbs were Counsel at opposite sides. He observed on the assuming tone and manner adopted by Sir Vicary, in the most pointed and indignant language, and concluded with the emphatic delivery of the lines from the speech of Cassius, in *Julius Cæsar*:—

"He doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs,
To find ourselves dishonourable graves."

This was accompanied by an angry look of ineffable contempt; and the figure and manner of Topping, contrasted with the meanness of Sir Vicary's appearance, gave force to the reproof, and all the Bar present joined in the opinion of the justness of it.

His cast of character was grave; and I do not recollect to have heard him, during the long period which we practised together, unbend into that strain of pleasantry in which Erskine indulged, and the whole Court so much enjoyed, and which in fact ended with him. Sir Vicary Gibbs, who succeeded to the lead on Erskine's leaving it, dropped like an acid into the Court, and every thing was sour. The anecdote which I have before related, as to what took place between him and Topping, may afford some idea of the delectable change.

Though Topping in his own person did not indulge in a joke, if he gave occasion for it in others, no one enjoyed it more. He was a favourite Leader with the Jew Attorneys. They, their clients, and witnesses, are generally composed of persons in the lowest walks of society. In an Action for slanderous words, tried at Guildhall, between two Jews, he was counsel for the plaintiff, who was a Jew-dealer in naval stores, an occupation of not very high credit. The imputation on his character was not of the gentlest description, as it charged him with being "a swindler, and a receiver of stolen goods." Topping, after repelling the charges against him, as far as assertion could carry him, as deeply affecting his client's good name and reputation, on the excellence of which having descanted at great length, saying, that he might have relied on his general good character, as an answer to the calumny, without coming into a Court of Justice to vindicate it, concluded with these words,—"But my client was a man of too much spirit to sit down under such reproach without appealing to the laws of his country." Some of the Bar at his back said, "Then, Topping, your Client is a *Jew* (*jeu*) *d'esprit*, and the Defendant a *Jew* (*jeu*) *des mots*."

He never attained any higher rank at the Bar than that of King's Counsel; but on his Circuit he was Attorney-General for Chester and Durham. He was a warm and zealous Advocate in his Profession, and a most independent and honourable man. He died in the year 1821.

As the first thing to be proved, of course, I called for the [illegible]d. Topping had his eyes on his Brief, and hearing the Associate read the B[illegible] on which the names of the Plaintiffs on the Record did not appear, he turned round to me, "What is all this? we have mistaken our action, and must be nonsuited: the Bond now given in evidence is not a Bond given to the Plaintiffs." "Don't be alarmed," says I, "we are all right; there is an Act of Parliament empowering Overseers for the time being to sue on bastardy Bonds given to their predecessors." The Counsel for the Defendant, who were aware of the Act, made no defence, and we got the Verdict. As nothing had occurred, in which allusion had been made to the circumstance of the names of the Parties, there was no necessity for mentioning it; but Topping, with the manly liberality which belonged to him, said to the Chief-Justice that he thought he was in the jaws of a nonsuit, from the variance between the names of the Plaintiffs on the Record and the Obligees of the Bond, until I put the Act of Parliament into his hand which warranted it, and of which he confessed he had not been aware.

## BALDWIN.

At the commencement and during many years of my Professional life, Baldwin, never mentioned but by the name of Billy Baldwin, was in considerable practice at the Bar. He was an old man when I was called, and then said to possess considerable wealth. But age failed to convey any admonitory advice to avarice, and in vain pointed out to him the road to retirement. He clung to business to the last, while the smallest profit could be derived from it. His ruling passion was the accumulation of wealth, and to that he sacrificed every feeling of Professional propriety and its honourable pride. He knew every Attorney and Attorney's Clerk in London, by name, and courted their business by means to which nothing but a sordid spirit could stoop. He was indiscriminately fawning and submissively familiar with every Attorney who he thought had a half-guinea fee to give away. He was neither scrupulous nor squeamish in his selection of the members of that Profession with whom he was endearingly associated. He did not look to their character, but to the papers in their pocket: if he saw one so furnished, he would stop him, engage him in familiar conversation, learn from him on what business he was going, and to what Counsel, and then, with a pretended half joke, ask him if he could not do it as well as another? This mode of solicitation was generally successful; and by such unworthy means he had engrossed, in fact, almost the whole of the practice business of the Court, and was in full possession of it when Marryat was called to the Bar: till that time he had been without a rival or competitor, when Marryat rose to contest his supremacy. The education, knowledge of actual practice, and inflexible perseverance of Marryat, enabled him to combat Baldwin with success; and in that task he found many allies, of whom I was one.

Marryat had been articled to an Attorney, to whom he had served part of his clerkship. He had by that means acquired a knowledge of a description of practice to which Baldwin was a stranger. This was a perfect acquaintance with the appropriate stamps required for every affidavit or instrument which was to be used on its coming before the Court. From the same source, he derived a thorough acquaintance with the Rules of Court, as to the service of process, notices of motion, the wording of affidavits, and the proper forms of the jurats, as prescribed by the Practice of the Court. In these points, Baldwin was soon found by him to be vulnerable. He was too lazy to bestow much time on these minutiæ in Practice. He was puzzled with objections to the stamps on his affidavits; and Marryat, with his treble penny stamps, astounded and silenced him. It was with these weapons Marryat first shook his credit, by discharging his Rules on some technical objection. By these defeats the confidence of his clients in him was first shaken, and his credit with them began to totter. He lost ground by degrees; and in the same proportion his younger and more active opponent succeeded to it.

Of the heavy and important business of the Court, such as the arguing demurrers or reserved cases, Baldwin rarely had any share. Half-a-guinea motions, and the inferior description of it, formed the whole of Baldwin's practice, but of which he had an unconscionable proportion. Being of very long standing at the Bar, extremely rich, and having been brought into Parliament by the Duke of Portland, which last circumstance it was supposed would have something elevated his professional views, it was expected, by his Juniors at the bar, that he would have asked for a silk gown; as, by the division of his business, which would be the consequence of his taking rank, they would be so considerably benefited. But rank, unaccompanied by profit, presented no object of desire to the eyes of Baldwin. The accumulation of wealth was the sole object of his ambition, and no splendour of rank could induce him to relinquish the profits derived from a half-guinea motion. King's Counsel can accept no fee under a guinea; and when Baldwin was rallied for retaining his stuff gown when he might change it for a silk one, and come within the Bar, his answer was an honest avowal of his motive,—"I have lived long enough," said he, "to know that three half-guineas are more than a guinea,"—an excuse for meanness under cover of a joke.

The house in which Baldwin lived was that which is now Surgeon's Hall, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. When Erskine was told of the purchase, and that Baldwin had sold his house to the Corporation of Surgeons,—"I suppose," said, he, it was recommended to them from Baldwin's being so well acquainted with the practice of *bringing in the body.*"*

In the early part of his professional life, he had gone the Midland Circuit for some time. With an eye always intent on his interest, he saw that, while nearly the whole of the Common Law Counsel were absent from London on Circuit, there was much to be made by remaining in town. He therefore gave up the Circuit, and exchanged it for the more promising prospect of gain by remaining in London, and cruising for such business as chance or the absence of others might throw in his way. Soon after he had taken this resolution, a friend of his meeting him in London, in the month of March, when the Circuits were going on, expressed his surprise at seeing him in town at that time, and asked him if he had quitted his Circuit? "Yes," says Baldwin, "the Midland, I have; I now go the Home Circuit." "What," replied his friend, will the Home Circuit Bar suffer a man of your standing to join them?" "I never asked them," replied Baldwin; "the Home Circuit which I go is on the Temple Terrace, and it is not a bad one, let me tell you." There he paraded backward and forward during business hours, to snap up the chance motions of Attorneys or their Clerks, either going to the public offices, or to other members of the Bar. This base traffic he pursued for many years after old age should have admonished him that worldly pursuits should have come to an end.

Marryat's successful opposition to him had raised against him an host of opponents. If Professional character is once broken in upon, it is rarely retrieved, and if once shaken it falls soon to the ground. This was the case with Baldwin; his business fell off when the confidence of his clients was lost, but not so his cupidity for its profits, to retain which he had recourse to every expedient which avarice and meanness could suggest. But his day was past; his credit sunk for ever, which, till the last, he struggled in vain to sustain.

He at length retired from the bar, not from want of health but of business. He quitted it with painful reluctance when it became unprofitable, and it had in fact quitted him. His retirement was unaccompanied with any regret from any quarter but from himself, that the power of making money had departed from him. When he found his clients forsaking him, he lost all command over his temper; his feelings, which were all selfish, and his manners naturally unpolished, became violent by disappointment. He at no time commanded the respect or goodwill of those who practised with him at the Bar; and when his business was transferred to them, he was illiberal and offensive, even to rudeness. He carried his resentment so far, as to charge them with obtaining his business by soliciting Attorneys, and imputing to them as dishonourable what had been the uniform course of conduct which he had pursued during the whole of his professional life. Selfishness and popularity will never be found in the same character. His jealousy was at all times roused by any display of talents in the junior members of the Bar, and their promise of rising in their Profession. He uniformly browbeat timidity, and insulted inexperience. Such was Billy Baldwin.

The following parody of the twenty-fifth ode of the first book of Horace's *Odes*, was one of the many squibs of the day fired at him when his business began to decline:—

* To those who are not Lawyers, this requires explanation. When a person is arrested, and the Sheriff takes Bail for his appearance at the return of the writ, he returns, "that he had taken the body of the Defendant, and had him ready to appear," &c.; but until he appears, the Plaintiff cannot proceed. That appearance is either by an actual surrender or putting in Bail. If the Sheriff does neither, he is called upon to do so by a rule *to bring in the body*; that is, give an appearance for the Defendant: and if he does not obey it, he is liable to an Attachment. It is a motion, of course; of which description Baldwin's business was almost wholly composed.

*Ad Lydiam.*

Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi
Nec tibi somno adimunt, amatque
Janua limen.

Quæ prius multum facilè movebat
Cardines: audis minùs et minùs jam,
"Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?"

Invicem mœchos anus arrogantes
Flebis in solo levis angiportu,
Thracio bacchante magis sub inter-
Lunia vento.

Cum tibi flagrans amor et libido,
Quæ solet matres furiare equorum,
Sævet circa jecur ulcerosum,
Non sine questu.

Læta quod pubes hederâ virenti
Gaudeat pullâ magis atque myrto,
Aridas frondes, hyemis sodali
Dedicet Euro.

*To Billy Baldwin.*

Rarely, alas! those saucy sparks,
Spruce young attorneys, or their clerks,
Now at your chambers call;
No more disturbed by client's rap,
Securely you enjoy your nap,
Returned from the Hall.

Your doors your business gone betray,
They scarcely open once a-day—
No clients now appear;
Those squads, "Do, Mr. Williams,* pray,
Sign this demurrer, or this plea,"
No more salute your ear.

With empty bag you vainly eye
Old clients, as they pass you by,
To others give their fee;
Now glad with cordial squeeze to greet
Some broken rascal from the Fleet,
By th' Insolvent Act set free.

On Temple terrace still you ply,
Each clerk with papers quick espy,
And lure with sweetest smiles;
While bursting still with rage and spleen,
If they by you, by chance, are seen
To go to Park or Giles.

Fired with insatiate love of gain,
Of loss of clients you complain,
Who left you without cause;
Willett and Annesley, Gregg and Kay,
To other men, who've found their way
To Wigley and to Lawes.

VENNER.

I have hitherto devoted my pages, with the exception of Fielding and Baldwin only, to the characters and anecdotes of men who held some rank in the Profession. Those who have appeared on the stage of life in the leading characters, naturally attract the first degree of attention; but they do not monopolise all the talents or qualities which recommend a man in society; and a few pages will not be ill-bestowed when devoted to the memory of a friend, and an accomplished scholar.

John Venner was one of those whose prospects in life imprudence defeated, and he was scarcely known in the Profession, with every talent to excel in it. He was a native of Canterbury, and had been a captain in the East Kent Militia before he was called to the Bar. That pursuit was not favourable to the acquisition of the learning required to attain any eminence in his Profession. With admirable talents, and extensive information on every subject but that of law, his talents were useless, and his information profitless. Incurably idle, fickle, and scheming, his time was wasted in framing visionary projects, or in pursuits equally unprofitable and unwise. Fitted for every thing, he accomplished nothing, and died in obscurity.

With a disrelish for reading Law, every classical author or work of taste he studied with avidity: in these his reading was extensive, and particularly in the Greek and Latin classics. Having the same partiality for them which he had, I found his conversation peculiarly entertaining. He quoted with fluency and ease, while a happy and cheerful temper, and an animated delivery, gave his quotations grace and interest. "Sir," he would say, "there is nothing new in poetry; our best English authors, with the exception of Shakespeare, possess little originality: and some of the ancients are not exempt

* Baldwin's clerk.

from the same imputation. Take up any of our modern Poets, and I'll point out to you thoughts and expressions borrowed from some author who has gone before him. For example, in Pope's *Abelard and Eloisa* we find these lines:

'I see thee, view thee, gaze on all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms;
I wake, I hear no more, no more I view—
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.'

Are not these lines borrowed from Virgil?

'Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum
Ter frustrà comprensa, manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis, et volucri simillima somno.' *

Goldsmith, in his *Deserted Village*, is guilty of a similar plagiary from Ovid:

'And as a bird with fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies.'

Ovid has—

'Velut ales, ab alto
Quæ teneram prolem producit in aëra nido.'" †

I added one to his stock of quotations; it was the imitation of the line in Juvenal,

"Cantabit vacuus coram latrone, viator."‡

Of which Chaucer, in his *Wife of Bath's Tale*, as modernised by Dryden, has this almost literal translation:

"The ragged beggar, though he wants relief,
Has nought to lose, and sings before the thief."

"We borrow," he would observe, "from Virgil; he did the same from Homer. Is not this passage,

Καὶ τότε δὴ χείρεσσι πανὸς ἐείσατο τάλαντα
Ἐν δ' ἑκάτερθι δύο κῆρες τανηλεγέος θανάτοιο, §

translated by Virgil, in the *Æneid*?

'Jupiter ipse duas equâlis examine lances
Sustinet, et fata imponit diversa duorum.'"

He cited a variety of other passages from the Greek and Latin Poets, all equally just and well applied.

"The best of our modern Poets," he would observe, "are not less scrupulous of pilfering the thoughts and expressions of those who have preceded them. In his *Absalom and Achitophel* Dryden has:

'His cooks, with long disuse, their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.'

See how Pope helps himself:

'What though the use of barbarous spits forgot,
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot.'" ‖

Venner excelled in the talent of off-hand *jeux d'esprit*, and pointed them with a happy turn. When on the window of an inn he found the lines from Dodsley's *Collection*,¶ supposed to have been written by a traveller—

"And now once more I shape my way,
Through rain or shine, through thick or thin,
Secure to meet, at close of day,
With kind reception at an inn;"

he wrote under them—

"But if you find a smoky room,
And no provisions in the larder,
You've nought to do but call your groom,
And try your luck a little farther."

That these lines, and some others which follow, and which I have attributed to Venner, may be found in the scrap-book of some collector, or even in a printed *Anthologia*, I have no doubt, as they first appeared in newspapers, or magazines, without the name of the author; or they may have been assigned to some other, when, in truth, they belonged to Venner. He had no vanity that it should be thought that such trifles were the production of his pen; and whenever, therefore, I heard him say that any thing was written by himself, I was disposed to give him credit for it: and small as is the merit which may be derived from such authorship, I endeavour to restore it to him who has the legitimate title to it. He was not the first who could exclaim,

"Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores."

* Virg. Æn. vi. l. 699.
‡ Juv. Sat.
‖ 3 Ep.
† Ovid. Metam. lib. viii. l. 213.
§ Hom. Il. lib. viii.
¶ Vol. v. p. 52.

When he indulged in his poetic vein, the Kentish newspapers and the magazines were the usual vehicles which conveyed them to the public. They were of various descriptions, and of as various merits—they occupied more of his attention than the severer studies of his Profession — they procured him little fame, and less profit. When he got any thing in the course of practice, he resorted to me for assistance, particularly to furnish him with cases, if he had an opinion to give. This made him an occasional visitor at my house; and when I met in a Kentish paper with any epigram or lines which I suspected to be his — as I was aware of his talent for such compositions, as well as of the mode in which they appeared—I was in the habit of inquiring of him whether he was the author. If he was, he frankly admitted it, as a matter merely of amusement; and he has as honestly repudiated all claim to some, which, although anonymous, possessed some merit. I therefore gave him the credit of being the author of the few *jeux d'esprit* to which he laid claim. His title to them may, with some degree of certainty, be ascertained by the likeness which they bear to his manners and character. Venner's manners were singularly cheerful, and his mind turned to burlesque. The following lines were taken from a Kentish newspaper, and were, I have reason to believe, written by him: —

If, torn from all we hold most dear,
The tedious moments slowly roll,
Can music's tend'rest accents cheer
The silent grief that melts the soul?

Or can the poet's boasted art,
To breasts that feel corroding care
The healing balm of peace impart,
And pluck the thorns engender'd there?

Ah, no! in vain the verse may flow,
In vain the softest strain begin;
The only balm to soothe our wo,
And calm all grief is—Maidstone Gin.

Venner was not addicted to punning, but he was not so fastidious as not to enjoy the good pun of another. In that dislike to a pun which, in common with Dr. Johnson, so many entertain, one of the most violent was the late Sir Samuel Romilly. For many years we were contemporary members of Gray's Inn, with Professor Christian, and being of nearly the same standing, we constantly dined together in the same mess. The spirit of satire was very predominant in Sir Samuel, and that of good humour as powerfully belonged to the Professor. Sir Samuel never lost an opportunity of making a butt of Christian, which the latter bore with inflexible good temper, and parried the attacks upon him by letting off some execrable pun, which raised a laugh, and annoyed his antagonist into silence.* A continual play upon words, and watching for an opportunity of hooking them into a pun, is the bane of conversation. For conversation Venner had considerable powers; he was neither a mere story-teller nor a punster, nor did I ever hear an attempt at wit in the latter character from him, except upon one occasion.

Under the old gaol at Maidstone ran a deep stream, which was used for the purpose of keeping it clean; at each extremity of it there was an iron grating, to prevent the escape of the prisoners. A prisoner, however, by plunging into the stream, and diving below the bars, contrived to effect his escape. When that was told to Venner, he said that the corporation should look to the gaol in future with more care, as the prisoners had *divers* ways of escaping. He then added, that it would be unpardonable in them to neglect it, as they had a *Frog* for their Recorder: this was Morgan, whom I have before mentioned (p. 186), and who went by that nickname. This single effusion of that species of wit by Venner, may appear to some to be of that description which would have provoked the wrath of Sir Samuel Romilly.

* As an example of this: on one occasion, when Romilly had for a long time levelled his wit and satire against Christian, beginning every sentence with "the learned (or Mr.) Professor," with a sneering emphasis; "You are very fond," said Christian, "of giving me my title of *Professor* — I shall return the compliment, and in future call you Mr. Pro-*prater*; for you have prated more in the last half hour than any other man in England could have done."

## DON QUIXOTE'S LIBRARY.

### No. II.

THE next of the pastoral romances which we propose to examine, is the *Galatea** of Cervantes. (No. 25.)

"'What's the next book?' 'The *Galatea* of Miguel de Cervantes,' replied the barber. 'That Cervantes has been my intimate acquaintance these many years,' cried the curate; 'and I know he has been more conversant with misfortunes than with poetry. His book, indeed, has I don't know what that looks like a good design; he aims at something, but concludes nothing; therefore we must stay for the second part, which he has promised us. Perhaps he may make us amends, and obtain a full pardon, which is denied him for the present; till that time, keep him close prisoner at your house.' 'I will,' quoth the barber."†

*Galatea* seems to have been the first book published by Cervantes after his return from captivity; but it was left unfinished at his death. In Bouterwek's‡ opinion, the story of the *Galatea* was intended by its author as nothing more than means of connecting the many poetical pieces with which it is enriched; and it may be added, in partial confirmation of the remarks of this critic, that the curate,§ in *Don Quixote*, speaks of Cervantes, in relation to *Galatea*, rather as a poet than as a prose writer. The few literary attempts which Cervantes had made before leaving Spain for other countries, were all in verse;‖ but they had not procured him the fame he expected.¶ Moreover, it is not likely that a person of his poetical mind would abandon the muses during the years he passed abroad, whether in the comparative ease of the Cardinal Acquaviva's household in Rome, amid the stir and interest in the camp and on board the fleet, or in the sad hours of bondage at Algiers. It is probable, on the contrary, that he brought home to Spain, stored in his memory, if not preserved in his portfolio, some of the poems inserted in this work, although, as Mr. Lockhart** has accurately observed, the greater proportion of them bear some reference to the romance. But as Cervantes' earlier poetical pieces had not met with the reception he thought they merited, it was very natural for him to seek to attract public attention to his newer effusions, by putting them forth in a shape which he knew to be popular at the time. Nor can it be objected, that such a course would not be grateful to one of the "*genus irritabile*," who might be more likely to disdain such courting of the general taste; especially since we know, it is said, that†† after the first part of *Don Quixote* was printed, and before it received the approbation it deserved, Cervantes deigned to give a stimulus to its repute, by a satirical pamphlet ridiculing its detractors. When Cervantes re-established himself in his native country, prose pastorals were universally admired; and hence, an unknown or forgotten candidate for literary honour could not do better than come forward, as one of the same class with those writers who were then engrossing the public regard. He appears, therefore, to have wished to secure attention to his poem; and,

* First published in 1584; the edition we have used is that of Juan de Zuñiga. Madrid, 1736. 4to.

† Don Quixote, p. i. b. i. chap. vi.

‡ Hist. of Span. Liter. b. xi. sect. 2.

§ See the words above quoted.

‖ These were, an elegy on the death of Isabella, or Elizabeth, de Valois, third queen of Philip II.; *Filena*, a pastoral poem; and some minor pieces.

¶ Yet, if we may trust to the complimentary strains of Espinel (in his *Casa de la Memoria*), and of Montalvo (in a sonnet addressed to Cervantes), the essays just named had obtained for their author a place among Spanish bards, even before his Algerine captivity. We may refer our readers to the Life of Cervantes, by Mayans y Siscar (sec. 12), for an extract from Espinel's poem, and for Montalvo's sonnet; besides, the latter is generally, if not always, prefixed to the *Galatea*.

** Life of Cervantes, prefixed to Le Motteux's *Don Quixote*, ed. 1822. Edinburgh, in 5 vols. 8vo.

†† Florian, *Vie de Cervantes*.

with that view, to have written a pastoral tale, as the cord on which he might string those pearls. Indeed, had Cervantes cared much for his romance on its own account, he would hardly have left it incomplete. But if we consider that it had served its purpose, we need not be surprised at his allowing it to remain unfinished. Besides, it was an imitation of the works of Spanish writers,—a style which could not continue interesting to an author who soon proved his own boundless originality.

The *Galatea*, then, appears under two aspects,—as a prose romance, and as a collection of poems; we will accordingly make these separate subjects for consideration, and will treat first of the prose story. The *Galatea* has never been translated into English directly from the language of Cervantes. We have several English versions* of the French *Galatée* of Florian, which is professedly an imitation of the Spanish *Galatea*, but would convey a very inaccurate idea of the latter: the reader of the French work would scarcely know any thing of the poetry contained in the original book. Florian has given very few pieces in verse, and hardly any of his lines are translations. The pastoral tale alone appears in the French, but has undergone no slight metamorphosis. Florian himself tells us, in his notice respecting the works of Cervantes, prefixed to his *Galatée*, that he has abridged the six books of the original into three; and that he has, in a fourth, wound up the story which Cervantes had broken off. He owns that he has taken no more than the substance of the adventures, and has changed such circumstances as he thought fit, and even added some entire scenes; that he has, on the one hand, left out half of the episodes, and, on the other, caused Galatée to appear much more than she does in the Spanish work. While Florian, therefore, can claim little or no praise for originality in his story, his style must be reckoned wholly his own, and quite incapable of conveying any notion of that of Cervantes. At the same time, by the omissions and alterations the former has made, the general effect of his *Galatée* is very different from that of the original. In the latter, the narrative is the least important part; but, in the former, nothing more than the principal tale is preserved.

We may digress so far as to remark, it is rather surprising that Florian should have brought forth his romance in such a shape—not translated entire, but divested of some of its chief and most attractive features, and curtailed into an ordinary pastoral. This once popular species of fiction had long sunk into disrepute throughout Europe, and particularly in France, where the taste for pastoral romances had been unable to resist the ridicule excited against it, by the keen satire with which some had ventured to assail it, while yet little past its zenith. A conspicuous place among those writers belongs to Charles Sorel,† whose Extravagant Shepherd [*Berger Extravagant*], although directed against D'Urfé's *Astrée* in particular, is an admirable burlesque on prose pastorals in general, and is well deserving of the attention of our readers.

As the *Galatée* of Florian is already

* First, we believe, in a complete translation of Florian's works, published anonymously in 1786 (London, 2 vols. 12mo). Since that time, the *Galatea* has been translated separately—at least twice—by Miss Highley (London, 1804), and by Mr. W. Marshall Craig (1813), whose merits as an artist, and a writer on subjects of his art, are well known and appreciated.

† Sorel's work, which he published under the assumed name of *Jean de la Lande*, was called either *Le Berger Extravagant*, or *L'Anti-Roman*; *ou, l'Histoire du Berger Lysis*, and passed through at least four editions: the first at Paris, in 1627 (3 vols. 8vo), and the latest known to us, at the same place, in 1653 (2 vols. 8vo). An anonymous English translation of this satire, under its latter title, was printed at London in 1654. This book itself is, perhaps, scarce; but an excellent account of it may be seen in the *Retrospective Review*, vol. vii. part ii. art. 5, although the reviewer does not seem to have been aware of the history of the French original. The *Berger Extravagant* was so highly thought of by Thomas Corneille, that he dramatised it in a five-act *pastorale burlesque*, in verse; and his opinion of the "Anti-Roman" is to be found in the epistle dedicatory of his own comic imitation. This composition, although wholly unfit for the stage, is worthy of being looked into. One scene (act i. scene v.), in which the fair object of the extravagant shepherd's adoration acts an echo to deceive him, is a very happy specimen of that sort of *jeu*.

known, or easily accessible to English readers, and as the main plot of its first three books is taken from that of the original *Galatea*, we need not now trace any more than a very slight outline of the story told by Cervantes, if story he can be said to tell. The groundwork of the pastoral is the attachment of Elicio, an amiable but poor shepherd, to the beauteous and charming Galatea, who tended her flocks on the banks of the Tagus. Erastro, a worthy but uncultured swain, admired the fair shepherdess; but seeing that she was more favourably disposed towards Elicio, he determines to abandon his suit, and becomes* the friend and confidant of his former rival. Although an obstacle is thus removed from the path of the principal persons, yet respect on the part of the lover, and reserve on that of his mistress, prevent much progress being made in their courtship; till Aurelio, the wealthy father of Galatea, suddenly announces† his intention of giving her in marriage to a rich Portuguese shepherd, when the prospect of separation and misery nerves Elicio to make a full declaration of his passion and unalterable faith to Galatea, who confesses that her heart responded to his; and both resolve to employ the utmost endeavours to break off the foreign match, and to effect their own marriage. Here Cervantes stops short, leaving the fate of his hero and heroine in suspense; but Florian‡ conducts the narrative to a happy termination, by making Galatea's father yield to the prayers of his daughter, and of all around him, and by finally uniting the lovers.

The chief actors, having so very little to do, are apt to be forgotten pretty frequently in the course of six books, when, although the author introduces them on the stage in most of the scenes, their parts consist of mere dumb show—a remark more peculiarly applicable to Galatea than to Elicio. The adventures of other shepherds and shepherdesses, dwelling on the banks of the Tagus and the Henares, are made nearly as prominent as those of the principal group. There are, besides, many episodes of great length, and some having little or no relation to pastoral life.

It has been thought by some, that, as D'Urfé certainly did afterwards, and as Montemayor was suspected of having done before, Cervantes meant to hand down, in disguise, some of the current stories respecting persons in the great world of his own time; and that, in Damon suffering from the tyranny of Amarillis, he represented himself sighing under the cruelty of the hard-hearted object of his love. But against the probability of these conjectures, it is to be observed, that whatever may be true with regard to Montemayor, it is not he so much as Gil Polo that Cervantes imitates; and that, as Cervantes was married the same year in which *Galatea* was published (1584), he must, even if he printed before his nuptials, have felt that his future bride did not merit being likened to Amarillis.

The episodes, as already noticed, are not all confined to the cabin and the sheepfold. As Gil Polo had introduced personages of exalted rank into one of the stories§ of his *Diana*, so Cervantes presents us with the woes of heroes and heroines of high degree, in the history‖ of Timbrio and Nisida, which is the longest and most interesting he tells. In the principal romance and the episodes, the adventures are by no means so extravagant as those in the *Diana* of Montemayor. But in the pastoral stories, the events are in general less natural, or rather less probable, than those in the same class of tales in Gil Polo's work;¶ while, on the other hand, the misfortunes of Timbrio and Nisida have more verisimilitude than those of Polo's Marcelio and Alcida. But there is not one of the tales told by Cervantes that approaches, in interest, to the story of the Moor Abindarraez, in the romance** of Montemayor. Cervantes has, per-

* This occurs in the first book.
† In the sixth and last book.
‡ *Galatée*, liv. 4me.
§ The story of Marcelio and Alcida; Diana Enamor. lib. i. et iii.
‖ Galatea, lib. ii—v.
¶ For example, the history of Teolinda (Gal. lib. i. ii. iv.) may be compared with that of Montano and Ismenia (Diana Enamor. lib. ii).
** Diana, lib. iv.

haps, to a greater degree than his predecessors, interrupted and mingled his different tales in a manner which the Spaniards allow, and even admire, in their plays, and other works of fiction; but which serves only to perplex readers beyond the Pyrenees, who will not be displeased with Florian for the change he has made in his imitation, by bringing continuously down to a close each narrative once commenced.

From the future author of *Don Quixote*, who would not expect much felicitous delineation of character, and Prometheus-like skill, in animating and putting into action those imitative beings his perfect knowledge of the structure of our hearts enabled him to create? But in this respect we must submit to utter disappointment. All the persons discourse in the same strain; their theme is love, with its thorns and its roses; their address and behaviour are such as seem more suited to courts than to cottages; while their language, and their allusions to matters of ancient and modern learning, would better belong to the students of Salamanca or Valladolid.

The scene is constantly in Spain, except in the story of Timbrio, when it shifts for a while to Naples. The time is fixed to that of Cervantes, by an event in the last-named tale, which we will notice hereafter. We are not conducted to any fancied Iberian Arcadia; but are left to suppose the districts inhabited by the shepherds of the story were merely tranquil spots in the heart of a modern, civilised, and Christian kingdom. We hear of some things that approximate to vulgar reality,—the administration of criminal justice—a gaol—and even the imprisonment* of a shepherd! One event, however, which might have been rendered very solemn and interesting, is made fantastic and absurd by a departure from truth. The shepherds from Galatea's hamlet† go to perform their annual ceremony of religion and respect at the tombs of their "rude forefathers," when, instead of every thing being conducted according to the striking formalities of the Church of Rome, the priest admits of observances which savour of Paganism; and the Muse Calliope appears in the midst of the assembly, and recites a poem in honour of various geniuses to whom Spain had given birth.

The style of the *Galatea* is copious and polished; but Spaniards‡ discover in it an inverted arrangement, which occasionally gives it, to them, an air of affectation. It seems to us to be framed after that of Polo's *Diana*; but we are inclined to think it superior to the model.

Various opinions have been formed regarding the general merit of the *Galatea*; there could be but one as to it, in comparison with the best productions of its author. The most severe judgment is that of Mr. Dunlop,§ who goes so far as to say, "there is enough to bestow on Cervantes the distinction of having written the most tiresome, as well as the most amusing book, in the universe." We regret to differ from this able critic, whose views on such subjects are well known to deserve the highest respect; but we really cannot agree to adopt his expression to the letter, when we remember many a more wearisome work, designed to be one of amusement. Other writers are much more lenient towards this romance. Mr. Lockhart,‖ who calls it "the beautiful dream of his (Cervantes') youth," gives it, we think, too great a share of praise in using these terms:¶ "There can be no question, that had Cervantes never written any thing but the *Galatea*, it must have sufficed to give him a high and permanent place in the literary history of Spain." The commendations of Florian,** and of Bouterwek,†† are more measured, as well as more particular: and we believe that, of all those who have expressed any admiration of this romance, few would differ much from us in proposing to rank it, as to merit, in a middle place between the first and the second class of the novels of Cervantes. We would not have our readers to suppose that we wish to pass lightly over the defects of the *Galatea*

* Galatea, lib. iv. † Ibid. lib. vi.
‡ Mayans y Siscar, *Vida de Cervantes*, § 14.
§ History of Fiction, chap. xi.
‖ Life of Cervantes, prefixed to Le Motteux's *Don Quixote*. Edin. 1822.
¶ Ibid.
** *Des Ouvrages de Cervantes*, prefixed to his *Galatée*.
†† Hist. of Span. Literat. b. xi. § 2.

—we have already pointed out the most prominent; but they are, in great measure, the faults of that department of literature to which it belongs; and we ought to blame Cervantes less for writing such a pastoral, than for undertaking to compose a pastoral at all. We have endeavoured to find an excuse for his apparent want of taste in making this selection for his first appearance before the public, after a long absence. It is for our readers to decide, whether we have accounted for his choice upon probable grounds.

The first specimens of the prose which we lay before our readers, are from an interesting adventure in the tale of Timbrio* and Nisida, which, but for its length, we would have translated entire, especially as it is omitted by Florian in relating that story. The hero and heroine were sailing from Italy to Spain, when Turkish galleys were descried by moonlight making up with them. The captain made the best arrangements he could.

"All then stood to their arms, stationed at their proper quarters, and awaited, as they best might, the approach of the enemy. Who can express to you, sirs, the pain that I then felt, seeing my happiness so quickly disturbed, and so near being lost; and still more, when I beheld Nisida and Blanca look at each other without uttering a word, confused with the din and clamour on board, and finding me entreat them to shut themselves up in their cabin, and pray to God to deliver us from the hands of the enemy. This was a situation and a moment, the recollection of which overpowers the imagination: their unhidden tears, and the effort which I made to conceal mine, affected me so much, that I almost forgot what I ought to do, to whom I belonged, and to what the danger compelled me; but at length I made them retire, almost fainting, to their cabin; and, locking the door upon them from the outside, I repaired to see what the captain directed, who was, with prudent anxiety, providing every thing necessary, assigning to Darintho (the cavalier who parted from us to-day) the guard of the forecastle, and giving me that of the poop, while he himself, with some seamen and passengers, went to one part and another, through the waist of the ship. The enemy was not long in coming up with us, the wind having first fallen away, which was the cause of our ruin."

Next morning's light discovered to the Spaniards, that they were threatened by fifteen large Algerine galleys, commanded by that celebrated Corsair Arnaut Madi (or Mami the Arnaut), by whom Cervantes himself was taken prisoner. The Spanish vessel maintained a desperate fight for sixteen hours; after which, the captain and best part of the crew having fallen, she was boarded by the Turks.

"Even if I would, I could not exaggerate the grief which came into my soul, when I saw, that these loved pledges, whom I now have before me, must be then taken, and come into the power of those cruel butchers; and, carried on by the wrath which this dread and consideration caused, I threw myself, with my unarmed breast, into the midst of the barbarous swords, desirous to die by their edges, rather than to see with my eyes what I anticipated. But it happened to me contrary to my thought; for three brawny Turks closing with me, and I closing with them, we came, in a body together, against the door of the cabin in which Nisida and Blanca were; and with the force of the blow the door gave way, and opened, which displayed the treasure there enclosed, of which the enemy being covetous, the one of them seized Nisida, and the other Blanca; and I, on seeing myself free of the two, made the other who held me quit his life at my feet; and I thought to do the same to the other two, if they, seeing the danger, had not let go their hold of the ladies, and stretched me on the floor with two great wounds; which being seen by Nisida, she, flinging herself upon my wounded body, with piteous cries besought the Turks to despatch her. At this instant (drawn by the cries and lamentations of Blanca and Nisida), Arnaut, commander of the galleys, entered the cabin, and, learning from the soldiers what had passed, he made Nisida and Blanca be taken to his galley; and, at Nisida's entreaty, he ordered, also, that they should carry me, since I was not dead."

The deliverance of the lovers is effected by a storm, in which their captor's vessel is stranded on the coast of Catalonia. The next prose passages we wish to bring forward consist of the

* Lib. v. The earlier part of the story is in lib. ii. iii. & iv.; the first specimen above translated is from pp. 227–8, and the second from p. 229. Ed. de Zuñiga. Madrid, 1736. 4to.

letter addressed by Galatea to Elicio, and his reply,* upon her father's declaring his intention of marrying her to a Portuguese shepherd.

"GALATEA TO ELICIO.

"In the hasty determination of my father, is that one I have taken, to write to thee; and in the force he uses towards me, that I have used to myself, until reaching this point. Thou knowest well in what situation I am, and I know well that I should like to see myself in a better one, to pay thee somewhat of the much which I am aware I owe thee. But, if Heaven will that I remain with this debt, complain of it, and not of my wish. I would fain change that of my father, were it possible; but I see that it is not; and hence I do not attempt it. If thou canst fancy any remedy in this, since entreaties are unavailing with him, carry it into effect, with the regard thou owest to thy credit, and art bound to for my honour. He whom they give me as a husband, and who is to give me burial, comes the day after to-morrow: short time remains for thee to take counsel, but enough remains for me to repent me. I say no more, save that Maurisa is faithful, and I am unhappy."

"ELICIO TO GALATEA.

"If the force of my power equalled the desire which I have to serve you, beauteous Galatea, neither that force which your father uses towards you, nor the greatest in the world, should be able to harm you; yet, be it as it may, you shall see presently (if this unreasonable proceeding goes on), that I am not behindhand in executing your orders, in the best way the case shall require. Let the fidelity which you have known in me assure you of this, and look calmly on present fortune, trusting in the future fair season, that honour which has moved you to remember me, and to write to me, will give me power to shew, that I, in some sort, deserve the favour you have done me; that, so you may be obeyed, neither timidity nor fear shall prevent my carrying into execution that which accords with your pleasure, and is of such importance to mine. No more; for what is to be done you shall know from Maurisa, to whom I have explained it; and if your opinion does not agree with mine, let me be informed, in order that time may not pass, and with it the season for our good fortune, which may Heaven give you, as it can, and as your worth merits."

The extracts from the narrative of Timbrio have not been made on account of peculiar merit; but we think they afford fair specimens of Cervantes' style at this period; and, if compared with any similar parts of the story of the captive in *Don Quixote*, will not seem much inferior to the latter, although devoid of the pathos of that highly-wrought tale. The two epistles exhibit the unpleasing faults of artificial manner and conceit, as much as any parts of this romance, and may be considered examples of its worst writing.

The numerous poetical pieces with which the *Galatea* is interspersed consist chiefly of sonnets and "*canciones;*" the latter exhibiting great variety of measures. The joys or the sorrows of love form the subjects of almost all of them; yet there is a wonderful diversity of ideas and modes of expression, which makes us pardon the general sameness of the topics. Few of the *canciones* are long; but none are deficient in flow, unless where the plan of *glosas* and *refranes* required repetition, and play upon words; or where the poet has thought fit to indulge in conceits, of which the taste of his country was, at that period, too apt to approve. The popular *preguntas* (or riddles) are not left untried, and are not attempted unsuccessfully, so far as relates to versification: it is true, they are very obscure, but that was perhaps intended. The chant of Calliope† (*Canto de Caliope*), which, in design, appears to be an imitation of Polo's *Canto de Turia*, is a pretty long poem, in octave stanzas, embodying the enumeration and the most unqualified praises of the tuneful contemporaries of Cervantes. There is great poetical excellence in this chant; but either the critic has been too lavish of his commendations, or fame has proved unjustly neglectful of the writers celebrated in it; for, with rare exceptions, their works are not known in the literary history of Spain.

We have taken the following specimens from various parts of the book; and we believe that the originals afford fair means of judging of Cervantes' powers as a lyric and a pastoral poet. One song, which is praised‡ by the author himself, we have not attempted

* Lib. vi. The first letter is from p. 329, and the second from p. 330. Ed. 1736.
† See lib. vi.
‡ Song of Damon, *Amarili, ingrata, i bella*, lib. vi. p. 311.

to translate: it does not seem a lay to melt the obdurate heart of Amarillis, by whose adorer it was sung, unless, indeed, it contains beauties which we are incapable of perceiving.

*En aspera cerrada escura noche.**

In drear and silent murky night,
Without one gleam of day—
In constant bitter tears, and far
From joys and smiles away—

Deserves that wretched man to dwell,
In living death to be,
Who passes all his life on earth

What can the gayest life become,
But one brief night's one shade;
Or else a portraiture of death,
To nature truly made;

If, throughout all the livelong day,
It never for a while—
Wo's robbing voice to silence laid—
Is cheered by love's sweet smile?

Where dwells soft love, dwells laughter too,
And where he dies, 'tis there
Our life repines, and tasteful joy
Is turned to grief and care.

For dark and everlasting night,
The tranquil day must give
His beamy light; and bitterly
Without him should we live.

The dangers terrible of death
The lover does not flee,
But rather, with a smile, desires
Occasion fit to see;

And hopes the day may come, wherein
His life itself to stake,
Until the latest night shall calm
Love's fire, and anguish make.

The tears of love, they are not tears;
Nor do we style aright
His death by death; nor night of his
Should bear the name of night.

As little should we for his laugh
The name of laugh employ;
Or hold his life as certain life,
Or his glad life for joy.

O happy day! when I my tears
Could check, and joyful be,
In giving her my life who could
Or it or death give me.

But what could we, unless a smile,
Expect from such a face,
Whose brightness overcomes the sun
As yielding night his place?

Love my obscure dull night hath made
To brilliant day to change,
My tears to smiles, and death at hand,
To life of longest range.

*Crezcan las simples ovejuelas mias.†*

May my poor silly sheep go on thrivingly still,
The thick shady grove and the verdant mead round;
May the summer, though hot, and the winter, though chill,
In cool springs and green herbage for ever abound!

May my dreams be by night, and my thoughts be by day,
But of that which pertains to a pastoral state;
The least care of love never crossing my way,
Nor his tricks that are childish, though ancient in date!

Of the blessings of Love this a thousand will name,
That his empty cares openly give us to know;
And I know not if both love to victory claim,
Or on whom I the conqueror's wreath should bestow.

This alone do I know — but I know it is true —
That they upon whom love's choice ever falls,
When reckoned appear, in their number, as few,
As all those are many whom round him he calls.

*En los estados de Amor.‡*

*Within love's far-extended realms*
*Perfection may to nought accrue,*
*Save th' honest and the secret too.*

Whoe'er the sweets of love explore,
Find secrecy the only door,
While honour is itself the key;
Nor of the entrance ought knows he,
Who all would by discretion do:
But th' honest and the secret too.

The love of mortal charms we blame,
Unless, that passion's fire to tame,
Reason and honour both have care;
And love of such condition fair
Attained is, in effect, 'tis true,
By th' honest and the secret too.

* Galatea, lib. i. pp. 41, 42.
† Galatea, lib. i. This is a *soneto* in the original.
‡ Ibid. lib. ii. p. 51. This piece is called a *villancico*, p. 50.

It is a case full well made out,
Which no one need attempt to doubt,
That oft by speaking is undone,
What keeping silence first has won;
And he who loves can never rue,
If honest and if secret too.

A prating tongue, and daring eyes,
Oft cause a thousand plagues to rise,
And sink the soul in deep distress;
With equal force this grief's made less,
And freedom gained, from straits undue,
By th' honest and the secret too.

*Qual es aquel poderoso.**

Pray tell, who is that man of might,
Who famed from east to west appears,
Sometimes, a strong and valiant wight,
At others, weak, and full of fears?

Health he can ruin, or restore —
Virtue he shews, or hides, at will;
And in his age he strength has more,
Than when his youth was jocund still.

Strangely into th' unchanging man
He turns himself — he bids to shake
The sweating lab'rer, while he can
Rare eloquence quite silent make.

By various standards measures he
His very being, and his name;
From thousand well-known lands, we see,
He's ever wont to gather fame.

Unarmed, the soldier armed he beats,
Through fate; and he who, by pretence
Of modesty, him kindly treats,
But shews the greater impudence.

And 'tis a wonder to be told,
That any man, where'er ye choose,
To encounter such a chief makes bold,
Though in the quarrel he must lose.†

(*b.*)

THE MONSERRATE OF CHRISTOVAL DE VIRUES (NO. 28).‡

"'I will,' quoth the barber; 'but see, I have three more for you * * and the *Monserrato* of Christopher de Virues, a Valentian poet.' 'These,' cried the curate, 'are the best heroic poems we have in Spanish, and may vie with the most celebrated of Italy: reserve them, as the most valuable performance which Spain has to boast of in poetry.'"§

Christoval de Virues, to whose name his countrymen usually prefix his military title of captain (*capitano*), was one of the many Spanish writers who cultivated literature, amid the excitements, toils, and dangers of war. He was born‖ in the city of Valentia, where his father, Don Alonzo de Virues, practised medicine with considerable reputation. Don Alonzo was himself a scholar, and gave his son the benefit of an education suited to his rank in society. It has been said, that Christoval shewed early indications of talent; but in what those consisted we are not informed. Attracted by the splendour of the Spanish arms under Philip II., Christoval entered the army, probably at an early age. He fought in the memorable naval battle of Lepanto, and afterwards served in the Milanese. In the progress of his military career, Virues attained the rank of captain, which shews, that he was not a mere occasional volunteer, but had made the army his profession, and had probably merited advancement by his conduct.

The first written,¶ although last published, works of Virues, are his *Tragedies* and *Lyrics*, printed at Madrid in 1609, but perhaps at Milan as early as 1604. The tragedies are five in number; the other poems are chiefly sonnets and canzonets, with an eclogue on the victory of Lepanto. All these productions have met with no mean share of commendation. Lope de Vega allows this author to have been the first Spanish dramatic writer who reduced comedies to three acts (*jornadas*); and Bouterwek** not only gives him praise for his exertions in separating the proper provinces of his native tragedy and comedy, but says, "Virues was a poet, born for the tragic art, but his genius wanted cultivation. Pure poetic spirit, and a bold energetic style, are the features of all his works." In this favourable view, however, no mention is made of the poet's epic work,

* Galatea, lib. vi. p. 316. A *pregunta*, or riddle.
† Have our readers guessed the answer to be — wine?
‡ The edition we have used is that of Madrid, 1805, sm. 8vo.
§ Don Quixote, p. i. b. i. chap. vi.
‖ We are indebted for this sketch to the *Discurso Preliminar*, prefixed to the last edition of the *Monserrate*.
¶ See the *Discurso Preliminar*. ** Hist. of Span. Literat. b. xi. § 2.

which does not seem to have ever fallen under the able critic's observation.

The *Monserrate* first came from the press at Madrid in 1588, and was reprinted there in 1601; but the poem as we now see it, with the author's corrections and additions, appeared at Milan in 1602, an edition with which that of Madrid in 1609 entirely corresponds. We have already seen the high encomium passed on this poem in *Don Quixote*, and we meet with great general praise of Virues in the Song of Calliope,* and the Voyage to Parnassus (*Viage del Parnaso*),† by Cervantes. On the first appearance of the *Monserrate*, a very flattering criticism was sent to its author by Baltasar de Escobar, in a letter which is prefixed to the edition of 1605. But patriotic feeling seems to have had some share in dictating the language of the Spanish judges of Virues, who were, no doubt, willing to persuade themselves, that the Parnassus of their country had not to mourn the absence of the epic muse, who had deigned to smile on more than one of her worshippers in the rival land of Italy. Cervantes may have been further influenced by a wish to favour his old brother in arms, who had been engaged under the same banner with him, on that great day of victory which long made the just boast of Christendom; although we have no sure grounds for concluding, that there existed any personal friendship between him and Virues.

The subject of the poem before us is the foundation of the famous religious house of Monserrate,—strange theme for epic strains! On the announcement of such a groundwork, we might naturally begin to conjecture, how it could afford interesting materials for a long narrative in an elevated style. The local objects, indeed, we know to be extremely romantic. Monserrate rises from the plains of Catalonia, an insulated mountain, whose aspect carries back our imagination to the earthquakes which have rent, and the lightnings which have shivered, its rocky masses, into the picturesque and varied outlines whence its name‡ has been imposed. We might perhaps conceive, that its caverns had given shelter to Pelayo, while a fugitive before the successful Moors; and that he had made a vow, in his adversity, to raise a temple there, which he afterwards devoutly performed in his prosperity; and we might suppose, that all the heroic deeds of the deliverer of Spain were represented by the poet. But none of this is the case: *Monserrate* owed its origin to a widely different cause.

The legend, which we abridge from the Atlante Español§ of Espinalt y Garcia, reminds us forcibly, in its outset, of the tale of the Santon Barsisa, as related in the *Guardian*.‖ Near the close of the ninth century,¶ while Wifredo (el Belloso), Count of Barcelona, ruled over Catalonia, Juan Garin (or Guarin), a hermit of renowned sanctity, passed a very austere life upon Monserrate, dwelling in a cave, which still bears his name. The great enemy of mankind, becoming envious of Garin's purity, determined to effect his ruin. For this purpose, he assumed the form of an aged recluse, residing in a cavern among the rocks of Monserrate, and contrived to insinuate himself into the friendship of Garin. At the same time, evil spirits were sent into the person of Riquilda, daughter of Count Wifredo, which, after many measures had been tried for their expulsion, declared they would not permanently quit the young lady, unless she were left, for nine days, under the care of the devout Garin of Monserrate. The Count carried the patient to the cave of the holy man, at whose first prayers the unclean spirits came out of her; but, lest the enemy should return, Wifredo insisted upon leaving his daughter with the hermit, for the whole period formerly prescribed. Garin was adverse to this step, but was forced to consent. The devil, using the means of temptation thus afforded, contrives

* In the sixth book of the *Galatea*. † Capit. iii.

‡ Monserrate, or Mont-serrat, for Monte-serrado—serrated mountain.

§ Principado de Cataluña, p. iv.; Atlante, t. vii. Madrid, 7 vols. 12mo, 1778–83.

‖ No. 148.

¶ This notice is said to be literally transcribed from the account given by Father Antonio de Yepes, chronicler-general of the order of St. Benedict; and the reader is referred to the *Historia de Mont-serrat*, c. vii. f. 51; c. ix. f. 66; apparently that by Serra.

to inspire Garin with an ungovernable passion for Riquilda. It is gratified by force; and then, by counsel of the false hermit, Garin, to conceal his crime, murders his victim, and buries her body. The tempter next tries to goad the wretched man to commit suicide; but, by Divine intervention, his eyes are opened, and he resolves, instead, to go to Rome, and obtain absolution from the supreme Pontiff.

The Pope, in promising remission of his sins, enjoined, as a penance, that he should return to the scene of his guilt, moving on his hands and knees, living on herbs, and never rising, till he should have an especial revelation that his crimes were pardoned in heaven. The penitent obeyed this order in the strictest manner, and, remaining without clothes, became hairy like a wild animal. Count Wifredo, hunting one day at Monserrate, found Garin in this state; and, having taken him, kept him chained as a curious monster. Wifredo's countess having at this time borne a son, a great feast was given on the happy occasion, and Garin was exhibited to the assembled guests, when the infant, then only three months old, cried out,—"Rise Juan Garin, and stand upright, for God hath pardoned thy crimes." On this annunciation, Garin made a full confession to the count, who refused to inflict any punishment upon him, saying,—"I do not chastise a man whom God has forgiven." Wifredo carries Garin to shew the spot where Riquilda was buried, that her obsequies might be properly performed; when the lady is found alive, and beautiful as before, but with a red mark on her throat, where her head had been severed from her body. The Count, at her desire, founded a convent for nuns of the Benedictine order, and made her abbess; and Garin ended his days piously, in the service of that religious establishment.

The church to which Riquilda's nunnery was attached, was built to contain the celebrated image of Our Lady, which long attracted much attention to Monserrate, and which had just been found, under the following circumstances:* — In the year 880, when the Count Wifredo already mentioned was chief of Catalonia, and in the pontificate of John VIII., some shepherds from the village of Monistrol, while tending their flocks on a Saturday night, upon Monserrate, saw lights descend from heaven, and remain among some fissures in the mountain. The masters of the youths told the tale to their curate, who, having satisfied himself of the fact, communicated it to his ecclesiastical superior, the Bishop of Vique. The bishop, with a great train of persons, repaired to the place on a Saturday night, when all beheld the miraculous light; and on Sunday morning, the holy image of the Madonna and Child was found in a cave. The bishop attempted to convey the sacred form to the nearest church of importance; but the Madonna evinced her wish to stay at Monserrate, by rendering vain all attempts to remove her. It was in consequence resolved to erect a chapel for her, in the place she appeared to have chosen. The holy image,† which is of wood, is said to represent the Virgin, rather past middle life, of a beautiful countenance, but of a dark complexion (*color moreno*); the infant on her knee appears as if three months old, of the same hue as his mother.

The narratives now given have been very closely followed by Virues in his poem, in which none of the details are suppressed; but many additions have been made, so as to extend the work to twenty cantos, and upwards of ten thousand lines. The first two cantos relate the original piety of Garin, and the story of his crimes, into which he was tempted, through the machinations of the devil; the only variation from the legend being in the name of the count, who is called Jofre Velloso, instead of Wifredo el Velloso, while his daughter is not named at all by Virues. In the third canto, the sinner quits his former abode, with the view of proceeding to Rome, and seeking absolution from the father of Christendom. At Rosas, he finds the Neapolitan navy, under the command of Alberto, which had put into that port in a storm. Ga-

* The writer of the *Atlante* gives this account of the discovery of the miraculous image on the authority of Serra, *Historia de Mont-serrat*, c. iv. f. 32.

† Such is the description given by Espinalt y Garcia himself; and he illustrates the passage with a print, which does not support him as to the beauty of Our Lady, although it does so with respect to her colour.

rin, representing himself to be a pilgrim bound to Rome, is granted a passage by Alberto, who receives him into his own vessel. In the fifth canto, the fleet touches at Marseilles, where Garin escapes a danger which his enemy throws in his way, as he goes to visit the church and cave of Mary Magdalene. In the 7th canto, the fleet is about to anchor at the mouth of the Tiber; but a dreadful tempest drives it over to Carthage. During the height of the storm, Garin is washed overboard; but is afterwards thrown into a boat attached to a different vessel. His new ship strikes on a rock, and goes to pieces; but he is driven ashore in the boat, and is taken again into the commander's galley. In the next four cantos (8th to 11th), are described various conflicts between the Christians and the Arabs of Africa, in which the former prove successful. The fleet having at last reached Naples (canto 12), Garin sets out for Rome. On his way (cantos 12, 13), he is exposed to temptation, in an enchanted palace, prepared by Satan; but being warned of his danger in a dream, he escapes without harm. The pilgrim is then taken by a gang of banditti, and carried to the cave of their captain, a cannibal, and who fed wild beasts with his captives. After a detention of thirty days (cantos 13, 14), Garin is put into the den of the wild beasts, but is not touched. In the mean time, a band attack the robbers, and set the prisoners in the cavern at liberty. Garin being delivered (cantos 14, 15), proceeds towards Rome, and, in spite of a storm which the devil raises to annoy him, reaches the Eternal City. In the 16th canto, Pope Leo IV. hears the full confession of Garin, and promises him remission of his sins, on condition of his undergoing the penance which we have already noticed.* We learn (in the 17th canto) that, the distance between Rome and Monserrate being upwards of two thousand miles, Garin took more than seven years to perform the journey, going upon all fours. Count Jofre, on a hunting party, at Monserrate, finds Garin, and, thinking him a monster, carries him to Barcelona, and chains him up in a public place.

At this period, the miraculous discovery of the holy image of the Madonna takes place (canto 18), and (canto 19) on occasion of the feast in honour of the Count's son being born, Garin's pardon is declared by the child. Jofre takes Garin to point out the place of his daughter's sepulture; and on disinterring her, she is found alive and lovely as at first, but marked with a red streak on her throat. She assures her father, that her restoration is attributable to the Madonna. All go to visit the image; and the young lady declares her intention of becoming a nun. A convent is accordingly founded for sisters of the order of St. Benedict; and the poem closes (canto 20) with Garin's prophecy of the future greatness of the establishment, which is to be for monks alone after the first hundred years, and with his determination to live and die a hermit, in a cell upon Monserrate.

Hence it may be seen, that the chief additions to the main subjects of the legend, consist of the adventures of the monk, between the time of his leaving Spain and his arrival at Rome. We may, however, remark on the chronology of the poem, that as the miraculous image of the Madonna was not found till A.D. 880, and Pope Leo IV., who absolved Garin, died in A.D. 855, the wretched penitent must have remained at Monserrate, in the state of a beast, eighteen years after the expiration of the seven years occupied in his irksome return from Rome,—a space of time which does not appear to be perfectly reconcilable with the legendary tale. The episodes, little connected with the principal narrative, are the stories of Diego Florel (or Horel), who aids the Christians in Africa, and van-

* In the interesting biographical notices with which Carlyle has enriched his *Specimens of Arabian Poetry*, we meet with a curious instance of a similar but self-imposed task, performed by Ibrahim Ben Adham, a hermit of Syria. This person was the son of a prince of Khorassan, and was born about the ninety-seventh year of the Hejra (A. D. 719). In consequence of a voice that called to him when hunting, he betook himself to a holy life, and made a "pilgrimage to Mecca, without companions, and without having provided any necessaries for his journey; he obliged himself also to make eleven hundred genuflexions in every mile, by which means twelve years elapsed before he completed his pilgrimage."—*Specimens*, art. xiii. pp. 45, 46. Ed. 1796; Cambridge. 4to.

quishes the robbers of the cavern in Italy—the sad tale of the Arab warrior spouses, Armeno and the beauteous Lixerea—and the fate of Almeria and her lover Almonte, the latter of whom was slain by the banditti.

Few, therefore, of the incidents were devised by Virues, who seems to have surrendered himself willingly to the fetters of monkish tradition. But, perhaps, he was aware of the defect of his own imagination, which appears to have been neither very fertile, nor well regulated, in that particular province. The cavern of the robbers is extravagant to absurdity, with nothing very striking or very interesting to overbalance the fault; and Garin's deliverance in the tempest is equally preposterous. Garin, in narrating his history to Alberto (canto 4), says he was picked up, when a year old, by an old man on the bank of an isle at the mouth of the Llobregat, after a violent storm; and we are led to expect that the *dénouement* of this mystery will appear. But it is never cleared up,—whether the poet had intended to leave our curiosity ungratified, or had himself forgotten the expectations he had excited. The warlike females in Africa fall far short of those pictured by Ariosto or Boiardo, whence they were probably copied; while the enchanted palace and its temptations have the appearance of being imitated, but at a wide interval, from the creations of Alcina's magic.

It is impossible to deny, that the *Monserrate* contains many indications of considerable poetical talent, both in feeling and in expression; but there is, in general, a crudeness of conception and of language, which would almost incline us to think (did we not know the contrary) that the work was a production of its author's earlier years, and that it never received the corrections of his more experienced age. Virues does not often shine in descriptions: they are, for the most part, too general to be vivid; and when minute, are apt to become prosaic. The storm and the battles are, from these faults, by no means effective. His diction is correct, but has seldom an easy flow; and his versification (so far as we may venture to speak of it) seems to be accurate rather than melodious. The octave stanza, for which Spanish affords much of the same facility as Italian, is that employed in the *Monserrate*, and in many other long and serious poems by bards of the Peninsula.

We have felt no small difficulty in selecting any passages for translation, to exhibit to our English readers specimens of the work before us. That in which the poet portrays the horror of Garin, after perpetrating his last crime, is brief, but full of a powerful simplicity which is almost sublime—the chief features alone are shadowed out, and with great force.

*El claro sol.* Canto II.

When, with a shriek, the lady's soul took flight,
The Sun himself obscured his visage bright;
A thousand visions then met Garin's eyes—
Then clapping hands were heard, and thousand cries.
The sweet and gentle calm that reigned before,
The pealing heavens changed to the thunder's roar;
Then quivering reeled the lofty mountain rock,
Deep shaken by an earthquake's sudden shock.

On various occasions in his course, the poet introduces very pure moral reflections, conveyed in language much more free from unevenness than most other parts of the work: sometimes, it is true, this didactic strain gives too long an interruption to the narrative; but it is always so excellent in itself, that we grant no unwilling pardon to the fault. The following praise of poverty is as forcible in expression, as it is just in sentiment:—

*Riquísima pobreza.* Canto XII.

Rich poverty! thy treasures he alone
Can fairly estimate, who hath them known;
Not he who tastes the world's vain pomp and gold,
If he then suffers in ambition's hold.
Happy the man who lifts his soul on high,
In grandeur of this humble poverty;
Not the ambitious, though his wealth exceed:
Rich is that—wretched this—and poor indeed!

If thou art ill-contented—if the lot
Thou hast in life still satisfies thee not;
And if thy soul, with all the good thou hast,
Is neither raised nor altered from the past;
If thy heart's heavy, if thou feel'st distress,
From what than aught beside should cause thee less—
Thy being discontented with thy fate—
Then, wretched man! thy life's of death a state.

In the verses which we give next, there is something that approaches to a conceit, yet has not so much the character of one as to offend.

*¡ O estado de los hombres!* Canto XIII.

O lamentable state of man!—but state
What call I, that to mortals can relate?
What in this world doth man possess, and where,
That reason could permit such name to bear?
If this life, brief and frail, contains no more
Than betwixt discontents a passage sore—
If 't is a journey where fatigues surround,
While not a resting-place on earth is found—
If, when possessed, it instant flies away,
Swift as the winds, light to its end as they—
There is no state, no ease in earth's wide range,
Unless the name of state belongs to change.
Hence man's invariable state consists
In change alone—wherever he exists,
Sad man the miserable state must know
Of constant variation in his wo.
Where is the rank, by all most prized and high?
There varied griefs are ever round and nigh.
A thousand pangs the rich and great endure:
What, then, must not the lowly and the poor?

The best descriptive pieces in the *Monserrate* relate to the enchanted palace, where Virues has imitated the poets of Italy, and not without some success: but those lines which are the most poetical are too indelicate—a remark which, it is only just to the Spaniard to say, is applicable to but one other passage—and, that we may add, is possessed of no redeeming merit. This simile for a hero rushing on his foes is as old as Homer,* but is given in a very classical style:

*Como tal vez.* Canto XI.

As fire which, sometimes, from the wrathful skies
Falls fiercely on the arid mead, and flies,
With all the fury of a raging wind,
And leaves not to the miserable hind,
Whom the dire conflagration fills with grief
And mortal anguish, room to meet relief,
And grain or fruit to rescue from the fire,
High blazing and consuming in its ire.

From his allusions to ancient mythology,† Virues appears to have really enjoyed that acquaintance with the learning of antiquity which is attributed to him; yet without such knowledge having drawn him into the situation of a copyist of Greek or Roman authors, which would have produced very incongruous effects in a work raised upon modern, nay, a monkish foundation.—In fine, he who reads the *Monserrate* will find not a few detached pieces which would entitle Virues to be considered a poet of talents above mediocrity, even had he written nothing else; but it is only he who does *not* read this poem that can feel himself able to believe, it is worthy of a place among those epics which will command the admiration of mankind, while the language in which Dante and Ariosto sang is preserved. (*b.*)

* Iliad, xv. 605, 606.

† Particularly in the description of the ornaments on the poop of Alberto's ship. Canto iv.

## DISCOVERIES OF MODERN GEOLOGISTS.

### No. V.

The doctrines deduced from the researches of Cuvier, and others of the modern school of geology, have, in many instances, excited a sort of religious animosity, and obtained for our science a degree of opprobrium to which it is not fairly entitled. The zeal and industry with which the structure of the earth has been examined of late, have made geology a new science, because new facts have been accumulated. These have tended to place the chronology of the physical history of our planet somewhat differently from that of received traditions, which have usually been termed *sacred*, as emanating directly from the Deity. In other instances, also, our facts differ from those traditions. Under these circumstances, wisdom, we think, would not have stirred the question respecting the authenticity of the one system in opposition to the other, but left each to rest upon its own individual merits, derived, as they are, from very different sources; more especially since, in many respects, sacred history is not contradicted by an appeal to geological testimony. But, unfortunately, the zealous and the ignorant often combine to scoff at modern geologists, and point public attention to them as so many atheists; and thus it is proper that the public mind should be disabused, and the bad character given to geologists removed, because they are not deserving of being placed in the ranks of opposers of divine revelation. They give their facts as they find them, and draw their conclusions from natural indications.

Of all the injudicious and weak efforts that have been attempted in the enemy's camp, that of the author of *A Comparative Estimate of the Mineral and Mosaical Geologies* stands foremost. His object is to shew, that *true* geology is *only* to be learnt in the Bible, and that the facts accumulated must be rejected, excepting where they support the record of Moses. This record gives two great revolutions of the earth, which are made to account for all its changes, from one epoch to another. Modern geologists say, we have indications, not only of two, but of many revolutions. The record also, it is urged, makes out a simultaneous creation of animals and man; and modern geology demonstrates a gradually improving scale of organisation in successive ages, up to man, which, instead of being a very ancient, is rather to be regarded as a very recent, creation, in comparison with the commencement of organisation. It is recorded by Moses, that the epoch of the deluge was marked by the destruction of all the people of the earth, excepting one family, and of animals universally, excepting pairs, male and female, of each species destined to be saved, the whole being congregated together in a vessel constructed for the special purpose of continuing the human race and the brute creation, after the subsidence of the temporary inundation. Modern geology finds indications of the Mosaic deluge having been, not only the most extensive of similar catastrophes which preceded it, but also of its longer duration than any other, and far beyond the period assumed from the record. It is evident, indeed, that whilst natural indications exhibit coincidences between the written tradition and our geological theory, they afford, at the same time, several very different views of the history of the earth, and of the great physical changes which have occurred upon its surface from periods beyond the reach of civil and political history.

Mineral geology has now made so much progress, is so generally established, and so popular, that we must either place entire confidence in it, or reject it simply upon the assumed ground that the geology of Moses is derived from Divine authority, and is intended to establish a full and entire history of the formation of our globe. This resignation of the powers of the human intellect is not, however, likely to be adopted much in the present age, and it is to be lamented that any attempts should ever be made to effect it. We have no desire, nevertheless, to oppose the one system to the other, so as to dispute the correctness of the Mosaic account. From whatever authority the latter may be derived, whatever might have been the peculiar circumstances under which Moses compiled his record, we can only regard it, as it appears, as matter

of history, conceiving that it was written for other and higher purposes than to lay before the world, and hand down to the remotest posterity, the whole and entire natural history of the earth, from the word of the Creator himself. We therefore prefer seeking his word in his works, accepting the data of physical science in preference to those of traditions written at so distant a period, when, although much may have been, and evidently was known, less information probably existed than has been since accumulated. We may, likewise, plead as our apology for not regarding the Mosaic geology as the only source of information, the obscurity which seems to veil several points, and the difficulty of fully and satisfactorily comprehending things which have reached us through various translations, and were originally expressed in a language that must have lost much of its native force of expression.

We contend that great injustice has been done to the associated geologists of present day, in accusing them of atheism, and of being rejectors of the word of God. Neither in thought, word, nor deed, can they be so considered justly. They pretend to no more than the arrangement of their facts, deducing from them laws which constitute a science, and they seek for facts merely to develop truth. Not knowing the nature, degree, or extent of the assumed Divine inspiration ascribed to Moses, geologists appeal to nature herself, and the tests applied afford deductions in some instances supporting the doctrines of Moses, but not in all. In this state of the case, *comparative estimates* appear to us to be unwise; and it is far better, we think, to let each system rest upon its own real or pretended merits. If, however, the over-zealous will attack the mineral geologists, they ought to be defended from the cry raised against them. Sound philosophy and sound religion are two very different things; they are wholly unconnected, and, in our minds, are based upon perfectly independent foundations, and derived from distinct sources. Whilst, however, we think thus, it must be admitted that, if they do not spring from the same common origin, they unite in their terminations, for sound philosophy is ever associated with sound religion.

We maintain that the general truth and authenticity of the Bible are not assailed by the assumption of physical facts leading to different results; nor is the basis of our religious faith and worship at all shaken by such an assumption. We greatly regret that the question should ever have been stirred at all; but being so by the indiscretion of some, we feel no desire to blink it, especially in an age when bigotry in vain raises its powerless hands against science, and truth is respected from whatever source it may be derived. We have the utmost confidence in the stability of the Divine truths of our religion, and we entertain no fears that physical truth can ever weaken or undermine their foundations, even if the evidences of what is historical and what is purely physical should not always coincide in every particular.

In the spirit of the views now preliminarily stated, we are induced to examine the positions of Mr. Granville Penn, more especially since another geologist is in the field at this moment upon the same ground as this author, and for the purpose of aiding to put a stop to such a course, which, whilst it tends to excite doubts that ought not to exist, serves rather to check than advance the progress of science, and to reflect unjust odium upon its advocates. In this spirit, we strongly reprobate the following passage in the "Comparative Estimate:" "In this dilemma there is only one course that wisdom will counsel, or reason sanction; and that is, to bring the pretensions of the two opponents fairly to issue, by applying them both to some common and agreed test; by the decision of which test we may be able to ascertain the validity of each, and thus at length to determine conclusively which of them is true and which is false." We think that wisdom would not have so counselled, but would rather have decided against any attempt to reconcile discrepancies between two systems based upon such very different foundations, and would content itself with admitting simply the coincidences which point out the value of the record, as proofs of its genuine character. And where discrepancies might appear, wisdom would not attempt to reconcile them, by throwing the shield of Divine inspiration over apparent improbabilities, rendered the more conspicuous by the force of physical evidence. We see no sort of "dilemma" but that

which human folly has created by its perverse views and reasoning; for we conceive the sacred writings, the guide of our faith and conduct, are not the less sealed with the stamp of truth because they contain "some things hard to be understood."

"In the beginning," says Moses, "God created the earth;" and there is nothing in the arguments of modern geology ever used which tends in the least to deny this most undeniable truth. We seek only to discover the means which were put into action by the impulse of the Creator's fiat, when he said, "Let there be light, and there was light," when he formed and shaped the globe, and compelled it to bring forth the creatures whose exuviæ we trace through all the successive deposits of solid matter upon its surface.

The great source of such disputes as those which Mr. Penn endeavours to reconcile, in a very prolix though perhaps ingenious argument, was the introduction of the Plutonian theory in opposition to that of Werner, or the Neptunian. In fact, the controversy between the water and the fire theorists gave rise to violent attacks upon the Huttonians, on the score of the irreligious tendency of their positions, which apparently differed from some of the expressions contained in the record. The zeal of bigotry was thus opposed to the zeal of science, and the one party would admit of nothing from the other which was not fully met and confirmed by the authority of Moses. The priesthood took alarm, and weakened the cause they meant to strengthen, by the ill-judged and mistimed fire which they opened upon the occasion. "The mode of the primitive formation of mineral substances" became the great question which was bandied between the water and the fire-geologists. Both parties pushed their adopted doctrines too far, as usual; and the great error was committed of involving, in their disputes, the question of the soundness of the Mosaical interpretations, which might have been altogether waved with more advantage than arose from its indiscreet adoption, especially since the two opposed principles were subsequently found to be both applicable to the objects of inquiry then set on foot. How far either principle was at variance with the record, might have been worthy of inquiry in the Spanish Inquisition, but was most unworthy to be entertained by philosophers who sought for physical truth. They might have rested satisfied that the Mosaical doctrines found strong corroboration in the appeals to physical evidences, without going critically into the pretensions of the two systems. We cannot pin our faith entirely upon human tradition, although we have no desire to test the record by minute comparison with natural history, which is derived simply from observing nature's indications.

The author of the "Comparative Estimate," with one sweeping argument, gets rid of his "dilemma," by excluding from geological research all the primitive formations of the earth, upon the ground that they were formed by the immediate act of the Creator, without the interposition of any secondary causes, these not commencing until the primitive formations were produced, when the secondary causes began to act, and have continued to do so ever since. Having thus excluded the primitive formations, and dated geology with the commencement of the secondary, he considers all the phenomena since in activity coincide with the positions contained in the record, according to *his* methods of explaining them. Thus we are not permitted to apply secondary or physical causes to the deposits of granite, gneis, serpentine, &c., or the unstratified rocks, because these arose "by the *immediate, incomprehensible* act of the *First, intelligent, omnipotent Cause;* and that it is *unphilosophical* to seek any other origin for its *form and composition*, and to pretend that this might have arisen out of a *chaos, chaotic ocean, amorphous mass, or confused assemblage of elements*, by the *mere laws of nature.*" And therefore he thinks that "the whole order of *first mineral formations*, or *primitive rocks*, is withdrawn for ever from the speculations of the mineral geology, with respect to the *mode* of their production." Now we conceive that *all* matter has been produced "by the mere laws of nature;" for nature is but the power and the means by which the "great First Cause" acts. That cause is immaterial, and of the highest possible order of intelligence, beyond human conception, no doubt; but when matter was created, we can conceive the operation of physical causes, secondary to the Creator's fiat, existing

before the formations of the primitive rocks, when matter was in a more subtle and less ponderous form, call it "*chaos*," "*chaotic ocean*," "*amorphous mass*," "*confused assemblage of elements*," or what we may. However convenient it may therefore be for Mr. Penn's argument, we see no reasonable pretension for excluding the unstratified rocks from geological inquiry.* Nor, since physical laws are the emanations of the Creator, and constant in their operation, can we admit of the probability that the great ponderous crystal girdles of the earth were formed at once, without some previous existence in a more imponderable state; and we consider it to be most philosophical to refer the origin of the globe to a state of matter long preceding the ponderous crystal depositions, without denying "the *immediate, incomprehensible* act," &c. We deny, most strenuously, that the admission of the mode by which the primitive rocks were formed, necessarily lays geologists open to the charge of atheism. Because geology regards only physical causes, it does not follow that the original creative power is denied. The hand of God is not the less conspicuous by confining our investigations to the means by which it works, as God is not denied by tracing the phenomena of matter beyond its earliest demonstrable forms now in existence. Our science naturally goes no farther; but it is not rational to limit it to any shorter extent; and we maintain, that what are called the primitive are as much the objects of legitimate inquiry as the secondary formations. Mr. Penn argues, that his position as to the frame-work or skeleton of the earth, is equally applicable to the creation of man. They were both, and all living things, created, in his opinion, in their elementary but substantial form at once by the fiat of the Creator; and that we have nothing to do with the inorganic or organic creations in their primitive developments; and hence his "dilemma" is, assuredly, easily got out of. He denies that either were produced by any secondary cause, but were turned out of hand, as it were, at once, by the immediate act of the Creator, without reference to time, and the chronological order ascribed by geology to the several productions of rocks, and species of plants and animals, which science arranges with such beauty and harmony with nature's plan.

Mr. Penn, "at one fell swoop," destroys the two systems of aqueous solution and igneous fusion, by informing us that they both lead us "downwards to obscurity," as each is an *exit* from truth; so that it is of no importance which be preferred. Thus the author denies *all* geological speculations which ascribe the productions of granite, gneis, mica, slate, porphyry, serpentine, &c. to *any other causes* than "the immediate act," &c., and he draws an unwarrantably established barrier between what lies within the scope of science and those boundaries which the eye cannot reach, and merely upon the ground of the *mode* in which the formation of the earth appears to be recorded, as transmitted by the Mosaical writings. And this is the manner in which "the two geologies" are attempted to be reconciled. If we contemplate the formation of the primitive rocks, we are said to be departing from Divine truth at every step; but that if we begin with the first signs of disturbance, the secondary rocks, we then fall in with the Mosaical principles, and thus reconcile the lights of revelation with the evidences of physical geology.

Mr. Penn appeals to Bacon and Newton in support of his attempt to reconcile the Mosaical and mineral geologies.

The mind of Newton was of too elevated a character to lose sight of the "great First Cause least understood;" and he reminds us frequently of the growing disposition to do so, without, however, venturing so bold an idea as the exclusion from our researches of the mode in which the primitive rocks of the earth were produced. This is Newton's account,—"that God, in the beginning, formed all material things of such sizes and figures, and with such other properties, and in such proportion to space, as most conduced to the end for which He framed them; and that He variously associated them, and set them in order in his first creation, by the counsels of his own intelligence;

* The term "unstratified" is preferable to that of "primitive," or "primary," because these cannot be regarded as constituting the first formations of the earth, although they may be the earliest crystallisations.

antecedently to the commencement of all secondary causes, or laws, which, though they might continue the first formations, could not possibly have any share in producing them." The precise meaning of Newton is here apparently forced to suit Mr. Penn's doctrine. What are "the first formations" of Newton? The term is now one adopted by geologists to express the primary series of rocks, the crystallised and unstratified foundations of the earth, and the first physical indications of its solid structure. No doubt, the Creator planned every material form, and set it in action antecedently to the operation of secondary causes, fitting it to space, and the end for which he framed it. But this most rational notion does not assume that granite, gneis, &c. were so immediately produced without the agency of secondary causes, to the exclusion of any antecedent formations of matter, although we feel persuaded that, whatever might have been the original state of matter, the secondary causes necessary to its continuance had no share in its production, at least any farther than as the means adopted by the Creator for the work of creation; the primary and immediate cause being that impulse which was not necessary to be continued but by secondary and indirect causes, as regards the Creator. The ideas of Newton do not, therefore, necessarily imply, that what we term in geology the primary rocks, or formations, constituted the first state in which matter was originally produced. Nor is it stated in the Mosaical record, that granite, gneis, &c. were produced independently of physical agencies; and it is most unphilosophical to suppose that they could be so produced, as far as we know of physical phenomena and laws; though it must be granted, that all we can conceive of the state of our globe antecedently to the primitive rocks, is founded only upon conjecture and deductive reasoning.

More than three thousand years have elapsed since the Mosaical record was framed, and the degree of proximity of its date to that of the deluge sufficiently accounts for the agreement between the tradition and the physical evidences remaining, as well as some discrepancies between these two sources of information. And granting even that the *word* of God was manifested through Moses, considerable allowance should be made for the various interpretations which the Mosaical expressions must have been subjected to during the period which elapsed from their first promulgation. Without, therefore, in the least arraigning the veracity of Moses, and the authenticity of his record, we must claim a moral and philosophical right to investigate the natural history of the earth, unbiassed by any traditional accounts; otherwise, the science of geology may stand still, and keep profound silence upon all facts and phenomena prior to the historical period. Impressed with this notion, we think we have abundant evidence to induce us to believe, with Cuvier, that "the revolutions of the earth have been numerous; that it has frequently happened that different parts of our continent have risen from the bosom of the sea, and that they have been again covered by the waters." No fact appears to be more clearly made out; and it is equally clear, from the want of any remains of man and his works of any antiquity, that the human race is extremely recent, in comparison with the creation of plants and animals, and the duration of our globe. But the author of the "Comparative Estimate" says, that the existence of animal and vegetable exuviæ, embedded in situations where they evidently could not have existed, is no proof of a *successive* plan of creation. Geology assumes that all created beings are distributed over the surface of the globe in a well-defined order of arrangement, some being proper to the bosom of the ocean, others to fresh water, some being confined to the torrid and others to the frigid zone; whilst any changes in these localities would be attended with destruction; *therefore*, the continual occurrence of exuviæ out of their proper places indicates that the earth has undergone great changes and great revolutions as to climate, &c., a principle assumed upon most rational grounds of induction. But Mr. Penn, not being able to question the appearances referred to, endeavours to draw a different conclusion from them, in order to reconcile them with the record of Moses, by supposing that these out-of-place exuviæ and remains of extinct species were accidentally conveyed, *during life*, to the spots in which their remains are found. And, by way of strengthening his argument, the author refers to the

*game* which is eaten in this country having been produced in other climates, the exuviæ of which are buried far distant from their proper localities. But how does he account for the appearance of exuviæ belonging to animals which are not migratory naturally, as our game is? How is it that large unwieldy quadrupeds, known only to exist in hot climates, surrounded by jungles, long grasses, and swamps, are traced in the most desolate and barren wilds of the northernmost parts of Europe and the borders of Asia? How is it that marine animals are traced in the central parts of continents, and large extinct species of amphibia far inland? What has brought the exuviæ of hyenas, elephants, rhinoceroses, bears, tigers, &c. into caves of England, France, and Germany? What has apparently displaced the strata of the earth, giving indications of the sea where dry land has long existed, and shewing terrestrial indications where the ocean has been from beyond the historical period? All these clear evidences of changes and revolutions affecting the climate and the productions of the earth, are at once explained by Mr. Penn upon the principle of the reflux of the diluvial ocean during the year of its gradual departure; and which, taking a northern direction, he deems to be a sufficient cause for the transport of those numerous animal exuviæ, found throughout Europe, being conveyed from tropical regions. The reflux must, indeed, have been very powerful to convey so many examples of the animals of other countries, numerous species of which are now no longer in existence, such as the monstrous mammoth, the plesiosauri, megalosauri, &c. the exuviæ of which are found in Europe. The hyenas' caves found in England, and the remains of other large quadrupeds, have also been attributed to the great addiction of the Romans to the exhibition of such beasts! The most far-fetched and improbable causes have been advanced to destroy the most beautiful and rational theory of our or any age, that the earth has undergone many and great changes and revolutions; in some places the sea covering what had been dry land, and in others the earth being uncovered where the waters had inundated it; whereby the climate, soil, and productions, of different localities, have been changed. And hence we find organic remains of beings no longer living in the spots where they are found, because the climate and soil are unfitted to maintain them as they were formerly maintained. Were the "deliquia diluviana" far less numerous than they are, we might adopt this conclusion. But, when they are discovered in such excessive numbers continually, is it probable that the reflux of the retreating deluge should have transported them, not only in such quantities, but also amongst them such immense animals as the mammoth, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the megatherium, and the great amphibiæ and reptiles, whose remains are scattered over the present continents of the globe, in spots where they have not existed within the periods of civil history? It is too much to require us to credit, that the bodies of great equatorial animals could be washed in such numbers so far north as they are found, by the reflux of the diluvial ocean. That plants, seeds, and shells, &c. have been conveyed by the tide from the shores of the Atlantic to the polar regions, we are aware, as also that a bottle was recently so transported; but these are light bodies, and float easily, whilst those of the animals enumerated have never been known to be so transported, and cannot reasonably be supposed to be capable of such transportation, especially in such multitudes as their remains amount to. We maintain, therefore, that the various changes referred to cannot be explained by the assumption of two great revolutions of the earth, without admitting the evidences of many intermediate revolutions, the most extensive and longest in duration of which, and the last, is recorded by Moses, and beyond which civil history is a perfect blank.

In our former papers, we have traced a perfect and uninterrupted chain of organisation, from the most simple to the most elaborately-formed beings, from their exuviæ found in successive strata of rocks. Among these fossillated skeletons, none of the human race has ever been discovered, although they are equally durable in texture. Does not this argue, that human beings could not have existed at the periods when these fossil bones were buried? Does not this fact indicate that man is a creation posterior to the great quadrupeds whose remains are found in a fossil state, and that his species must

have been created since the retreat of the waters which covered the spots containing those remains? It is, indeed, the most indisputable and unanticipated of geological facts of modern discovery, that when the earth was last laid dry, and our continents assumed their present forms, the establishment of actual societies of nations first took place, and at a period of no very ancient date; whereby we obtain an uninterrupted chain of results connecting natural and civil history, the soundness of which has been assailed upon the ground that the record mentions only two revolutions, instead of a successive series. The recorded revolutions being admitted to be insufficient to explain the phenomenon of the fossil remains of lost animals found in different parts of the globe, the author of the "Comparative Estimate" thus explains it: "God caused the first great revolution of the globe, and was the sole cause of the last; and when he communicated to Noah what animals he wished to preserve, it evidently shewed that there were some he did not wish to save; so the carnivorous elephant, &c. &c. were lost *accordingly*." Thus, geological theory upon this subject is set aside by the assumption, that it pleased the Almighty to exclude certain animals from preservation in the ark, and so the extinct species now traced by their exuviæ were lost. The author explains with the same facility the circumstance of the single-hunched Arabian camel never being found in a wild state. "The race of camels perished, with all other animals, in the catastrophe of the deluge, excepting only one pair, reserved to keep seed alive upon the earth; and thus the entire race, diminished to two individuals, became actually reduced, and placed within the power of man. And when the new establishment was commenced in Asia, the value of the camel was so highly estimated, that it was never after allowed to escape from man, but preserved to this day in perpetual domestication, as a sacred animal, the gift of God to man; the origin of this sentiment being easily referred to the origin of this post-diluvian race."

The appearances of the exuviæ of vegetable bodies in terrestrial strata are accounted for precisely upon the same principle as in the case of bones of mastodons, &c. "When the earth was fitted, after the deluge, for the production of vegetation, the new continents bore plants," is the result of modern inquiries. But Mr. Penn informs us, that "it must have been called into vegetation by the same creative word which called into vegetation the former earth, when it was first extricated from the waters of the abyss." How utterly needless are the busy labours of geologists, when such ready solutions of all their queries are at the fingers' ends of this modern Œdipus! For every geological question we have the same ungeological answer. To rest upon the Mosaical record, however, is resting upon one foundation, and to appeal to physical geology is another source of knowledge. The two can never be made to agree perfectly, for very obvious reasons: the one was written apparently for the special purpose of manifesting the power of God, and impressing mankind with true notions of the great author of the universe, and of leading the human mind to the contemplation of "the great First Cause," and not for the subordinate purpose of demonstrating the operation of physical or secondary causes. The object of Moses seems to have been to warn man that "God made the earth, and not we ourselves," and that every living thing on the face of the earth was made by him; that "the firmament sheweth his handy work," &c. Nor does geology presume to oppose this doctrine; it merely seeks to fill up the gaps of civil history, by appealing to natural indications.

The work to which such frequent reference has been made is the greatest battery which has been levelled against modern geology; it contains the *monster bomb* which was to batter down our geological fortress, and explode our magazines of physical facts. But, notwithstanding the author thinks that he has clearly established his position, "that the plurality of revolutions assumed is the offspring of defective investigation, unregulated fancy, and a determined disregard of authenticated testimony; and that the 'numerous revolutions' which it asserts are all reducible, in point of fact, to those two only;"— notwithstanding this boldly advanced opinion, we claim for modern geology the merit of having directed inquiry into the proper channels; and for having, accordingly, most successfully and satisfactorily arranged its accumulated facts into theories of the

earth's formation, not less remarkable for their truth and accuracy than their beauty and harmony. Moreover, when we conjure up in our minds the names of the living and deceased philosophers of the present age, among which latter those of Davy and Cuvier appear, we feel indignant at the application of such terms as "defective investigation," "unregulated fancy," &c. to modern geologists; but we console ourselves with the reflection, that as in natural history the most venomous creatures are the most powerless, the attack of the author of the "Comparative Estimate" is most weak, indeed, but sufficiently armed with venom. It may satisfy the affectation of *ultra* piety, so much assumed in the present age; but by philosophical minds it can only be contemplated with contempt. We see, amongst the associated geologists of this and other countries, men adorning their several stations in life by the union of practical virtue with moral sentiments; some blessed with great wealth devoting their time and labour to geological researches, and members of the church and the universities, whose lives are without reproach, and whose talents command respect and admiration, whilst their religious duties are performed with equal devotion to their sacred creed and calling, and with perfect freedom from bigotry and intolerance. Such men, feeling the folly of mixing up religious matters with philosophical discussions, too highly venerate the former to allow the latter to supersede them; whilst their characters and responsibilities afford the best guarantee that they would never adopt any scientific doctrines which tended to diminish the glory, majesty, power, and intelligence of God in the minds of his creatures.

## QUÆ COGITAVIT.

[The following singular Fragment on *History* forms part, as may be recognised, of the Inaugural Discourse delivered by our assiduous "D. T." at the opening of the *Society for the Diffusion of Common Honesty*. The Discourse, if one may credit the Morning Papers, "touched in the most wonderful manner, didactically, poetically, almost prophetically, on all things in this world and the next, in a strain of sustained or rather of suppressed passionate eloquence rarely witnessed in Parliament or out of it: the chief bursts were received with profound silence," — interrupted, we fear, by snuff-taking. As will be seen, it is one of the didactic passages that we introduce here. The Editor of this Magazine is responsible for its accuracy, and publishes, if not with leave given, then with leave taken.— O. Y.]

* * * History recommends itself as the most profitable of all studies: and, truly, for such a being as Man, who is born, and has to learn and work, and then after a measured term of years to depart, leaving descendants and performances, and so, in all ways, to vindicate himself as vital portion of a Mankind, no study could be fitter. History is the Letter of Instructions, which the old generations write and posthumously transmit to the new; nay it may be called, more generally still, the Message, verbal or written, which all Mankind delivers to every man; it is the only *articulate* communication (when the inarticulate and mute, intelligible or not, lie round us and in us, so strangely through every fibre of our being, every step of our activity) which the Past can have with the Present, the Distant with what is Here. All Books, therefore, were they but Songbooks or treatises on Mathematics, are in the long run historical documents, —as indeed all Speech itself is: thus might we say, History is not only the fittest study, but the only study, and includes all others whatsoever. The Perfect in History, he who understood, and saw and knew within himself, *all* that the whole Family of Adam had hitherto *been* and hitherto *done*, were perfect in all learning extant or possible; needed not thenceforth to *study* any more; had thenceforth nothing left but to *be* and to *do* something himself, that others might make History of it, and learn of *him*.

Perfection in any kind is well known not to be the lot of man: but of all supernatural perfect-characters this of the Perfect in History (so easily conceivable too) were perhaps the most miraculous. Clearly a faultless monster which the world is not to see, not even on paper. Had the Wandering Jew, indeed, begun to wander at Eden,

and with a Fortunatus' Hat on his head! Nanac Shah too, we remember, steeped himself three days in some sacred Well; and there learnt enough: Nanac's was a far easier method; but unhappily not practicable,—in this climate. Consider, however, at what immeasurable distance from this Perfect Nanac your highest Imperfect Gibbons play their part! Were there no brave men, thinkest thou, before Agamemnon? Beyond the Thracian Bosphorus, was all dead and void; from Cape Horn to Nova Zembla, round the whole habitable Globe, not a mouse stirring! Or, again, in reference to Time:—the Creation of the World is indeed old, compare it to the Year One; yet young, of yesterday, compare it to Eternity! Alas, all Universal History is but a sort of Parish History; which the "P.P. Clerk of this Parish," member of "our Alehouse Club" (instituted for what "Psalmody" is in request there) puts together,—in such sort as his fellow-members will praise. Of the *thing* now gone silent, named Past, which was once Present, and loud enough, how much do we know? Our "Letter of Instructions" comes to us in the saddest state; falsified, blotted out, torn, lost, and but a shred of it in existence; this too so difficult to read, or spell.

Unspeakably precious meanwhile is our shred of a "Letter," is our "written or spoken Message," such as we have it. Only he who understands what has been, can know what should be and will be. It is of the last importance that the individual have ascertained his relation to the whole; "an individual helps not," it has been written; "only he who unites with many at the proper hour." How easy, in a sense, for your all-instructed Nanac to work without waste of force (or what we call fault); and, in practice, act new History, as perfectly as, in theory, he knew the old! Comprehending what the given world was, what it had and what it wanted, how might his clear effort strike in at the right time and the right point; wholly increasing the true current and tendency, nowhere cancelling itself in opposition thereto! Unhappily, such smooth-running, ever-accelerated course is nowise the one appointed us; cross currents we have, perplexed backfloods; innumerable efforts (every new man is a new effort) consume themselves in aimless eddies: thus is the River of Existence so wild-flowing, wasteful; and whole multitudes, and whole generations, in painful unreason, spend and are spent on what can never profit. Of all which, does not one half originate in this which we have named want of Perfection in History;—the other half, indeed, in another want still deeper, still more irremediable?

Here, however, let us grant that Nature, in regard to such historic want, is nowise blameable: taking up the other face of the matter, let us rather admire the pains she has been at, the truly magnificent provision she has made, that this same Message of Instructions might reach us in boundless plenitude. Endowments, faculties enough we have: it is her wise will too that no faculty imparted to us shall rust from disuse; the miraculous faculty of Speech, once given, becomes not more a gift than a necessity; the Tongue, with or without much meaning, will keep in motion; and only in some La Trappe, by unspeakable self-restraint, forbear wagging. As little can the fingers that have learned the miracle of Writing lie idle: if there is a rage of speaking, we know also there is a rage of writing, perhaps the more furious of the two. It is said, "so eager are men to speak, they will not let one another get to speech;" but, on the other hand, writing is usually transacted in private, and every man has his own desk and inkstand, and sits independent and unrestrainable there. Lastly, multiply this power of the Pen some ten thousand fold; that is to say, invent the Printing-Press, with its Printers' Devils, with its Editors, Contributors, Booksellers, Billstickers, and see what it will do! Such are the means wherewith Nature, and Art the daughter of Nature, have equipped their favourite, man, for publishing himself to man.

Consider now two things: first, that one Tongue, of average velocity, will publish at the rate of a thick octavo volume per day; and then how many nimble enough Tongues may be supposed to be at work on this Planet Earth, in this City London, at this hour! Secondly, that a literary Contributor, if in good heart and urged by hunger, will many times (as we are credibly informed) accomplish his two Magazine sheets within the four-and-twenty hours; such Contributors being

now numerable not by the thousand, but by the million. Nay, taking History in its narrower, vulgar sense, as the mere chronicle of "occurrences" (of things that can be, as we say, "narrated"), our calculation is still but a little altered. Simple Narrative, it will be observed, is the grand staple of Speech: "the common man," says Jean Paul, "is copious in Narrative, exiguous in Reflexion; only with the cultivated man is it otherwise, reverse-wise." Allow even the thousandth part of human publishing for the emission of Thought, though perhaps the millionth were enough, we have still the nine hundred and ninety-nine employed in History proper, in relating occurrences, or conjecturing probabilities of such; that is to say, either in History or Prophecy, which is a new form of History; — and so the reader can judge with what abundance this life-breath of the human intellect is furnished in our world; whether Nature has been stingy to him or munificent. Courage, reader! Never can the historical inquirer want pabulum, better or worse: are there not forty-eight longitudinal feet of small-printed History in thy Daily Newspaper?

The truth is, if Universal History is such a miserable defective "shred" as we have named it, the fault lies not in our historic organs, but wholly in our misuse of these; say rather, in so many wants and obstructions, varying with the various age, that pervert our right use of them; especially two wants that press heavily in all ages: want of Honesty, want of Understanding. If the thing published is not true, is only a supposition, or even a wilful invention, what can be done with it, except abolish it and annihilate it? But again, Truth, says Horne Tooke, means simply the thing *trowed*, the thing believed; and now, from this to the thing *extant*, what a new fatal deduction have we to suffer! Without Understanding, Belief itself will profit little: and how can your publishing avail, when there was no vision in it, but mere blindness? For as in political appointments, the man you appoint is not he who was ablest to discharge the duty, but only he who was ablest to be appointed: so too, in all historic elections and selections, the maddest work goes on. The event worthiest to be known is perhaps of all others the least spoken of; nay some say, it lies in the very nature of such events to be so. Thus, in those same forty-eight longitudinal feet of tory, or even when they have stretched out into forty-eight longitudinal es, of the like quality, there may be the forty-eighth part of a hair's-breadth that will turn to any thing. Truly, in these times, the quantity of printed Publication that will need to be consumed with fire before the smallest permanent advantage can be drawn from it, might fill us with astonishment, almost with apprehension. Where, alas, is the intrepid Herculean Dr. Wagtail, that will reduce all these paper-mountains into tinder, and extract therefrom the three drops of Tinder-water Elixir!

For, indeed, looking at the activity of the historic Pen and Press through this last half-century, and what bulk of History it yields for that period alone, and how it is henceforth like to increase in decimal or vigesimal geometric progression, — one might feel as if a day were not distant, when perceiving that the whole Earth would not now contain those writings of what was done in the Earth, the human memory must needs sink confounded, and cease remembering! — To some the reflection may be now and consolatory, that this state of ours is not so unexampled as it seems; that with memory and things memorable the case was always intrinsically similar. The Life of Nero occupies some diamond pages of our Tacitus: but in the parchment and papyrous archives of Nero's generation how many did it fill! The Author of the *Vie de Sénique*, at this distance, picking up a few residuary snips, has with ease made two octavos of it. On the other hand, were the contents of the then extant Roman memories, or, going to the utmost length, were all that was then *spoken* on it, put in types, how many "longitudinal feet" of small-pica had we, — in belts that would go round the Globe!

History, then, before it can become Universal History, needs of all things to be compressed. Were there no epitomising of History, one could not remember beyond a week. Nay, go to that with it, and exclude compression altogether, we could not remember an hour, or at all: for Time, like Space, is *infinitely* divisible; and an hour, with its events, with its sensations and emotions, might be diffused to such expansion as should cover the whole

field of memory, and push all else over the limits. Habit, however, and the natural constitution of man, do themselves prescribe serviceable rules for remembering; and keep at a safe distance from us all such fantastic possibilities;—into which only some foolish Mahomedan Caliph, ducking his head in a bucket of enchanted water, and so beating out one wet minute into seven long years of servitude and hardship, could fall. The rudest peasant has his complete set of Annual Registers legibly printed in his brain; and, without the smallest training in Memnonics, the proper pauses, subdivisions, and subordinations of the little to the great, all introduced there. Memory and Oblivion, like Day and Night, and indeed like all other Contradictions in this strange dualistic Life of ours, are necessary for each other's existence: Oblivion is the dark page, whereon Memory writes her light-beam characters, and makes them legible; were it all light, nothing could be read there, any more than if it were all darkness.

As with man and these autobiographic Annual-Registers of his, so goes it with Mankind and its Universal History (which also is *its* Autobiography): a like unconscious talent of remembering and of forgetting again does the work here. The transactions of the day, were they never so noisy, cannot remain loud for ever; the morrow comes with its new noises, claiming also to be registered: in the immeasurable conflict and concert of this chaos of existence, figure after figure sinks, as *all* that has emerged must one day sink: what cannot be kept in mind will even go out of mind; History contracts itself into readable extent; and at last, in the hands of some Bossuet or Müller, the whole printed History of the World, from the Creation downwards, has grown shorter than that of the Ward of Portsoken for one solar day.

Whether such contraction and epitome is always wisely formed, might admit of question; or rather, as we said, admits of no question. Scandalous Cleopatras and Messalinas, Caligulas and Commoduses, in unprofitable proportion, survive for memory; while a scientific Pancirollus must write his Book of Arts Lost; and a moral Pancirollus (were the vision lent him) might write a still more mournful Book of Virtues Lost; of noble men, doing, and daring, and enduring, whose heroic life, as a new revelation and development of Life itself, were a possession for all, but is now lost and forgotten, History having otherwise filled her page. In fact, here as elsewhere, what we call Accident governs much; in any case, History must come together not as it should, but as it can and will.

Remark nevertheless how, by natural tendency alone, and as it were without man's forethought, a certain fitness of selection, and this even to a high degree, becomes inevitable. Wholly worthless the selection could not be, were there no better rule than this to guide it: that men permanently speak only of what is extant and actively alive beside them. Thus do the things that have produced fruit, nay whose fruit still grows, turn out to be the things chosen for record and writing of; which things alone were great, and worth recording. The Battle of Chalons, where Hunland met Rome, and the Earth was played for, at sword-fence, by two earth-bestriding giants, the sweep of whose swords cut kingdoms in pieces, hovers dim in the languid remembrance of a few; while the poor police-court Treachery of a wretched Iscariot, transacted in the wretched land of Palestine, centuries earlier, for "thirty pieces of silver," lives clear in the heads, in the hearts of all men. Nay moreover, as only that which bore fruit was great; so of all things, that whose fruit is still here and growing must be the greatest, the best worth remembering; which again, as we see, by the very nature of the case, is mainly the thing remembered. Observe too how this "mainly" tends always to become a "solely," and the approximate continually approaches nearer: for triviality after triviality, as it perishes from the living activity of men, drops away from their speech and memory, and the great and vital more and more exclusively survive there. Thus does Accident correct Accident; and in the wondrous boundless jostle of things (an aimful Power presiding over it, say rather, dwelling *in* it), a result comes out that may be put up with.

Curious, at all events, and worth looking at once in our life, is this same compressure of History, be the process thereof what it may. How the "forty-eight longitudinal feet" have shrunk

together after a century, after ten centuries! Look back, from end to beginning, over any History; over our own *England*: how, in rapidest law of perspective, it dwindles from the canvass! An unhappy Sybarite, if we stand within two centuries of him and name him Charles Second, shall have twelve times the space of a heroic Alfred; two or three thousand times, if we name him George Fourth. The whole Saxon Heptarchy, though events, to which Magna Charta, and the world-famous Third Reading, are as dust in the balance, took place then (for did not England, to mention nothing else, get itself, if not represented in Parliament, yet converted to Christianity?) is summed up practically in that one sentence of Milton's (the only one succeeding writers have copied, or readers remembered) of the "fighting and flocking of kites and crows." Neither was that an unimportant wassail-night when the two black-browed Brothers, strongheaded, headstrong, Hengist and Horsa (*Stallion* and *Horse*), determined on a man-hunt in Britain, the boar-hunt at home having got over-crowded; and so, of a few hungry Angles, made an English Nation, and planted it here, and — produced *thee*, O Reader! Of Hengist's whole campaignings scarcely half a page of good Narrative can now be written; the *Lord-Mayor's Visit to Oxford* standing, meanwhile, revealed to mankind in a respectable volume. Nay what of this? Does not the Destruction of a Brunswick Theatre take above a million times as much telling as the Creation of a World?

To use a ready-made similitude, we might liken Universal History to a magic web; and consider with astonishment how, by philosophic insight and indolent neglect, the evergrowing fabric wove itself forward, out of that ravelled, immeasurable mass of threads and thrums (which we name *Memoirs*); nay, at each new lengthening (at each new epoch), changed its whole proportions, its hue and structure to the very origin. Thus, do not the records of a Tacitus acquire new meaning, after seventeen hundred years, in the hands of a Montesquieu? Niebuhr must reinterpret for us, at a still greater distance, the writings of a Titus Livius: nay, the religious archaic chronicles of a Hebrew Prophet and Lawgiver escape not the like fortune; and many a ponderous Eichorn scans, with new-ground philosophic spectacles, the revelation of a Moses, and strives to reproduce for this century what, thirty centuries ago, was of plainly infinite significance to all. Consider History, with the beginnings of it stretching dimly into the remote Time; emerging darkly out of the mysterious Eternity: the ends of it envcloping *us* at this hour, whereof we at this hour, both as actors and relators, form part! In shape we might mathematically name it *Hyperbolic-Asymptotic*; ever of *infinite* breadth around us; soon shrinking within narrow limits; ever narrowing more and more into the infinite depth behind us. In essence and significance it has been called "the true Epic Poem, and universal 'Divine Scripture, *whose* 'plenary inspiration' no man (out of Bedlam, or in it) shall bring in question." * * *

## SUMMER AND WINTER EVENINGS.

BY SHARA.

### SUMMER EVENING.

How bright, and yet how calm, this eve!
Above, below, all seems to me
So lovely, that we might believe
'Twas nature's jubilee,—
For earth and sky, this glorious even,
Seem glowing with the hues of heaven.

How beautiful that vivid sky,
Lit by the parting sun's last rays!
We gaze, till it appears more nigh—
And fancy, as we gaze,

That deep-blue sky a boundless sea,
Covered with vessels gloriously.

Yes! each dark cloud a barque appears,
Each whiter one the foam—
There one to distant countries steers,
While these sail quick towards home;
And all look most intensely bright,
Glowing in heaven's own glorious light.

Turn now towards earth, and even there
All, all is beauty and repose—
The perfume-breathing evening air
Is wafted o'er the rose;
While a thousand bright and glowing flowers
Are cooled with dew in these evening hours.

And hushed the skylark's merry song,
And silent all the humming bees:
The soft west wind, that sighs among
Those gently waving trees,
Seems to lament each parting ray,
Until the next return of day.

WINTER EVENING.

The bright and glowing summer's past;
'Tis winter, and in storm and rain
The day was darkened,—now at last
The sun appears again—
Just for a moment glads our sight,
And seen midst clouds seems doubly bright.

Again look upwards—once again
Behold the wintry sun has set;
None of those summer barques remain:
A nobler image yet
Strikes on the Christian gazer's mind,
And leaves all others far behind.

The sun, whose way through that expanse
Has been, since first his course began,
Through storms and clouds, seems to our glance
A fitting type of man;
For thus the Christian's narrow way
With clouds is darkened day by day.

Thus, as the sun in winter's gloom
Sinks more than ever bright,
The Christian's hopes his way illume,
And gild his path with light:
As the sun sets, the Christian dies,—
Both on a brighter, happier day to rise.

## THE FEMALE CHARACTER.*

'Kind nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O." BURNS.

NOTHING so strongly indicates the possession of a little mind in a man, as an appearance of contempt for the intellectual qualifications of the other sex; for how absurd it is to observe some half-fledged coxcomb, vain of the little modicum of knowledge he possesses, or some antiquated pedant, proud of the learned lumber he has obtained, endeavouring to impress upon their auditors the utter helplessness, uselessness, and ignorance of the fairest portion of human nature! and how repugnant it is to our best feelings to hear the unmarried libertine repeating the hackneyed instances of the evils women have brought upon the earth, from the creation of the world to the period of his own useless existence! By them the mother of mankind is abused for having devoted all her posterity to sin and misery, by setting the first example of wickedness and disobedience to the Divine commandment—they impute to Helen the shedding of the noblest blood of Greece and Ilium—they denounce Semiramis and Catherine of Russia as demons, whose cruelty caused some of the most fertile portions of the globe to be rendered a solitude and a desert. The murder of John the Baptist, and the revolting cruelty of Amestris, are brought forward as the actions of beings who delighted in blood; while Catherine of Russia and Elizabeth of England are spoken of by them as tyrants, whose vanity and ambition were the cause of death or disgrace to some of the most excellent and most innocent of their fellow-creatures. But are the whole sex to be condemned for the crimes of a few? and is man to be considered an innocent and perfect being? Justice compels us to say No. If Eve was the first who committed sin, Cain was the first who perpetrated murder. Examples of female cruelty are, thank Heaven! rare; but the atrocities committed by mankind have been too numerous to find chroniclers. To the latter we are indebted for the invention of torture to extract confession—for all punishments which power has created and innocence suffered; and man it was who first practised murder for the sale of the dead body. History records no instances of cruelty in a woman so revolting as that of Nero, Caligula, and the rest of the Roman tyrants; of Robespierre, Danton, and the other despots of the French revolution; or of the innumerable wretches who in all ages have disgraced the shape of man, and delighted in the destruction of their species.

The scholar who is determined to seek in classical literature for evidence to back his arguments against the excellence of the female character, will possibly find what he may consider sufficient authority for his opinions by a careful examination of some of the Greek and Latin authors; but we object to their evidence, for two reasons: first, because they did not understand sufficient of the subject to judge correctly; and, secondly, causes have influenced their opinion, and rendered their judgment partial. Euripides acknowledged his dislike of the sex, but he is supposed to have had some reasonable ground in his objections; for he married twice, and his wives turned out abominable shrews. Socrates possessed but an unfavourable sample of womankind in the vociferous Xanthippe—he may, therefore, be supposed to have had a similar reason for complaining. Susarion gives some shrewd advice to his countrymen on the absolute necessity of female society; for although he declares that women are a torment, he acknowledges that it would be as great a torment to be obliged to live without their assistance.† Athenæus seems to take a pleasure in re-

* Since this paper was written, several works on the same subject have been published; of which the most important are, Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women, moral, poetical, and historical*—an admirable work, and Mrs. Sandford's *Woman in her Social and Domestic Character*. In some future Number, we may probably bring them under critical examination.

† Καιτὸν γυναῖκες· ἀλλ' ὅμως, ἃ δημόται,
Οὐκ ἔστιν οἰκεῖν οἰκίαν ἄνευ κακοῦ·
Καὶ γὰς τὸ γῆμαι, καὶ τὸ μὴ γῆμαι, πονεῖν.

lating the mischiefs and wars that have been occasioned by women; and Simonides, in his celebrated satire upon the sex, appears as little inclined to treat them either with justice or mercy. Neither have the Latin authors been less satirical on the subject; for in the works of both historians and poets we meet with some severe reflections on the character of the Roman ladies. Tacitus gives us vivid and revolting descriptions of feminine depravity; in Livy we find similar scenes; and Sallust forcibly delineates the criminal licentiousness which then disgraced female society. From such writers as Ovid and Catullus we cannot expect to gain any favourable information on the subject; and the minor poets, whose works are of a similar nature, follow the examples of their greater contemporaries, and speak of woman but as an instrument of pleasure. But when the Romans lost the primitive simplicity of manners which adorned their early history, it could not be expected otherwise than that their women should partake of their degeneracy; and the profligacy of the males is always a sufficient excuse for the licentiousness of the females.

In approaching nearer to our own times, we find that the early dramatists were fond of having an occasional fling at the failings of the softer sex. Heywood, who was jester to Henry VIII., and is supposed to have been the first person who introduced the legitimate drama into England, in an interlude written by him, called *The Four P's*, which is a humorous dialogue in verse between a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Potheeary, and a Pedlar, makes these worthies come to a determination of having their individual claims to pre-eminence settled by a trial of their qualifications as relaters of the marvellous and improbable; and, in the very spirit of Munchausen, they state the most incredible fictions that were ever invented: but at last this happy talent (of which many of our modern travellers are no contemptible professors) is universally allowed to belong to the Palmer, when he ironically declares —

"And this I wolde ye shulde understande,
I have seue women five hundred thousande,
And oft with them have long time tarred,
Yet in all places where I have bene,
Of all the women that I have sene,
I never sawe, nor knewe, in my conscience,
Any one woman out of patience!"

The character of the monarch accounts for the wit of his jester. We come now to the severest satire that has ever been written against woman. Few experienced so many vexations in domestic life, and none probably could feel them so acutely, as our great poet Milton. From brooding over his own unhappiness, and from the continual state of moral torture in which his highly sensitive feelings were kept by the sight of his desolate hearth and comfortless home, while his disappointments preyed upon his spirits till their action produced a morbid sensibility in his mind, he began to imagine that a woman's heart was the source of malice, hypocrisy, and wickedness, instead of being a fountain of living waters, possessing all the sweet humanities of life; and the troubled bard, sinking under his domestic afflictions, seems to call in question the wisdom of the Deity for forming a creature so fair to view and false to know as a woman, when he exclaims —

"Oh! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befallen,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares."*

When we remember the misery of the husband, we must pardon the injustice of the poet. He found his felicity shipwrecked, and fancied that the happiness of mankind must founder on the same shores. Could he for a moment have known the brilliance of the different phases of the female character—woman's tender solicitude as a mother, her dutiful affection as a daughter, her gentle kindness as a sister, her sincere disinterestedness as a friend, and the earnestness of her devotion to the object of her idolatry—as a being capable of conferring happiness upon another—he would have been more anxious to prove that she was

* Paradise Lost.

created to be loved, caressed, honoured, and respected, than he was to publish the unjust opinion of her he has put forth in the lines we have just quoted. Pope's assertion, that

" Every woman is at heart a rake,"

is frequently brought against the sex by their traducers; but its falsehood is too apparent to require our notice, and the author has only shewn how little he must have associated with virtuous women to come to such a conclusion. We have now brought forward the arguments generally used by those who wish to lower the estimation in which the female character is deservedly held, and we have produced the evidence most commonly used to defend them; it now remains for us to declare our own opinions on the subject, and prove by facts whatever we wish to defend.

That women may possess the sterner virtues, can be shewn by a reference to the pages of ancient or modern history. Although we are anxious to prove the existence of the highest moral courage in the female mind, we are obliged to doubt the establishment of a community of women like the Amazons, who are mentioned in the fourth book of Herodotus; yet Gibbon, in stating his scepticism, seems half-inclined to give up his disbelief when he observes, that "among barbarous nations women have often combated by the sides of their husbands; but it is *almost* impossible that a society of Amazons should ever have existed in the old or new world."* In stating that it is *almost impossible*, he does not seem inclined to consider it an improbability; but as there are doubts upon the subject, we are not so barren of evidence as to wish to retain it to give weight to our opinions, for the instances of females acting in a body for the defence of their homes and household gods, are so numerous and so well authenticated, as to render such unnecessary. Pausanias and Plutarch, with some unimportant variations, relate that when Cleomenes, the Lacedemonian leader, endeavoured to make himself master of Argos, the Argive women, led on by Telesilla, repelled his attempts on that city with great loss on his part; and Pausanias elsewhere informs us, that when the Spartans were endeavouring to subdue the land of the Tegeans, the women of Tegea, while their husbands and lovers were engaged in battle, formed an ambuscade at the foot of Mount Philactris, rushed upon the enemy, and put them to flight with great slaughter. A similar feeling of contempt for danger enabled the female members of a tribe to rescue those they loved from bondage; for from Herodotus and from Valerius Maximus we learn the noble artifice of the wives of the Minyæ, who, having obtained permission to visit their husbands, who had been imprisoned by the Lacedemonians, changed dresses with them, and remained in the place of confinement while the men made their escape in safety. For individual instances of courage and high daring, that would have done honour to an Alexander or a Napoleon, we need only mention Semiramis, Zenobia, Boadicea, Jean d'Arc, and the two Artimisias. As the latter are not perhaps so familiar to general readers as the others we have mentioned, we shall say a word or two on their separate histories. Both of them were queens of Caria, both eminent for their valour, and both celebrated for a masculine energy of intellect, for which they were feared and respected by the surrounding nations. One was the daughter of Hecatemnes, and wife of Mausolea; and at the decease of her husband she built a splendid monumental edifice, and dedicated it to his memory. She attempted the conquest of the island of Rhodes. Although the stirring eloquence of Demosthenes was exerted for the purpose of inducing his countrymen to assist the Rhodians, the Athenians left them to their fate; and Vitruvius relates that Artimisia baffled the stratagems of the islanders, and succeeded in her endeavours. The other queen was in the train of Xerxes, and distinguished herself in the important sea-fight of Salamis. We have the authority of Polyænus for stating, that, in consideration of her bravery, the Persian king rewarded her with a magnificent suit of Grecian armour; and, to mark the cowardice or want of skill of the commander of his fleet, he sent him at the same time a distaff and spindle. Herodotus, in his description of the battle, passes many encomiums on her conduct—makes Xerxes an eye-witness of her heroism—and informs us he exclaimed, that "the men had

Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

behaved like women, and the women like men." Artimisia was as much celebrated for the wisdom of her counsel as for the valour of her conduct; for after the disastrous result of the Persian invasion, the great king found safety for himself and a remnant of his army by following her advice, and retreating to his own dominions: and to mark his opinion of her worth, he afterwards intrusted his own children to her care, and made her his most confidential adviser.

We are not wanting in examples of female affection so strong as to induce women to accompany their husbands, or lovers, in perilous expeditions, in exile, or in death. Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, and the granddaughter of Augustus, followed her husband to the war in Germany, enduring all the hardships of the campaign with an exalted spirit above complaint, and sharing the privations of the army with a patient submission that gained her the admiration and respect of every soldier in the legions. From Tacitus, we learn that, during the absence of Germanicus from the camp, a report prevailed among the army in Gaul that their fellow-soldiers in Germany had been cut to pieces by the barbarians; the men became mutinous, and left their quarters, with the intention of demolishing the bridge over the Rhine, to prevent the further progress of the Germans; but their ill-judged design was prevented by the bravery and presence of mind of Agrippina. "Superior to the weakness of her sex," says that able historian, "she took on her, with an heroic spirit, the functions of a general officer. She attended to the wants of the men — she distributed clothes to the indigent, and medicine to the sick."* After having succeeded in her endeavours to suppress the insurrection, Pliny, in an animated picture which he gives of the scene, describes her as presenting herself to the soldiers at the head of the bridge, reviewing them as they passed, and congratulating them on their return to duty with the applause that was due to their former valour. One of the most beautiful passages in Tacitus is when he describes her return to Rome, after her husband had fallen a victim to the state policy of the emperor Tiberius. She carried an urn containing the ashes of Germanicus, and, with her children by her side, walked slowly through the crowds of citizens, who thronged around her, expressing, with a respectful commiseration, their pity for her afflictions: but it was not long before she and her children met with a fate similar to his whom they mourned; they were sacrificed to the jealousy of Tiberius. As other instances, among many, of the devotion of a wife to her husband, and of the strength of affection that prompts the female heart to spurn every idea of danger, we may mention Isabella de Bobadilla, the wife of Don Pedrarias Davila, who was sent by Ferdinand of Spain, with a magnificent armament, to supersede Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the brave but unfortunate discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, as governor of the colony of Darien. She braved the dangers of seas whose navigation was but imperfectly understood, and endured the difficulties of a long voyage which had but seldom been attempted, rather than remain apart from her husband in security with her children in Spain. Her devotion met with its reward; the voyage was unattended by any extraordinary difficulties, and she arrived at the colony in safety. Francesco Navella de Carrara, lord of Padua, when exiled from his native city by the power of his enemies, and hunted from town to town by the enmity of Visconti, lord of Milan, the most revengeful of them all, was accompanied in the dangers and difficulties of his flight by his lady, Madonna Taddea; who, although at an advanced state of pregnancy, often without shelter, and frequently without food, endured her sufferings with the spirit of a martyr; and, though more than once brought to a precarious state by the intensity of her agonies, she ultimately recovered, to possess in a still greater degree the passionate affection of her lord and husband, and to share again his crown and his enjoyments.

The exalted heroism of a woman's soul may be excited by love, religion, patriotism, parental affection, gratitude, pity; and, in fact, all the brightest virtues and noblest sympathies of human nature, have at times as great influence over the heart of a woman as they have ever possessed over the feelings of a man. These qualities are only evinced

* Tacitus, lib. 1.

on extraordinary occasions, it is true, because it is only in situations requiring the exercise of the most powerful exertions that a female can divest herself of the retiring gentleness of her nature; but whenever an occasion has presented itself in which high powers and purposes should be developed, a predominating impulse has always directed the energies of her will, and she has performed actions from the dangers of which men have thought it no shame to shrink. In savage life, circumstances occur which bring these virtues more generally into operation; for there, very frequently, the whole burden of domestic labour rests upon their shoulders, while the lordly master roams the uncultivated prairies in search of prey, or sallies out from the depths of the forest to waylay the enemies of his tribe; but, in a civilised community, the influence of a bad system of education, and the progress of acquired habits, which soon get too powerful to be laid aside, frequently bestow artificial and unnatural sentiments upon a woman, which neutralise, and sometimes annihilate, those exalted impulses with which she is endowed. It is only, then, in situations which seldom occur,—in shipwreck, in pestilence, in famine, in the battle-field and besieged town, and in the convulsions of society and of nature, that the glory and the freshness of her soul can be known and appreciated. There are, in the annals of warfare, several instances of females, impelled by feelings of the sincerest affection, disguising themselves in the apparel of the other sex, and following their lovers, or their husbands, through battle and through bloodshed, till they either perished or triumphed with those they loved. Numerous are the female martyrs who with their death have attested the purity of their faith. Never has patriotism appeared so pure as when Charlotte Corday struck the infamous Marat to the heart; or so noble as when women beat back the invaders of their country from the walls of Saragoza, or perished in conflict with the spoilers of Poland, beneath the ruins of Warsaw. The love of offspring has induced females to the performance of actions attended with the highest danger; and feelings of gratitude and pity have frequently produced effects equally powerful.* Nothing can be more easy than to bring forward instances of female heroism, of devoted attachment, and of endurance of suffering; but we imagine those we have already produced are sufficient to convince any reasonable mortal that such virtues are possessed in an eminent degree by women, and are not of less power than the same qualities when they have been evinced by men.

We come now to the elucidation of a more difficult and important point, which is an attempt to prove, that in the arts and sciences, in the noblest efforts of mortal genius, and in the highest aspirings of human intellect, the female mind has and can rival that of the other sex. This we mean to do, by bringing forward examples from all ages, selected from the vast collection which we have gathered for that purpose,—beginning at the age

> "When gods had framed the sweets of woman's face,
> And locked men's looks within her golden hair,"

and concluding at our own times,—a period more rich in female intellect than any age that has preceded it.

In the earlier ages, the education of females was little attended to, and when talent did shew itself, it was often as little regarded; yet, in spite of the many obstructions to the progress of their mental excellence, there were many women of high intellectual power among the ancients. Aspasia, the teacher of Socrates and the friend of Pericles, is praised by Plutarch and Xenophon as the greatest ornament

* Since writing the above, an instance has occurred of a woman's contempt of danger, when engaged in the performance of a humane action, which deserves mentioning. We allude to the noble attempt made by the Hon. Miss Eden, at Hampton Court, to rescue a child from drowning. When we first heard the particulars of the transaction, we were so struck with the heroism of the deed, that in a fit of enthusiasm we wrote the following "impromptu," which by some, perhaps, may not be thought misplaced here:—

> "From Paradise man and his race have been hurled,
> Since the Spirit of Sin tempted Eve to the tree;
> But Heaven now an Eden restores to the world,
> To show how like an angel a woman can be."

of her age. At the time when Athens was in its glory and its grandeur,—the seat of the sciences and of the arts, of learning, poetry, and eloquence, she charmed all hearts by her beauty, and delighted all ears with her learning. Philosophers the most eminent acquired knowledge from the wisdom of her precepts, and orators the most celebrated caught eloquence from the excellence of her discourse. Propertius speaks in high terms of the genius of Corinna, the Theban poetess, who is reported to have successfully contested five times with Pindar for the lyric prize. Leontium defended the philosophy of Epicurus, and was justly celebrated by the Athenian philosophers for her talents and erudition. Damophila and Sappho were contemporaries and relations, and both excelled in lyrical poetry. The first is mentioned by Theophilus in his life of Apollonius Thyaneus; the latter is too well known to require any commentary. Roman and Greek, and ancients and moderns, have rivalled each other in composing her eulogies. Another lyrical poetess of great excellence was Praxilla, and she is supposed to have flourished about the time of the thirty-second Olympiad. These instances will be sufficient to prove that there was no dearth of female talent among the Greeks. The Romans, in their days of glory, attended little to the cultivation of the mind; they considered that, by the influence of arms and of discipline, and by the favour of the gods, they had obtained a superiority over the barbarians who had opposed them; and they imagined, that by these only were fame, honour, and power, to be obtained. A contempt of death, a fearlessness of danger, and a readiness to sacrifice life and all its pleasures for the good of their country, were inculcated in the minds of the Roman youth, and were practised by matrons and senators—by virgins and tribunes—by all ranks of the community, and by all orders of the state. After the conquest of the Greeks, the triumphant generals brought home with them, in the plunder of violated temples and demolished cities, vouchers of the genius of that ingenious and refined people; and this led to the introduction of Grecian manners and Grecian literature into Rome. The Romans were soon enamoured with the luxurious life and polished taste of Athenian society; and in a short time their customs grew less rude, their manners were more refined, and females, as is the case in all civilised communities, became objects of high consideration. Aurelia, the mother of Julius Cæsar, and Octavia, the wife of Mark Antony, were both celebrated for their learning and accomplishments. Quintilian has recorded the ability and eloquence of Hortensia, when she pleaded the cause of the Roman ladies before the triumviri, who had ordered, that fourteen hundred of the most opulent women in Rome should declare the value of their estates, that a tax might be laid upon them, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the war. Against the injustice of this decree the voice of Hortensia was heard; and it could not be expected otherwise than that so able an advocate of the privileges of her sex should be successful,—the number of females who were to be subjected to the tax was reduced to four hundred. In *Plutarch's Lives*, few biographies possess so much interest as that of Portia, the daughter of Cato and the wife of Brutus. Her mind was strengthened by the study of philosophy, her heart filled with the love of virtue, and she possessed a genius worthy the illustrious men with whom she was so nearly and so dearly related. Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, has had her memory immortalised by the energetic praises of Quintilian, and the eloquent eulogies of Cicero. "Her learning," says Quintilian, "was unparalleled." "Had she not been a woman," observes Cicero, "she would have deserved the first place among philosophers." She taught philosophy in Rome, and obtained many pupils, who profited by her lectures. The fame of Livia Drusilla, Tacitus has handed down to us; and M. de Serviez has collected, with much care, the particulars of her life and sufferings, in his *Lives of the Roman Empresses*. In her days of prosperity and grandeur, she endeavoured to encourage learning and to advance literature. She was a woman of a commanding intellect, a deep observer of the actions and feelings of those around her, and a willing promoter of every scheme which tended to the glory and honour, the happiness and prosperity, and the power and magnificence, of the people of Rome. Julia Domna, the wife of the emperor Severus, patronised arts

and literature, and was herself not undistinguished in the paths of learning and philosophy. During the brilliant reign of Augustus, in consequence of the encouragement bestowed upon genius, many of the fairer sex distinguished themselves by their abilities and love of letters; but at his death society quickly degenerated, and the licentiousness and criminality of the Roman women became the most conspicuous feature in their character. In the reigns of his immediate successors, we meet with few illustrious ladies. We turn with disgust from the treachery and malice visible in the blood-stained annals of this period; yet there were some few instances of a noble nature still existing among the wrecks of moral feeling which disgraced humanity. Many females devoted themselves to destruction, that they might enjoy the pleasure of dying with their friends. Among the best of that age, we may mention the wife of Seneca, and Polla Argentaria, the wife of Lucan. The latter is reported to have assisted her husband in the composition of the *Pharsalia*. When the seat of government was changed from Rome to Constantinople, and the people of the latter, part Greek, part Latin, and part a mixture of the surrounding nations who were continually pouring into the imperial empire their superfluous population, appeared only anxious to display to the barbarians their luxury and magnificence—masks which could but ill conceal the weakness and pusillanimity that lay beneath them—in spite of the degradation of the Roman character, many females then existed whose genius and learning have been handed down to us in the praises of contemporaries and the records of historians. Athenæus, afterwards, on her elevation to the purple, christened by the more familiar name of Eudocia, was the daughter of Leontius, an Athenian sophist. Her works disclose the extent of her learning, and the variety of her studies. She possessed a penetrating mind, that loved to attempt the elucidation of the mysteries of theological disquisitions, and she wrote principally upon religion. "Her writings," says Gibbon, "which were applauded by a servile and superstitious age, have not been disdained by the candour of impartial criticism."*

The illustrious Anna Comnena, author of the *Alexiad*, an historical work in fifteen books, must, as her writings evince, have been well skilled in all the learning that could have been obtained in the age in which she flourished. She describes the life and actions of her royal father with an eloquent enthusiasm; and she reasons upon the causes which have produced certain effects upon society with a spirit of philosophy that excites all the sensibilities of the reader, while it raises his surprise that such sentences could possibly have been written by a woman who was a princess of the imperial family of Constantinople, and moved in the midst of a corrupt and licentious court.

In the dark and unsatisfactory period of the middle ages, women, until the institution of the forms and observances of chivalry, held but little influence over society; and even then their power was based more upon their personal attractions than their intellectual qualifications. Their education was chiefly confined to the exercise of the needle; and the tapestries still existing in many of our ancient castles are at least proofs that they were industriously employed. Occasionally in the cloisters, where the victims of a dreary superstition were confined, some females became celebrated for their talents or their erudition, wherever a regard for letters or a fondness for study existed; but more generally, the genius which has been immured in a convent, however powerful it may have been, has proved as profitless to our generation as the walls that confined it from the world. We cannot refrain from mentioning the unfortunate but highly talented Heloise, whose story is too well known to require a repetition here; Hildegurdis, the learned abbess of a Benedictine monastery in Germany, who wrote many volumes on poetry, theology, and medicine; and Mary of France, a Breton or Anglo-Norman poetess, who is said to have resided in England in the early part of the thirteenth century. The poems of the latter are chiefly fables and metrical romances, taken from the legends of the Welsh and Armorican Britons. Some specimens of them may be found among the Harleian MSS. No. 978. She was one of the most celebrated troubadours

* Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

of her time, and, says M. de Kerdanet, particularly esteemed by the ladies.

The age of chivalry and romance, though in a great measure barren of female genius, was the era of woman's adoration. The knights of old acknowledged that the triumphs of the tournament were of little value unless accompanied by the smiles of the ladies—that honour and glory were but mere names without their praise—and that

> "The treasures of the deep are not so precious
> As are the concealed comforts of a man
> Locked up in woman's love."

But this admiration was the result of an artificial state of feeling in society, which, as it was founded merely upon their social character or external advantages, produced scarcely any beneficial result to the female mind. The poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey breathe more of the gallantry of the court than of the devotion of love; but it was not till the days of Spenser and Shakespeare that the language of sincerity and truth was expressed by poetry, when the praise of woman was its object. No man ever lived who possessed a more perfect knowledge of the female character than the Bard of Avon evinced in the numerous and various examples in his works; for there we have the tender Imogen, the impassioned Juliet, the gentle Desdemona, the graceful Perdita, the fond Cordelia, the wronged Hermione, the poetic Miranda, the simple Jessica, the love-lost Ophelia, Sweet Anne Page, and many others, sisters of the same fair family, whose features he has drawn in everlasting colours. Upon them he lavished all the glowing imagery of his creative brain, formed them in hues of beauty, and clothed them with a robe of light; and the examples of excellence in the sex which he set forth to the world's gaze, produced the best effect.

Soon after the Reformation, and particularly during the reign of Elizabeth, so much importance began to be attached to the improvement of the sex, that the education of ladies of quality was considered a subject requiring the strictest attention. Queen Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, and the equally unfortunate Mary of Scotland, possessed a considerable portion of polite learning, and were tolerably versed in classical literature. They have left us compositions which evince much taste and judgment. We may mention, as distinguished females of that age, the daughters of Sir Thomas More, the Countesses of Pembroke and Bedford, the Duchess of Newcastle, Lady Bacon, Lady Arundel, and Lady Anne Halket. Some of their works are still extant, and from them we can judge of the talent possessed in those days by ladies of rank. The profligate court of Charles II., it may be supposed, did little for the further improvement of the female character; the licentious state of society compelled it to retrograde rather than to progress. But in the next century it again rose into purity and excellence; their education was more attended to, and many women gained eminence by their learning and abilities. As every encouragement was given in the eighteenth century to their exertions, the paths of literature became thronged with both sexes, each with a noble emulation contending with the other for the palm of superiority; and the names of many women are registered in the scroll of immortality, whose works would have done honour to their male contemporaries. "Matters of learning, taste, and science," observes Dr. Beattie, "are not more the natural province of the one sex than of the other; and with regard to these, were they to have the same education and opportunities, the minds of the two sexes would be found to approach more nearly to equality."* In nearly every department of literature, more particularly in poetry and the drama, but even in matters of critical research and philosophical investigation, women have nearly equalled—and would, if they had been allowed the same advantages, have rivalled—the most divine geniuses that have enlightened and adorned human nature. In the drama, they may boast of the names of Cowley, Centlivre, Inchbald, Aphara Behn, and a host of others; in scholastic acquirements and classical learning, Lucretia Gonzaga, an Italian, and Constantia Grierson, a native of Kilkenny (at the age of eighteen the latter was mistress of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French languages, besides her own); before she had attained the age of

* Sir William Forbes's Life of Dr. Beattie, Letter 200.

twenty-seven, when she died; and was as familiar with history, divinity, philosophy, and mathematics. Her skill in Latin she has satisfactorily evinced, by her dedication of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to Lord Carteret, and by that of Terence to his son; to whom, on another occasion, she addressed a Greek epigram. Mary Cunitz must take place among the most talented women of the sixteenth century. She was born in Silesia, and acquired, with extraordinary facility, a knowledge of the Polish, French, Italian, German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; with the same ease she obtained a proficiency in the sciences,—was versed in history, medicine, painting, poetry, and music; could play with skill on several instruments; was an able mathematician; and so successfully had she applied herself to the study of the heavenly bodies, as to be ranked with the most skilful astronomers of her time. Harriet Eusebia Harcourt, who, to a superior capacity and lively imagination, united a knowledge of the Latin, French, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, High Dutch, and Sclavonian languages; and Anne Baynard, who died in her twenty-third year, possessed of intellectual powers of the highest order. Among those who have endeavoured to throw light upon the classics, we may mention the learned Mad. Dacier, the author of several elegant translations from the Greek; and the no-less-celebrated Mrs. Carter, the translator of Epictetus; Sarah Fielding (the sister of the novelist), who translated Xenophon; and Lady Joanna Lumley, who executed translations of the *Iphigenia* of Euripides, and several orations of Isocrates. Of those who have distinguished themselves by their application to the fine arts, we possess the names of Artemisia Gentileschi, whom Graham asserts to have been the first artist of her time, Lavinia Fontana, Marietto Tintoretto, Isabella Sirani, Angelica Kauffman, Mary Beale, a celebrated portrait painter in the reign of Charles II., who is supposed to have been a pupil of Sir Peter Lely (Walpole speaks of her with more than his usual scanty allowance of praise); and Anne Killigrew, who painted the portraits of James II. and his queen. This list might be greatly enlarged; but we think sufficient evidence has been produced to establish our position.*

No age has been so fruitful in female genius as the present. From all ranks of society women have come forth, and have distinguished themselves in almost every department of literature. Even politics, so long monopolised by mankind, finds partisans in the other sex; and Harriet Martineau is considered by her party their oracle on political economy. What females of any age possessed genius of a higher order than Joanna Baillie and Felicia Hemans? Who have given us moral sentiments more exalted than Hannah More and Caroline Bowles? Who has delineated human character more correctly than Miss Edgeworth and Miss Mitford? But we could continue filling page after page, which our limits will not permit, in enumerating the names of the illustrious women whose exalted intellects have thrown a flood of light over the pages of modern literature.

Other nations have not been backward in producing their share of female talent. The French, from the highest dignitaries of the kingdom to the humblest subjects in the realm, are supposed to exceed other nations in the attention and respect paid to the fair sex, for women are regarded by them as the brightest ornaments of society; and the sex, knowing the value in which they are held, have there pursued every design that could increase their influence and strengthen their power. No surer way could be imagined for the furtherance of their object than the cultivation of the mind; and from that cause we may account for so many talented females having in France distinguished themselves in the world of letters. The homage paid in Europe to the names of De Genlis and De Staël is worthy of the genius they have shewn in their works. More recently, the writings of Frenchwomen chiefly consist in memoirs, written in a light and agreeable style of reading, and works

The reader who wishes for further information on the subject, may consult

Femmes Fortes, Anne Thicknesse's Sketch of the Lives and Writings of the Ladies of France, Mary Hay's Female Biography, &c. &c.

of imagination; among which, the poems of Amable Tastu and Leontine Fay are most worthy of praise. Italy, also, has been fruitful of great names in the catalogue of female authorship. The names of Cassandro Fidelis and Alessandro will, we think, never be forgotten as long as the beautiful language in which they wrote shall be studied and understood. The former, Mr. Roscoe asserts, was the first scholar of her age; the latter was little inferior to her either in genius or learning. Politiano confers the title of tenth muse on a lady to whom he gives the name of Cecca. But that honour must be divided with Madame de Loges, a Frenchwoman, Juana Inez de la Cruz, of Spanish extraction, but born in the city of Mexico, and with one of the early colonists of North America, Anne Bradstreet, the daughter of a governor of Massachusetts,—to all of whom it has been applied to denote their extraordinary endowments.

We have shewn that, wherever circumstances have been favourable to the cultivation of their mental faculties, women have evinced high powers of mind; and yet, possessing these capabilities, they have never yet been allowed to possess authority in any department of the government of a state, unless as the sovereign of a kingdom, or through some clandestine channel. Widows and unmarried females, possessed of the necessary qualification, may vote for the elections of the parochial officers, but wives have no authority unless by influence over their husbands; and with the laws by which they are governed women have nothing to do, except in obeying them. It was the design of Dalrymple—a deep enthusiast, but a man of some ability—in a colony which he attempted to form that women should have the same share in the government, should be admitted into a similar participation of political rights, and should possess an equal voice in the legislature, with the other sex. We regret that the design fell to the ground, because we should now, had it been tried, have been better able to judge how far females are qualified to possess such offices. It is not to be supposed that those who feel confident of their own acquirements, and are familiar with the humble situation they hold in society as members of a community in which they imagine they ought to acknowledge no superior, should not feel their degradation, and should not endeavour, while vindicating their rights, to obtain those privileges that have been withheld from them. There are many who have done this, and some who have done it well. None, perhaps, have defended their cause with greater energy than Lucretia Marinelli, Madame de Guillaume, and Mary Wollstencraft. The first of these celebrated women was a Venetian, and the author of a work bearing the title of "*La nobilta e l'eccellenza delle Donne, con diuetti e mancamenti degli Huomini.*" The name of the volume written by Jacquette Guillaume we have no doubt will startle the lords of the creation, for it is entitled, "*Les Dames illustres: où, par bonnes et fortes raisons, il se prouve que le sexe féminin surpasse en toute sorte de genre le sexe masculin.*" Few could bring to the task talents so well fitted for the subject as the accomplished Mary Wollstencraft, for she possessed a powerful intellect, capable of expressing ideas drawn from the deepest sources of human knowledge; but her imagination was never controlled by reflection, and the high enthusiasm of her nature impelled her to express notions, and to lay down principles, which the calmer judgment of public opinion has condemned as pernicious to the purity of the female character, and dangerous to the welfare of society.

Having at some length produced evidence of the high qualities of woman's mind, it now remains for us to make a few observations on the moral excellence of her heart. Her social virtues have been the theme of admiring poets ever since poetry has been felt and spoken. Nor could it possibly have been otherwise, for our first impressions of a pleasing character are gathered from her smile—in youth; our dreams are brightened with visions of her beauty—in manhood, our life is made happy by her society—and in old age, death is disarmed of half its terrors when our last moments are hallowed by her prayers. From her, all the passionate thoughts and eloquent aspirations of a man's soul proceed—from her all our ideas of beauty and conceptions of humanity arise. We look to her for the realisation of our expectations of felicity; and nature gives in to her possession the power of perfecting the aims and purposes of our existence. All passions, all sym-

pathies, all feelings, that have their origin in the affections, originate in her. Love comes breathing from her lips—poetry is created by her gaze.:

"Flowers laugh before her in their beds,
And fragrance in her footing treads."

We possess, in works of fiction and imagination, many delineations of female character, as beautiful as they are natural. Shakespeare's are the best; Homer's Andromache is excellent; and Sir Walter Scott's Jeanie Deans is admirable: but, that they have not always been drawn in such favourable colours, the characters of Medea, Clytemnestra, and Lady Macbeth, will prove. Still, the exceptions are as rare in the creations of the poet as they are in the works of nature. Beauty and excellence, by the greatest geniuses of mankind, have most frequently been considered their attributes. Painters and sculptors have rivalled each other in attempting to give to stone and canvass the dazzling loveliness of the female form. The Madonnas of Raffaelle and Corregio are the most perfect representations we possess of feminine grace, as are the creations of Phidias and Praxiteles the most admirable models of womanly beauty. Yet all artists are inferior to nature, for they cannot express in such cold materials as marble and panel feelings proceeding from so warm a source as a woman's heart; nor can they give us an idea of beauty so divine as is expressed in two lines written by the poet Spenser, when he describes

"The light that circled Una's angel face,
And made a sunshine in the shady place."

Beauty is to a woman what poetry is to a language, and their similarity accounts for their conjunction; for there never yet existed a female possessed of personal loveliness who was not only poetical in herself but the cause of poetry in others. Were the subject to be properly examined, it would be discovered that the first dawn of poetical genius in a man proceeds, almost invariably, from his acquaintance with the other sex. Where love exists poetry must exist also; for one cannot possibly have being without the fellowship of the other; they live together, and together they perish. They are like affectionate twins,—whatever affects the one must injure the other; and they flourish very frequently, not in consequence of the attention paid to their culture, but more luxuriantly, according to the opposition which is made to their progress. Without woman, the sweet humanities of existence would be unknown to us, love would be a stranger to our bosoms, and poetry would cease to invest with its hallowed loveliness the kind endearments of social life, and the bright enjoyments of home. Women are not to be studied in the *conversazione* or the *soirée*, for seldom any thing but artificial manners and unnatural sentiments are there disclosed. It is only by communing with them by their own firesides, far removed from the frivolities of fashion, and when associating round their domestic hearths, while ceremony (which is but the politeness of little minds) is banished from their society, and the open heart discloses its most secret feelings to the investigation of friendship or affection, that we can expect to become acquainted with all the excellencies of their nature. Poets are aware that they can find no theme possessing such attractions as woman, and with the rich stores of their imaginations they dress their subject in the most gorgeous apparel. A thousand harps have been tuned to her honour—a thousand songs have been written in her praise. All men of understanding acknowledge her value; they know that she is sent to confer happiness on mankind—that she breathes into our hearts those sympathies with humanity, and impresses on our natures those perceptions of morality, which form the impassable barrier between the man and the brute. Therefore, he who would endeavour to call in question the moral or mental excellence of the beings who make life desirable, and perfect its enjoyments, should, by those of his hearers capable of coming to a rational conclusion, be considered as a villain who grounds his assertions on the triumphs he has obtained over their innocence, or as a fool whose ignorance of the subject is made manifest by his opinion.

## GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS.

### No. XXXVI.

#### BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

O READER dear! do pray look here, and you will spy the curly hair, and forehead fair, and nose so high, and gleaming eye, of Benjamin D'Is-ra-e-li, the wondrous boy who wrote *Alroy* in rhyme and prose, only to shew how long ago victorious Judah's lion-banner rose. In an earlier day he wrote *Vivian Grey*—a smart-enough story, we must say, until he took his hero abroad, and trundled him over the German road; and taught him there not to drink beer, and swallow schnaps, and pull mädchen's caps, and smoke the cigar and the meersham true, in alehouse and lusthaus all Fatherland through, until all was blue, but talk secondhand that which, at the first, was never many degrees from the worst—namely, German cant and High-Dutch sentimentality, maudlin metaphysics, and rubbishing reality. But those who would find how Vivian wined with the Marchioness of Puddledock, and other great grandees of the kind, and how he talked æsthetic, and waxed eloquent and pathetic, and kissed his Italian puppies of the greyhound breed, they have only to read—if the work be still alive—*Vivian Grey*, in volumes five.

As for his tentative upon the *Representative*, which he and John Murray got up in a very great hurry, we shall say nothing at all, either great or small; and all the wars that thence ensued, and the Moravian's deadly feud: nor much of that fine book, which is called the *Young Duke*, with his slippers of velvet blue, with clasps of snowy-white hue, made out of the pearl's mother, or some equally fine thing or other; and *Flemíng* (*Contarini*), which will cost ye but a guinea; and *Gallomania* (get through it can you?), in which he made war on (assisted by a whiskered baron—his name was Von Haber, whose Germanical jabber Master Ben, with ready pen, put into English smart and jinglish) King Louis Philippe and his court; and many other great works of the same sort—why, we leave them to the reader to peruse, that is to say, if he should choose.

He lately stood for Wycombe, but there Colonel Grey did lick him, he being parcel Tory and parcel Radical—which is what in general mad we call; and the latest affair of his we chanced to see, is *What is he?* a question which, by this time, we have somewhat answered in this our pedestrian rhyme. As for the rest,—but writing rhyme is, after all, a pest; and, therefore ———

We shall finish what we have to say, without any *Alroyizing*, in plain prose; and, like Balaam (we mean the prophet, not that material which is so prominent in all magazines), we shall conclude with a blessing an article which has begun in not, perhaps, a complimentary strain. The plain fact then is, that Ben D'Israeli is a clever fellow, who has written some striking books, in which we think he has shewn great indications of talent, but nothing more. The books prove that the author is a man of abilities, though they do not reach the mark at which he aims. Benjamin's politics are rather preposterous; but he is young, and may improve. There is one thing good about him, viz., that he can never be a Whig; and while that can be said of any man, there is hope for him. Only, we beseech our friend not to write any more of that sounding fustian which infests the wondrous tale of *Alroy*. If he wishes to Judaise, why does he not at once write us Tales of the Talmud, or Gestes of the Gemara, or Memorandums of the Mischna? A *Romance of Rag-fair*, or a *Heroine of Houndsditch*, would be rather a novelty in these piping times. Scott, the novelographer of the border thieves, is departed—why should not one of London breed attempt to occupy his place? We cannot see any reason to the contrary.

We have already expressed our favourable feelings towards Benjamin's father; and we must conclude this article, by hoping that, in the end, he will indeed be old Isaac's "son of his right hand," as his name imports in the original Hebraic. He could not follow a more honourable example in life or in letters than the old Curiosity of Literature; and we trust that as there is stuff, and good stuff in Ben, he will speedily get rid of some ridiculous ideas that pursue him, and shew those who think well of his talents that he can do what they wish to see him attempting.

## ON NATIONAL ECONOMY.

### No. VI.

### DR. CHALMERS ON A RIGHT MORAL STATE OF THE COMMUNITY.*

We feel strongly impelled to turn aside, for a few moments, from the course which we had previously marked out for ourselves, to give a brief consideration to the last pamphlet of the Rev. Doctor Chalmers.

Two reasons impel us to do this:—The one is, that the learned Doctor has chosen to allude to us in the said pamphlet in terms which make it our duty to submit to him the observation, that it would have been better for him either to have preserved, on that topic, an absolute silence, or else to have spoken more to the purpose than he has done. But our second and more cogent reason is, that the pamphlet in question seems to us to furnish the strongest possible evidence against the doctor's own theory, insomuch that we could hardly wish to take a candid inquirer beyond the limits of its hundred pages, to obtain from him a verdict of entire condemnation against the whole system espoused by its author.

Let us take up these two points in their natural order; and, beginning with the first and least important, let us look at the kind of notice which the doctor has been pleased to take of the few friendly admonitions with which we felt it right to trouble him, in our numbers for August and September last. He alludes to them in the following terms:—

"We are not sure if this will adequately explain the miserable distortions of the *Quarterly*, though it may, perhaps, the outcries of the *Eclectic*, and, more especially, the aggrieved sensibilities of the old gentleman who writes in *Fraser's Magazine*, and who tells us, that, for the offence of being a Malthusian, we have incurred his 'perfect disgust and unqualified condemnation.'"—*Preface*, p. v.

"We do not even despair of altogether propitiating one of the most zealous of our adversaries—we mean the old gentleman who writes in *Fraser's Magazine*. There are many who can bear with the truth—as exemplified in special instances—in the state of one district, or the history of one household, yet whom the very same truth would put into a state of nervous discomfort, if generalised into a summary expression, or enunciated in the terms of an obnoxious theory. Our aged, and, though we have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, we believe our excellent friend, will, notwithstanding all the fierceness of his hostility to Mr. Malthus, perfectly go along with ourselves, when we point out the moral degeneracy of our towns and families, and plead for the adoption of instant and vigorous counteractives to the crying evil. He will clearly enough perceive the connexion between respectable character and respectable economic comfort, in all individual cases. In other words, we shall agree in particulars, however much we may differ when we come to universals. Could we only abstain from at all meddling with the question in the gross, we should fully sympathise, and be perfectly satisfied with each other, in all matters of detail. Whether we treat of the recklessness of parents, or the consequent destitution and profligacy of their children, we have the confident expectation, from a certain breath of goodness about the man, and which animates even the most indignant of his periods, that he will mitigate somewhat the verdict which he has pronounced against us, of perfect disgust and unqualified condemnation."—*Preface*, p. ix.

We must waste a word or two, in passing, on the peculiar *mode* in which the learned Doctor has chosen to allude to our remarks. Not feeling at liberty to pass them over in perfect silence, with what he calls "the miserable distortions of the *Quarterly*," or "the outcries of the *Eclectic*," he adopts a style of speech calculated to perplex both his reader and his antagonist; since it is difficult to decide whether he is writing in good or in bad humour, or whether his words are to be taken in jest or in earnest. We allude more especially to the expressions, "the *old gentleman* who writes in *Fraser's Magazine*," and "our *aged* friend,"—expressions which, as coming from a man of Dr. Chalmers' advanced years, strike one with a mixture of doubt and astonishment.

As the individual to whom the

* The Supreme Importance of a Right Moral to a Right Economical State of the Community. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D., &c.

learned Doctor refers has not yet passed his fortieth year, the question very naturally and immediately occurs, Are these words applied to him in *jest* or in *earnest?* In the latter, surely! It is impossible to admit, even for a moment, the idea, that a grey-haired divine, of high literary reputation, could stoop to witticisms so pitiably vapid, or sarcasms so intolerably vulgar, as the contrary supposition would imply. Doubtless the learned Doctor felt assured in his own mind that he was merely adverting to a well-known and unquestionable fact, when he *thrice* alluded to his opponent's *advanced age* as a feature worthy of remark in the present controversy. But, alas! the power of acquiring and imparting a correct knowledge of facts, appears to have been denied by nature to Dr. Chalmers. His constant ill luck follows him even here; and the principal use of this little discussion appears to be, "just to shew that he can't open his mouth but out there comes a blunder."

But enough, and more than enough, of these follies—which, however, we must observe, do not originate with us, but with the learned Doctor. Let us now turn to the substantial dispute between us.

Dr. Chalmers has already seen, it appears, as many as ten different reviews of his late work on Political Economy, and of these a majority are hostile to the principles of that volume. The greater portion of them, including the *Quarterly* and *Eclectic Reviews*, he dismisses with a single word. To *Fraser's Magazine* he affords about a page; but to the *Edinburgh Review* he devotes a pamphlet of tolerable size. His reason, he informs us, is this, that he finds that journal "the easiest to deal with," "because it deals in the best and strongest arguments."

Now, *personally*, we offer not the least objection to this. We are writing, not for fame or emolument, but for truth and the public good; and with these objects in view, all petty literary jealousies fade into perfect insignificance. We can therefore listen, without the least disquiet or discomposure, to Dr. Chalmers's opinion that the "arguments" of the *Edinburgh Review* were the best of all which have been levelled against him.

Let this be taken to be true. For our own part, we feel not the least disposition to contend for a moment on the point. Let it stand admitted, if Dr. Chalmers will have it so, that the "arguments of the *Edinburgh Review* were the best," and that to them, therefore, is is that the learned Doctor has replied.

But the dispute between the Doctor and ourselves ends not here. If we felt any degree of confidence or satisfaction in our criticisms on Dr. Chalmers's volume, that confidence rested not on any thing peculiarly our own, or on any thing connected with personal vanity. We placed not our reliance on our critical or logical acumen; we thought little of the "arguments" we might adduce; but we thought of something higher—we relied on something of more weight, and validity, and stubbornness, than *arguments*,—we relied, in short, on FACTS. These facts were in no sense peculiarly our own; nor did we feel any *personal* pride in bringing them forward. But we did feel their strength and importance in the discussion,—a strength far above any reasonings that could possibly be adduced. And it is a matter, at the present moment, of deep and extreme astonishment with us, that the learned Doctor should have perused our statements—should even have condescended to write several sentences in reply to them, and should yet have altogether forgotten to say a single word in reference to those vital errors, as to matters of fact, which those statements were principally occupied in pointing out.

Our one main objection to Dr. Chalmers's volume was couched in these words, which, not to give him an excuse for forgetting, we will here accurately reprint:—

"*Dr. Chalmers's book, then, contains, within the whole compass of its 556 pages, but three facts; and those three assumed facts are, each and every one of them, mere fictions!*" *

Such was our averment; and we believe that, if proved to be well-founded, it would be held by all but political economists to be of greater weight in any rational estimate of the Doctor's volume, than all the abstract "arguments" that the wit of man could have brought to bear against it.

* Fraser's Magazine, August 1832, p. 115.

These facts, in short, though "few and far between," necessarily formed the foundation of the Doctor's volume. His own reasonings formed the superstructure. The *Edinburgh Review* attacked that superstructure, and, according to the Doctor's opinion, with better arguments than those advanced by any other journal. We, on the contrary, paid little attention to the superstructure, but challenged the character of the foundation, and, we sincerely believe, struck away the main props of the whole edifice. Little wonder, therefore, is it, if, finding it difficult satisfactorily to reply to our statements, the Doctor should turn away from us, and prefer dealing, and acknowledge that he finds it "easier to deal with," the "arguments" of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Our challenge, therefore, must be repeated. We were not, we believe, so lengthy as to be tedious before; but now we will be so succinct as to leave the Doctor no apology for disregarding the call. We again tell him, that the main principles enounced and defended in his volume rested wholly, if foundation they had at all, upon these three facts,—

I. That the example of Norway is worthy of English imitation, inasmuch as the people of that country *marry late in life, and increase slowly*.

II. That, to use his own words, "*The absence of the poor-laws seems to be one of the chief blessings of Holland.*"

III. That "*Population, when permitted its full development, can double itself in fifteen years.*"

These three assumptions constituted the main support and foundation of his whole theory. If these were removed, his entire volume rested upon mere airy speculation. Our answer, then, to these assumptions was as follows:—

*First*, That the population of Norway had increased, between 1815 and 1825, from 835,451, to 1,000,152, or *above nineteen per cent.*; while that of England, between 1821 and 1831, had only increased *sixteen per cent*; and yet Dr. Chalmers recommends us to look to Norway in order to be taught *moral restraint, and a slower rate of increase!*

*Secondly*, That in Holland, where the Doctor tells us there are no poor-laws, it is upon record, in a public state paper, that in 1823, in the nine northern provinces, they numbered 196,063 poor; and that upon these they expended in the year 5,955,030 florins, being equal to twenty-four bushels of wheat for each. Our English expenditure has usually averaged about ten bushels to each pauper: and yet Dr. Chalmers would send us to Holland to learn *how to do without poor-laws!*

*Thirdly*, That the supposition of a natural duplication of population in fifteen years was an absurd chimera. We remarked that neither Mr. Malthus nor Dr. Chalmers had ever applied the rules of simple arithmetic to this their vague supposition. We therefore supplied this deficiency ourselves; and in our September Number we presented the Doctor with a table, by which it appeared, that upon Mr. Malthus's own data, a population of 48 persons would only become, in 120 years, 581; whereas, according to their fancy of a doubling every fifteen years, this same population ought to have reached, in that time, the enormous number of 12,288 persons!

Such were our objections to Dr. Chalmers's work. He has perused and considered them, and what is his reply? Nothing, but some phrases about "*our aged friend*," and "*the old gentleman* who writes in *Fraser's Magazine!*" As to the facts, he utters not a syllable!

We have, indeed, some general expressions of a belief, that, on the point of the evil of premature and thoughtless marriages, and the value of a good education, we should be found essentially to agree. Unquestionably we should. But what is this to the purpose? The main drift of the Doctor's volume is addressed, not to the poor, but to the rich. Its object is not to recommend caution and thoughtfulness to the multitude, but to recommend certain plans of legislation to those who legislate for the multitude. And his grand object, above all, is, to procure the abolition of the poor-laws. This he advocates as a principal means of producing "moral restraint," or "fewer and later marriages;" and to enforce it, he tells us, 1st, That they are happier in Norway than in England, because they marry later and increase less. 2d. That they do better in Holland, because they have no poor-laws. And, 3d, That population, if allowed, would double itself in fifteen years. Each of these propositions we utterly deny,—the *first*, upon the authority of the census of Norway: the *second*, upon the authority of the report of the States General

of 1823: and the *third*, upon the authority of Cocker's Arithmetic. Let the Doctor admit the fallacy of all his assumed facts, and let him withdraw his proposition, grounded upon them, of a repeal of the poor-laws; and then we are willing enough to meet him on the neutral ground of a cordial approval of universal education, and a willing inculcation of general forethought and prudence in contracting matrimony. But let him not promulgate statements of fact so erroneous as those we have pointed out, and then, when the errors he has committed are shewn to him, fly off to a series of vague generalities about the "connexion between respectable character and respectable economic comfort," which no one has dreamt of questioning. Let him remember that erroneous statements of fact, however guiltless they may be when unintentional, become *falsehoods* if they are not, on detection, instantly corrected; and let him regulate his conduct accordingly. We look to him, as a man of integrity, either for a prompt confession of his errors as above pointed out, or else a satisfactory refutation of our averments. The former, we doubt not, is his only resource; but we must confess we shall feel rather curious to see the next edition of his *Political Economy* purged of the false assumptions which at present form its only basis.

But it is time that we turned our attention to the main subject of Dr. Chalmers's present pamphlet—to that subject which alone could have justified us in devoting an entire paper to the Doctor's vagaries. He has given us in this tract a condensed, and therefore a striking view of the absurdities of his system. He has brought all his contradictory statements into close juxtaposition; and we cannot let slip the opportunity of exhibiting them, in their true light, to the British public.

The Doctor sets forth his leading principle in his title page, "*The supreme*[*] *importance of a right moral to a right economical state of the community.*" And, in the closing paragraph of his preface, he thus more fully states it:—

"We affirm of a poor-law, that, viewed as an expedient for the relief of distress, it is a positive and unmixed evil;—and of all the other merely economic expedients for the same objects, not that they are evils, but that at best they afford only a fleeting and temporary good, soon to be neutralised by a cause whose deadly mischief nothing else can countervail *save a thorough education of the people.* Let all these expedients be tried, successively or together, and what we have ventured to predict is, that none of them will avail for a permanent lightening of our pressure. It is not home colonisation that will do it; it is not the largest practicable conversion of revenue into capital; it is not the greatest possible enlargement of foreign trade; it is not the repeal of the corn-laws; it is not the more equal division of property; it is not the abolition of tithes or taxes; and, finally, it is not emigration. We think that, beforehand, and by the lights of science, one and all of these measures are traceable to their results, and we have endeavoured so to trace them. In our conclusions, we have run counter to many of the fond imaginations of projectors. Experience will decide the question betwixt us; and whether, if without *an extensive moral and educational reform*, the future history of Britain—marked, on the one hand, by the outbreakings of a straitened and distempered population, and on the other, by the manifold, but abortive attempts of the legislature to rectify their condition—will not lend a melancholy confirmation to all our views."—*Preface*, p. xxi.

And, in the body of his essay, he again and again strikes the same chord:

"Meanwhile, we fear that law can do nothing, unless by going to the root of the mischief, *or instituting a right system of education*, and putting into a train of abolition the whole system of pauperism." p. 50.

"The question is, whether shall we transform these modern helots, *which can only be done by a universal and Christian education.*" p. 57.

And so in a variety of places.

Now, to shorten the controversy as much as possible, we shall, without a word of preface, charge the Doctor with two things.

I. With *setting up a fancy or a day-dream of his own, which he calls* Education, *as a remedy and panacea for all the wrongs and evils of society; thus assigning to it operations and energies which are wholly chimerical, and which are negatived by all experience.* And, II. With *absurdly and blamably discountenancing all those practical remedies for known evils, which common*

[*] *Anglicè*, superior.

*sense, and the experience of mankind, has pointed and is daily pointing out.*

In the first place, then, we say that Dr. Chalmers, in making what he calls "education" the beginning, middle, and end of his whole system of national economy, sins against both experience and common sense.

Let no one assert or imagine that we are disposed to undervalue education. On the contrary, we are quite ready to join with Dr. Chalmers in furthering all his plans and schemes for its universal extension. But while we know its value and importance, we will not absurdly expect miracles from it. Education can do much, but there are many things that it cannot do. It can neither suspend the laws of the physical nor of the moral world. It cannot arrest the tides, nor rule the winds. If it could, we would not run the hazard of steamboats! It cannot change the heart of man, or make all its votaries Christians. If it could, then we would at once go all lengths with Dr. Chalmers, and say, Provide education for the people, and then repeal at one word "the statutes at large." Neither can education enable the Irish cotter to pay eight guineas an acre for a potato-garden, without crossing the channel to deprive the English labourer of his employment. Nor can it teach the English weaver, deprived of his work by the power-looms, how to avoid sacrificing his children in the dreadful factory, or how to reach the heart of him who owns that factory, and who is filling his coffers by the destruction of the limbs and lives of crippled and murdered infancy.

Dr. Chalmers is a divine, while we are of the "common herd of men." And yet, fond as he is of education, and of Christian education too, we incline to think that he has derived his vehement passion for that universal remedy more from Adam Smith and Malthus than from Moses; and we rather opine that he would prefer the lessons of the former to those of the latter, for the pupils of his favourite system;—at least, we are quite sure of this, that his plans, both for the "moral" and "economical" regulation of the people, are directly contrary to those of the inspired lawgiver. Moses inculcated education too, and so would we; but Moses did not, like Dr. Chalmers, make it the beginning and end of his national system; on the contrary, he furnishes us, and, let it be remembered, under Divine inspiration, with a code of "economical" regulations, every one of which runs counter to the learned Doctor's whole system. We should exceedingly like to call for the Doctor's vote, on the adoption of this Divine code in our own country. The rules for the constant division and subdivision of land,—for guarding against the formation of large estates,—for the prevention of interest-taking and the accumulation of money,—and for the encouragement of the increase of population, must be exceedingly abhorrent to his feelings. At present, however, we only refer to the subject to shew, that this legislator did not, like Dr. Chalmers, consider that "law can do nothing, save instituting a right system of education," but, on the contrary, took great pains to enact all those provisos for the coercion and restraint of "capital," which we now so much need, and the enactment of which Dr. Chalmers so much opposes.

But not only do we find the great Jewish legislator opposed to Dr. Chalmers; another authority of great name, though of modern times, may now be adduced on the same side, and that is *no other than Dr. Chalmers himself!*

The learned Doctor's favourite doctrine, as we have already seen, is that of the universal efficiency of education to do for a people every thing requisite to their happiness and well-being. This doctrine is placed in every point of view, and supported by every kind of argument and illustration. Now hear the learned Doctor on the other side of the question.

At pages 26 to 32 of the present pamphlet, he presents us with a narrative and statement of the past history and present circumstances of Paisley, by a gentleman of the highest character and most laboriously acquired knowledge of the subject. This statement the Doctor very highly and deservedly applauds and attests. Let us therefore listen to its averments.

1. Of the former condition of Paisley.

"'Nearly one-half of Paisley, at that period (1800), was built by weavers, from savings of their ordinary wages. Every house had its garden; and every weaver being his own master, could work it when he pleased. Many were excellent florists; many possessed a tolerable library, and *all* were politicians; so that, about the period of the French revolution, Mr. Pitt

expressed more fear of the unrestricted political discussions of the Paisley weavers, than of 10,000 armed men. Had Paisley been then what Paisley is now, crowded with half-informed radicals and infidels, his fears would have been justified; but truth and honest dealing could fear nothing from a community constituted as Paisley then was; and never, perhaps, in the history of the world, was there a more convincing proof of the folly of being afraid of a universal and thorough education, especially when impregnated with the religion of the Bible, than in the state of Paisley at that period.

"'At the period alluded to, every man, woman, and child above eight or nine years of age, could read the Bible; many could write and cast accounts; and not a few of the weaver's sons went through a regular course at the grammar school. To have had a distant relative unable to read, or one sent to prison for stealing, would have been felt as equally disgraceful.

"'The inhabitants were so universally regular in their attendance upon church, and strict afterwards in keeping in-doors, that it is recollected, at the end of the last century, or commencement of the present, that not a living creature, save two or three *privileged blackguards*, were ever seen walking the streets after divine service; or if any chanced to appear, an errand for the doctor was supposed to be the probable cause. Family duties were generally attended to; and prayer and praise were not confined to the Sabbath evening; for on week-days, as well as on Sabbath days, the ears of the bystanders were regaled with songs of praise issuing forth from almost every dwelling; and, in those days, it was no uncommon thing to find the highly respectable weaver a most consistent and truly useful elder of the church.'"—Pp. 28, 29.

2. Of the present state of that town.

"To state the simple fact, that the *ones* quiet, sober, moral, and intelligent inhabitants of Paisley, are now, generally, a turbulent, immoral, and half-educated population, is to state what almost every one knows, what many mourn over, but for which few seem able to propose any remedy."

"In 1818–19, during the Radical period, there were found full three thousand, Paisley-born and Paisley-bred, who could not read; and the decline of intelligence has been followed by the decline of that temperance, prudence, and economy, which are the cardinal virtues of the working-classes; by which alone they can elevate their condition, or preserve themselves from sinking into the most abject poverty."

"Those who have no consideration concerning the things of this life, are not likely to have any forethought regarding the life to come; and just in proportion as the modern Paisley weaver is without religion, does he despise it. All clergy are necessarily hypocrites, as all kings and magistrates are, in their estimation, tyrants. Unitarianism, infidelity, or reckless profanity, too generally abound; and the popular cry is against all church establishments, however much demanded by the poverty and irreligion of their own town; and against all distinction of rank. Thus, measuring themselves by themselves, they would reduce society to their own level. Paisley thus furnishes an affecting illustration of the declaration of Holy Writ, 'That righteousness exalteth a city, but sin is the ruin of any people.'"—Pp. 29—32.

3. Of the means by which this change was produced.

"The introduction of the manufactory of imitation Indian shawls, about the year 1800, required that each weaver should employ one, two, or three boys, called draw-boys. Eleven to twelve was the usual age, previous to this period, for sending boys to the loom; but as boys of any age above five were equal to this work of drawing, those of ten were first employed: then, as the demand increased, those of nine, eight, seven, six, and even five. Girls, too, were by and by introduced into the same employment, and at equally tender years. Many a struggle the honest and intelligent weaver must have had, between his duty to his children and his immediate interests. The idea of his children growing up without *schooling*, must have cost him many a pang; but the idea of losing 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* per week, and paying school-wages beside, proved too great a bribe even for parental affection, and, as might have been expected, *mammon* in the end prevailed; and the practice gradually became too common and familiar to excite more than a passing regret. Children grew up without either the education or the training which the youth of the country derive from the schoolmaster; and every year, since 1805, has sent forth its hundreds of unschooled and untamed boys and girls, now become the parents of a still ruder, more undisciplined, and ignorant offspring. Nor was this all. So great was the demand for draw-boys, that ever and anon the town-crier went through the streets, offering, not simply 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.*, or 3*s.* 6*d.* a-week for the labour of boys and girls, but bed, board, and washing, and a penny to themselves on Saturday night. This was a reward on disobedience to parents

—family insubordination, with all its train of evils, followed."—Pp. 29, 30.

We regret that we are unable to reprint the entire narrative; but these extracts, which are fairly taken, will convey its leading points. And surely, if the usual order of ratiocination is not to be entirely inverted to please the political economists, this evidence does most completely destroy, even to utter annihilation, the whole theory of the learned Doctor. And most strangely does he himself incorporate this statement with his pamphlet; proceeding immediately to argue in favour of that very theory which had thus been shewn, by events themselves, to be utterly groundless and chimerical.

The Doctor's leading principle, as we have already seen, is this, that, avoiding as useless and hurtful all legislative interference with "capital," or labour, or wages, or subsistence, we ought to rely mainly, and in fact wholly, upon "a thorough education of the people," as the one sole means by which the improvement and salvation of the country is to be effected. For a complete confutation of this theory, however, we have only to look to the facts which he has himself supplied, in this narrative, of the prosperity and decay of a single individual town, whose history can be traced, and its progression ascertained.

Paisley, according to this able, and, we doubt not, accurate narrative, was from 1770 to 1780 exactly in that very state and condition into which Dr. Chalmers desires to introduce our whole population—a desire in which we cordially concur, and should most gladly co-operate.

Paisley enjoyed "a thorough education of the people." "Every man, woman, and child could read the Bible, many could read and cast accounts, and not a few went through a regular course at the grammar-school." So universal was this education, that to have had a relative unable to read would have been felt as disgraceful as if that relative had committed felony!

Paisley, too, had a "Christian education." "So universally regular were the people in their attendance upon church, and strict afterwards in keeping in-doors, that *not a living creature*, save two or three *privileged blackguards*, were ever seen walking the streets after Divine service, an errand for the doctor being the only exception." And not on Sundays only was this religious decorum apparent, "for on week-days, as well as on Sabbath days, the ears of the bystanders were regaled with songs of praise issuing forth from almost *every dwelling*."

Such was Paisley! and the Doctor seems to imagine, that if he could make the whole empire such as Paisley then was, its welfare would be secured, without the need of any law for the coercion of capital. We should rejoice to see the change which he advocates, but we could not feel the reliance on its permanence which he expresses. The fiend "Capital," if left unrestrained in its operations, would soon make a desert of this garden. The history of Paisley tells us this, with a voice which cannot be mistaken. The narrator proceeds to say, that

"Days of darkness and privation have come upon Paisley."

"The once quiet, sober, moral, and intelligent inhabitants of Paisley are now, generally, a *turbulent, immoral*, and *half-educated* population."

"In 1818–19, there were found full three thousand, Paisley-born and Paisley-bred, who could not read; and the decline of intelligence has been followed by the decline of that temperance, prudence, and economy, by which alone they can elevate their condition, or preserve themselves from sinking into *the most abject poverty*."

And now, too, "just in proportion as the modern Paisley weaver is without religion, does he despise it. Unitarianism, infidelity, or reckless profanity, too greatly abound."

Such has been the decline of Paisley; and its operative causes are not unknown. The same narrator who laments the change, tells us also, with the greatest distinctness, how that change has been brought about. The progress of the town, in its downward course, is marked with the greatest precision; but that progress, in all its stages, directly contradicts all the notions of Dr. Chalmers.

The learned Doctor, when he finds a similar case to Paisley in England, ascribes every evil, without hesitation, to "the demoralising effects of the poor-laws." Well! here is a town, Doctor, in which these evils spring up and prevail without the aid of any such laws. You tell us, too, that a "thorough and Christian education" would entirely clear all these mischiefs out of

our land, and would effectually guard against their return. But in Paisley they had that education, and yet in spite of it they have fallen from morality and happiness into immorality and misery, without hope or prospect of their recovery. You tell us, too, that England's pauperism and misery is attributable to the working of the poor-laws, in producing early and improvident marriages; and yet this narrator, a witness called by yourself, informs us that "early marriages were very common" in Paisley's best days; and produced no evil effects. And he tells us, too, that "the Paisley weaver lad, in 1832, marries equally early, on a pittance that scarcely supports himself, because he has neither judgment nor moral principle." So that it appears that early marriages have always prevailed in Paisley; and it is conceded that in her prosperous times they produced none of the supposed "attendant evils." And the same early marriages take place now, in her evil days, without any *poor-laws* to bear the blame of having produced them!

Every one of the learned Doctor's hypotheses, then, vanish away before this simple, and, as he truly calls it, most "precious" piece of evidence. An educated, Christianly trained, and moral population, are seen to become ignorant, immoral, turbulent, and miserable, and that not by "the demoralising effects of poor-laws," or the results of early marriages and over-population, but by the workings of *capital!* And yet so blind is the Doctor to the mischiefs of this mighty power, when left unrestrained in the hands of selfishness, that he even speaks, in a subsequent page, in these terms: "After that capital has *done its uttermost* for the population." Done its uttermost! Yes, capital *has done its uttermost* with our people! It has been left, under the recommendations of the economists, to work its unchecked will with our industrious classes, till it has reduced them, in many parts of the country, to half starvation and the sullenness of despair. Follow the demon wherever he reigns most triumphant! Go where you can find the largest monopolists, whether in land or in factories, and there you shall be sure to find the greatest physical misery, the greatest moral degradation, and the greatest danger of a convulsion of reckless fury against those who are *felt* to be nothing but oppressors. Every where the capitalist is found operating against the wages, the means of subsistence, the comfort, the morals of the people. His constant plan is, first to produce a glut of labour, either by importing hands from other neighbourhoods, or by increasing the day's work till one man undertakes the proper work of two; and then, having himself overstocked the market of labour, he avails himself of the glut to beat down wages. All this, Dr. Chalmers, if not morally blind, can see going on every where around him; and yet he takes the side of the capitalists against the poor, and reproaches the latter with being the cause of their own misery, by *breeding too fast*, and thus creating a surplus population! All these evils, he tells us, "had their beginning in the recklessness of our own population,"—who ought doubtless to have foreseen, forty years ago, the invention of the power-loom, and to have regulated their "increase of numbers" accordingly!

But enough of these absurdities. It is time we adverted to our second objection; namely, that not only does Dr. Chalmers ascribe a power to education which is wholly chimerical, but so entirely does he idolize it that he will "bear no rival near the throne;" he makes it not the first thing only, but the second, third, the beginning and the ending, of his system of legislation.

The unpractical nature of this scheme is seen the moment we bring it into the sphere of actual life. The people of Paisley had this education, and enjoyed all its connected advantages. Yet they were drawn aside and tempted to give up all, and that by the mere offer of *half-a-crown a-week* for their children, as draw-boys. This poor motive is distinctly stated to have been the main and indeed sole-operating cause in the destruction and demoralization of Paisley. And this half-a-crown per week was not needed, either, by the people who yielded to its temptation. They were mechanics earning good wages, and enjoying every comfort. Nevertheless, even with them the seduction operated, and the substantial welfare of their children was sacrificed for the sake of an additional five pence a-day!

This having been the case with Paisley, we should like to know how Dr. Chalmers proposes to work his panacea in such places as Leeds or

Manchester. There the realising this poor half-crown by the labour of his child is not a matter of choice with the parent, but of absolute necessity.

"I have two children at work in the factories," said a poor man to Mr. Oastler, "but I have not had the least stroke of work myself for thirteen months. They earn seven or eight shillings a-week, and that is all we have to live on. That little girl, of seven years' old, has to go to her work, a mile and half, very early in the morning, and she comes home at half-past eight at night, and all I see of her is to call her up in the morning and to send her to bed. And it almost makes my heart break; for we cannot get any work, and I know that I am living by the death of that child."

Another one, a boy, told the same gentleman that his father had just been discharged, and he himself put on to the work that his father had been doing. By this change the factory-owner saved 10*s.* 6*d.* a-week in the difference of wages. But then, as the boy said, "It is killing me, and my father is idling his time away, and has nothing to do."

If ignorance increases, then, amongst our English manufacturers, we have plainly more excuse than could be pleaded for the people of Paisley. And how does Dr. Chalmers propose to meet the case. He pleads for education, a good education, and nothing but education. We beg to know how he proposes to apply it.

The schools of Paisley, we suppose, are now what the schools of Paisley were forty years ago. At least, they have hardly diminished in value and efficiency. And in our English manufacturing districts there has been a large increase of all the means of instruction. There is no difficulty, at present, either in Scotland or in England, in obtaining education for the children of the poor; —the real difficulty is, how to bring them into contact with it. In Scotland, Dr. Chalmers himself tells us, at least in Paisley, they have forsaken the education that is offered them, to send their children to earn 2*s.* 6*d.* a-week as "draw-boys." In our own towns a necessity is laid upon them, and in a majority of cases the children *must* spend their whole time in factories, or both parents and children must starve. In what way, then, does Dr. Chalmers propose to make this state of things, and his favourite path of an universal and thorough education, to work

And this brings us to the Factory system and the Ten-hours' bill. Dr. Chalmers tells us that there is no hope for the country but in "a thorough education of the people." Now a document was laid before the factory labour committee, by the Rev. Abercrombie Ei. Gordon, signed by the *whole of the clergy of Aberdeen* (two absentees only, excepted), in which they declare, as the result of their own experience, "that the present long confinement of young persons in mills and factories is prejudicial to their morals, inasmuch as religious instruction cannot be adequately obtained; to their mental culture, inasmuch as no regular system of education can be pursued; and to their health, inasmuch as constitutional debility and disease are entailed."

The facts upon which this opinion was founded are those which are now, unfortunately, general to all manufacturing districts. They are mainly these:—that the hours of labour have been almost universally extended, by competition, to the utmost limits that the human frame will sustain. That they commonly extend to fourteen hours of actual attendance at the factory, for both adults and infants—frequently to fifteen or sixteen, and sometimes to seventeen or eighteen hours per day. That even the shortest of such periods totally disqualifies a child from attending a day-school with the least profit; and that the longer periods, which are now too common, even oblige the children to spend the greater part of the Sunday in bed. Under these circumstances it is plain that the generation which is now rising up in our manufacturing districts, must inevitably be one of the worst educated and most immoral that the country, in modern times, has ever known.

Under these circumstances we ask Dr. Chalmers for his vote on the Factory-bill. Placing his whole reliance on education, and seeing, as he must see, that under the present factory system the children of these districts *cannot be educated;* it appears an inevitable consequence that he must be a warm supporter of that Ten-hours' bill, one great object of which is not only to save the lives of the children, but also to rescue a few hours from their

weekly toil for the purposes of mental and moral cultivation.

But no!—*to* our uncontrollable disgust, we find Dr. Chalmers amongst the opponents of that merciful and necessary measure. Disgust, we repeat, almost as much at the absurd tenacity with which he clings to every shred of a cold-blooded system of "economy," as at the deficiency in moral feeling which is inevitably chargeable upon every one who would stand by and see infants murdered, soul and body, by myriads, rather than do aught inconsistent with "the principles of Adam Smith." Dr. Chalmers sees, fully sees, and forcibly describes, the evils to which we allude, and yet his vote is given against the only means that has been proposed for their removal He tells us that the Factory-bill "vainly promises to remedy" these evils. He calls it "a bungling legislation;" tells us that it proposes "to violate the parental rights of the people of England" (which is wholly untrue), and assures us that "law can do nothing unless by going to the root of the mischief; or constituting a right system of education, and putting into a train of abolition the whole system of pauperism."

His tenacious adherence to a system has here even brought Dr. Chalmers, apparently, into an absolute dishonesty, or palpable misrepresentation; though we doubt not that he himself is even now scarcely aware of that which must have been unintentional when committed. He tells us—

"We might collect innumerable testimonies from *England*, on the distempered state of its operative population. But we shall only instance the almost universal cry from its manufacturing districts in behalf of the Factory-bill." "It is a melancholy outlook for the next generation, that, with so large a portion of *England's* boyhood," &c. "The proposal is to violate parental rights of the people of *England*," &c. "It is thus that *England* with her ever-teeming philanthropy, has placed herself in a dilemma."

Thus, again and again, does Dr. Chalmers represent the factory system as an *English* grievance; and the Factory-bill as an *English* question. He does this that he may be enabled to argue that the evil has grown out of the English poor-laws. Thus, he tells us:—

"That is truly a bungling legislation, which seeks to obtain its object by a compensation of errors; which, on the one hand, *would, by the artificial influence of a poor-law, foster population*; and, on the other, by the artifical restraint of a penal statute, would lay oppressive interdict on the unavoidable consequences of its excess." p. 118.

But how ignorant, or how dishonest, does all this misrepresentation make Dr. Chalmers appear, in the eyes of those numerous persons who are acquainted with the facts; and who know that the factory system and its evils are no more exclusively English than they are exclusively Scotch; that the "cry has risen from the manufacturing districts" of Scotland as well as of England; that scores of petitions, with thousands of signatures, have been sent up from North Britain; that the parliamentary inquiry was occupied during much of its time in examining Scottish evidence; that two most important documents, in favour of the bill, were laid before it, one signed by all the clergy of *Aberdeen*, the other by those of *Arbroath*; that as many as nine or ten witnesses from Scotland were heard; and that their evidence fills nearly one hundred folio pages, and details a state of things which almost leaves in the back-ground all the atrocities even of our English factories! How, we repeat, does it sound, after all this, to hear Dr. Chalmers, who either knows these things, or ought to know them, speaking again and again, in the most pointed manner, of the whole system as an *English* system, and as one of the evils growing out of the *English poor-laws!* Even supposing that we fully exonerate him, as we must, from all intentional misrepresentation, and also pardon his inexcusable ignorance of facts so notorious, still, what value can be attached to the statements or the arguments of a man who thus deals with the matters which he undertakes to explain?

Thus, however, it is that Dr. Chalmers constantly proceeds. Not content with claiming for education the first and highest place among the remedies for our existing evils, he insists upon making it the *only one*, and resists to the uttermost every other proposition which aims to benefit our distressed population. "We affirm," says he, "of a poor-law, that it is a positive and unmixed evil; and of all the other merely economic expedients for the

same object, that at best they afford only a fleeting and temporary good." And we are related, if the learned Doctor is to be believed, to the simplest alternative; namely, to close with and adopt his plans, or to give up all in mere despair!

In as few words as may be, then, let us contrast the Doctor's panacea with the plans which those who follow Mr. Sadler would suggest. No two views of domestic policy can more widely differ; and it surely is of the last importance to ascertain on which side truth, and fact, and experience are found. Both parties are agreed on one point, and on one only,—to wit, that the great existing evil is the glut of labour in the market. And both will agree in Dr. Chalmers's own proposition, that "it is only when the market ceases to be overstocked with human labour, that labourers have the dictation of their own terms, or can treat independently with their employers." The question, then, is, how the market is thus to be relieved, and the labourers restored to an independent position? And here the parties divide, and become diametrically opposed.

I. The Doctor's assumption is, that "a resolute moral principle on the part of workmen could alone have prevented the catastrophe; and a like moral principle, and *nothing else*, can fully and permanently recover it."—"In virtue of their *restrained and regulated families*, the means of subsistence will be more liberally shared among them."—"It is by *their own* exertion and self-denial *alone* that they can win their way to it."

Thus it is clear that the Doctor leaves the working of this, his one sole remedy, entirely to the labourers themselves. He tells us this again and again. "*Law can do nothing*," except "by putting into a train of total abolition the whole system of pauperism." Now this said abolition, inasmuch as its immediate effect would be to place the operatives still more entirely at the mercy of their masters than they even now are, is obviously not calculated or intended, in itself, to help the operatives, or to render them more independent, but merely to drive them to what the Doctor calls "their own exertions."

Let us look, then, for a moment, at what the Doctor expects and desires of the working classes. It is, by prudence and foresight, to diminish *their own numbers*, and thus to relieve the market of that surplus labour which at present weighs it down. This is the course he so earnestly recommends; to this object his favourite education is mainly intended to conduce; and by this course, and this only, he assures them, can permanent relief be obtained.

Now let us look at this point closely and practically. The labourers are to adjust their own numbers by their own prudence and foresight. The only way in which they can proceed towards this end is that which the Doctor would doubtless strongly recommend, namely, that no man should marry until he could arrive at a tolerable degree of certainty, that his earnings would suffice to maintain both himself and his wife, and the largest family he could expect to have, taking into account an average share of casualties,—such as sickness, want of work, and similar misfortunes.

Now, in the first place, it will be observed, that this remedial plan—which the Doctor, too, declares to be the only one holding out the least hope—is itself altogether destitute of the smallest grain of relief to the *present* sufferers. It does nothing, it attempts nothing, to relieve *at once* the acknowledged evil, the existing pressure on the labour-market. All that it ever proposes to effect is this, that, by preventing a large proportion of future marriages, it will stop, incipiently, that supply which would otherwise be poured into the market several years hence, supposing the young men and women of the present day were to marry, and produce offspring as heretofore.

But next observe how this relief, entirely postponed, obviously, for several years to come, is to be obtained. Distant and doubtful is the efficiency of the remedy; but the price paid for it, the sacrifice demanded, is neither distant nor doubtful. The entire of that immense body of the working classes whose wages are small, whose employment is uncertain and often intermitted, and who cannot, therefore, be held to occupy an independent place in society, are wholly and entirely debarred from matrimony. In our agricultural districts, 6*s*., 7*s*., or 8*s*. a-week is now considered to be a fair rate of wages for a single man,—and the employment, even at this rate, is often uncertain. Of course, the whole

of this immense class must be held condemned to perpetual celibacy. Of our manufacturing population, we shewed in our last Number, on the testimony of three members of parliament, that the weavers of Scotland were earning at the present time *5s. 4d.* per week, those of Oldham *3s. 7d.* per week (an average, including children); and those of Macclesfield, only *4s. 7d.* Plainly, then, all these immense masses are alike consigned by the learned Doctor to hopeless solitude, and that, not for their own good, but that the children of *others* may be enabled, in future years, to obtain a higher rate of wages!

Did ever a more chimerical or impracticable scheme insult the public ear! A general stoppage of the tides of the ocean would be a far more feasible scheme; and yet the Doctor assures us that in this, and in this *alone*, is reposed the *only* hope for the labourers of England. Sad, indeed, would be their lot were there the least ground for this frightful assumption.

But now let us turn the picture, and look for a moment at the opposite theory.

II. While the Doctor declares it mere folly to attempt any thing for the present relief of the acknowledged pressure, the contrary-theory asserts the task to be both simple and easy. It aims at once, and without doubt or delay, to take a certain portion of labour out of the market, wherever there is fair ground for the legislature thus to interfere. And such ground presents itself in various points of view. Humanity, for instance, without reference to policy, imperatively demands that an instant stop be put to that system of excessive infant labour by which, it is proved, four thousand out of five thousand are destroyed before they reach their twentieth years. The proposed enactment, by limiting their labour to ten hours daily, will stop this horrid system of infant immolation. And policy, too, though it be not allowed to raise its voice against that of humanity, may be heard in support of the cause of mercy. Policy approves the change, since it goes directly to relieve the labour-market. If the work now obtained by working the children twelve and fourteen hours per day be needed, then a further supply of hands must be sought, to make up for the deficiency occasioned by the new limitation. Every fresh demand like this tends greatly to lighten the market of labour: it takes up at once the unemployed; it even creates a demand for more than can be found; and thus the labourer is placed on more independent terms, and his scanty wages begin to rise. That relief which Dr. Chalmers would postpone to the next generation, here is found, to a certain extent, at once, and found in the path of justice and mercy.

And so of the Irish poor. These harassed wretches are forced upon the labour-market of England, because nothing but starvation awaits them at home. Remove this danger, and the Irishman wanders no more. A million a-year, now paid to these foreign auxiliaries, to the detriment of our own agricultural population, would thus be restored to its natural channels, and the poor-rates would be diminished by an equal sum. Thus, with ease, with rapidity, and with justice, another immense relief, in a second and perfectly new direction, might be given to that over-burdened market of labour, which constitutes, as both parties at once confess, the great practical difficulty of our case.

In like manner, another relief might be afforded by the general adoption of a system of cottage allotments. Most obviously, and beyond an instant doubt, must this expedient operate so far to raise the agricultural labourer, as to place him just where Dr. Chalmers wishes to see him, namely, in a situation to "treat independently with his employer." What delays, then, its immediate adoption? But no! says Dr. Chalmers; "education, and *nothing else*, is the only remedy!"

But enough has been said to indicate both the opposing nature of these two systems, and also, we should hope, to give our readers some insight into their respective merits. To go more fully into the details of that which we espouse, will be the object and endeavour of our remaining essays.

## MEDITATIONS FOR MAY-DAY.

BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

DELIGHTED am I to behold the first volume of the new series of Sir Walter's poetry! Delighted—as it proves that a demand still exists, and—if I may trust the concurrent gossip of all the booksellers' shops which I have visited—a very great demand, for the most spirit-stirring poet of the day.

Here, then, I have the commencement of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the first fuel of that great blaze of genius, which so long illuminated our literary horizon. I remember the day I first read those ballads, with as keen a vividness as I do the most important affair of my life. Indeed, there are few of us now waxing towards the "sere and yellow leaf"—who have passed the "mezzo cammin della nostra vita"—if we have had any taste for literature at all in our earlier days—but must recollect the poems of Scott as epochs in our mental history. Such poetry will never come *to us* again. The rising generation may have poets of their own, (though I do not see them; nor do I expect, with Barry Cornwall, in his preface to his pretty volume of Songs, that "le printemps reviendra," at least in any great hurry); but if they have, they are dumb and tuneless to us, whose hair is inclined to the present ministry—

Whose whiskers have turned,
Though once rosy they burnt—
What a terrible turn for *our* whiskers—to GREY!

No—there is no use of talking about it—Scott was the poet of the war. He stirred *our* blood as with the sound of a trumpet; and nobody has since awakened that "dread horn," nor will again, until Englafid is doing battle as she was, boy, when I was a lad, and a stripling, and a youth—with the whole world.

I say there is not a man among us who could not tell you stories of his first reading of Scott. I have many a tale of my own; but I prefer telling one of Sir Adam Ferguson's. It may be known, from history and regimental colours, that we were warring once on a time —

"In our hot youth, when George the Third was king"—

in the Peninsula, and that something like fighting went forward on occasion—and among the fights, not the least glorious was that of Albuera, won by Lord Beresford, contrary to all the arguments of Colonel Napier, who proves that his lordship was defeated. The French, to be sure, were of a different opinion; for they ran away, leaving the field and a great many good fellows of their own stiff and stark upon it; which shews satisfactorily that they had not studied the excellent work of Col. Napier with due attention Well, in that battle was Adam Ferguson, then a captain in—I forget what regiment; and he, on the morning of the fight, had received a copy of the *Lady of the Lake*, sent him by the author, his old, and, to the last, his attached friend. Sir Adam had begun to read the book, when the attack of the Polish lancers commenced, and he was obliged to attend to a combat more personally pressing than the adventures of "the stag who at morn had drunk his fill." After a short time his regiment halted under some cover—perhaps a wall—perhaps a hedge—perhaps a mound—and there, while the firing and charging of the French were going forward fast and furious, under a canopy of bullets, Sir Adam read, to a large circle of congregated soldiers, (officers, my dear fellow, were soldiers in those days, whatever they may be now,) the *Lady of the Lake*. There is a situation for you! The poetry of Scott recited to the hoarse music of the musket and the cannon, and the clinking treble of the clashing sabre and bayonet. No—not bayonet; for the French never gave us an opportunity of hearing our bayonets ring against theirs.

I have often wished that Davie Wilkie would paint a picture on this subject. The Reading of the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo by the Chelsea Pensioners, has been made immortal under his hands. What does he think of the Reading of the Lady of the Lake to the Fiftieth—the old dirty half hundred—under the fire of Albuera!

I do not know what put it into my head to talk of this; but, as I have gone so far, I shall not delete what I have done. The sight of the *Minstrelsy*, I suppose, has inspired me to think of the days gone by; and, after all, what can

be a better introduction to what it was really my mood to speak of, than a reminiscence of those times when there was something better worth talking about than the budget of Althorp, or the emancipation of the old clothesmen? What I was, in fact, going to chatter, or, perhaps, to twaddle about, is the posture and state of political parties among us at the present writing.

And pleasant they are. Here I have my poor old friend, the Blue and Yellow, lying by my side; and, if I were addicted to the sin of punning, I might say that it has been lying from the first day of its existence, and never was lying in more pitiful condition than it is at this very moment. It had always the shame of Whiggery about it—it has now the filth of the contact of the Treasury—a touch which defileth worse than pitch. Yet shall I quote from it with joy a couple of screeds, that have done my heart good.

Screed the first is—

"It is with feelings of the deepest regret and disappointment that we find ourselves once more engaged in writing an article upon the State of Ireland. Let not our Hibernian friends and readers consider this admission to be founded upon any want of sympathy for them, or upon any disrespect towards their country. We can assure them, in all sincerity and singleness of heart, that from the day of passing the Relief Bill, we had hoped a separate disquisition upon Ireland would have become as absurd and as unnecessary as an essay upon the separate interests of the Vale of Aylesbury or of the Isle of Thanet. So long as we considered Ireland the victim of oppression and of intolerance, the pages of this journal were devoted to her cause and to her wrongs; and no effort of ours has been omitted that could bring before the public a practical view of her condition, physical, moral, and political. We pride ourselves peculiarly on one claim to public attention; our observations have ever been of a practical nature, and not only intended but calculated to suggest the remedy, in describing the evil—to excite to the discharge of duty on the part of the legislature, on the part of communities, and of individuals—rather than to exasperate angry passions, and to create useless discontent. We had fondly hoped, that, with the reign of intolerance and injustice, our occupation as Reviewers of high grievances would have been gone. We have resisted manifold and great temptations presented to us by Mr. Sadler and others, [*I do not think, my friend, it cost ye much pains to keep your hands off Sadler; he is rather troublesome touching,*] and have neither nibbled nor bit at the light summer-fly of the pamphleteer, or at the heavy bait of the report of a parliament—committee, believing that a full reliance might be placed upon the natural progress of knowledge, the extension of good principles, and of national prosperity. We had hoped that we should at length see Ireland all that her poets and orators have told us, in describing all that she is and that she is not. We must confess, that, in many important particulars, our expectations have been grievously disappointed. In many respects the condition of Ireland has not improved, in some it has retrograded; and if our views were confined within the narrow limits of the present,—if we did not think that, as intelligent and responsible beings, we are also bound to consider the future—we should sink in discouragement, if not in despair. Our Tory friends must not misconstrue these observations."

Let not our Tory friends rejoice, quoth the reviewer. He needed not to have told us this. We do not rejoice. We grieve—we grieve much for the fatal measure that prostrated Protestant ascendency in Ireland; we grieve still more for the means by which that prostration was effected, and for the persons who brought it about. But I must also say that I rejoice as a prophet, though I mourn as a man. I take it for granted that Cassandra herself had some pride of art about her; and that though she grieved sufficiently at the overthrow of Troy, "and Priam's kingdom stout," she still could not help saying that she had predicted it, though in vain. Here, then, is the confession of the great Whig oracle—that all which they recommended—that their grand panacea for Ireland—that the main object of more than half a century's labours, is ineffectual—that we have our work before us still, and that Ireland is still to be honoured by the notice of the *Edinburgh Review*. Why, Jeffrey, or Napier, or whoever you are that manage that now very effete and feckless concern, we—I myself I among the rest—told you so a hundred times already. And we tell you again, that, even under the administration of Sir John Cam Hobhouse—clever, illustrious, and ingenious, as that magnificent butt of Lord Byron fancies himself to be, and as the rascal bankrupt mob of the Westminster wagabondery vote him—so will Ireland remain, as long as the system of conciliation or truckling is persevered

in; that is, until there is a total change of our policy towards Ireland—*until we go back to the old Whig government of that unhappy island.*

The *old* Whig government I deliberately say. Rejoiced am I in soul to find that the modern Whig government is looked upon by the fellows whom they have 'mancipated, as most pitiful, and utterly to be despised. Poor beggarly Blue and Yellow puts up a whining supplication in their behalf.

"Some vindication of the Whigs is contained in one of the publications whose titles are prefixed to this article; but we are disposed to carry the vindication farther. We ask, who first dared to assert the principle of Irish independence? The Whig, Molyneux. Who excited, directed, and controlled, those national energies, which, by a bloodless revolution, successfully resisted and overthrew an usurped dominion? The Whigs, Charlemont and Grattan. Who first called upon the Imperial Parliament, in the words of truth and wisdom, to emancipate the Roman Catholic? The Whig, Fox. Who abandoned office sooner than renounce the principles of religious freedom? The Whigs, Grey, Lansdowne, and their colleagues. Who secured for Irish agriculture its freedom of trade; who wrung from a reluctant government an inquiry into the abuses of the courts of justice; and who, both under adverse and friendly administrations, enforced the necessity of reforming the abuses of the Irish Church? The Whig, Newport. Who, in the midst of professional avocations, and in the enjoyment of Parliamentary fame, secured to the Irish people the practical protection of a grand jury, exercising legally its important criminal duties? The Whig, Horner. [*Oh! oh!! oh!!! oh!!!!*] What power led on the party in those glorious conflicts during the debates on the Catholic Association Bill? It was the '*might* of Brougham.' With whom originated that searching inquiry, which, by truth and evidence, overthrew the prejudice and ignorance opposed to Catholic Emancipation? The Whig, Althorp. To sum up all, we refer boldly to the whole course of legislative proceedings from the year 1780," &c. &c.

Yes—I admit that the modern Whigs did much mischief; indeed, I do not recollect the time, since my eye-teeth were cut, when I was not perfectly ready to make such an admission with the greatest pleasure; but I say, *Go back to the old Whigs.* If Fox did what he is here so justly accused of, his father was a member of an administration which kept the penal laws in their full vigour. Lord Charlemont never voted for letting the Papists loose upon us—he always voted to the contrary. Molyneux, the friend of Locke, was, of course, a worshipper of Old Glorious, and would have thought it a profanation not to drink the immortal memory of him who won the battle on

"July the first in Old Bridge Town."

As for the rest, I make them a present to any body who claims them. Grattan was a noisy, worthless, and corrupt demagogue, without a tithe of the talent or the sincerity of O'Connell. Besides, that said Grattan laid it down as a *sine qua non*, that there should be a Protestant ascendency in Ireland—that the church, the state, the house of lords, the house of commons, the army, the navy, in all their branches and degrees, should be Protestant. Lansdowne is only an absentee landlord of the most ragged peasantry in the world. It is a common saying in the town of Tralee, (I leave it to Maurice O'Connell, who knows the ground as well as I do myself,) that you may, at a fair, put your finger on one of Lord Lansdowne's tenants, merely by his superiority in raggedness. Horner was a horrid quack. It is quite enough to say of him, that it is to him we owe the bullion report, and all the waggon-load of mischief which it has occasioned. The might of Brougham is no doubt very properly puffed in the *Edinburgh*, of which he was for so many years (as I should think he still continues to be,) "a constant contributor;" but, in the name of all that is contrary to might, why should any thing pretending to have a character, panegyrise the nothingness of old blockhead Newport? He is one of the set whom the Emancipation Bill has put to sleep. Having done the mischief, he is very properly turned out by them on whose behalf he laboured. It is quite right that those who profit by the treason should spurn the traitor. So, good night to the Hutchinsons of Cork and Tipperary, the Newports of Waterford, the Maurice Fitzgeralds of Kerry, the Sir Henry Parnells of the Queen's County, and the rest of that rubbish. By the by, Sawney, I wish you joy of returning a discarded Irishman for a borough north of the Tweed—for bonny Dundee. In old times you kept your ain fish-guts for your ain sea-maws, and none but a Scotchman sat among the forty-five. This is reform with a vengeance!

No, Jack; this parading of the merits of the modern Whigs will not do. Give me the old Whigs. I appeal from new to old; and, like the magician in the *Arabian Nights*, prefer the original. It was they who passed the penal laws in the days of the good Queen Anne, and worked upon them as long as they had power, under the Georges. The *Edinburgh reviewer here tells us, that it is in vain to wish* for the restoration of that code. Perhaps so. It is the only code, however, which gave peace and prosperity to Ireland. By and by we may have a repeal of the union—then a separation of the empire—then a civil war—then for the days of Elizabeth, and Oliver, and William once again; and then—why, then, Jack, I do not see why we should again make the mistake we have now made. So fill your glass—here is the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who saved us from Popery, slavery, wooden shoes, and brass money; and may he who will not drink this toast, be rammed, crammed, and jammed into the great gun of Athlone, to be spattered against the walls of Augbrim into sparables for Orangemen's shoes—and a fig for the Bishop of Cork! Observe, that by this closing prayer I do not mean my own good and true old friend, Sam Kyle, who worthily, and with the honour and love of all, fills the Corcagian throne ecclesiastical at the present moment; but a predecessor of his, one Peter Browne, who has long since gone to his place.

By the book before us—I mean, the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, beaming in all the beauty of Turner and Finden—to say nothing of Scott and Lockhart, and the old bards themselves—

"who wrote
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens,"

and the rest of those blood-warming rhymes—we cannot always live in this beastly condition of degraded intellect. The genius of jackassery is not always to rule us in an avatar of Althorp. I cannot be such a Gentoo as to believe in any thing so pagan. Mark my word for it, Jack, we shall have Toryism up once more. Perhaps this grizzled pate of mine may be snug under the sod; but you, who are twenty years younger, will find my prediction correct; and then—then—then—when there is something to talk about—something to contend for, some passion to be roused, some heroism to be displayed, some honesty, some sincerity, some warm feeling, some generous ideas in the world—then we may have a poet once more; but not till then.

I see that these ragamuffin reviewers are trying to make a case for their parliamentary friends. The unpopularity of the party with the press cannot be denied, and therefore the press is thus abused and disparaged:

"At no time were those publications ever more careless of the foundation on which their statements of fact rest. Some of them, for instance, have been going on week after week amusing the public with accounts of events both at home and abroad,—as changes in the ministry—resignations and accessions in the offices—removals of foreign ambassadors—movements in the French and Belgian governments—negotiations about Poland and Turkey,—and a variety of other tales, which a few days have uniformly shewn to be mere fictions of the brain. Others have been attacking the government, or the reformed parliament, for intentions which the event has proved never to have been entertained. But it has frequently happened, that attacks have been made against both for not doing what had actually been done, or for having done something which it was impossible to do. Thus the same post brought to Edinburgh a serious charge against the ministers for giving a seat at the Admiralty to an officer of cavalry—the gentleman in question being a post-captain in the navy; and another charge as serious, for having been so long without taking any steps on two important questions, then standing on the books of the two Houses—the notice of a bill upon the one, and the commitment of a bill upon the other—it having been read a second time:—all these, and a thousand other things of the like kind, may be passed over as the confusion run of errors into which the necessity of daily publication is so apt to betray its victims. But such things are among the chief means resorted to in order to further what seems a pretty general design in some parts of the press, to run down all public men, in and out of place, and without any exception. Where these can be attacked, either in what they say or do, or by any perversion of their speeches, or misrepresentation of their conduct, the attack is made vigorously. When there is room for commendation, a profound silence is the only indication of approval, or rather that there is no possibility of attacking them. As for defending them from any attack, how glaring soever its injustice, that is quite out of the question. So that, to have any thing like a chance of fair play, a statesman must have a newspaper

—he must become himself an editor! and then, though he would probably have all the rest of the profession, without any one exception, upon his back, he would at least have one channel through which he might communicate the imputations cast upon him. But the good sense of the country is a better security for those who do their duty; and it has never been more strikingly exhibited than during the last two years; nor at any part of this period so usefully as since the general election called the Reform-bill into operation."

So the best public instructors are most good-for-nothing fellows after all. Yet I must say in their behalf, that if nothing more atrocious can be adduced against them than the mistake of an obscure post-captain for an obscure cavalry officer—one unknown Berkeley who saw no service at sea, for another unknown Berkeley who saw no service at land—if nothing worse can be alleged than that they were not versant in the personal history of that gentleman whom Gloucester rejected with such marvellous alacrity the very moment it was known that he had obtained office under the Whigs—why, they may well be pardoned. Were they wrong in the other things here objected to them? Have there been no choppings and changings in the cabinet? Where is the amiable Durham, and the modest Howick? Is the sage Goderich—the unribboned Ripon—still presiding over the colonies? Is the army in the hands of the handsome Hobhouse? and Ireland ruled over by the mild-tempered Stanley? Are there no movements in the French and Belgic governments?—no negotiations about Poland and Turkey? Why, my dear Macvey, my good Baconfly, it does require an immense stock of brass to blame the newspapers for "amusing the public" with these stories. They are all fictions, says the Edinburgh reviewer. All truth, say I. And I leave to the reader, gentle or ungentle, to decide which. There has been nothing but changing in the English cabinet; the *doctrinaires* are tottering in France; the Belgian ministry has been overturned this week; Constantinople is the focus of a mass of the most intricate intrigues that ever appeared in the annals of diplomacy, if indeed it be not in the safe gripe of Russia already; no important question save one has been carried in either of our houses of parliament since they met;—and yet the newspapers are "careless of the foundation on which their statements of fact rest," merely because they announce these unpalatable truths. As for the lofty scorn of the editors, and the indignation expressed at the idea of a statesman being connected with a newspaper, I leave that to the journals themselves. It comes with a good grace from a partisan of a ministry of which the Lord Chancellor is editor of a Penny Magazine—the Lord Advocate editor of a Review—and the Paymaster of the Forces, the Governor of Jamaica, the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and some others among them, contributors to namby-pamby Annuals. Gentlemen of the press, you must not let yourselves be insulted with impunity by such people. *They* have no right to look down upon you.

Ay, my dear Master Macvey, there have been choppings and changings, and there will be more ere long. While I write, I am gratified to find that Althorp has been beaten on the malt-duty. A majority of ten has floored him; and that is but the beginning of other floorings. Our worthy government will soon discover that they may get over ordinary scrapes; but they will totter in earnest when once they begin to be pinched on money-questions.—Here, waiter, bring me a pot of heavy! I must drink in malt success to the malt majority.—By the first of June—a day of glorious recollection—dear Tories, I shall have better news for you. We shall be looking up, even before I descend to Hades.

Here, however, comes one of Mr. Moyes's devils, telling me that the month is just out, and that they want to impose the last sheet. The *Fraser Papers*, he says, are in hand; and the finisher of the Magazine, like the finisher of the law, is arranging his last lines. I therefore must conclude—

> "Trusting to meet you all in merrier tune,
> With better prospects, and with hopes more bright,
> When Time's due course brings round the first of June,
> The honoured day of Howe's illustrious fight." M. O'D.

*** On reflection, I think it was at Talavera that Sir Adam Ferguson read the *Lady of the Lake*—not at Albuera. But it is not worth while altering what I have written. I shall ask Adam for more correct particulars against the next number of FRASER. I am right, however, in substance.

THE FRASER PAPERS FOR MAY.

AUTHENTIC VERSION OF COLERIDGE'S TWO ROUND SPACES — GALT'S BOGLE CORBET — A GENTLEMAN'S REMINISCENCES. LORD ERSKINE, PRINCE CAMUTO, DUKE OF KENT, DOCTOR PARR — THE EQUILIBRIUM OF THE EGO — TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF VISCOUNT EXMOUTH — THE CURSE OF THE SON OF SKALLAGRIM — BRITISH JEWS — ANTISLAVERY PAPERS — TOM MOORE, TRANSUBSTANTIATION — JOHN BULL V. JOHN SOANE — DAN MACCLISE AND SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY — THE COBBETTS' AND FRASER'S MAGAZINES — TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE, BULWER'S IMPERTINENCE, THE STAMP-DUTY ON NEWSPAPERS.

We gladly publish the following letter. We are happy to be the means of giving publicity to a correct version of any poem of Coleridge's, though we must say that our copy of the "Two round Spaces" was not so corrupt as our correspondent seems to think. Where are "The Devil's Thoughts?"

*To the Editor of Fraser's Magazine.*

Sir,

I trouble you with a few lines on the subject of Mr. Coleridge's "Two round Spaces on a Tombstone," published in your February Number, and referred to in that for March. In the latter notice you have stated one important circumstance in the history of these lines, viz. that they were composed twenty years ago — and not, as might have been supposed from your first article, after the death of Sir James Mackintosh. This, however, is not all which it is desirable should be known of the matter. In fact, Mr. Coleridge never for an instant supposed that Sir James Mackintosh had the least connexion with the absurd and wanton attacks on him in the *Edinburgh Review*, nor ever entertained animosity against that gentleman on any other account. The verses occurred to their author in consequence of his having seen the late eminent lawyer to whom they refer, in Grasmere churchyard. They were repeated at the moment to a distinguished literary friend, who was amused by them, wrote them down, and afterwards permitted copies to be taken, one of which (a very corrupt one) probably enabled you to give publicity and permanence to a whimsical and sportive trifle. Such, I have reason to know, is the true story of "The two Round Spaces." Those who best know Mr. Coleridge are, I believe, the least likely to suspect him of revenging himself, for real or supposed ill-treatment, by vituperative pasquinades, and in this case, I repeat, there was neither the reality nor the supposition of injury to give rise to such a mode of retaliation.

I address these lines to you, not so much for the sake of the great man himself, on whom you have (I doubt not unintentionally) been the means of bringing the imputation of an act of vindictiveness, as because these petty personal charges are the favourite pretexts of all who, disliking the generous and profound moral principles expounded and enforced in Mr. Coleridge's writings, defame the man out of enmity to the philosopher. It is well to take from them even one slight topic of flippant gainsaying, by which they might otherwise mislead the unstable or ignorant.

I enclose a copy of the poem which has suggested this letter. It is much more correct than yours. The three omitted lines contain, as you are aware, nothing either profane, licentious, or malignant. But they might offend the straight laceduess of some in our time — though suitable enough in an extempore burlesque, never meant for publication. I am, sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

*Knightsbridge, April* 17, 1833. J. S.

The devil believes that the Lord will come,
Stealing a march without beat of drum,
About the same time that he came last,
On an old Christmas day, in a snowy blast,
Till he bids the trump blow, nor body nor soul stirs,
For the dead men's heads have slyly under their bolsters.

O'ho! brother bard, in our churchyard
Both bed and bolster are soft and green —
Save one alone, and that's of stone,
And in it lies a counsellor keen
'Twould be a square tomb, if 'twere not too long,
'Tis fenced round with irons, tall, spearlike, and strong.

* We have published something very like them already.

*This fellow from Aberdeen have did skip,*
*With a waxy face and a flabbee lip,—*
*And a black tooth in front, to shew in part*
*What was the colour of his whole heart.*
*This counsellor sweet,—this Scotchman complete,*
*The devil scotch him for a snake,—*
*I trust he lies in his grave awake.*

*On the sixth of January,*
*When all is white, both high and low,*
*As a Cheshire yeoman's dairy,*
*Brother bard, ho! ho! believe it or no,*
*On that tall tomb to you I'll shew,*
*Before sunrise and after cockcrow,*
*Two round spaces void of snow.*

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * *

*On those two spaces void of snow,*
*Have sat in the night, for an hour or so,*
*He kicking his heels, she cursing her corns,*
*All to the tune of the wind in their horns,*
*The devil and his grannam, with a snow-blast to fan 'em,*
*Expecting and hoping the trumpet to blow,*
*For they are cocksure of the fellow below.*

S. T. C.

My dear Sir,

I wish you would ask Galt what he means at p 257 of the third volume of *Bogle Corbet*, by making an American say, "He does speak of a dreadful privilege in the ocean's tide, which makes Malachi Bran's saw-mill at the sea shore to hop twice a-day backwards" At first I was inclined to consider the expression as a random flash, but it has often since seemed to me to contain or allude to a profound and great discovery of a mechanical power in nature, hitherto overlooked, and to refer to some mode of making the tides useful in mill purposes. Inquire if he had this thought in his head, because, if he had, it is as important as original.

*To Oliver Yorke, Esq* Yours, &c.

The reply to this inquiry we are enabled to present to our readers.

Dear Yorke,

Say to your friend that I have long been of opinion that steam will only be permanently useful in inland works and for steam-boats. The sea I consider as a great mill dam, a head of water, and that there would be no difficulty in applying it and the tides as a mechanical power.

For example, what is to prevent us from digging a hollow at the sea-shore, making it water tight like a dry dock, building a mill in it, and leading on to the mill a lade of the water to set it a going, or to make the tides subservient to turning mills, like the water-works which were at old London Bridge, or the mill at Wandsworth. The discovery of the principle is not mine, but I will now take the merit of having suggested its universal adaptation. Lighthouses may hereafter be converted into grist-mills, as well as beacons, and the sea-shore become the resort of manufacturers, for other purposes than to *dook* five times a-day, like "the bodies" from Pusley at Gourock. Yours, &c. John Galt.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES, FROM A GENTLEMAN'S PORTFOLIO.

I have certainly no right deference to rank, for I am continually committing the most unheard of atrocities against etiquette This evening, Judge W—— and Lady M—— called on me, having heard I was convalescent. Without thinking that my table was covered with papers, I invited them to take tea, but when Benjamin brought in the tray, there was no place for it. Upon which I desired him to set it on a chair, a wooden-bottomed one, and as my eyes precluded candles, we drank tea with the light of the fire, from the chair. It never once occurred to me till the second cup that this was a very absurd proceeding.

The late Lord Erskine had something of the same infirmity. He sometimes called on me, and always came with the postman's knock, which he commonly made use of, as he had observed servants more readily answered it

One morning I had occasion to see him, and went to his house. As I was stand-

ing at the door, after knocking, and before it was answered, a woman came to it also, with a tea-cup under the corner of her shawl, which the wind blew aside, and I saw and smelt that it contained about half a gill of rum. But before I could speak on the subject to her, his lordship himself opened the door, dressed in a pair of shabby pantaloons, besmeared with whiting, without coat or waistcoat, and wore only a dressing-gown

Another time, when my old friend Æneas Morrison was seeing the prorogation, (his lordship was then Chancellor,) observing Morrison below the bar, he sent one of the messengers with his card to him, on which was delineated with a pencil the picture of a turtle, and written under it "Ready at half past six to-morrow—come." There's a Lord Chancellor of Great Britain for you, on the woolsack in all his dignity!

But I suppose these kind of eccentricities are more common than the world is willing to believe. I once happened to dine in a party with Prince Camuto, the head of the Septinsular Republic. In going home our way lay in the same direction, and his highness ordered a servant, who was in attendance with a lantern, to go forward to my lodgings, and accompanied me himself to the door.

The late Duke of Kent had occasional fits of this simplicity He used to appoint me to wait on him at my dinner-hour, which was exceedingly inconvenient, and accordingly I took the liberty of mentioning it, adding, that I would come at any other time. Nor was I aware of the solecism I had committed, till he laughed heartily at the absence of mind in which it was said.

On the morning before he went on his fatal journey to the south-west of England, he sent down a groom, between the hours of five and six o'clock in the morning, to get from me a paper. By the by, it was curious, being the draft of a long letter from his royal highness to the Prince Regent.

On another occasion I went with some foreigners of the highest rank to see the docks before breakfast. In returning they grew hungry, and we went into a small public-house in the neighbourhood of Billingsgate, and got some cold meat served on an uncovered deal table. We were then not far from Eastcheap, and I reminded them of the circumstance, and of Sir John Falstaff with Prince Hal

When in Sicily, I dined one day with a large company, at which were "*dukes, and such-like fools,*" and two princesses I remember it chiefly on account of a tunny fish, as big as a whale, served whole. The ladies, in defiance of Mother Bunch as the weather was warm, swilled iced punch like troopers, till their faces grew red and their eyes bleezy One of them was a ripe dowager, whose original ugliness was improved with old age

An old friend of mine mentioned once that he fell in with that starched model of propriety George IV when a young man, walking alone in the lobbies of one of the theatres, and peeping in the most *snell* manner into the boxes by the holes in the doors.

Once I was in the king's closet in the favourite villa near Palermo, and saw on the table a number of petitions, which Ferdinand had been reading They were written on pieces of paper that a printer's devil would have been ashamed of, and evidently came from persons of the humblest condition By the way, it was on the evening of the marriage-day of the present citizen King and Queen of the French The attendant, in speaking of her majesty, said she was a very good person, and drawing the back of his hand upwards on his chin, in the Sicilian manner, said, "Mal, poco spirito" A friend, not well versed in Italian, gave a most calumnious interpretation of the phrase, by inquiring if she was really addicted to dram-drinking.

Dr. Parr was another violater of etiquette. I met him at dinner once in St James's Square. When the cloth was removed, his pipe, as usual, was brought in, but the servants forgot that tap-room utensil a spit-box. The old man, however, in no degree disconcerted at the omission, rose and helped himself from the sideboard, which was set out with gold and silver plate, to a golden vase. It served the purpose as well, till a basin of water was procured.

These lapses of decorum are innocent enough, and perhaps would not be deserving of recollection, did they not afford, as it were, chinks to let one peep into the universality of the natural character of men.

An anonymous rhymer sends us the following

THE EQUILIBRIUM OF THE EGG.

You've heard, my dearest Fraser,
Of Columbus's old story,
You've read it, or you may, sir—
'Tis even now before ye.

The story of the egg, sir,
How he set it bolt upright,
Like a goose on one leg, sir,
And shamed their jealous spite.

Ah! little did he think, sir,
That great and glorious man,
That our men of quills and ink, sir,
Would bethink them of his plan.

For our Radicals pretend, sir,
That the goose-egg of our state
Must be set upon its end, sir,
Most vertically straight.

For how can it be just, sir,
That one poor title should lie
All grovelling in the dust, sir,
With the other side on high?

And so un-Babbage-like, sir,
As its structure appears,
It surely must strike, sir,
The very blind with fears.

'Tis like the Leaning Tower, sir,
As staggering and unsound;
It must fall every hour, sir,
Though it never come to ground.

Any fool might set it up, sir—
'Tis the simplest undertaking—
As firm as in a cup, sir,
With a very little breaking.

So high 'bove any steeple
The majesty we'll raise
Of the glorious ten pound people,
With our Russells, Broughams, and Greys.

And the balance of the state, sir,
We'll venture now to make it
True to a feather's weight, sir,
That any straw may shake it.

No longer shall it lie, sir,
As of old, so strong and sound,
Though a little bit awry, sir,
Fast rooted to the ground.

Now some were so unwise, sir,
As to say the vital swell,
However the egg lies, sir,
Would circulate as well.

And they said (but oh! plague on
So scandalous a libel!)
The plan was like that Dagon
We read of in the Bible.

That Dagon was a block, sir,
That they set up and adored,
But he fell upon his flock, sir—
And so they were all floor'd.

But oh! the wild halloo, sir,
That came from the sweet throats
Of that patriot sage crew, sir,
The trusty ten-pound votes.

What care we for the facts, sir,
Of the rascally old Tories—
Their ancient almanacs, sir,
And all their lying stories?

We want not their experience—
We've known it all too long;
They'll learn another year hence
The worth of their old song.

Their reason and their right, sir,
Be it clear as the sun,
Yet a Grub Street farthing light, sir,
Is worth them every one.

The wisdom of our sires, sir,
Was but all errant fool;
And they a pack of liars, sir,
To our new reforming school.

Now be your fathers' sons, sir,
And let well alone they tell us;
But what's our learning done, sir,
If we think like those old fellows?

Besides our constitution,
If it can't be made to square
With Euclid and with Newton,
And the "tribe *doctrinaire*,"

To Joe Hume and to Hone, sir,
We'll send her straight to school
She was made for them alone, sir,
And not for England's rule.

For though sense may serve the turn, sir,
Of plain and simple men,
By philosophy we learn, sir,
To unsettle all agen.

Now the Tories were coquetting,
And the Wavcrers reforming,
And the Whigs were abetting,
And the Radicals were storming.

So those ingenious men, sir,
Soon decided the case
They broke the egg, and then, sir,
They set it on its base.

And oh! the golden tide, sir,
That issued forth amain
And then the noodles tried, sir,
To patch it up again.

'Twill make a glorious slobber
For a very short time,
For every public robber
And prentice-boy of crime.

But how will they be able,
When they've finish'd their first feast,
To fill the supper-table
Of the many-headed beast?

I guess they'll be fain, sir,
When tithes and rents are gone,
To fight a Welsh main, sir,
O'Connor and O'Don.

And I really dare not tell, sir,
What I see of all the rest—
If e'er you dreamt of hell, sir,
'Tis so you'll know it best.

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION AND RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF ADMIRAL VISCOUNT EXMOUTH, BY AN OFFICER OF HIGH RANK WHO SERVED WITH HIS LORDSHIP AT ALGIERS.

A MIGHTY chief has sunk to holy rest!
A chief amongst the bravest and the best.
Deep-rooted sorrow speaks from shore to shore,
And Britain mourns her Exmouth now no more.
If intrepidity of hand and heart
In British seamen ever form'd a part,
With skill to guide, or manly soul to dare—
None, none could boast a greater, nobler share.
'Twas his the raging elements to brave,
O'er rocks stretch forth the ready hand to save,
And snatch despairing hundreds from the grave.
The bright achievements of his arduous race
Cold lifeless marble can but faintly trace;
Whilst modesty, humanity, and zeal—
A life devoted to his country's weal—
Religious, bountiful—his fruitful mind
At once declared him of the noblest kind.
Such was this matchless seaman's proud career,
Shewing the course for Britain's sons to steer;
And, like the chief, a life of glory end—
The pious Christian, tender father, friend.
Throngs flock'd around his unpretending bier,
While fond affection pour'd the silent tear.
Peace to his manes, in their last abode!
Surrender'd, through his Saviour, to his God.

We are sorry that what J. G. calls our airs to contributors, cannot be, so far as he is concerned, airs of favourable odour. His verses are pretty enough, but we cannot find room for them. We may, however, publish hereafter (can't say when) the lines on England—the Turkish Lover to his Mistress—the Return (by Eliza)—to the Winds—the Warrior's Last Slumber—and some more which we cannot now specify. We decline the Irish Protestant's Thanksgiving Hymn; and, for the fiftieth time, we declare that we cannot undertake to return short MSS. The correspondents who require that we should, do not know the trouble it would give us. One copy of verses we squeeze in here. It is a Runic ballad; and as becomes all Runic ballads, most bloody-minded. The very name puts one in mind of Valhalla: it is

THE CURSE OF THE SON OF SKALLAGRIM.

A NORSE BALLAD.

When the tyrant Erik Blodoxe in Norway was the king,
Brave Egill, son of Skallagrim, came unto the Gule-Thing;*
From Iceland did he come express upon a voyage far,
The chief who aided Athelstane with a band of Vikingar.

'Twas at the battle of Brunanburg for England's king he fought,
And far away from fatherland, was far away from thought.
So when the father of his wife in Norway died, her brother
Bergaumund seized the inheritance, unmindful of another.

Brave Egill was a skald—then kings and heroes poets were;
And when he served in England's wars, and was taken prisoner,
Redeem'd his life from Erik's doom by singing in his praise
A lay of twenty strophes—yet was loved not for his lays.

Yes, and when died his first beloved, he sought himself to die;
And hunger sat upon his heart, and famine in his eye.
But his daughter saved him with her prayer, to chant memorial verse,
Which she would carve on tablet wood in Runic characters.

* The word *thing* expresses an assize, signifying, in the ancient language of the North, a popular assembly, court of justice, or assize, *althing*, a general meeting of that kind; and *alls-herjar-thing*, the general convention of chiefs, nobles, or lords. The diet of Norway is called to this day the *ster-thing*,—a great assembly.

The chieftain came to claim his right, the son of Skallagrim,
Although King Erik and his queen, Gunhilda, loved not him.
Of hazel-twigs, together bound with a sacred band, stretched they
The ring, in the midst of an ample field, upon the trial day.

The judges sat within the ring, three districts, twelve for each,—
From Fiordafylke, from Sognafylke, and Hördafylke. Then speech
Lying Bergaumund found, and said, "The offspring of a slave
The property in question by law could never have."

Then Arinbiorn, Egill's friend, with compurgators twelve,
Witnessed, O Egill, that thy wife was born of no such elve,
But, of ingenuous birth derived, had right unto the same;
And the judges to give sentence rose in favour of the claim.

But then the queen, his enemy, her kinsmen did advise
To cut, O shame! the sacred cord, and break up the assize.
And thereupon the chieftain wrong'd, his adversary dared
To single fight in desert isle, and all who interfered.

King Erik sorely was incensed; but no swords were worn that day
By him or by his champions, so Egill 'scaped away.
But as on the sea-shore he stood, he by his friend was told
An outlaw he had been declared, the famous and the bold.

Then Arinbiorn gave to him a bark and thirty men,
To pass the seas, and to forego his vengeance there and then.
But still it burn'd within his soul; and, lurking on the shore,
He slew Bergaumund,—would to Heaven that he had slain no more!

The chieftain met King Erik's son, young Ragnvold, feasting high,
And slew the child for his parents' crime—alas! so young to die!
Then, ere for Iceland he set sail, one of his Oars he took,
And on it stuck a Horse's head, and, raising it, thus spoke:

"Here I of vengeance set the rod, and hence direct the curse
Against King Erik and his queen, Gunhilda—she the worse!"
Then toward the fated land he turned that Horse's head, and cried,
"Thus be the gods who built this land by Egill's curse defied!

O let them wander, nor find rest, until they shall expel
King Erik and Queen Gunhilda from the land they rule not well!"
And this curse in Runic characters he carved upon the oar,
And, fix'd within a rocky cleft, left it standing on the shore.

The malediction took effect, and at no distant day;
But this is theme for other fitte, or for a second lay.
And surely such injustice would to the ruin of the land,
Unless the gods whom it adored right vengeance should command.

Note by the author:

The subject of the foregoing ballad relates to a very early instance of the popular mode of trial, that by jury. "Of the rude elements of the trial by jury," says Wheaton, in his thrice-excellent *History of the Northmen*, "there are many traces to be found in the ancient annals of the North. In the saga of the famous chieftain Egill, son of Skallagrim, there is a curious and picturesque account of a civil trial in Norway, in the reign of King Erik Blodaxe, respecting an inheritance claimed by that chieftain." The reader will find the story of this little poem given with much effect by the historian just quoted.

A great number of political papers are under consideration. We shall make a clearing of them next month.

The British Jew who appeals to his fellow-countrymen (Ridgway, 1833), and urges Hebrew emancipation on arguments from scraps of opera, is an ass. He asks,—

"*Is not the situation of the Jew, between the taunting on the one hand, and the deprivation on the other, similar to the torture of Enea, in Didone:*

'Se resto sul lido
Se sciolgo le vele
Infido crudel,
Mi sento chiamar,' &c.

Is it not the worst of cruelty, to feed a man for the support of animal life, and at the same time to torture him in mind? Does it not resemble the *foie gras*," &c. &c.

Does not the animal from which the *foie gras* comes, vastly resemble the author of this nonsense? Certainly. He is a goose. Enea in *Didone!* If no better arguments are adduced, we shall stick to Cobbett. But in truth the matter deserves to be treated seriously; and therefore we shall say nothing about it while referring to our British Opera Jew.

We have really an intolerable quantity of the Anti-Slavery papers sent to us, and we want them not. We know other offices besides ours where they are treated as waste paper. If there be any really honest persons connected with the Aldermanbury Street concern, we request them to inquire whether the waste of paper and printing (extra fine thirty-two shilling a ream paper, and seventy shilling a sheet printing) is fair upon the funds of the Society. There must be a vast quantity of thieving going forward there, and surely there should arise some Joseph Hume among them to check it.

*Apropos* of the following epigrams; we have read Tom Moore's nonsensical book. Anacreon in Heaven, it appears, believes in transubstantiation! But we shall have a better opportunity of discussing the Irish gentleman by and by.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION!

IMPROMPTU,

*On a priest's remarking, in a conversation upon ancient religion and literature, the absurdity of Diomed's victory over Mars and Venus, in the Iliad.*

Τυδεΐδὴ συνέφην.—SOLON.

You wonder the ancients could ever believe
Tydides could fight with the gods, and defeat 'em;
But is it not equally hard to conceive
How you, holy Father, can *make* gods, and *eat* 'em?*

EPIGRAM,

*On reading, in the controversy between Messrs. Pope and Maguire, of a mouse who escaped during mass with a consecrated host.*

"There was a mouse ————
Artepibulus,† Like another Mars—
A mouse among all mice without a peer!"
COWPER'S *Homer—Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, lin. 327.

When priests can admit an occurrence so odd,
As a mouse running off with the Lord of all Glory;
Which is better,—to think that a wafer is God,
Or that they who say this—run away with the story?

EXCUSE

*For the foregoing lines, in reply to the censure of a friend.*

I'm well aware that some will damn
The author of this epigram;
For nothing gives them more vexation
Than doubting transubstantiation.
But let them make no fuss about it—
'Tis very wrong to think I doubt it;
As they will certainly discover,
If they will read this story over.
When Alexander, Philip's son,
Proud of the conquests he had won,
Issued commands that every nation
In Greece should pay him adoration;

* "Ecquem tam amentem esse putas, qui illud, quo vescatur, Deum credat esse?"—CICERO *de Natura Deorum.*

† "One that *lies in wait for bread.*"—COWPER.

Struck with amazement at the king,
All were divided on the thing,
Till by the Spartan state at last
The following decree was past:
"*Since Alexander* WILLS *to be,*
*Let him* BECOME *a deity!*" *
Thus when our Mother Church has said,
Th' Almighty's in a bit of bread,
I, like the Spartans long ago,
Say, "*Let it, if she* LIKES, *be so!*"
Rest, then, in peace, ye bigots!—rest,
Nor quarrel with my harmless jest.

EQUINEMIA.

JOHN BULL *v.* SIR JOHN SOANE.

We give the following as we received it.

SIR,—The adage of not looking a gift-horse in the mouth has been most ungraciously disregarded on the occasion of Sir John Soane's donation to the public; for, so far from being all admiration at the knight's munificence, John Bull has thought proper to lecture him on the paramount duty of providing for his family, instead of ostentatiously founding and endowing a separate establishment for his collection of *virtù*, after his decease. His intended bequest of thirty thousand pounds for this purpose has drawn forth as much ill-natured remark, as if he had taken that sum out of the pockets of the public. Poor Sir John seems to have rather overshot the mark this time: so long as he sent donations of fifty and five hundred guineas to the Artists' Fund, and similar institutions, the newspapers extolled his liberality, *new. con.*,—not one of them threw out any hints as to his indulging his vanity, while he neglected those who had some natural claims upon his benevolence. Now, on the contrary, he is held up rather for reprobation than for praise—stigmatised as hard-hearted and unfeeling.

Not a little cant has been uttered in regard to Sir John's bequest, and his son's petition against it, in parliament and out of parliament, by the newspapers themselves, or in the shape of letters from correspondents. Old Cobbett, who, it must be owned, has no very great taste for museums of any kind, seeing that they are of no service either to the Hampshire plough-boys or the Lancashire weavers, did say thing but compliment the architect for his generosity towards the public. Some have even gone still farther, and affect to consider his donation actually injurious, as setting an example that ought to be discouraged—a very dangerous precedent, which may induce others to impoverish their families for the sake of acquiring posthumous celebrity for themselves. Surely those who utter such stuff must be anxious to obtain, as cheaply as possible, an *ante*-posthumous reputation for excessive morality. The veriest Quixote in legislation would hardly think of enacting a law to prevent persons being too patriotic, *à la* Sir John Soane, to the injury of their own immediate relatives, for there are very few now-a-days who require to be so coerced. Whatever it may be in itself, the knight's example is not likely to prove at all contagious; and therefore to legislate upon it would be about as wise as to bring in a bill to prevent people going from town to town giving away their money by handfuls, as Mr. Webb did some few years ago. Parents are not particularly apt to neglect their families' pecuniary interests: vanity as well as affection induce most to attend to them with all desirable carefulness. At any rate, few are disposed to commit any posthumous extravagance of the kind, however they may injure their children by selfish extravagance during their lifetime.

It may be questioned whether any of the parties, who now see so much to censure in Sir John's conduct, would have any scruple to be put down in his will for a legacy of thirty, or even sixty thousand pounds. They would in such case most probably be of opinion, that the remainder of his property would furnish a very handsome provision for his family, who are now by those over-charitable persons most uncharitably consigned to the workhouse! Surely the busybodies must have gauged Sir John's pocket very accurately, before they ventured to assert that the alienation of thirty thousand pounds from his family would leave them absolutely destitute. Independently of this sum, ample provision may yet remain for his grandchildren,—far greater, perhaps, than they have had reason to look forward to.

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* Ἄλλοι, μὲν οὖν ἄλλα ἐψηφίσαντο· Λακεδαιμόνιοι δὲ ἐκεῖνα, ἐπειδὴ Ἀλέξανδρος βούλεται θεὸς εἶναι, ἔστω θεός.—ÆLIAN. *Var. Hist.* lib. ii. cap. xix.

How far Sir John Soane may be justified in his conduct towards his surviving son, it is impossible for me to say. The severity of the one can be measured only by the offence given by the other; and that is probably known only to the parties themselves. With the merits of this individual case, therefore, I think nothing to do—do not even so much as offer a single conjecture. Yet I apprehend it would not be greatly for the benefit of society, were a parent altogether restrained from disposing of his property after his death to the prejudice of his child. Morally, a man is bound to provide for his offspring; but then the latter are also bound to respect and obedience by the same ties: nor is it at all desirable that children should be rendered entirely irresponsible to, and independent of their parents' expenditure, on the ground that a man is morally bound not only to bequeath to them all he has accumulated, but to accumulate and lay by for them as much as possible.

I am, Sir, &c.

PATER PATRATUS.

DEAR NOLL,

I dropped in at MacClise's this morning, to take a peep at his picture of All-Hallow-e'en, before it was carted off to Somerset House. I wish with all my heart you had seen this truly Irish picture—full of life and—but of course you'll go to the Exhibition.

I know you whistle "The Wedding of Ballyporeen" to perfection; so, while I'm waiting for my chop, I'll try and describe some of the humours of Snap-apple-night for you; and as I mean to sup with you and the boys this evening, you may make your own of the song, and, since I have got a bit of cold, and we are all bothered by the influenza, sing it for us.

Thanks for the five-gallon jar. Yours,

*Junior United Service Club, Monday.* M. O'D.

For a portrait of this one, a portrait of that,
Looking down, looking up, or most vulgarly fat;
For such pictures I care not one brass penny-piece—
Give me beauty and fun, as combined by MacClise.
Where the grace and the good-humoured spirit,
That in the Green Isle they inherit,
Are depicted with vigorous merit,
Assembled on All-Hallow-eve.

Of all days in the year, none's like All-Hallow-eve
For poteen and sweethearts—and if they deceive,
Why, sorrow go with them!—we'll trust that next year
Will bring us more luck, if it brings not more cheer.
With the snap-apple merrily turning,
With the hoarded nut pleasantly burning,
While the feet on the floor all go churning,
To celebrate All-Hallow-e'en.

There Norah, like Eve, while the apple she eyed,
Saw temptation in Tim, serpent-like at her side;
"The red rover," Mick mouthed, as it came from the lass;
And the candle Con caught, while the pippin did pass.
Then such laughing, and quaffing, and squalling,
Such romping, and ranting, and mauling,
With whistling, and singing, and bawling,
To celebrate All-Hallow-eve.

* * *

There stood Nancy and Willy the sailor together,
Burning nuts in a nook, safe from wind and from weather;
And if fairly they burn, it will certainly prove
That their hearts, like the kernels, were glowing—with love.
"That is my nut," cried Willy, so sprightly;
"See, 'tis burning quite purely and brightly—
It says I love daily and nightly,
This truth-telling All-Hallow-eve."

Old Maurish now draws her stockstun to the fire,
And Patrick and Sheelah their places took by her;
The cards are displayed, and the cut is well made—
Diamonds, hearts, kings and queens, but no ill-omened spade.
"My diamond, my sweetheart, my queen!
Love and riches such auguries mean—
Believe it the truth will be seen
This fortunate All-Hallow-eve."

Next was melted the lead, and young Kate did essay
In the water to pour it, through the bow of a key,
But falsely it fell, as sly Kathleen could tell.
Though it lay just like truth in the depth of a well.
For it gave her a hump-backed shoemaker,
One eye, and half swaddler, half quaker:
So she vowed that wild Barney should take her
Ere the melting on next Hallow-eve.

That old subject of discord, an apple, being thrown
In a tub full of water, 'twixt Nelly and Joan,
To catch it they dip over face, neck, and ears;
And they laugh, though like Niobe covered with tears.
Then the boys, with mouths and necks straining,
While hair, nose, and eye-lash, are raining,
Snap and dive, without ever complaining,
For apples on All-Hallow eve.

Then Dermod, the fighter, smart Mary led out,
And neatly she trips, as he foots it about;
And smack go his fingers, and smack go his lips,
As she covers the buckle, with hands on her hips.
Now up to each other advancing,
Now figuring, capering, prancing—
Sure never was seen such dancing,
O glory to All-Hallow-eve!

This was all very well, till the piper, in fun,
Said his elbow and bellows both surly were done,
His windpipe, his drone, and his chanter were dry,
His heart in a flame, and his throat in a fry.
Then they drank, and they still called for "more, boys!"
And whisky came pouring galore, boys,
While they shouted with all their hearts' core, boys,
A welcome to All-Hallow-eve.

Nooks and corners, though shady, still served for to shew
Each lad had his lass, and each belle had her beau.
For warm looks and warm hearts, hot love and hot hands,
Hot speeches, hot heads—Ireland's land of all lands!
Some pressing the girls—to drinking,
Some kissing—some only a-winking,
Some laughing—but all on love thinking,
On October's last day, Hallow-eve.

This is a very excellent song of Sir Morgan's Why the deuce did he not say any thing of the picture of Crofty Crokes, which, we understand, appears as large as life in one of the groups? That is shabby of the Ensign; but we suppose he is jealous of Croft. No wonder; for Crofty is one of the cleverest fellows that ever wrote on Irish affairs

### TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

Mr Cobbett, some time ago, in presenting a petition praying for the removal of the taxes on knowledge, observed, that he did not think the petitioners could mean the taxes on newspapers; because, said he, *they* should be called taxes on lies and nonsense. In this remark he agrees with "an esteemed correspondent" of our own, who, in a former volume, maintained that a tax on newspapers was a tax on ignorance.

Some of the contributors to REGINA are, therefore, in unison of opinion with the member for Oldham; but it seems that we have not the same favour in the eyes of that venerable gentleman's kindred. In a magazine, edited by his sons, we were last month attacked on this subject of the newspaper taxation, as follows:

"In the last Number of *Fraser's Magazine*, however, in which the epithet of 'shabby' is applied to Mr. Bulwer, because that gentleman has proposed to have the tax abolished, there are the following remarks:

"'The question of removing the stamp-duty off newspapers is one of more serious importance than may appear at first sight, and therefore we shall not attempt to discuss it here; but we may remark, that every one connected with the *newspaper-trade*, whether as proprietor, editor, or writer, with whom we have conversed, and we have many opportunities of knowing the sentiments of that body, exclaim against the *uncalled-for impertinence* of such persons as this Bulwer, in proposing to legislate on *their concerns*, without condescending to make the slightest *communication with them* (!) They think that they have a right to expect, that the courtesy employed towards *other trades* should be exercised in their case, and that some inquiry should be made into their opinions and feelings before laws which may so *vitally* affect them should be enacted.'"

We have reprinted our own observations, in order that our readers may reperuse them with all the honour or disgrace which has been conferred upon them by italics and notes of apostrophe by the Cobbetts.

Before we go any further into the matter, we must explain why we called Bulwer shabby in this business. It was *not* because he wished to have the newspaper-tax or any other tax abolished; but because a correspondent of ours had distinctly accused him of endeavouring to get that particular impost reduced for some shabby object of his own; that, in fact, he purposed entering into newspaper speculations, and wished to save his pocket the expense of advancing for the stamps. We observed that the mark of shabbiness was in that, as in every thing else, characteristic of Bulwer; and we are not by any means desirous of retracting the observation.

But, passing that by, as a matter of the smallest moment, let us see what is the commentary immediately offered upon our brief remarks on the newspaper question.

"This [our paragraph just quoted] is worth the attention of our readers. Here are really strong grounds of objection distinctly made known to us. Is it but a *trade*, then, after all? The ignorant public, whose eyes these proprietors, editors, or writers, profess to keep open, have been simple enough to suppose that this was not a mere *trade*, and that the concerns of newspaper-makers were conducted on 'independent principles!' The proprietors, &c. should not exclaim against uncalled-for impertinence in Mr. Bulwer; for his proposition is only in compliance with what those whom he represents desire; and they, the readers of newspapers, never understood that proprietors, editors, and writers of newspapers, were to be placed on a footing with common traders, until now, when, for the last shift to save their own lives, these proprietors, &c. come out and assert the degrading fact themselves. But if these men are to be considered as traders, how do they expect to be ranked? They talk of 'their concerns,' just as if they were of as much importance in business as merchants, dealers in staple commodities, manufacturers of iron, woollen, or cotton, or tradesmen of some sort, the convenience of whose shops is indispensably necessary to the community, like that of the shops of bakers, butchers, grocers, cheesemongers, linendrapers, &c. *Their* concerns, indeed: and the idea of a member of parliament 'condescending to make the slightest communication with *them*;' just as if their concerns were any concern to the public; as if it would do the nation any harm if the *trade* of every man of them were ruined to-morrow. The newspaper-trade is a market overt, with an immense impost on all who attempt to enter it. How the dealers would precisely define the nature of their commodity, we are at a loss to imagine. They seem to us, however, to be like so many capitalists, who, having employed their funds in the collecting of addled eggs, are naturally jealous of throwing the market really open to others, who, though not possessed of so much means to speculate with, would be likely to find more purchasers for eggs of a sounder quality.

"The question is, it is true, as Fraser says, one of more *serious* importance than may appear at first sight: serious, indeed, to the 'trade!' and so much so, that we were not at all surprised when the government's own proposition to take off taxes on the press was so quickly laid on the shelf after it had been broached."

Here is some fraud, and much fudge. We distinctly asserted, that we considered the general question of removing the stamp-duties off newspapers as being of more serious importance than it appears at first sight; and therefore declined discussing it in a hasty manner. In the matter of its importance, the writer whose remarks we are copying will not differ with us—in fact, he extols it, as being much greater than we should be inclined to allow. If newspapers have such influence for good and evil as he contends—if they are matters of such intense national concern—surely whatever measure may affect their power, either for its increase or diminution, is worthy of more serious consideration than we could afford to give it in a brief note upon the letter of an anonymous correspondent.

We did *not* say that the serious part of the business was what concerned the newspaper-trade. We looked far higher. But we did say, that there was another point worthy of consideration, in reference to the commercial branch of the question. We could not help remarking on the impertinence of such a person as Bulwer (putting his own small private motives, whatever they might be, on one side) calling for laws which would vitally affect the interests of any body of tradesmen, without consulting those among them who could express their feelings or their views. We maintain that our remarks are just.

"Is it a trade, then?" ask these magazine-writers. We say, yes; whatever is bought and sold in fair and open market is matter of trade. We do not know what else it can be called. As for the jokes about the addled eggs, &c., we must let all that pass for wit—a commodity quite out of the line of us plain, practical, pound-and-pence people. The newspaper-trade is the trade of selling newspapers, as the butter-trade is the trade of selling butter. But "the ignorant public have been simple enough to suppose that it was not a mere trade, and think the concerns of newspaper-makers are conducted upon independent principles." Ignorant and obtuse indeed must those be who can confound two things so distinct as the political or literary management of the newspapers with their mercantile value. The Tory, or the Whig, or the Radical principles of the paper may be as independent as you please, and yet the newspaper be worth so many thousands a-year, and therefore matter to be estimated by pounds, shillings, and pence. Here, then, is the "trade;" and we repeat, that the proprietors of newspapers, who are the persons primarily concerned in that trade, and the editors, or others immediately connected with their management, ought to be consulted, before the legislature, which has already intermeddled so materially in the "trading" part of their concerns, meddles with them again in an opposite direction. We contend for it, as a fair principle, that parliament has no right, though it may have the power, to trifle in such a manner with any species of lawful property.

With respect to the sneers at the humility of the newspaper-business, or its small importance to the world in general, we must say that they are far too aristocratic for us. We cannot see that there is any thing so very exalted in the station of a member of parliament, as to set him above consulting those who are able to give information on those subjects which he brings before the house; or, to come to the individual case before us, we have yet to learn that Mr. Bulwer holds a *status* in society to set him above Mr. Torrens or Mr. Walter, who are participant with himself in the awful dignity of M.P. We repeat, that all this is much too aristocratic for us, Tories though we are. Nobody, we suppose, imagines that newspapers are matters of prime necessity, or that they are to be compared with those commodities which fill the shops of butchers or bakers; but still those who have embarked money in them, on the faith of existing acts of parliament, are entitled to protection nevertheless. It was not deemed an act of enormous condescension for a committee of the House of Commons to examine evidence relative to the trade in dolls' eyes, although the nation might certainly have continued to exist, if every young lady in the land were compelled to dandle an eyeless doll. In the case of the newspapers, we find individuals who have paid hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of pounds to government in direct taxes—who have advanced large sums, and employed many thousands of people in all departments—who have been under the constant coercion and surveillance of government for years, and reared under the existing system large properties; and it is, we think, only fair, that if they are not to expect reciprocal *protection*,

they are at least entitled to *attention* As to the observation, that "it would do the nation no harm if the trade of every man of them were ruined to-morrow;" that sort of argument might be extended to many things besides. It is the argument *à fortiori* with a vengeance. It would not do the nation any harm if all the householders of Kensington were ejected from their tenements, and their places supplied by the rabble of St Giles's to-morrow; but it would not be quite enough to prove that this proceeding would do the nation *no harm*, in order to justify its being attempted.

We have said so much, merely to explain why it was we found fault with the cavalier manner in which the newspaper "trade" has been treated; the impertinence being aggravated, when we consider that it originates with so small a personage in the world of periodical literature as the editor of a declining magazine. It is nothing but fraud to say that we confound the main question, viz. What would the effect be of a greater division of newspapers on the politics or literature of the country, with the minor matter of how the remission of the stamp-duty would affect existing interests. Even on that point we have not offered any opinion; we have however, we think, made out a case for some further inquiry

*** Since "the above" was written, Lord Althorp has introduced his budget, and he proposes to reduce the advertisement-duty, but keeps on the stamps, still continuing to declare them impolitic and unjustifiable The advertisement-duty is to be 2*s.* for a first, 1*s.* 6*d.* for a second, 1*s.* for a third insertion Now here is a sample of what we complained of. There is no man connected with the newspaper "trade" who could not have proved to his lordship the utter stupidity of such an arrangement It would take an army of clerks at the Stamp-Office to investigate what were and what were not first or last insertions, and the identity of advertisements would lead to perpetual quarrels and litigation As the *Age* truly says, it would be a question whether the correction of the misprint of George Bobuns into George Robins would not make a new advertisement, and the advertisers and the Stamp-Office would be in a constant struggle to outwit each other. This tax has nothing to do with the principles of any paper — it is no impost on knowledge, except the knowledge conveyed by advertisements, and here the "trade," scorned as it is by the aristocratic magazine-men whom we are noticing, should have been consulted. Lord Althorp was so wise as not to do any thing of the kind. He acted on the advice given him, of not condescending, in his exalted capacity of member of parliament, to make the slightest communication with any one of a set of persons, whose total ruin is a matter of indifference to all the world; and we see the consequence—*his lordship must abandon his project* We shall have one bungle the less;—though perhaps not—for another may be substituted in its place.

J. Moyes, Castle Street, Leicester Square.

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

# TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XLII. JUNE, 1833. Vol. VII.


## ANCIENT COUNTRY GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.*

The fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden times.—*Ancient Ballad.*

The times are changed. Formerly every rural parish was full of the manor-houses of the resident gentry; now they are scantily scattered, or, where they remain, rarely inhabited beyond two or three months in the year. This is a political subject of mighty importance to the agricultural population. It is true, that the manufacturing portion of the people has been infinitely growing upon it for the last fifty years, and certain philosophers think such a growth a national benefit; but this is, at least, a very doubtful question. Mere increase of numbers, without a proportionate increase of subsistence and competence, is, instead of being beneficial, a frightful grievance; and if this evil is aggravated by a deterioration of morals and health, it is a positive plague.

Adam Smith's is a very profound book; but he only undertakes to shew how the greatest quantity of national wealth can be produced, not what will be the moral and political effect of that creation: without which, a statesman can come to no just conclusions. The advantages of manufactures have been over-rated—they are but the convertibility of the soil; and sometimes a bad convertibility. They may augment riches, they cannot create them: but the sort of riches which they add is often hurtful. The first object of a statesman ought to be to make the majority of the people easy, healthy, contented, and virtuous: the question lies between the old agricultural state, and the present manufacturing and commercial state.

This carries us back to a discussion of the feudal system; that system no one will deny to have been beautifully framed for the purposes of the times in which it arose. It was a perfect chain of subordination. There was then but little productive property save in land; and all the chief land was possessed by the condition of military tenure. Hence all the chiefs of the nation were soldiers; hence in peace they resided in the country; and hence all distinctions arose from superiority in arms. All sought, therefore, and all the higher ranks attained, the marks of warlike badges. What are now called heraldic insignia began with the Crusades, in which it became necessary to distinguish the troops, not only of one nation, but of one chief from another; and this was done by such arbitrary marks on their shields, helmets, coats, banners, and pennons, which soon became hereditary, and separated one family from another. All these early coats had allusions to the symbols and instruments of courage and war; and more especially to the war in which Europe was then engaged. Thus the first and most honourable badge was the *cross*. Then came lions, leopards, eagles, wolves, griffins, pales, piles, bars, bends, chevrons, escallop shells,

* 1. Burke's Landed Commoners. 2. Hamper's Diary of Sir William Dugdale. 3. Grimaldi's Origines Genealogicæ (Pickering). 4. Grimaldi's Rotuli de Dominicabus, &c. 1185. 5. Nicolas's Ancient Rolls of Arms.

frets, cinquefoils, checks, stars, annulets, lozenges, muscles, torteauxes, manders, martlets, fleurs-de-lis, carbles, horse-shoes, swords, gauntlets, ermine, stags, water-bouquets, pheons' heads, arrows, &c. &c.

To prevent the confusion of different families assuming the same coat was the business of the earl-marshal, who had the arrangement of the field of battle; and this office soon became hereditary in the great family of Mowbray, from whom it passed by marriage to the Howards, with whom it continues to this day. And hence the Court of Chivalry, and the College of Arms, to register arms and pedigrees; which last was not incorporated till about the time of Edward IV.

From these causes it will necessarily follow, that such distinctive hereditary badges were highly and justly valued by families. When they returned from the wars to their castles and manor-houses, they hung up their blazoned shields and banners, and their crested helmets, in their halls, in their churches, and over their tombs, sculptured them on their gateways and walls, and had them painted in the glass-windows both of their castles and their chapels; so that they became not only the ornaments of the fortress which frowned with war, but of the house of religion and peace, and waved over the silence of the grave. There cannot be a doubt that these gorgeous appearances had an influence over the imaginations of the lower orders, and aided authority and subordination. The banners of those who could fairly, and by tradition fixed in the minds of people, go up to the Crusades, were especially respected: the checks of Warren; the horse-shoes of Ferrers; the crosses of De Burgh and Neville; the quarterly and black bend of Lacy and Clavering; the cross of Vesci; the blue bars of Grey; the blue lion of Percy; the torteauxes of Courtenay; the manch of Hastings; the checks and fess of Clifford; the bars and torteauxes of Wake; the bendlets of Byron; the crow of Corbet; the cinquefoil of Astley; the fess and martlets, or crosses of Berkeley; the gold lion of Talbot; the escalops of Malet; the bars nebulées of Blount; the bars wavy of Belfast; the chevronels of Clare; the lion of Mowbray; the quarterly and star of Vere; the ten bars of Mortimer; the bend and lions of Bohun; the chevron of Stafford; the fret of Audley; the water-bouquets of Roos; the fess lozenges of Montagu; the quarterly, the fret, and the bend of De Spenser; the chief of Clinton; the quarterly and bend vaire of Sackville; the lance-rests of Granville; the eagles of De Courcy; the saltier of Fitzgerald; the chief of Butler; the pile of Chandos; the bars of Burdett; the chevrons of Tyrell; the black cross of Mohun; the lions of Strange; the pheon's-head of Egerton; the six lions of Longspé; the chevron and houets of Cobham; the three cinquefoils of Bardolf, &c. &c. &c.;—all these were of a venerable and primary origin.

The feudal tenures were of a nature to render necessary public records, which furnished documents of the highest degree of certainty, to ascertain the pedigrees of those who derived their inheritances by military tenure. These Mr. Grimaldi's *Origines Genealogicæ* sets out in a most clear and useful manner. But the early heralds, in their laziness or ignorance, made little use of such previous documents: their pedigrees are bare, vague, unvouched, and undated. They ought to have consulted the memorials of castles, halls, churches, tombs, deeds, records, and monastic obituaries. All ancient coats must necessarily have stood only on prescription; heralds could not sell coats—a patent of arms was comparatively a modern invention. We believe no patent goes back beyond Henry VI.

The first herald who seemed to have searched records was Robert Glover, Somerset-herald in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and whose MS. collections are still held in great estimation. Then came Camden, garter-king, a learned antiquary and eloquent classical scholar, as his *Britannia* amply testifies. His carping opponent was Rafe Brook, a disappointed herald, of minute mind and malignant temper; criticised in his turn by Vincent, another herald, of better character, whose life has been lately given by Sir Harris Nicolas. And now came the most learned, laborious, and deep researcher in this class of antiquities, the celebrated Sir William Dugdale, who first wrote his famous *History of Warwickshire*, and then, with the aid of Roger Dodswell, compiled the great work, the *Monasticon Anglicanum*. He then compiled the *Baronage of England*; a work of stupendous toil and great excellence,

but dull, uncouth, and not always exact. We may here mention Sir Edward Bysshe, garter-king, who edited, with learned annotations, *Upton de Re, Militari*; but he afterwards deturpated, and became idle, dissipated, and reckless. See his character given by Anthony Wood, in his *Autobiography*. Elias Ashmole was a learned man, but superstitious, and given to astrology; his *History of the Order of the Garter* is still esteemed. He published *Church-notes of Berkshire*, and there records the story of the murder of the Countess of Leicester, wife of Robert Dudley, at Cumnor. At the commencement of the last century, John Anstis was garter; and also published a *History of the Early Knights of the Garter*, and a *Treatise on the Court of Chivalry*. He was industrious and exact, but insufferably dry. William Oldys was a *littérateur* of extraordinary merit: he was an admirable bibliographer in old English literature, and especially poetry. He gave a learned life of Sir Walter Raleigh, prefixed to a folio collection of his works. Warburton the herald was a great collector, and dabbler in many parts of literature; but quarrelled with his brother heralds. He was, we believe, great-uncle to the present M. P. of that name. Joseph Edmundson was, according to rumour, a bastard of Sir Joseph Ayloffe, an ancient baronet, to whom is attributed the historical discourse on arms prefixed to Vol. I. of Edmundson's *Dictionary of Arms*. We ought, however, to have mentioned in its place, Gwillim's *Heraldry*, a book once very popular.

Sir Henry Spelman's *Aspilogia* is a learned work; and one of the most curious works on heraldry is *Sigilla Comitum Flandriæ*, by Uredius (Wrede, a Fleming). The topographical histories of counties are a fund of information on this subject; such as Lambard's *Perambulation of Kent*; Burton's *Leicestershire*; Philipot's *Villare Cantianum*; Dugdale's *Warwickshire*; Chauncy's *Hertfordshire*; Atkyns's *Gloucestershire*; and numerous modern works: of all which Gough has given an account in his *Anecdotes of British Topography*. But Gough's superb work on sepulchral monuments is the most luminous and certain guide as to the usage of arms on tombs. In Scotland there are good works on heraldry, especially those by Nisbet. About 1794, there appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a biographical list of all the English writers on heraldry, with characters; and about the same time, Dallaway's quarto volume on heraldry was published, to which was annexed a life of Gregory King, the herald and political arithmetician. Arthur Collins began the first of his numerous editions of the peerage about 1709; and he also gave a very full and good work of the families of baronets, about 1740; of which, however, two volumes were commenced in a former edition in 1720. Mr. Lodge is the only herald who has united biographical genius and elegant composition with genealogical research. His *Notes to the Illustrations of History*, and his *Memoirs*, both of the Holbein Heads and the Illustrious Portraits, are admirable.

There is no subject more curious and more striking to the imagination than the history of chivalry. Many attempts have been made to write it: it has never yet been perfectly done, because no author has sufficiently united fancy and eloquence with research and knowledge. Nor can it be adequately done without numerous engravings and embellishments. It requires a union of so many opportunities with so much genius, that it probably never will be done. It was an institution that, though it might occasionally lead to some excesses and absurdities, yet was noble in its origin, in its purposes, and in its spirit. It so far purified the heart, that it was unselfish and generous. It was that spur to fame which led to encounter dangers, and seek immortality by magnanimous deeds. It delighted the senses without sensuality, it cheered the mind by variety of splendour, and it fortified and soothed those gradations of society which, in some shape or other, must exist. There is nothing now to keep alive the energies of the people: it is all hopeless and unbroken poverty. The splendour of the rich is only for themselves: there are no halls of hospitality, no feasts for the poor, no common dancing and music, no songs and minstrels, no Christmas carols, no pomp of arms, and banners, and tilts, and tournaments; much luxury, but no plenty; much pomp, but no solidity.

Highly cultivated, ardent, and imaginative minds will regret the times and the manners which could give rise

to the pictures and feelings of such a poem as Spenser's *Faery Queen*. The character of the court, and the progresses of Queen Elizabeth, kept alive the loyalty and respect of the people The establishment of a feudal noble was also a little court, and dispensed beneficence and cheerfulness around it. What does a modern peer do among his country neighbours to create respect and love? He keeps no baronial retinue, he spends his winters in London, and his autumns at watering-places all is a cold and squeezing economy. His servants are from London, his horses are often a job, and his household on board-wages! For nine or ten months in the year, who inhabits the country mansion? A shivering decrepit old man or woman, worn out with age and scanty fare, a large rambling lonely kitchen, and a cold hearth, a gamekeeper, who sells his spoils; a gardener, who supplies the next market; and a steward, who plunders and grinds the labourers of the domain The park is solitary, the stables are untenanted, the cottages are without fields or gardens, and all strikes a damp upon the visitor, that makes him fly eagerly back to the murmur, the clamours, and the squabbles of the crowded city Perhaps the old church, with all its banners, and tombs, and brasses, and painted windows, was too near to the new spruce Grecian mansion, — it has been pulled down, and a modern, brick, flat-roofed, slated, portucoed chapel, like a Methodist meeting-house, built on a distant knoll of the park in its stead The traveller enters, but all is empty. there exist no records of the dead, no memorials of the past, no feudal blazonry, no chivalrous remembrances Perhaps the estate has passed from some ancient name to a modern coronet, blazoned out with leaf-gold and a complexity of hieroglyphical devices by Heard and Naylor, to whom and whose employers the types of ancient days were offensive. We have seen such things but too often We remember a rambling old baronial house of a peer standing in the wooded bottom of an ancient park We went again after a few years — not one stone was left on another; but a modern Grosvenor-Square-house of Portland-stone, of a size fit for a middling gentleman, placed on a bare knoll, near the turnpike-road, in its stead Has the reader ever visited the magnificent old mansion of Penshurst — its spacious rooms, its galleries, and its historical portraits — or entered the adjoining church, where repose the bones and moulder the banners and shields of all the Sydneys? If he has, and is not stirred even to deep melancholy and pain, his faculties and heart are strangely torpid.

Such are the alleged improvements of society, as wealth grows, and manufactures increase The cold philosopher may find out some defects in these old times: he may talk of feudal oppression, of the tyranny of landlords, and the servile dependence of tenants, and those landlords at the beck of the crown, for any mad military service on which it chooses to put them But what are these evils compared with the dependence and servility of the poor-laws, or the boorish mastership of a rude overgrown farmer? It will be urged, that in lieu of the feudal chief the lower classes have now the patronage of the great merchant, in his West London town-house, or his suburban villa But what an immoral, unwholesome, dissolute, reckless set, are such an household! less boorish and dull than the country peasant —but their liveliness is levity, and their polish emptiness The peasant is sometimes obstinate and unbending like the hard wood, the town-domestic, if he is as supple as the reed, is also as hollow and strengthless It is worse than useless to augment a population which must be subsisted by unwholesome means, in an immoral and factious state It is said that they may gain more by manufactures than by labour applied to an ungrateful soil, but if they do gain more, their gains are both more unequal and more uncertain, the excess is spent in idleness, intemperance, and debauchery no provision is made for the day of defalcation, and then comes the day of starvation, rage, and despair! Such is the overflow of a manufacturing population But it does not end here The necessity of a resort to the more fertile and less taxed soils of other countries, throws out of employ a proportionate number of agricultural peasantry, still urging forward an increase of manufacturing workmen, till a nation lives at the mercy of other nations and when at length the foreign supply fails, the neglected soil at home is no longer fit for cultivation It is over-

grown with weeds; the capital formerly employed on it is extinguished; and both capital and skill are wanting to break up the ground afresh.

It was always the plan of the commercial body to break up the feudal system; and Henry VII. aided them, that he might weaken the aristocracy, who stood between him and the people, and were a barrier to the absolutism of the crown. Such they ever were in good times. Witness what they extorted from King John and Henry III., and what they did at the Revolution of 1688. They were co-equal with the crown in their own department, and not the nominees and creatures of it. An ancient Anglo-Norman peer has as much right to his peerage as the Conqueror and his heirs had and have to the throne. The lords are now changed in their nature and character, as society is changed from military and agricultural to manufacturing, commercial, and monied.

But that which drew away the strength and flower of the inhabitants from the country to the capital was the Funded Debt. This has been the grand source of the destruction of old families, and the decay of the landed interest. The greater part of this fund is extracted from the land; perhaps not the whole of it, because some may come from the manufactured commodities, and some of the profits of foreign commerce. This debt has corrupted and demoralised, as well as impoverished the people, and given a most mischievous influence over government and political affairs.

The books at the head of this article lead to the inquiry, by what principles and rules the ancient gentry were *marshalled*. This conducts us at once to the Court of Chivalry and Star Chamber. Dallaway has given an account of this court in his book on heraldry; but, as earl-marshal's secretary, he was under some restraint in speaking freely of it. By its arbitrary proceedings in the reign of James I. and Charles I., it became a national grievance. Lord Clarendon has painted in living colours the character of the earl-marshal, Thomas Howard, earl of Arundel, who presided over that court. He was a proud, overbearing, and almost illiterate man; notwithstanding, he had the vanity to be thought a patron of learning, by his "precious collection of marbles and ancient inscriptions." The father of the late Duke of Norfolk, when Mr. Howard, endeavoured to defend his ancestor's character against Lord Clarendon; but feebly and unsuccessfully. The misfortunes and sufferings of Lord Arundel's immediate ancestors had not broken his proud spirit: his father died a prisoner in the Tower; his grandfather, the Duke of Norfolk, was beheaded for his alleged treason with Mary, queen of Scots; his great-grandfather Henry, earl of Surrey, the poet, also lost his life on the scaffold.

The earl's imperious temper led him to delight in the exercise of his pretended authority in the Court of Chivalry; and the heralds of that day were the proper tools of his arbitrary excesses. The rules of the College of Arms were established when there began to be great corruptions in those concerns; and they made use of the jurisdiction for the purposes of profit and extortion. Their duty was to record the arms used by different families, and to take care that one did not interfere with the usage of another. This involved questions of pedigrees and pre-occupancy. There is no doubt, in the origin each feudal chief took his own heraldric distinction at his own will, provided he used no coat which was already used by another; and part of the business of the earl-marshal and his officers was to attend the field when the armies were arrayed, and see that no one committed this fault upon order.

No one holding by military tenure land, of sufficient quality and amount to impose on him the necessity of bringing into the field troops under his own command, could be without his heraldric ensign for his shield and his banners. His very military tenure gave him a right to it. The title, therefore, to that which the heralds were bound to register, was solely a question of usage; and that, after a lapse of time, could be determined by sculptures on tombs, and in castles and halls, by seals to deeds, and by paintings in glass-windows, as well as by tradition and ancient rolls of arms. Then came the question of pedigree, where there was an interruption of proof of usage. The heralds, when they became a corporate body, began to register these usages in their books, as the evidences came before them. The occurrence of such evidences must

have ..... partly accidental, and very imperfect. Many of the most ancient coats were never entered. But in a course of time the heralds, for their own mercenary gains, set up a rule, that no claimant should justify his title *unless* by tracing up some entered coat. This rule was too absurd and dishonest to be worth refuting. It was to reverse the principle of the institution, in proportion to what was lost in the night of time. The pedigree was to be made to depend on a beginning which could be shewn, in times then modern, from the herald's authority. Therefore a modern patent, bought with money, was to be better than a crusade-coat!!!

In the reign of Henry VIII. the heralds were authorised to visit the provinces, to regulate arms, suppress abuses in the usurpation of them, and to enter pedigrees. This they performed in a very slovenly, imperfect, and ignorant manner. Almost every county was visited in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but still the pedigrees of that time are very bare and loose. Lambard, in his *Perambulation of Kent*, has given a list of the Kentish gentry of that reign, with a mark to those who had their pedigrees then entered in the heralds' books. At the back of some maps in the British Museum, which we believe belonged to Lord Burleigh, are lists of the principal gentry in each county in the reign of Henry VII. But Leland's *Itinerary* contains the best contemporary account of the nobles and gentry in the time of Henry VIII., with a description — brief indeed — of their castles and mansions, and sometimes the value of their rentals. In the reign of James I. new visitations were made by the heralds; but these are still very careless and imperfect. For instance, one of the Arundells of Trerice, in Cornwall, is entered as legitimate, when his own father in his will calls him his *bastard son*. In another case, at a country-town in an eastern county, where the visitation was held, the mother of the chief family (lords of the town, and of high quality) is called the *sister* of a peer of her own name, when she was only of a remote branch; and the question might have been settled by only applying at her house in the next street: and the place of the son, a knight and courtier, is confounded with that of his father, also a man of rank about the court. In another case, the two brothers of a chief of a great family, who signed the pedigree, are left out, though he gives both of them legacies in his will four years afterwards. These books of the heralds, therefore, are so imperfect, that they never ought to have been admitted as legal evidence. Some of Dugdale's Visitations are discovered to have been erroneous; and even the later and ampler ones of Gregory King are not without flaws. But the interference of the Court of Chivalry, under the earl-marshal, was conducted in the most arbitrary and unconstitutional manner. Whenever the crown wished to do a tyrannical act, it resorted to this court; witness the proceedings against Sir Robert Dudley with regard to his legitimacy.

The writer of this article has no doubt that Sir Robert was legitimate; though it must be admitted that Gervase Holles, who lived near those times, and was connected with the parties, did not consider him so. The proceedings form a very curious article in the *Biographia Britannica*. Though the Court of Chivalry was abolished, in conformity with the Bill of Rights, the heralds have never ceased to act on the principles and rules of that unjust and odious court; and the late Duke of Norfolk was very fond of a personal interference, and busied himself much about the grant or denial of arms.

The heralds, in the last thirty years, have derived great profits from the grants of arms *novis hominibus*; and it has been much the fashion of late for the mercantile classes to resort thither. Whoever has read the preliminary statements to the new grants by Sir Isaac Heard, must smile at the utter inconsistency and whimsicality of the principles,—if he had any principles, —by which the knightly garter endeavoured to justify the devices he assigned. Sometimes, without any colour of evidence, he gave so near an approach to an old coat, that none but a very nice eye could distinguish it; and sometimes he insulted one who had fair pretensions, by giving him a coat as opposite as he could invent to what his family had long borne. If left to himself, he would give a coat more like hieroglyphics than heraldry.

Among the great reforms that are wanted, the establishment of a legal court for the record of pedigrees is

one. In the report of the commissioners on real property and conveyancing, this want is strongly urged. It would not be difficult. Reports might be quarterly made to every subdivision of magistrates from every parish, duly authenticated by oath, and otherwise vouched, and returned by the clerks to some record-office; and there might be a legal court established, with barristers to plead; and heralds to be only allowed to prepare researches and evidence, like attorneys questions of facts, to be decided by a jury.

It is absurd that the heralds will allow no *prescriptive* rights to arms. Sir Edward Bysshe having omitted in one of his visitations to get the arms of the respective families entered in the fair copy, from the original notes, Sir Isaac Heard, when those original notes were recovered, would not allow them to be inserted; but forced some of the families to take new grants!!

It is the fashion of the day to consider pedigrees of no value. If so, it would be better at once to abolish inheritable property and honours. We regard breed in animals, why not in human beings? If it be true that "wisdom cometh of leisure," and that much is the effect of childish impressions and early instruction, then the descent from honourable and educated parents is a strong recommendation.

As coat-armour arose out of the military profession, so men of the gown, or of commerce, could only obtain them by royal grant. And this must have been the real origin of patents by which such permission was obtained, at a time when the original institution began to slacken in its rules, and men aspired, through vanity, to the appearance of having sprung from sources of an higher quality than they were really derived from; and, indeed, when men had obtained wealth from the arts of peace, the military tenures which that wealth purchased rendered the acquirement of such badges necessary. In that harvest of new fortunes, the dissolution of monasteries and the spoils of the church, the grants were numerous, as in the Cromwells, Wriothesleys, Peters, Pagets, Mildmays, Dormers, &c. &c. Then it was that the heralds shewed a good deal of cunning; for no one could mistake a new coat at first sight by its complex appearance. It is true that, after the lapse of three centuries, many of these houses have now the credit of being ancient.

Whatever the truth may be, that truth ought not then to have been, or now to be, disguised. We are speaking of these things historically; whether wise or foolish, we are noticing them as facts. They have been for six or seven centuries inwoven with the manners and customs of all Europe, and have formed a part of the essential arrangements of society. The chain of subordination of the feudal system must be admitted to have been perfect; and these heraldic distinctions may be said to have been of the essence of it. Wyrley's *Ancient Usage of Bearing Arms*, published at the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was a clever and clear historical discourse. Dugdale republished it a century afterwards, with a few additions, and a catalogue of the then existing peerage. This is the most satisfactory treatise on the subject in a short compass which we have. Arms are certainly of more trifling consideration in the cases of new coats, which have had their commencement since the causes and primary uses of these badges have entirely ceased. But the desire to adopt them, rightly or wrongly, is incontrovertible evidence how much and how generally they are valued; and how universal is the feeling of the reverence of birth.

This adds to the importance of a strict regard to the laws, by which this, like all other property, ought to be regulated and protected. The laws of evidence in England ought to be uniformly enforced. The earl marshal's court was accustomed to put these laws at defiance. The heralds often rejected the evidence which the court of common law admitted, and admitted what those courts rejected. Questions of fact, by the constitution of England can only be decided by a jury. So says Lord Holt, in his famous judgment, in the King's Bench, in the Banbury case, 1695. (See Skinner, and Lord Raymond.)

The usage of the same arms in ancient times was a satisfactory proof of descent from a common stock. Let us take an instance. The Scudamores of Holme-Lacy, and the Scudamores of Kentchurch, both in Herefordshire, have always, from an early date, borne the same arms; yet the junction of one with the other cannot be traced. But who can doubt from this fact that

they had a common origin? When the heralds made their visitation, they disclaimed, as usurpers, those gentry who could not, or did not, prove to them the right to the arms they used. There is no doubt that some gentry, either from supiness, or dislike to pay the heralds' fees, did not make their proofs when they could; and the heralds revenged themselves by disclaiming them; but this rarely happened, unless the defaulter's right was so incontestable that a herald's disclaimer would not affect their credit. The *non*-disclaimer of the heralds, where the open use can be proved, is a very strong presumptive evidence that the heralds could not impeach the right.

This armorial bearing, in many cases, is a positive evidence to identify or separate persons of the same name, where all other means of doing so fail. It clears up one of the difficulties in pedigree which are continually occurring. The commissioners on real property admit that questions of pedigree are among the greatest obstacles that this branch of the law has to contend with. We have already hinted at a remedy for preserving future pedigrees sufficiently simple; but such is the supineness of the legislature on this subject, that we do not believe that this or any other plan will be adopted; because, when an attempt was made, about fifteen or sixteen years ago, by the medium of *funeral certificates*, the motion was scouted by official persons, as well as by all the Radicals of the house. Acts have been passed to quiet titles on real property: an act ought to be passed to quiet titles in the usage of arms, since the cessation of heralds' visitations. It might be to this effect, that all who could prove the usage up to the grandfather, provided it went back a century, should be in future deemed to have a good title, unless the right to such usage could be disproved, the *onus disprobandi* in such case to lie on the heralds; but such title not to be hereafter deemed proof of alliance, unless it went back one hundred and fifty years from the date of the act.

We are all well aware how very unpalatable these topics are to that large body of the people who are anxious to propagate the doctrine of the equality of man; but the doctrine of the equality of man in civil society is now found out to be an absurd impossibility! The object of all legislatures ought to be to soften that inequality in the manner best adapted to the general happiness, and the security of order and authority. That is best, by endeavouring to secure respect and distinction to eminence in liberal occupations, in preference to the pursuit of that selfish wealth, which can never fail by its own force to have sufficient sway. If nothing but wealth is regarded, who will seek any thing but wealth? Then it may be truly said, with Horace,

> "quærenda pecuniâ primum est;
> Virtus post nummos."

It is true, that in the abuses of human institutions, honours have been often conferred in right of wealth,—not to counterbalance it; and this has been for the last century more especially the case with the dignity of the baronetage. We will not say that it never occurred at the commencement of that order; but it occurred rarely. A singular case comes to our recollection, in Sir William Courten, a rich merchant in the reign of Charles I., who, or whose son, married a daughter of the first Earl of Bridgewater; of the rise and fall of which family of Courten, a most curious and minute account is given in the second edition of the *Biographia Britannica*,—we forget whether under the article of Courten, or *Charlton*, which name was assumed by the last of the family.

The first list of baronets was made up of the heirs of the most ancient families of commoners, with very rare exceptions. But it took ten years to fill up the two hundred, to which number it was originally limited. The sum to be paid was 1000*l.*, and the qualification an annual revenue of land of 1000*l.*, besides a certain degree of honourable descent. We much doubt if many of them had in fact this rental, which *then* was a large one, notwithstanding the exaggerated ideas which vulgar and uninformed people have of landed rentals. Some of them, having got this step, soon found their way into the peerage. Those who remain in the baronetage are about forty, many of them still flourishing with large estates. It can scarcely be denied, that whatever secures the permanence of property in the same family is a great political advantage, though abso-

lute monarchs may wish to break down a strong aristocracy. To give a specimen of the first baronets, we need only name a few, whose aboriginal antiquity cannot be contested. Such as Clifton, Barrington, Musgrave, Gresley, Harrington, Mordaunt, Egerton, Burdett, Tichborne, Wake, Mansel, Dering, &c. (the last name, indeed, belongs to Charles I.) A few truly ancient names and families remain among the untitled commoners; but they are very few—such as Drake of Amersham. Some of the great untitled commoners have changed their names; such as Coke, Portman, Egerton of Tatton, &c.

We now come to more important, and what are deemed more statesman-like considerations. If any one thinks that he can go upon abstract notions of politics, detached from the moral feelings and habits of a people, he will be very much mistaken. The subjects we have hitherto discussed deeply affect those moral feelings and habits. We contend that the desertion of a country life by the upper ranks is a great national evil, deeply affecting the character and happiness of the agricultural population, which ought to be the strength of a state. We think that the value of agricultural wealth is very much under-rated, and the value of manufactured and commercial wealth very much over-rated; that it is not desirable to bring a nation into the highly artificial state into which the British empire has been brought by these latter means, and that in this respect the Funded Debt has been a most enormous and gigantic mischief.

It is a truism to say that taxes operate on the produce of the soil by a positive subtraction of a portion of that produce, and no high nominal price for the remainder can make amends for that loss, because the price of other commodities will rise proportionally. The produce of manufactures is in proportion to the cost in human labour, but the produce of the soil is partly the result of the operations of nature, and therefore the price in this case cannot entirely be regulated by the cost. If therefore we pursue out this observation, it will lead to the conclusion, that taxes operate more heavily on the produce of land than on other commodities. But this is a theory we have not room here to explain at large. When we add the assessed taxes, and the land-tax to this, it follows that the Funded Debt has ruined the land. And while the income-tax was in operation, the tenant's tax added to the landlord's—both of which were finally paid by the landlord in deduction of rent—charged the land with 17½ per cent. instead of 10 per cent; and then the deduction allowed by the act for repairs never covered them. We have seen many cases of poor land, and many buildings, where, in the course of fifteen years, the rent never paid the costs.

This will account for the desertion of country mansions, the decay of ancient families, and the discomfort, misery, and demoralisation of the peasantry. The celebrated bishop, Joseph Hall, in one of his spirited satires, published at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, has the following picturesque description of a deserted country mansion:

"Beat the broad gates, a goodly hollow sound,
With double echoes, doth again rebound,
But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,
Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see—
All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,
Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite
The marble pavement hid with desert weed,
With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock seed.
* * * * * *
Look to the tower'd chimneys, which should be
The wind-pipes of good hospitality,
Through which it breatheth to the open air,
Betokening life and liberal welfare
Lo, there the unthankful swallow takes her rest,
And fills the tunnel with her circled nest."

What would the bishop, if he had written now, have said? What innumerable mansions are now deserted, in addition to those which have been pulled down, or turned into farm-houses! Pitt's assessed taxes raised to the foundation thousands of old halls and castellated seats.

If we are asked when the great evil began to move with a rapid and ruinous progress, we should say the commencement of Pitt's administration in 1784. We must examine Pitt's history and character with nicety. He was the

dandled son of a great father, who, in a good cause, had triumphed over the aristocracy of England; and was brought up in contempt of that aristocracy. He was taught, and believed, that genius, eloquence, and public virtues, were all; and all factitious influences of birth, rank, power, and riches, nothing. He came into the House of Commons on being of age, 1780, and was soon received with such applause as to confirm him in these ideas. Two years afterwards, at the age of twenty-three, he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer to Lord Lansdowne's administration, 1783. In a few months that administration was overthrown; and in the lapse of another short nine months, such a scene opened upon him as never opened on an ambitious young minister before. Fox's East India-bill had roused the opposition of all the immense influence and wealth of the East India Company, and all their connexions, which then extended themselves to all the corners of the kingdoms. The coalition ministry were clamorously unpopular by the single act of that unprincipled coalition: and they were offensive to the king, both personally, and on account of the anti-regal notions they had long violently advocated; except Lord North, who having been a favourite, as the organ of the contrary cause, was now still more offensive to that monarch for having joined his enemies. The king either conceived of his own head, or was taught to think, that the East India-bill was a plan to seize the throne by storm. The king, therefore, and the people, now joined against the ministry and the House of Commons.

Fox's bill passed the Commons; for the ministry was made up of all the great Whig families, with the addition of most of the leaders of the North administration. Lord Lansdowne (then Lord Shelburne) was not personally, nor, though of ancient Irish nobility, at all rooted in the English aristocracy. Pitt had none but personal power: he had no fortune; and his family were considered new: his habits were recluse; he was unknown among the gay and the fashionable; and had no influence or acquaintance among the clubs. All seemed bright to the new ministry, who had all the splendour, rank, and wit of society with them. But a storm was gathering in the distance. The Marquess of Buckingham, Pitt's first cousin, had the king's ear. He encouraged the monarch—for we believe the suspicion was of his majesty's own suggestion—in the persuasion that this bill would endanger his throne: and the opposition in the House of Peers threw out the ministry. The conduct of the Commons was now committed to Pitt; and he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer a second time, and premier. This was in January 1784, when his age was only twenty-four years and an half. Such an Herculean weight was never placed on such young shoulders before.

The parliament was now dissolved; and as Pitt had no influence among the ancient gentry, East Indians and *parvenus* were brought in by shoals. Here was the grand fall of the ancient gentry; we speak from our own positive observation at the moment. In a few short months it changed the character of English society. Here came what was then considered a large batch of peers; and several of them of a quality such as had not before aspired to the peerage. The king would create no peers for the coalition: but Pitt, by assisting to overthrow Fox's bill, was now a prime favourite with the monarch; and he had equally the popular cry. He made up a ministry, not of party, or clanship, or rank, but from personal considerations, and such as he thought would be fit to do the work: but he was himself the spirit and body of all; for he had few able coadjutors. Nothing less than mighty talents would have sustained such a situation; but nothing less than such circumstances, and such a momentary temper in the people, would have enabled even Pitt to succeed in it. He took the tide at its height, and carried it on with gigantic force.

But we must now consider how the turn of his mind, which impressed itself on public affairs, operated on the manners and habits of the people. He had imbibed, rather from accidental circumstances than from the warm and imaginative character of Lord Chatham's mind, abstract notions of politics. He had an infusion of the Grenville industry and love of detail. He was studious, stern, and unbending in his moral and mental habits. He was quick in apprehension, retentive in memory, and clear in judgment; and what he digested in thought he

always accustomed himself to embody in language. All the preparations of his mind were directed to political discussion in a public forum. There was nothing sentimental, picturesque, or literary, in his mental furniture. He never illustrated, like Burke; nor became subtle and metaphysical, like Fox. His was a declamatory rotundity. When he came to college, Adam Smith's work on the *Wealth of Nations* was the subject of universal study among public men. It was a book precisely suited to Pitt's talents; and he got it by heart.

The principles of this book Pitt instantly carried with him into the House of Commons. His whole mind was filled with finance; and he thought that all politics depended on the augmentation of the national wealth. This was the test by which he tried every thing—this was his hobby-horse. He said to himself, there is no importance in any other classes of society than the productive classes. He forgot, or knew not, the last line of one of Milton's noble sonnets:

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

He would have had producers, and nothing but producers. When his young friend, the D. of R., to whose recommendation he owed his first seat in parliament, died, and left his immense rental overloaded with debt, he was, if we recollect, named an executor. The old Duchess of R. applied to him about the mode of keeping up some of the establishment, with a due regard to the family rank. "Family rank!" he said impatiently; "family rank! Psha! what signifies to the nation if the family rank and establishment of all the dukes and peers of the kingdom were sunk to the bottom of the sea!" or words to that effect. This came direct from a man of business of the day, who heard it pass with his own ears! It is here mentioned as an illustration of the young premier's mode of thinking and feeling. He thought all prejudices in favour of family, and all that only tended to please the imagination in the modes and customs and occupations of life, nothing better than the idle trifling of empty minds.

In short, to use a trite expression, Pitt had a matter-of-fact mind. He saw every thing as a dry man of business, and solely as a man of business; and of business, too, chiefly confined to finance. Hence every thing was sacrificed to manufactures, trade, and revenue. His grand resource was the assessed taxes, which principally fell on people of rank, on landed proprietors, and residents in the country. We contend that this was short and dangerous policy. In the window-tax, the ancient lords of the land were sacrificed to the East India Company—Pitt's great patrons. We forget at this moment how many East Indians Pitt made baronets. Paul Benfield was at one time one of his great favourites and financial advisers! He made a banker an English peer, and filled the Irish peerage with *parvenus*. His principle was this; "they who are rich must be loaded with honours, however low in birth, in order to intertwine their interests with those of the aristocracy." As his father had put the true aristocracy to defiance, he early imbibed a hatred to them. He affected to despise, though he was annoyed by, the circle at Brooks's. He filled the Treasury and Admiralty with a set of young sprigs of new nobility; and old George Rose was a man to whom, though he did not like him, he gave full employment. The spirit of youth, a courageous and honourable ambition, great industry, a decisive mind, undoubted rapidity of comprehension, a constant presence of intellect, which prevented him from being ever taken by surprise, great parliamentary tact, extraordinary command of perspicuous language, an unrivalled reputation which accompanied his career from its commencement, and a consequent prejudice and applause attendant on every thing he said and did, carried him triumphantly through.

It is said, that the manners and the laws reciprocally act on each other. Pitt did not sufficiently attend to the former of these. He did not know life in any of those delightful enjoyments of intellectual leisure, or in that spiritual part of our being, which partly constitute its principal and most virtuous pride. He was so engrossed from his first youth by dry business, operating on a mind naturally cold, that he considered all those pleasures useless and empty delusions.

That this would have a great effect on the ranks, habits, opinions, and estimates of society, might *à priori* be expected. Experience soon proved, that, in fact, it had a tremendous

operation. All the higher ranks sunk at once in the estimate of the people, and in their own estimate! It is true, that agriculture flourished for a time, and produce and rents rose. But then the great farmer rode over the cottagers, wrested their gardens and small enclosures from them, and confronted and sneered at, and beat down his landlord! Next he became too fine a gentleman to board his own ploughmen; but put them at a starving pension with his own head labourers. Then his daughters were sent to boarding-schools, taught luxuries; and every market-day the upholsterer, the music-master, the dancing-master, and the milliner, came into grand request. Meantime, all that Goldsmith so pathetically describes, in his *Deserted Village*, of the unhoused and ejected cottager, took place. The working farmer became a boorish demi-gentleman, riding fine horses, driving his gig, and drinking port-wine; while he and his family lost all respect for the Squire, and yet demanded most implicit submission from the peasantry in his pay,—grinding them by the poor-laws, and insulting them for the poverty he caused! But mark how this was justified according to the new theory of political economy! It was said, that this was the system by which most corn was brought to the market! How was this effected? By starving the consumption at home, and the labourers who produced it! Had there not better have been a few more happy agricultural workmen, and a few less manufacturers? A little more corn and bread, and a little less butcher's meat? More milk, more garden-stuff, more pigs, and poultry, for the cottagers! More forty-shilling freeholders? More little farmers, humble, submissive, and content?

If this had been the case, we should have had no radical mob of incendiaries; no machine-breaking, no sedition, no want of employment, no starvation, no cruel emigration, no downfal of aristocracy, no rasure of mansions, no general sale of estates, no scorn of rank, no ridicule of the glory of departed days, no fall of banners and pennons, no insult to the principles of subordination, no denial of the moral advantages resulting from the Corinthian pillars of society.

In the manner in which Pitt applied Smith's doctrines, he mistook the means for the end. Wealth is only a means; the end is happiness. To get wealth at the expense of misery, is to reverse its purposes, and destroy its use. There may be a happy poverty, and a wretched abundance. Is not the workman in the fields, to whom free air and healthy toil give an appetite, more happy on the coarsest bread than the manufacturer on high pay, who has wherewith to indulge a part of the week in intemperance and debauchery, at the sacrifice of his health, in labour confined to diseased apartments, breathing pestilence, palsy, and death? But all this is to be done for the sake of attaining the greatest productiveness! Productive of what? Often of all that is hurtful to the health and morals, or an empty indulgence of follies and vanities!

Such a philosophy, conducted on partial views, and with inattention to the complexity of our being! What is wealth, at the expense of all that constitutes the polish, the ornament, the wisdom of society? Whence are our statesmen, our legislators, our intellectual teachers, to come, but from those who live in independence and dignity, and have leisure to cultivate the mind? That the gradation of ranks is for the good of the whole community, may be denied by a few, but can be denied by no sound and honest politician! It is equally certain, that the decay of the ancient gentry, and their absence from the venerable old mansions which used to adorn almost every country parish, is an irreparable loss to the husbandry classes, now most truly called the *poor!* Were every farmer to be as rich as the ancient gentry were, or even possessed of double their riches, he would not confer the same benefits on the poor as they were accustomed to do. Not only the establishments of the gentry contributed more to the comfort of the peasantry; but their manners and their feelings, refined by a more liberal education, softened their treatment to those who were thus dependent on them. The diversions of gardens and small allotments of land from the cottagers took place with the fall of the gentry. What is become of the greater part of those comfortable occupations which maintained the lives of the humbler classes whose lot lay in the country? The gentry had their bailiffs, gardeners, gamekeepers, huntsmen, helpers, me-

nials, who grew grey in the service of their masters. These people and their families were thus lifted to a degree above the condition of hard labour: their sense of dependence on these kind families in whose service they were engaged, produced attachment and respect, and at once softened and strengthened the links of society. A due portion of the fruits of the earth was thus enjoyed on the spot on which it grew. And there was every regular gradation, from the basest hut, with no plot of ground, to the little farmer, the great farmer and yeoman, the squire, the knight, and the powerful nobleman in his castle or his palace. All these opened their kitchens and their hospitable halls, and were little courts that taught manners and the civilities of life. The ale flowed, and the walls of the old mansion rung on holydays with the song of cheerfulness. The families of the small squires might oftentimes be somewhat narrow in their notions, and not of prime elegance in their manners; but how liberal, and refined, and gentle they were, compared with the hard and puffed-up progeny of the overgrown farmer! Then the traditions attached to their name, and the memorials of them which met the cottagers' eyes in the parish church every Sunday,—did these go for nothing? The human mind must have taken a direction different from the course of nature, if it did so. If these families exist, they are driven to towns and public places, where they lose all distinction of character, and are polished down to a vapid emptiness and *ennui*. There all is hollow, deceitful, and heartless; it is the senseless smile, the unmeaning civility, and the loss of the former power to do good, by the destruction of that chain of dependence by which the lower classes formerly hung on one's opportunity of beneficence and attachment. It is a grievous change for the worse in the condition of society, let political philosophers and Radicals say or argue what they will.

The resident clergy, in a state of ease and affluence, are now the only protection and comfort to the rural population. The Radicals are resolved to strip them also! Then, when all is left between the great farmer and the pennyless labourer, for what a scene of desperation will the latter be prepared! Reckless with despondence, furious with hunger and thirst, what weapons will the revolutionists have thus prepared for the work of destruction and blood they meditate! They have no ties with those above them; no common interest or hope. All the native impressions of the heart are erased. "Come what come will, it cannot be worse! Let slip the dogs of war, and the bloodhounds of destruction!" Thus they feel, and openly argue.

These are not the exaggerated colourings of a declamatory fancy. They are exact descriptions, drawn from the life; what we have heard with our own ears, and seen with our own eyes. We take a county with which we have been intimate from our childhood. Where are the old gentry? Above half gone; their estates sold; their houses pulled down, or uninhabited. Where new purchasers, who call themselves gentlemen, have come into their places, they are of a new class, sprung from a low origin, and with all the mean and hard feelings of a low origin; grinders of the poor; insulters of their condition; overbearing; sprung from tailors and pawnbrokers, Jews, jobbers, and contractors, from public peculators and adventurous upstarts! They consume all in outward show, live in private scantily and meanly, and are hated and despised by those beneath them. In every house they now inhabit, we remember, fifty or sixty years ago, every gentleman (and every one of them was a man of a certain degree of birth) lived handsomely and plentifully. Their equipages were well arranged; no one put less than four stout handsome coach-horses into his carriage, with one, two, or three outriders; then the domestic establishment of gamekeepers, gardeners, &c. was large. All was plentiful; ale flowed in the servants'-hall; and the masters were at ease, — unharassed and undistempered by the anxiety of debt. Three of the chief families, ancient baronets, of historic name, are now absolutely extinct. The estate of one of them has since changed three times; and of another four times. The venerable house of another ancient family of baronets once well known in the world, is levelled to the ground. Another Elizabethian mansion of an aboriginal family uninhabited; and every family that remains much embarrassed; and decaying fast. The

parvenu houses that have taken their place glitter about for their day of short sunshine with a varnish of gold-leaf, endeavouring to attract notice by a busy impertinence and offensive interference; but odious to the lower orders, and scoffed at by them! They pinch all around them to make a little temporary display; then sell; are gone, and die, no one knows where or how! Few families now last to the end of the second generation; and many do not go beyond the death of the purchaser.

Of the 226 first-created baronets, 46 exist in the same rank, 23 are peers either of England, Scotland, or Ireland, and 157 are extinct, viz. within a fraction of three-fourths. Almost all the early baronets were ancient landed gentry. In every batch created within the last fifty years, not one-fifth has consisted of landed gentry, old or new. A few old names have come into latter creation, such as Tyrell, Knightly, Corbet, Kynaston, Ogle, Maitland, Macdonald, Malet, Grey, Lowther, Clifford. The honour has been properly bestowed on men distinguished in the army and navy; and the order derived splendour by adding to it the great Magician of the North.

In the reign of Elizabeth, most of the chief families of commoners were knighted. See a list of them in Sylvanus Morgan's *Sphere of Gentry*; and Philpot published a list of King James's knights. Leneve has left in MS., in the British Museum, pedigrees of the knights made by King Charles II., a very useful collection. Blome has given, at the end of his *Britannica*, a list of the gentry of that reign, arranged under counties. To shew that the families whose right to bear arms was acknowledged had the most permanence in them, we will mention that, of all the names disclaimed by the heralds in a certain county, in 1665, only one or two now exist. If we recollect, commissioners were appointed in the time of Henry VI. to take the lists of all the persons bearing arms (*armigeri*); and this list is printed in Fuller's *Worthies*, a useful and amusing work of a very lively and intelligent author; a work reprinted by the late amiable and well-deserving John Nichols. This compilation also contains the lists of sheriffs of counties, who were anciently of the first class amongst the commoners.

It is not considered that neither agriculture nor manufactures can be carried on without capital; and if there is sufficient capital, has not the possessor a right to live upon the interest? Is it not for the benefit of the community that he *should* live upon the interest, rather than rival in the market those who must work for their bread? Now, if there must be capital, there must be inequality; and if inequality, the proper distribution of ranks and honours render that inequality more palatable to those below it.

The interest of fixed capital payable out of so much of the produce of the soil as arises from the operation of nature, which goes under the name of rent, is still more valuable to the community than what results from human labour. There is, therefore, a great deception in the argument used in favour of foreign growth, on the principle, that the importing country gains all the difference of the superior fertility of the foreign land in return for the same labour. There must be set against that gain the foreign rent, the deduction of taxes, and the acts of transit; and if it reduces the manufacturing labourer's wages, by which the foreign rent of his produce is facilitated, this is a gain to the foreign consumer, not to the home labourer. The gain, therefore, if any, is only partial, and does not alter the national wealth, but merely the distribution of it. This is a light in which we believe that the question has not hitherto been considered.

The produce of capital is divided into three parts: first, to the labourer; second, to the direction of the capital; third, to the owner of the capital. The question is, therefore, as to the comparative value of rent, and of interest for personal capital. Here lies the true question between agriculture and manufactures, as far as mere wealth is concerned; but after this, there is still the more important question of health and morals. If we are right in stating the questions in this way, then we shall know how to estimate the proper importance of the great landed proprietors and the country gentlemen. We believe that the latter laws, institutions, and manners and habits of society, which have tended in these our days to depreciate them, have committed a most fatal error; and that those ancient arrangements, which conduced

to keep them in respect and prosperity, were sound, useful, and wise. That the present condition both of property and rank is hollow and delusive, can scarcely be doubted—that the feudal system was wise in its day, may be denied; but not with much deep reason. We are not as much wiser than our ancestors as modern philosophy pretends; in the technical sciences we may be advanced, not in moral and political knowledge. We have been pulling down a magnificent Gothic mansion, to build a modern poor-house of brick;—the loss in the exchange will one day be found out, notwithstanding our sneers at the lofty fret-work roofs, the airy pinnacles and turrets, and the sky-seeking spires and towers.

We are ready to admit that great abuses have taken place in our laws and manners, and that there is room and necessity for many grave reforms; but we contend, that many of the worst of these abuses have arisen out of the modern changes of society. The crying enormities of legal costs and delays, and bad faith and flagitious conduct of many of the lower agents of the law, have derived their occasion from the distresses of the times, and more especially of the landed interest. We repeat, that those distresses resulted from the system commenced by Pitt; at the same time we are ready to concede, that many benefits arose out of Pitt's spirited measures. In his time commenced the usage of country-banks and paper-currency, which distributed so much credit and capital among the agriculturists; and Pitt must not be answerable for the sudden, cruel, and violent check which has been subsequently given to that system. We contend, that many of this powerful minister's other measures counterbalanced the advantages conferred on the land by this system, which, now that it has been put an end to, has done more harm than good to the landowners.

We need not say that a great funded debt is not a capital, as some foolish writers have considered it, but the reverse. It is an annual *charge* on the future labour and produce of a nation. This is not its only evil: it has fostered and brought forth a most powerful combination of monied men, always present in the metropolis, to act mischievously on government and public affairs, and irritating by luxury and rivalry the ancient gentry to their ruin. Thus all society is set afloat, and based, as it were, on a moving sand. The mighty flood will come, ere long, and sweep it all away, not "leaving even a wreck behind."

What political advantage can be derived from the act of property going through a rapid change of hands? Enterprisers for new wealth have no claim to this facility, as a matter of justice. Why is a prize to be procured at the expense of the old holders? A new creation of property may be desirable, but not a mere hocus-pocus of new proprietors. The object of laws ought to be to secure property, not to facilitate its sliding away. When the lawyers resorted to fictions of the most dishonest kind, in the time of Henry VII., to cut off entails, they were the corrupt instruments of the game playing by a tyrannical monarch, who wished to get rid of the check on him, which the power of the aristocracy imposed. Such an aristocracy was of the essence of the feudal system. Charlemagne would do nothing without the consent of the Assembly of the States. (See his *Capitularies*.)

It is from Charlemagne that we are to date our aboriginal peerages: the great Norman families derived themselves from this source. We can trace almost all the Conqueror's Anglo-Norman earls and principal barons to this fountain. These were mighty men in their day, nor was their power unbeneficial to the people; their blood runs in the veins of the small old portion of the present British peerage.

In this respect, perhaps, the ancient house whose principal male branch soon adopted the name of Vesci (a name of which the male branch, whose posterity continued the same appellation, is no longer surviving, unless the Irish Veseys can prove their claim to it), is the first. But there were at least ten other male branches sprung from its other assumed names, whose posterity rose to English or Irish peerages. One of the chief of these was Hubert de Burgh, earl of Kent in the reign of Henry III.; and another was Lacy, earl of Lincoln, whose heiress ended in the Clares, earls of Gloucester. But the history of all these branches would fill volumes. They were illustrious crusaders, and most of the principal branches were distinguished for the

armorial bearing of the cross. Vesci bore sable, a gold cross; the De Burghs, earls of Ulster, bore gold, a red cross. This house literally loses itself in the night of time, and may be dimly traced up to the eighth century in France. We have no doubt that the illustrious Edmund Burke sprung from it. The chief branch of the Vescis ended in the Cliffords, earls of Cumberland, whose heiress was the famous Anne, countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery. (See Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*; and Gilpin's *Northern Tour*.)

But we must return to the country gentlemen. Old Harry Hastings of Woodlands, whose character was drawn so livelily by the first Lord Shaftesbury, is the most curious specimen of the life of a country gentleman in Charles the First's time. Harry Fielding is supposed to have given the portrait of one in the reign of George II., in the character of Squire Western, in *Tom Jones*; but, however amusing, it is an exaggeration, which tends to mislead. It throws ridicule on manners and habits, which were not so ignorant and absurd. We well knew many squires, the vigour of whose life had passed at that time, and we never saw an instance of any such uncouth and rude humours. Harry Fielding, with all his wit and cleverness, and all his high birth (which was not only noble, but of the male line of the imperial house of Hapsburg), was innately low-lived. See Gray's remarks on him, and Horace Walpole's.

While we sincerely praise the country life of the old squire, we have not forgot the humorous lines of Hall Stevenson, in his *Crazy Tales*:—

> "A country dog, I think,
> Is very like a country squire:
> They both are only fit to sleep and stink
> By their own fire.
> In short, they never are so entertaining
> As when they're fast asleep, or feigning."

The seed-plot of the families of ancient gentry is in Cheshire—perhaps in consequence of its remoteness from the metropolis; manufacturers are now probably making their way there, and mining the ground, soon to blow them up. Will a better order take their place? Probably men more crafty, for business teaches craft; but this must not be mistaken for wisdom, talent, or knowledge.

Legislators, in their abstract theories of political wisdom, are apt to despise these considerations. "Aid the getting of wealth," they cry; "and let the hands through which it goes, and the manner of spending it, take care of themselves." Legislators ought to be men of high education, endowed with a natural sagacity, and the passions, dispositions, tempers, and sentiments of mankind: they should consider how their fancies may be pleased, and their hearts interested. All men engaged in making their own fortunes see things in partial points of view; in all cases they advocate particular interests, instead of exercising a sound and unprejudiced judgment: they appear to be subtle and able, but they are no more than technical and ready.

The extraordinary demoralisation of the lower classes of the agricultural population, which has taken place in the last fifteen or sixteen years, must strike every observant eye. Their hard, disrespectful, defying, reckless looks—their lean, pale faces—their scanty, bare, unchanged dress—their naked, poverty-struck cottages—their cheerlessness on holydays—their general gloom—impressed a gentleman, who had been abroad a few years, so strongly on his return, that he absolutely fell himself into melancholy, and could not be persuaded to go into the villages, roads, or fields, or quit his house for the common air and exercise.

There is no longer a chain in society; each particle is separated from another, and thrown into dispersed and conflicting fragments. That doctrine of impossible equality has unhinged and loosened all: while it was drunk in as the nectar of holy truth, it inebriated for a moment and then poisoned. The inequality of wealth was contended for; the inequality of privileged orders was furiously denied to be justifiable. Why are the possessors of war-got riches so inclined to aid the revolutionary cause, if they cannot have honours heaped upon their wealth? They are blind and stultified: a Radical is more greedy for the spoil of property than to pull down rank and title. It is not necessary, therefore, that government should confer rank on rich *parvenus* to keep them quiet. They want the security of a settled government for the enjoyment of the property they have acquired; yet by this paltry dread of their power, has government had its

honours and bounties wrested from it. Feeble politicians have cried, "We must not have a poor aristocracy!" Then why do every thing to make them poor?

Pitt came into power too young—he had not had time to lay in knowledge and to gain experience; he was caught by plausible surface, which appeared liberal, but which, if he had had an opportunity to dig deeper, would have taken a very different character. While his object was merely to liberalise, he was laying the seeds of revolution. He did not take the French system of anarchy by the forelock; he waited till it was advanced too far. He would not attend to the forebodings of Burke, whose mind was, in all its elements and faculties, a contrast to Pitt's. Burke's opinions were made up by all the various intellectual powers, and especially by the imagination which presents materials, and the sagacity which by a glance pierces them to the bottom. He only took the materials presented to him by others, and reasoned on them abstractedly.

The whole spirit of the theory of the day was this—that the non-productive classes are a nuisance to society, empty superfluities, and an abuse on the rights of man. They did not think deep enough to see this, that the doctrine was neither more nor less than that *capital* was useless, and that there ought to be no capital. We are far from saying that the privileged orders never abuse their rank; all human institutions will be sometimes abused. Folly, vice, and bad passions, will form a part of every order. The contemptible butterflies of fashion, the feeble-minded and vain, will do a great many impertinent, offensive, and idiotic things. There is a sort of insulting exclusiveness sometimes practised by these insects: but then the insects of a lower class expose themselves to this by the absurd attempt to escape from their own condition. Every one in his own station may be respectable and enjoy himself. Different ranks have different manners and habits; let each be content with his own. An overweening idea of one's own consequence, in right merely of rank and title, is more a subject of laughter than of grave reprehension or regret. High birth and rank should teach men to be complacent, candid, and courteous; and generally it does so. There will always be exceptions; but the public takes ample revenge of such offensive and stultified faults. Will not a mob-superiority introduce worse evils? How does Milton make our Saviour address Satan in Book III. of *Paradise Regained?*

"Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise,—if always praise unmix'd?
And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well-weighed, scarce worth the praise?
They praise, and they admire, they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk;
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise—
His lot who dares be singularly good?
The intelligent among them, and the wise,
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised."

The rabble will always hold the doctrine, that there ought not to be either riches or superiority of station. But surely such senseless clamours go for nothing. It would be very well if we could new-make mankind, so that among the low there should be neither insolence, envy, and jealousy, nor obsequiousness and servility,—but we cannot do so. We must deal with mankind as God and their frailties have made them. But there must be something rotten in the laws and customs, where there is a perpetual upside down of society. Families flourished in their own station, even all through the civil wars, to the middle of the last century, and then began to give way with a burst. Look at the obituary of Le Neve's *Funeral Epitaphs*, of the *Historical Register*, and of the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1700, and see how large a portion of the gentry then existing are now gone. Could the heralds make a visitation now, and be authorised to call for proof of gentry by fair, candid, and legal evidence, not one in five would be able to make good his title: we mean if we take the old rule of gentilitial birth, viz. descended pater-

nally from a grandfather who had a right to bear arms We would not bind him to the unjust and absurd rules of the heralds, but allow a prescriptive title The same observation is applicable to almost all the modern batches of baronets.

The doctrine that property ought to be held loosely, that it may float in the air, a prize for new activity, is atrocious. Mankind never want incitements to attempt to grow rich, and if they did, they ought not to be had at the expense of others Whatever may be the vast amount of riches in England—viz of the quantity of exchangeable *material* commodities which have a value in the market—the *distribution* of them, partly from the effect of the laws, and partly, perhaps, from other mixed causes which the laws cannot control, is exceedingly ill adapted at present to the happiness or comfort of society With regard to the land, a very great doubt is entertained by some sagacious economists, whether the nominal proprietors of the land derive, in a course of years, any disposable income from it Taxes, mortgages, repairs, annuities, and other outgoings, eat it up. We are sure that it is so as to many farms We can speak of farms, where in forty years the repairs, land-tax, poor-rates, and tithes, have not only left no surplus, but caused large payments to the landlord, almost equal to the original purchase-money

We had forgot to recall to the reader that most amusing book, Roger North's Life of his Brother, the Lord Keeper Guildford, in which a most lively description of the way in which Dudley, Lord North, their father, spent his days at his country-seat at Cottage, in Cambridgeshire, which is one of the most attractive pictures we know. We need not refer to essays so familiar to all as Cowley's inimitable prose delineations of a country life, or Addison's character of Sir Roger de Coverley, or Virgil's perfect address to the cultivators of the soil (*O fortunati, &c*), or to Claudian's Old Man of Verona, or to the *Epodes* of Horace—from which Gray, in his *Elegy*, has borrowed some images, though it might be well to print all those together in a cheap and convenient form, that every one might carry them about with him in his pocket. Every one has already Thomson's *Seasons* and Cowper's *Task*

That the morals and habits of a nation are of more importance than its wealth, no sound politician will deny. Many thoughts and sentiments in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* are truly conceived, and clearly and beautifully expressed. Indeed, if poetry do not convey truth, what is it worth?

"A cymbal's sound were better than the voice."

But it is in poetry that we must look for the highest truths, most magnificently enounced. Witness Milton's *Paradise Regained*. It is in that poem where plainness of expression most shews the supremority over the floweriness of language

Perhaps we may be allowed to say, that the clergy resident in country parishes do not enough take advantage of their tranquil station They have been educated to literature, why do the generality of them not pursue it more intensely? They are few whose incomes are too scanty to buy the necessary books—they have leisure and silence—and in most cases the scenery around them encourages contemplation They who are not endowed with imagination and sentiment, may yet have reason, judgment, and memory. They whose apprehension is slow, may yet do much by patient toil. The employment would withdraw their minds from those worldly irritations, to which they ought not to be exposed They hold a station which ought to command respect, and with good conduct will command respect in their parish It would be well if they did not mix in civil concerns,—but in the present state of rural inhabitation, we do not see how the magistrature could be filled up without them for what evil can be so great as to nominate to that important duty men without education,—yeomanry, retired attorneys, or purse-proud citizens? With these some of the magistratures are now filled! Notwithstanding all the party clamours the other way, our experience has shewn us that in general the clergy execute this high office with the most intelligence and the most candour There are and must be exceptions But this office, like almost all others, has been latterly much deteriorated in the quality of the persons nominated. Some of the subdivision benches have been allowed, by feeble and misled lord lieutenants, to nominate the addition to their own members,—a most

unconstitutional permission, leading only to clanship and monopoly, like the exploded system of the freemen of close parliamentary boroughs; and when this is aided by the county members, to what corrupt partiality does it tend! But who have such opportunities to be learned and wise as the clergy?

Theory and experience do not always agree. It may perhaps be observed that the calmness of a country life often produces a stagnation of the intellect, even among the educated. Charles Cotton, the amiable poet of Staffordshire, annexed to good Izaac Walton's *Angler*, has a most beautiful ode on the pleasures of a country life; but then those pleasures derived a great part of their zest from the contrast with the cares and anxieties of one who had passed a part of his days in the conflicts of society, where all man's mischievous passions had been at work. In that case the mind of the recluse had been already sufficiently stirred, to be secure against subsiding again into torpor.

Addison, in Sir Roger de Coverley, recommends planting as one of the most useful amusements; and for this purpose Evelyn's *Sylva* is one of the most attractive works: but, *è contra*, see his little *Essay upon Solitude*, in answer to Sir George Mackenzie on the advantages of retirement. Solitude, indeed, never wants its panegyrists. It is the incessant theme of poets; and of none more sublimely than of Gray, in his exquisite Alcaic ode on the Grande Chartruse.

Perhaps no one is adequately fitted for the most noble uses of a rural seclusion, who has not qualified himself for it by some part of his previous life spent in an active ambition of mind. Books derive part of their flavour from the state of sentiment and reflection awakened in society, which we bring to them. The history of Charles Cotton, and that of his father, Charles Cotton, sen., so beautifully drawn by Lord Clarendon, exemplifies this. Zimmerman's book on solitude, so fashionable thirty or forty years ago, perhaps a little fatigues by its verbiage and tautologies. Another necessary caution is this, that solitude is not fitted for all minds and dispositions. To some who have a native melancholy, and on whose minds particular images are apt to make too strong and exclusive impressions, it is dangerous. At the same time, it must be recollected that a country life is not necessarily solitude. But even if it were true that country gentlemen lost, in the peaceful tenour of their lives, something of their sharpness, yet the grand recommendation of such a life is the benefit their residence among the poorer classes of husbandry confers on that large and important portion of the community. No accurate moral and political observer can deny this.

The mind fitted to watch the changing appearances of natural scenery must be virtuous. Read Tom Warton's delightful ode on leaving a favourite village in Hampshire (Wynslade), and Charlotte Smith's *Sea Studies*, or her *Beachy Head*. These produce a pure and moral effect, both on the intellect and the heart. But we have had poets even among fox-hunters, as Somerville's *Chase* proves, and Mundy's *Needwood Forest*.

Having mentioned several poets, describers of natural scenery, it would be unpardonable to omit Beattie, and especially to recall to the reader that magnificent stanza, beginning,

> 'Oh, nature, how supreme every charm!'

But what are equal to Milton's descriptions, even in a poem where it was least expected, that stupendous *Paradise Regained*, now so seldom looked into? Our Saviour having passed the night in the wilderness, Book II., morning advances:

> "Up to a hill anon his steps he reared,
> From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
> If cottage were in view, sheepcote, or herd;
> But cottage, herd, or sheepcote, none he saw.
> Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
> With that of tuneful birds resounding loud.
> Thither he bent his way, determined there
> To rest at noon; and entered soon that shade
> High-roofed, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
> That open'd in the midst a woody scene;
> Nature's own work it seem'd (nature thought fit),
> And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt
> Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs. He view'd it round;
> When suddenly a man before him stood,
> Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
> Or one in city, or court, or palace bred."

One of our earliest books on husbandry, and a very rare one, is the work of Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, of Norbury, in Derbyshire—a judge in the reign of Henry VIII, and author of several learned law-books, as the *Natura Brevium*, and the *Abridgement of the Law* His altar-tomb remains in Norbury Church, where are numerous memorials of this very ancient Catholic family, now of Swynnerton, in the county of Stafford; which must not be confounded with that of Lord St Helen's, also very ancient All the ancient writers on husbandry are noticed in Walter Harte's amusing and instructive essays on that subject The mention of Norbury leads one to observe, that the few remaining Catholic families are among the most ancient in the kingdom, such as Gifford of Chillington, Blount of Maple-Durham, Datell of Calehill, &c Hales is lately extinct It would be well to give the title of baronet to all these ancient families, if they would accept it. Queen Elizabeth's seven hundred or eight hundred knights contained almost all the leading commoners of that date, with sons of peers, and a few citizens.

Thoresby's *Diary*, lately published, contains some curious notices of genealogy, and in Dugdale's *Diary* some slight mention of almost all the old houses of that date occurs The heralds of that time had the authority to pull down from the churches all the banners and scutcheons set up by any arms-painter, or other than a member of the college—even where the title to the armorials exhibited was not disputed

It seems by Dugdale's *Diary*, that he much busied himself in this business of pulling down, and appears to have done it with high glee. One Holmes, of Chester, who published the *Academy of Armories*, was a great offender in this respect in truth, the heralds were a most tyrannical and rapacious body

In the poems of Sir Aston Cockayne, of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire—a curious humorist, the last of the chief branch of that very ancient family—are epigrams addressed to almost all the chief gentry of Derbyshire and Staffordshire Though Sir Aston wrote a good deal of doggerel, he had at times a very poetical vein, witness his *Masque* at Lord Chesterfield's, at Bretby

Camden's notices in his *Britannia* of the chief families in every county, are much to be relied on. As to the roll of Battle Abbey, so often cited, it has been so interpolated that it is good for nothing. In Camden's *Remains*, and other books, it will be seen that surnames did not generally take place till long after the Conquest; and the *Liber Niger Scallarii* confirms this.

About the end of the seventeenth century, or a little after, a great number of the most ancient and spreading families of England gave way at once, and disappeared from the face of the earth. such as the Hungerfords of the West, of whom Sir Richard Hoare has collected the memorials (and see Miss Edgeworth's memoirs of her father); and the Colepepers of Kent, of whom see Lord Clarendon (and see curious anecdotes of Colonel Colepeper, of this family, in Lady Fanshawe's memoirs of her husband, Sir Richard, the poet). Nearly at the same time disappeared in Kent the families of Digges, Aucher, St Leger, Palmer, and Hardres, all almost coeval with the Conquest It would be curious to make a list of the houses noticed by Leland and Camden which have now expired, and of those which remain The greatest house which disappeared at the commencement of the eighteenth century were the Veres, Earls of Oxford: not a male branch can now establish by proof his descent from them In Collins's *Claims of Peerage*, the most curious and learned is that for the earldom of Oxford (James I), by the male heir against the female heirs, in which the law of half-blood shews itself in all its absurdities But the most precious of all law-cases is Lord Holt's judgment in the Banbury case, as reported by Skinner, Lord Raymond, and others Cruise's *Book on Dignities*, though praised by Lord Redesdale, is a slight book much more is to be learned from Nicolas's report of the Lisle claim, and the notes to Le Marchant's report of the Gardener case As to the Lords' report of the dignity of a peer, drawn up by Lord Redesdale, it is truly *rudis indigestaque moles*, but interspersed with some small portion of valuable matter, drawn from records —the learned peer had no head for digestion

Nugent Bell's history of the claim to the earldom of Huntingdon is full of interesting matter; the Attorney-general Shepherd's favourable report

is the only instance, we believe, in which all the evidence was set out in the report itself. The writ of summons was granted on the faith of this report, without a further reference to the lords, which saved enormous expense and delay, and vexatious cavils, on which the opponents to the claim relied; and which, when those opponents found it had been dispensed with, struck them dumb with surprise and disappointment. This is become a very important branch of the law, yet very little understood. A committee of lords are not a legal tribunal, and can only give an *opinion*. So Lord Holt has decided, and his judgment was not appealed from, though the lords, according to Lord Raymond, would have done so if they could; and therefore Sir Vicary Gibbs, when attorney-general, reported the authority of the case to be binding, in his report on the Banbury claim, in 1808. (See Le Marchant's appendix to the Gardener case.)

We entreat the reader not to consider these incidental observations irrelevant to the subject we have undertaken to treat in this article. The doctrine of descents is the same, whether in peers or commoners: there is one law of inheritance for all. Property and honours stand on the same security. Nothing can be touched but by a legal judgment; and the decision of facts is the province of a jury. See the words of Magna Charta, expressly confirmed by the statute of Charles I., conformable to the Bill of Rights, which is stated at length by Hume, in his *History of England*—a work in every one's hands.

We have endeavoured to shew, that the decay of the very useful class of country gentlemen has partly arisen from a disregard to the true principles of aristocracy; that since the dignity of the station has not been kept up, the lower orders have lost their respect, and that there has therefore been an irritation to the rivalry of expense, which has contributed to ruin many old houses; and that no new ones have come into their place—the peasantry have been left to the tyranny and hard wages of the farmers.

We see no reason why the agricultural labourers should want employment and food, while such an infinite number of acres lies waste. Gardens ought to be annexed to every cottage, and small allotments of land to most of them. There is scarcely any land which will not repay the cost of labour. But this will never be done by the farmers: it can only be carried on under the patronage of the resident gentry. And how few gentry can reside under the present system of legislation? Ministers must not give such exclusive patronage to the Stock Exchange; and Sir Andrew Freeport must not be allowed to carry so high a hand over Sir Roger de Coverley.

We will now give two or three extracts from Sir William Dugdale's *Life and Diary*, published by the late Mr. Hamper in 1827, 4to.

"1679. Upon the election of knights for the shire of this county of Warwick, Sir Edw. Boughton and Mr. Burdet had 2551 votes; Mr. Stratford, 1344; Mr. Marriott, 927; and Sir Rich. Newdigate, 300, but allowed 500.

"So that Boughton and Burdet had it, with 1207 votes overplus.

"The names of such members of the House of Commons for the parliament begin at Westminster, 4 Martii, 1678, as I shall endeavour to speake with, concerning the *Bill for Registering of Descents*—

"Sir Tho. Chichley, Knt.

"Bernard Grenevill, Esq." And 71 others.

To this Mr. Hamper annexes the following note:—

Future antiquaries will regret an inconvenience, already felt, from the want of some regulation to effect what Sir William was so anxious to establish by law. In the absence of heraldic visitations, the feeble record of a parish register, notwithstanding various legislative interferences, is a very meagre and unsatisfactory substitute. It was proposed to enact, 'that the heirs, executors, and administrators of the nobility and gentry in England and Wales, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, shall, at the next or second general quarter-sessions of the peace after the decease of all and every the nobility and gentry, deliver in *certificate upon oath*, under their hands and seals, of the times and places of the deceases and burials of such nobility and gentry, with their marriages and issues; which shall be transmitted to the grand jury, or any two of them, and delivered to the clerk of the peace, to be delivered over to the deputies of the Office of Arms. That such deputies shall twice yearly deliver the same to the Office of Arms, and the officers there shall file and register the same in books of vellum,

together with the coat-armour of the defunct.' A clause that all certificates, which shall be first made in pursuance of the act, shall have retrospect, and contain (if it may be) the names, burials, marriages, and issue of all such parents, ancestors, and other relations of the defunct, as have died since the beginning of the late great rebellion. Fees according to estate, and penalties for the non-delivery of the certificates, as shall be found by verdict, upon any issue in any of his majesty's courts of record."

A bill on this principle, to revive *funeral certificates*, was attempted in the Commons about 1810, but without any success. Sir William Garrow, then attorney-general, made a violent and rude speech against it, without the smallest knowledge of its object or provisions; and his majesty's ministers did not wish to be encumbered with the trouble of it, at a time when the popular rage ran so strongly against all aristocratical distinctions. But the late report of the commissioners on the laws of real property, proves how useful for business such a law would have been.

As to Mr. Stacey Grimaldi's *Rotuli de Dominicabus*, &c., the editor observes, that "the record has much claim to the notice of the historical antiquary; and matters of very great interest receive elucidation from it."

"The genealogical information in it is very great, and of additional value, as relating to a period thirty-three years prior to the earliest inquisition *post mortem*."

We will give one specimen:—

"Rotulus I. de Dominicabus et pueris et puellis de Lincolnsh.

"Uxor Everardi de Ros, que fuit filia Willelmi Trusbut, est de donatione Domini Regis, et xxxiiij annorum, et habet ij filius, primogenitus est xiij annorum, et terra ejus est in custodia Randlfi de Glanville.

"Terra dicte domine in Strowestone quam habet in dote, valet annuatem xv libris, cum instauramento ij carnucarum, et c ovium, et iij porcorum, et j equi, nec potest plus valere.

Matildis de Sainlis que fuit filia Roberti filii Ricardi, et mater Willelmi de Albeneio, est de donatione Domini Regis, et est lx annorum. Terra sua in Hungertone et in Wenewelle, valet x libris, cum instauramento ij carnucarum, et viijxx ovium, et ij equorum, et v porcorum, nec potest plus valere.

"Filie Mathei de Neville sunt de donatione Domini Regis, et in custodia Hugonis de Creissi elapso j anno a nativitate Domini; et prius his viij annis fuerunt in custodia Roberti de Stuteville, cum terra earum quam habant in Dentone, que valet viij marcis per annum· et functum inde recepit annuatim Robertus de Stuteville viij annis, et nihil amplius, et eandem firmam recepit Hugo de Creissi elapso j anno a nativitate Domini: et si appositum esset instauramentum j carnuce, et c ovium, dicta valeret annuatim viij libris. Etas dictarum puellarum ignoratur à juratoribus, quia sunt in transmarinis partibus."

Sir Harris Nicolas's *Rolls of Arms* are highly gratifying to the curiosity of genealogists, as they put beyond question the antiquity of certain bearings. The lists, however, of positive *armigeri* of certain counties are not complete: take, for instance, Mainwaring, in Cheshire, whose antiquity, the *two red bars on a silver field*, cannot be disputed; and who married a coheir of the earls of Chester as early as Henry III.

Wyiley, in his *Usage of Arms*, gives, after Glover, curious specimens of the manner in which different branches of the same family varied their coats from each other; as in the numerous branches of the noble houses of Basset and Cobham. The Scotch also have well varied their branches, by bordures, and additional changes derived from the coat of some female with whom the preceding generation has intermarried. This would be a good rule for a younger branch always to pursue, as precisely shewing the generation from which the junior ramified, and would much have tended to check usurpations.

However trifling these devices may seem to superficial or prejudiced minds, they are very far from being so: they form strong evidence in many cases of an essential kind. The cry against them is a mere interested cry, made by those who know that they have no pretension to such hereditary distinctions. And let it not be supposed, that he who is an advocate for aristocracy has no feelings for the mass of the people. A strong aristocracy is the greatest safeguard for the people. They who suddenly rise over their equals are the hard relentless despots. Put a servant to rule over servants, and how much more severe he is than his master! Lift a serjeant into a colonel, and he is a cruel Martinet!

The demarcations of society are no grievance; always excepting the cases of genius and high virtue: all are happiest in their own class, and only make themselves ridiculous by going out of it! Why should the citizen, who is attending his shop of a morning, wish to appear a fine gentleman of an evening? If he draws scoffs and sneers on himself, it is his own fault. He justifies himself on the principles of equality; but he allows no equality to those beneath him. Such a one is always at once servile and arrogant. He is thus often drawn into expenses which he cannot afford, because he has nothing but the show of wealth to rely upon.

The heralds will grant a coat to any one who will pay for it, however mean his condition. This seems a mischievous breach of policy, which the crown ought to restrain.

If any thing could restore to the country gentlemen the weight they formerly possessed, the peasantry would rise above their present condition of distress and demoralisation. But what can restore it? The greater part of the ancient names and blood is mouldering in the dust; and what can bring back the command and disposability of land-rents, while the present national debt remains? The proprietors of the soil are but the mere channels through which its produce passes to the fund-holders. A new purchaser comes upon the ground but a little while with empty and insulting splendour, and then is ejected like his predecessor, or goes to the dogs, like Messieurs P. M. M. D. M., and a thousand other late instances.

An aristocracy is a fundamental branch of the British constitution; and, till an entire revolution takes place, must be supported. There cannot, in the nature of things, be an elective aristocracy. A descent, therefore, from a long line of ancestors, who have held an honourable rank, ought, in general, though not in all cases, to be a requisite qualification for elevation into the class of hereditary honours, which gives the legislative franchise of the upper house of parliament. Education, and early habits of dignified society, contribute to form the mind for the duties of this exalted station. To give all the force to wisdom which its dictates require, demands the power of raising respect, and some degree of awe. Who will deny, that even the paraphernalia of a judge's robes, and other peculiarities of dress, greatly affect the imaginations of those who are auditors and spectators in a court of justice! It is the same with all the blazonry of chivalrous symbols.

Heraldic ornaments have operated, for at least six or seven centuries, as outward insignia of gentilitial birth. No family which could not entitle itself to these symbols was considered a house of fame. They soon extended, beyond shields, pennons, banners, and surcoats, to every part of the castle, the hall, and the church; to the painted glass of windows, to the internal panels of apartments, to external sculpture on gateways, spandrils, buttresses, cornices; to the altar-tombs and other monumental effigies in churches; to seals appended to deeds, and every other muniment; and to the gorgeous blazonry of the genealogical table.

It is quite demonstrative, that these ancient types give great light in shewing alliances in these early centuries, and identifying individuals. They are contemporary proofs in numerous cases where there are in existence no contemporary *writings*. To shew that they are not the mere pedantic learning of childish minds, we need only refer to the example of our great lyric poet, Gray, a man of deep thought, and elegant and profound classic literature, who was a perfect master of this humble science, and made use of it to illustrate historical events, to discover the proprietors and dates of castles, and benefactors and patrons of churches; and to whom it was a ready language of record, whenever he examined feudal antiquities. Chatterton was also an adept in heraldry, and enthusiastically fond of it.

Let us take an instance to shew the use of arms in separating families of the same name. The great house of De la Pole, dukes of Suffolk, were sprung from the wealth of a merchant at Hull, and immediately rose, by the aid of alliances added to their riches, to the highest rank and power of the realm. In this station, armorial bearings were necessary to them. They bore *blue a fesse between three leopards' faces, gold*. There were then two other considerable families of *Pole*, or *Poole* — those of Wales, afterwards Lords Montagu, and those of Cheshire; who all bore quite different

arms: and this difference of badges clearly shews that they were not descended from a common stock.

It is vain to attempt to govern mankind by mere dry abstract reasons. We must operate on their senses, their fancy, their imagination, and their feelings. There are idle and empty pomps and shows; but there are also wise ones. The array and circumstance of war, the trumpets, the drums, the glitter of arms, the waving pennons and banners, the blazonry of heraldic symbols,—all have their just influences and uses. The hero, whose figure lies recumbent on the altar-tomb, commands respect for his posterity. "He," cry the people, "whose ancestors have led our grandsires to battle, deserves to lead us!"

Every one knows that there is no such thing as equality of man in society; though, when one is a robber, and another is a feudal chief, he may wish that it should be so. "I hate," says the Radical, "all these false colours and empty ornaments, the illusions of man's inequality, which I would tear away."

It may be admitted that the feudal system is now become obsolete and inapplicable to the times; but it was a beautiful system for the ages for which it arose, and when it was in full force. All society was thus organised into a perfect unity, and could be made to move by one spring. It may be said that it gave a power which was sometimes abused. Can any power be contrived which will not sometimes be abused? And yet ought not power to be lodged somewhere?

The subjects, of which the works at the head of this article suggest the discussion, are very difficult ones to treat in these days. The tendency of the public mind is against those who are called the privileged classes of society; and so far as these privileges may be hurtful to the body of the people, the tendency is just. It is now the fashion to consider the ancient system of government and ancient customs to have been so. Still, even if they were, we may speak of them historically; and only defend them so far as profound reflection will authorise.

We live in an age calling itself enlightened, philosophical, and liberal; which professes to throw off all prejudices, and to be guided only by what is solid and wise. But if we do not approve all the institutions and customs of past time, they are at least worthy of historical notice and consideration. The subordination of ranks must coexist with civil society. The question is, whether it has been made unnecessarily galling to those who are low, or not among the highest? whether there has been an attempt to aggravate superiority, and give it a false force? whether, in the records of fame and the distribution of honours, charlatanism and corruption have been used? and whether any regard ought to be paid to birth in civil promotions and state offices?

Public opinion runs in torrents in particular directions, at certain periods of popular excitation. Whatever encourages aristocratical distinctions, has been considered poison to the happiness of the people. Great abuses had been committed by the aristocracy of France, which led to the French Revolution. But how did these abuses happen? From a false aristocracy. A well-constituted aristocracy would have been a check upon the absolutism and corruptions of the crown. It was by the establishment of the French *parliament*, made up of parvenus and lawyers, in lieu of the *Assembly of the States*, that the old constitution was destroyed, and an absolute monarchy gradually substituted for it.

The crisis, therefore, is so far from calling upon us to treat all these distinctions as empty fooleries, that it imperiously demands of us to examine those institutions in their fountains, and to endeavour to bring them back to the purpose for which they were established.

It must be confessed that books upon this subject are often too technical, and written with too narrow views. No one can write a profound and accurate treatise upon it, who is not a master of the feudal system in all its minutiæ. It is not now a question whether this system is proper for the present day, but only whether it was wise and useful for the times and purposes for which it was established.

Whoever comes prepared for this article by having read the twenty admirable volumes of the memoirs of the Duke de Saint Simon, published in 1830, and those curious little volumes of the beginning of the last century, by Boulainvilliers, on the ancient constitution of France, will receive it with more anticipation of its interest, than a

mere subject of antiquities and ancestry will raise the expectation of. Within half a century, the manners, habits, opinions, and moral and political feelings of the nation, have undergone a mighty change. That the mass of the people—and indeed every rank—are less at their ease than they were at the commencement of that period, cannot be doubted: and as the ease and happiness of a whole nation are the end of all good governments, the change has incontestably therefore been for the worse. It is of no use to augment riches and population, if we diminish comfort, content, and moral strength. Abuses ought to be reformed; but change, for the sake of change, is bad; and there is no end to yielding to the speculative whims of constitution-mongers.

These opinions are quite consistent with a warm regard to liberty, and a hatred of all corruptions. The two extremes of radicalism, and a blind and obstinate adherence to ancient authorities, merely because they are ancient, are equally odious, and equally dangerous. To attempt to defend indefensible things only gives strength to the assaulters. But he who keeps the just medium, is apt to be sacrificed by both sides. The aristocracy of the country ought to be defended; but none except the *true* aristocracy.

We have shewn that armorial devices originated, not in idle pomp, but in necessary purposes of practical use; and that those which can be proved to go up to those original times, are unequivocal proofs of the high rank of the ancestor who has transmitted them to his posterity, and clear testimonies of positive honour. This subject of research, therefore, is not a gratification of mere empty curiosity. If there must be different occupations of human beings, from the lowest degree of coarseness to the highest degree of refinement, so there must be separations and lines of distinction in society. Each class will be happiest among persons of their own cast. But people are always aspiring to the classes above them! and thus making both themselves and those on whom they intrude uncomfortable!

Thus have we travelled over a wide ground, with eyes, we hope, open to all the considerations which ought to excite notice. Moral and political truths are seldom such as they appear on the surface. It will commonly turn out that opinions and feelings long adopted have better foundation than individual arrogance and conceit ventures to pronounce them to have. In these days of pretended enlightenment, we are throwing away not only our prejudices but our just convictions. We are polishing off not only our roughnesses but our strength. It is said, that our old nobility are worn out: they will appear so at least, if they have not courage to stand up against the prejudice *et arbitrium popularis auræ!* Fear and want of self-confidence will take away power! As to our old gentry, we are afraid that nothing can restore them!

The riches of trade come and pass away; they fluctuate in dependence on a thousand accidents of human affairs! the riches of the earth alone are sure and permanent, unless we abandon them by wilful blindness, obstinacy, and neglect. But the soil will not bring forth without culture; nor its owners or labourers flourish without being permitted to share a due portion of its produce.

## THE POETS OF THE DAY.

### BATCH THE FIRST.

HERE is a spread of poets! Heaven help us! what is to be done?—Every one pressing to be reviewed, and none giving us a moment's time The devil to pay, as the sailors phrase it, and no pitch hot.

Let us rush *in medias res* without further preface We shall honestly, and 'pon honour, take them as they occur; and the first we find is that calling itself Canto XVII of Don Juan.* How modest! *Don Juan*, no matter what its moral sins may be, is, in point of all the internals and externals of poetry—the thought, the arrangement, the plan, the wit, the versification—one of the most brilliant poems in the English or any other language, and a person who is totally devoid of poetic talent, information, humour, ordinary command of the tongue in which he writes, undertakes to continue it. It was becoming somewhat troublesome to Lord Byron himself; but blockheads push forward boldly where men of genius retire It is idle to criticise trash so utterly helpless as this seventeenth canto, but we shall give a few continuous stanzas as a specimen of the powers of the author.

"The fury of the storm was doom'd to burst
Fresh on the flower that would feel it most,
For poor Aurora Raby was the first
To whom, in kindness, this imagined ghost
Disclosed her secret and improved the worst
Of her suspicions, to poor Juan's cost.
It was a very wet and dismal *morning*,
And ladies work'd and talk'd instead of *yawning*.
[*Oh, Cockney! Cockney!*

Now ladies' working is no trifling matter,
For, fond as women are of flattery,
They're *none of them the least* disposed to flitter
And threads and needles leave their tongues quite free
The reputations of all friends to spatter —
Where they're on terms to take a liberty.
Alas! of fatal engines the most ready
Is, without doubt, the workbox of a lady. [*leddy?*]

Very long since, a woman, named *Pandora*,
(And, if we can believe one Hesiod,
No other woman ever lived *before her*,) [*Oh, Cockney! Cockney!*
Came, by command of Jupiter the god,
To vex mankind, and for that purpose bore a
Boxful of evils, now, 'tis very odd,
That box might to the ladies then, I *trow*,
Have been the same as is a workbox *now*!

All are engaged, here two, here three *combine*,
And pin a subject to their work of shame
Now, soon as *snugly* seated, they *begin*,
With hand and tongue alike, to cut and *mumm*,
Perhaps (according as their work is fine)
Some choose a noble's, some a gentle's name,—
And Adeline, a piece of satin had employ'd her
Some fifteen months already to embroider.

'Twas fancy-work, and Juan pleased her fancy
He was, in truth, 'a very pretty *fellow*,'
His figure the most conscious ELEGANCY,
His features perfect, his complexion *sallow*,
(His cheek had somewhat lost the brilliancy
Of boyhood) without being the least yellow,—
And the complexions most becoming men are
A Vandyck brown, or tint of burnt Sienna."
[*Oh, Cockney! Cockney!*

* Canto XVII. of Don Juan. By One who desires to be a very Great Unknown, &c. &c. London, Gilbert

And this witless beast, who can speak no tongue on the face of the earth, continues Byron! The force of impudence can go no further.

It would seem as if the *ottava rima* was dangerous to young authors, for here we have the poet of the *Natural Son**—no relation of the *True Sun* in talent, or any thing else—most miserably committing himself in that metre. His hero is a

——"Luckless son of shame,
Rear'd in a village near the town of Lynn,
Entitled only to his mother's name."

And

"His mother's name was Mary Selwyn *Short*,—
The latter appellation had been borne
Since first her young affections had been *sought*,
And her sweet bosom by attachment torn;
Her little infant into light was brought
Near Glengyle's Castle, in the Vale of Lorn:
But she died early, in her twentieth year,
Deeply lamented by the Scottish peer."

This last distich is no doubt intended to rival that in *Don Juan*—

"They grieved for all who perish'd in the cutter;
And likewise for the biscuits, bread, and butter."

The consequence was, that the peer died, and

"Thus George was left an orphan on the world,
About the age when boyhood learns to spell;
His mother pale in her white shroud was furl'd,
Humbly, encircled by an oaken shell,
As in the leaf the wither'd lily 's curl'd:
The gray gravestone alone remains to tell
The name of her—'the Lady of the *Lyre*,
Valete—ah! Valete, Cara *Maria*.'"

We do not remember, in the books which were flogged duly into us in the days of our youth, to have met with an example of this particular paragoge of Mariar for Maria; but we suppose authorities are to be found among the Latinizers of London,

"Or at the school of Stratford-at-the-Bow."

Father and mother are buried, and the funeral of the former is described in a style worthy of an undertaker—

"The sable hearse, by coal-black stallions *drawn*,
Rolled onward to the precincts of the grave;
The glare upon the steeds, with manes *unshorn*,
Gleamed like the silver foam upon the wave," &c.

A stranger soon enters and takes off the orphan, who is sent to school; and there, being much annoyed by the taunts of his schoolfellows on his birth, the boy determines on being a soldier. Communicating this thought to the curate, who has reared him, the reverend gentleman approves of it, and recommends him to enter that martial body the police.

"'The police,' he said,
'Have democratic laurels newly got—
And they are demi-military bred.
Suppose, George, for a change, you try your lot—
One pound per week will furnish daily bread;
Besides, thou hast a pension from the peer,
Like him of Ross, of forty pounds a-year.'"

Selwyn (for our author has forgotten that his hero bore only his mother's name of Short) trudges off to London, seeing many wonders on his way—such as drowsy owls, stealthy foxes,

"The cat, the marten cat, and the badger Grey"—

perhaps our amiable premier—with several other curiosities of the same kind. In due course of time, *i. e.* about ten o'clock, he is a good many miles away from Lynn; and

"Feeling keen as cormorant in the fenn,"

he enters the Greyhound, and calls lustily for food. A most bewitching barmaid makes her appearance, and Selwyn, as travellers have been wont to do from time immemorial, falls in love with her for the evening. We think the ingenious author is mistaken here in one particular—he makes him so desperately smitten as to fall in love before supper, which is what we by no means recommend to pedestrian travellers. When she has left him—

"Unconsciously his wandering eye roll'd round
The wainscoted apartment, and espied
A curious old guitar, and near it, found
Some of Verini's pieces; then he tried
His touch upon the chords, and woke a song.

* The Natural Son. Simpkin and Marshall. Pp. 80.

So sweet and clear, its deepness might have vied
With the rich melody of Schultz or *Cramer:*
In fact, a few wild notes recalled his *charmer.*"

Now, we agree with the wolves, who ate the piper's fare in the fable, that music is far better after supper than before. However, the fair one returns, and sings a song entitled the Haunted Glen, which is broken off by the sound of a carriage, and it appears that she is no barmaid after all—"no waiter, but a Knight Templar." The real barmaid then appears, and Selwyn sups in quietness, and the next morning proceeds on his journey to London, where he is enrolled in that romantic body entitled "The Force;" and those who seek to know the rest of his adventures must refer to the book itself.

One passage, somewhat allied with the celebrated Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson's *Cosmogony, or Creation of the World,* is however worth quoting, as it will afford us a link of connexion with the work of another celebrated poet. The bard of the *Natural Son* turns to the history of our mother Eve, and asks

"The bride of Adam, what were her sensations,
When she beheld her beauteous Abel slain,
Shiver'd like glass—'the fruits of her temptations;'
Did she not grieve for generating Cain?
And mourn the Spirit's fatal fascinations—
The juice of knowledge that beguiled her brain,
And caused her, like a monster, to give birth
To the first murderer that stained the earth?
The fallen angel to her bower came,
And stood before her like a mortal brother;—
Serpent alone in mind, but man in frame,
And he caressed her, ere she clasped another:
And then she bit the apple, and became—
Alas for frail mortality!—a mother.
Thus Fate ordained this bone-created madam
Should breed a fiend, and bring a curse on Adam."

The admirable Nicholas Michell, who is decidedly an ass of the very first ear, has also a splendid passage about Eve in his *Essay on Woman;** and we gladly transcribe it, in order that our readers may compare the style and genius of these two illustrious authors in handling the affairs of Paradise.

"The bird more sweetly hymned in Eden's bower
Softlier the zephyr kissed the summer flower;
The new-born sun diffused a brighter beam;
With gentler murmur rolled the amber stream;
The angel, crossing heaven on wings of light,
Stooped to admire, and paused upon his flight;
As Woman rose in beauty on the plain,
The last and loveliest link of Being's chain.

Awake, O Man! behold her guileless charms,
Formed for thy joy and destined for thy arms;
Quaff Pleasure's sparkling cup, ere mingle there
The taint of sin, the gall of strife and care!

Dark grew the heavens as Woman plucked the tree,
Opening the gates of Death and Misery!
But Oh! from Eden driven, while God, in gloom
And muttering thunder, speaks our parents' doom—"

If we do not mistake, we have heard something about this before in *Paradise Lost.* Just think of a donkey "doing" the creation of woman, and the plucking of the fruit of "that forbidden tree," after Milton!

"Time's car rolled onwards; empires sprang to birth,
And Crime let loose each passion-fiend on earth;
In grasping Ninus flee Ambition born!
Hark! Elam's monarch winds his murderous horn;
Man, save in strength, no merit now could see,
He joyed in blood, and aimed at tyranny:
Hence Woman, frail in form and mild in mood,
His spirit scorned; and doomed to servitude."

* An Essay on Woman, in Three Parts, by Nicholas Michell. Effingham Wilson, 1833. Pp. 140.

The syntax of the last sentence is not very clear. Which was it, woman that scorned the spirit of man, and reduced it to servitude, or the contrary? It is of no great consequence. The notes tell us that

"Ninus, king of Nineveh, subdued and added to his own the empire of Babylon, which had been founded by Nimrod. Chaderlaomer, king of the Elamites, or Persians, famous for his robberies."

We thought the last gentleman's name was Chedorlaomer, and that all that is known about him is to be found in a few verses of the 14th chapter of Genesis, which say nothing of his horn, or his robberies, or of the identification of his country with Persia. And when Ninus is mentioned as the person in whose time the degradation of woman commenced, we cannot help recollecting that he was the husband of Semiramis, the first of empresses.

It is idle, however, to criticise a mere idiot; and, accordingly, we do not venture beyond the second page of Nicholas Michell's poetry. His poem is a collection of jointless drivelling, in a poor attempt at an emasculate imitation of the most helpless imitators of Pope. He has besides pillaged Eaton Barrett's poem on Woman most mercilessly. On the whole, the composition is well worthy of the critic who discovered that there was neither genius nor talent in Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey. Nicholas has fairly enough given us something of his own to judge of his qualifications for such criticism, and we are happy to find that they are precisely such as we expected. He is a blockhead, *et voilà tout*.

A private soldier of the 80th woos the muse, under the patronage of the Duke of Rutland.* The Marquess of Granby used to be a good old sign for soldiers to poetise beneath. We give the best thing we can find in the soldier's book, out of honour to the old Fourscore, which we remember in former days, when we were campaigning.

"*A Compliment to Warrington Ale.*

Let Homer sing of nectar, drink divine,
And lordly bacchanals descant on wine;
O'er rosy goblets, and in lofty strain,
Rehearse the praise of claret and champagne;
With equal passion, though inferior fire;
Then aid me, Bacchus! and I shall not fail
To sing the praise of England's glory—ale.
Spirit of malt! John Bull's peculiar zest!
In Warrington the brightest and the best;
All hail to thee, thou amber-fouming draught!
By thy own hardy sons so richly quaft—
What grape's rich juice can thy white froth surpass,
When brightly foaming in the sparkling glass?
What men on earth, so great, so proud, and free,
As Britain's sons, when paying court to thee?
At eve what social joys thy smiles afford,
When honest labour spreads the frugal board!
What brilliant thoughts the poor mechanic gains
When quaffing thee, the meed of all his pains!
Man's brightest, best, and purest feelings glow
Around his heart, when thy rich fountains flow.
Hail, England's nectar! other lands may teem
With arrack, whisky, or the grape's rich stream;
But still all other draughts to match thee fail,
Thou honest, generous, sparkling, peerless ale!
In pipe or hogshead, barrel, butt, or *tun*,
Thine own ale bears the palm, fair Warrington!"

The last rhyme smacks a little of an extra pot. We had no idea that Warrington produced ale such as to call for compliments so serious, and indeed were under the impression that nothing but Socinians, or something, if possible, worse, flourished in that neighbourhood. But it must be owned that the ale in Birmingham and thereabouts is good—with proper keeping, perhaps unequalled. At all events, the poem of our friend the private soldier in praise of the ale, far transcends that of Mother Barbauld in praise of the academy, of Warrington.

From ale to water is a descent, to be sure; but still, to those who have been accustomed to drink certain ales of London, it is a natural association of ideas. Hence we are induced to think

* The Blossoms of Hope; or, a Soldier's Bequest to his Friends. By G. W. B., Private 80th Regiment. [Dedicated to the Duke of Rutland.] London, Whittaker; Warrington, Malley. Pp. 78.

of the poetry of Mr. Thomas Joyce, who takes the *Elements* * under his protection. Water is thus cross-examined:

" Whence flow ye, waters? Where the springs
Of fountain, streamlet, river, sea?
Sources of copious rain, which brings
To earth abundance, where are ye?
Who fill'd the fathoms of thy vault,
Thou boundless ocean, tell!
And as thy billows swell,
Whom do their towering pinnacles exalt?"

Air, also, is asked a rather puzzling question:

" *What form of language can express*
*That which no faculty can learn?*
Thy shape and features bodiless,
No eye hath seen thee to discern:
But in the thunders of the wind,
Those heralds of thy power,
When storm and tempest lower,
Proclaimest thou thine empire unconfined."

We leave "air" to get through this scrape as it can. The opening distich, which complains that no

" form of language can express
That which no faculty can learn,"

is only paralleled by the pathetic lament in the legend of Hoppergallop, that

" What's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass."

Come, we have not been complimentary hitherto, and we must relieve our remarks by interposing something civil; and we take up the *Death-bed of Politics*† in the best of all possible humours. It is hammered out too long, and the metre becomes tiresome, but the author has fun in him. He is shamefully, or rather shamelessly, inclined to Whiggery, which is a positive disgrace in any man who has humour in his soul; and he may believe us in our verdict, because all mankind acknowledge not only our own possession of wit, but our jealous denying of it to all others whom we do not think deserving of the reputation. We have only room for one extract.

" Methought—methinks, for poetry, there's nothing like '*methought!*"
I'm sure 'twas made on purpose—nor, I fancy, is there aught
So adorns one's composition
As an artful repetition;—
But, perhaps, you'd like to know the school in which I have been taught?

I studied under Bayly first — the famous Thomas Haynes —
And, under that consummate master, took such constant pains,
That I soon acquired the art of him,
And at last so got the start of him,
As to beat him altogether, both at '*honeymoons*' and '*swains.*'

Papa and 'ma, delighted at my getting on so well,
Were good enough to send me, for a year, to L. E. L.;
Where, a 'Keepsake' being bought me,
All the new effects were taught me,
Besides some useful secrets, which I promised not to tell.

One only that I feel myself at liberty to name,
Was 'always make the leading words of every verse the same;'
I got so good at this,
That I wrote a little piece
Of four-and-twenty stanzas, and they each began '*She came!*"

In this *conjugating* style I also proved a great adept,
The next piece published was '*She's gone!*' soon after which, '*He wept!*'
Till each number, tense, and person,
Had a separate piece of verse on.
'*She sighed!*' produced '*We laughed!*'—'*He wrote*' was followed by '*They slept!*'

To the highest walk my friends then judged I might with safety pass;
My attempts had been as yet confined to the pathetic class:
But I learnt to be *sublime*,
When I'd been a little time
With Lady Mary Sophy Emmelina Fitz-Parnas!

* The Elements: a Poem, in Four Cantos. With an introductory Address. By Thomas Joyce. London, Nisbet. Pp. 60.

† The Death-bed of Politics; or, the Coming of the Comet in Seven Days. With Humorous Etchings. A Vision, by a Planet-struck Poet. Ridgway. Pp. 40.

Another vast improvement, too, I owed to her exertion,—
I had only writ plain English yet, which is held in great aversion;
But in '*bulbuls*' now a dealer,
I began to write genteeler,
And scorned to say a thing in English when I knew the Persian.

My productions then so various grew, as scarce to be computable,
Nor could Mary Howitt's self write things for annuals so suitable;
No,—though I says it as shouldn't,
I'm positive she couldn't,—
Neither in the affecting style, nor yet in the inscrutable.
And thus, sir, I was finished."

This we think is quite capital in its way. The description of the effects of the comet in terrifying "London, Westminster, and the parts adjacent," is not so well done. We cannot help thinking of Swift's account of what happened in the same scenes something more than a hundred years ago on the occasion of Whiston's prophecy. There is no use of doing over again in prose or verse what that very reverend personage has thought proper to do. The *jeu d'esprit* is happy enough—we cannot say so much for the "humorous etchings," which are miserable.

Mrs. Sheridan, (not the authoress of *Aims and Ends*, but) the mother of Richard Brinsley, speaking of Cork, observes that its inhabitants are remarkable for the intellectual cultivation they successfully mingle with the pursuits of business. In the Fugitive Poems, by Endymion,* we have a verification of the assertion. Slight as they are, they possess more than ordinary merit, and are evidently the production of a poetical mind. There is sweet and strange music in the following stanzas to "A Bee at Sea." [A most alphabetical title,—A. B. at C.]

"Where art thou roving,
Sweet humming-bee,
Far from thy garden-hive,
Under the tree?
Why hast thou ventured,
On winglets so frail,
To take such a voyage
From thy haunts in the vale?

The brotherless cormorant,
Lonely and black;
The petrel screaming,
With death on her track;
The gull and the curlew,
Exultingly brave,
Are the only companions
For thee on the wave.

There is no flower-cup
To banquet within,
No fortress of honey
To leaguer and win;
No sheltering blossom,
Should tempests come on;
No glow-worm to guide thee
When daylight is gone.

Then, oh! hasten back
To thy mates of the hive,
While that last pilot-beam
Of the sun is alive.—
But just as I closed
My advice to the bee,
The poor little traveller
Dropt in the sea."

An Indian Tale, and other Poems, by Benjamin Gough,† is dedicated to Lord Morpeth, and we are informed in the preface, was "perused in manuscript by several eminent literary characters, as well as by the noble patron himself." We do not envy his lordship, nor these eminent literary and *good-natured* characters, their job. The author expresses his hope that "the iron mace of criticism may be held *lightly* over" his volume; this we presume to be a misprint for *tightly*, since a lightly held mace is far more likely to descend with a crushing blow than a tightly held one. The meaning of Mr. Benjamin Gough therefore being dubious, we prefer laying our terrific critical mace aside altogether, and allowing his rhymes to speak for themselves—poetry in vain have we looked for. Of a personage rejoicing in the name of Ram Sing, to whom Mr. Gough is pleased to introduce us, we are told that

"His house was on a pretty spot,
Once seen it could not be forgot;
Old mango-trees before, behind
The tall and graceful tamarind." p. 1.

* Fugitive Poems. By Endymion. Cork, F. Jackson. Pp. 63.
† An Indian Tale, and other Poems. By Benjamin Gough. London, Effingham Wilson. Pp. 180.

Another example from the *Indian Tale* may probably gratify our readers:

"Yes, we will meet when daylight fades,
Beneath the rich banana's *shades*;
And watch the brightly setting sun
Among the bowers of cinnamon." p. 12.

The miscellaneous poems, which form the largest part of Mr. Gough's volume, commence with one "To Nature," which is followed by "A Rhapsody to Nature." We also find Rhapsodies for the four Seasons, viz. Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter; and various verses about Patriotism, Liberty, Churchyards and Resurrectionists, Jewish Emancipation, &c.; with Battle Calls and Battle Songs. For instance:

"*Before the Battle.*

Tyrants! we vow
For Freedom now,
[*Dog outside the window*,
Bow wow.]
Each rankling chain shall sever;
We'll trample down
The despot's crown,
Or else be slaves for ever.
[*Critic outside the door*,
How clever!"]

We have also a batch of sonnets by Mr. Benjamin Gough. The first dozen or so are addressed to various distinguished persons, such as Lord Morpeth, William Grey A—n, respecting whom Mr. Gough is *doubtless* correct. "Judging," he says, p. 167, "from what this gentleman has written, there cannot be *a doubt* that he has powers of the first-rate order; and which, were he to put them forth in a volume, would *without doubt* place him on a footing with the first poets of the day." We beg to add, for Mr. Benjamin Gough's satisfaction, that we shall be most happy to do as ample and immediate justice to Mr. Wm. Grey A—n's volume, upon receiving a copy, as we trust we have to Mr. Gough's—many thanks to him for it.

Sunshine, or Lays for Ladies,* appears "respectfully soliciting a notice." Our gallantry is called in question. Good sir, you shall be attended to out of hand. Thirty years ago, your easy versification would have made you rejoice in the title of poet. But there are no poets now-a-days, and truly may you sing—

"I wish that I had never tried
To pen a single line—
I used to have a moment's peace
Before I woo'd the Nine.
Now Miss Jemima's album's brought,
A song for me to write in't;
And *Miss Letitia's scrap-book*† sent,
A sonnet to indite in't."‡ p. 54.

Sorry—nay, deeply sorrowful—are we to be obliged to observe that the sunshine in which we bask has some slight clouds to obscure its brightness If the lays had been for London ladies, we should not have said one word in the way of criticism; but intended, we presume, for wider circulation by their author, we would beg to remind him that papa is not usually read papar beyond the sound of Bow-bells—therefore that such rhymes as the following are not generally understood:

"By the depth of my earnest affection,
Oh, heed not the threats of your *pa*!
I feel sure that you will, on reflection,
Remember me, though I'm *afar*." p. 53.

And again, at p. 64—

"When to myself I came, *papa*
Was bending sternly o'er my bed,
Oh! how I longed to be *afar*," &c.

Neither would "the Star and Garter" at Richmond be called "the Staw and Gawter," except by a Cockney, or an Irish mimber ashamed of the brogue.

"Dear Harry, I'm making a party,
To go up to Richmond by *water*,
As I know that your appetite's hearty,
We shall dine at the Star and the *Garter*." p. 20.

One comment more, and we have done with the effulgence of *Sunshine* What does the author mean by the word "tip?"

"He wears whiskers, mustachios, and tip." p. 9.

And

"I cut my regiment when they cut mustachios from each lip:
Though harder 'tis to live without my money than my tip." p. 4.

We presume from the context that "tip" must mean, in Cockney slang, "imperial;" and yet we can hardly suppose that such a word could be

* Sunshine; or, Lays for Ladies. London, Willoughby. Pp. 86.
† Quære, Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-book, by L. E. L.?
‡ Quære, on Abernethy's portrait?

substituted for it. Our friend Major Higginson, late of the African Colonial Corps—who, by the way, is a bit of a poet himself—is very indignant about it; and has kindly favoured us with his idea on the origin of this tuft of hair, which we cannot do better than quote:

"In Charles's time, beneath the chin
The hair was thought material;
He wore't himself, from whence, no doubt,
'Tis always called Imperial."

The merits of the "Wandering Bard"* now claim our solemn attention, and with that we shall conclude. Scott and Byron have to answer for the perpetration of this sublime effusion. What is sweetest in one, or loftiest in the other—the pastoral descriptions and soul-awakening visions of the author of the *Last Minstrel*, and the wanderings of the self-hating, self-tormenting *Harold*,—the author of the "Bard," with the delicacy of a true poet, (concealing, all the while, his name from the curiosity of the public,) endeavours to appropriate. He has mixed the whole into as felicitous and heterogeneous a compound as ever graced the pages of any poem. We may repeat, *mutato nomine*, what Chesterfield said of Bolingbroke's *Patriot King*—that until we read this performance, we were most ignorant of the many new turns of phraseology, and the infinite powers of which the English language was capable. All the hurly-burly of passion—all the intensity of "Cambyses' vein"—the roaring of the Cyclops, whose eye Ulysses, with the exquisite tact of a regular Kentuckian, gouges out—is nothing to the rhapsodical roars of this anonymous lion. The hero of the poem—who also is nameless—dies once on a wild heath before his brother bard the author; but as the latter does not know when to have done with a good thing, he brings him again to life; and then, after describing his surprising adventures, he makes him die a second time, after the fashion of our old friend Romeo Coates. The adventures of the "Bard" are, his meeting the author, as already hinted at, on a blasted heath, and his subsequent death, as suddenly as that of the Dragon of Wantley. He then gets up and walks off with the author—like Virgil and Dante—describes how he loved a young lady—until, as he says—

"A fiend on my spirit wrought,
And planted there Doubt's poisonous spot;"

(which new operation, as far as the spirit is concerned, we beg to allow our readers to interpret as they please for themselves,)—and then, after the young lady's death—by fair means or foul, we have found it impossible to discover—the Bard is confined in a mad-house; whence, after liberation, he proceeds with his author to Westmoreland, where he dies his second death; and the other, as in duty bound, sees him decently buried. The following is a sufficiently gusty attempt at emulating the beauties of *Childe Harold*.

Yet not for me Love's bowers immortal shine;
O! not for me, mad outcast, grovelling slave!
The charms of woman never can be mine,
Who soon must sink into the pitiless grave.
All eyes glare on me with the laugh of scorn;
Young children mock me as they stop their play;
Yea, I am yelled at, as at one forlorn,
And men who meet me drive me from their way.
Oh! what a damnable thing all this to bear,
And be too dastard for the deed revenge;
To be so ground to earth, that they should dare
Torture, and not the murder-pangs avenge;
*Base, paltry slaves, whose foreheads suggt the mire,*
*Whose loathsome life polluteth heaven's sweet air,*
*Who sell their heart-wrung wretchedness for hire—*
*Would that I had* revenge, *how happy should I fare!*"

This is a fair specimen of the thunder-and-buckram style of the Wanderer's companion. The Bard seems mightily attached to descriptions of his own lugubrious features and person. He is not satisfied with the last skit, but to it he goes again with unabated phraseology.

* The Wandering Bard; and other Poems. Edinburgh, John Anderson, jun.; and Whittaker and Co. London.

"And yet she must be dead! Now never more
Shines the Celestial Presence as of yore.
Changed, changed to me, a madman—I became
Crazed miserably—heart and brain of burning flame.
Madness, the giant fiend, the accursed host
Of Nightmare, Fear, and Death—the tempest-tost
Shipwreck, upborne upon the perilous sea
Of blackened dream—the terrible phantasy—
The hideous thing—the unconnected throng
Of shapes and faces wild, unnamed in song—
The Fancy drowned in ashes, waking never—
The Imagination wrapt in tortures ever.
What tongue can tell the pangs, beyond control,
That sat, like Nightmare, on my burthened soul?
The fires that burned like hell, the clinging weight
That prest my spirit with a giant's might?
All beauty withered, glories of earth and sky;
Still every sound of joy—no solace nigh;
No hope on wandering breeze—love in the sun,—
The grandeur of the moon and the bright starlight gone."

This, indeed, is to describe madness. What power of expression—complication of images—enthusiasm—undoubted poetry and truth to nature! When next the Quarterly Reviewer writes upon madness (vide last Number), instead of attesting it by Shakespeare's delineation in Lear and Hamlet, he must look to the pages of the "Wandering Bard." In another charming passage, and highly graphic, (to use a term common among editors of Annuals,) the hero is very anxious to know why the dews of heaven, "that wet the orphan's hair," (though who the orphan may be, or what the occasion, we are not informed,) and that (*sc.* the dews) "calm the conflagration of despair,"—why these dews do not fall upon *him*. The simple reader will suppose that the dews do not fall on the Bard because he is in a shed, or in a madhouse; but no—the ingenuity of the poet has a different solution to the question. His reply is:

"I was wild
With grief and madness—heavily beguiled [terly gone:
I was—undone—and damn'd—and utI was an outcast—laugh'd at—scorn'd; and one [and alone."
Whose curse was that of Death,—to suffer,

Another passage lets us into the secret, that the bard, after having told us over and over again that his 'Mary'—for that is the sweet young lady's name—had become defunct, been buried, and had subsequently ascended into the regions of the moon, and, after a short sojourn there, had for some time been employed in sailing from one bright star to another (of each of which the bard distinctly declares he has a perfect knowledge)—still questions her death. We pity his state of mind, which gives, in its distracted state, utterance to language new to song.

"But is she dead—Mary, beloved? the light
Of the fair morn dark on her closed sight?
*Do grave-dews winnow through the rotting clay?*
*Doth the breeze fan in vain the cheeks of day?*
*Is her's the eternal shroud?—Say, is she part*
*Of grim old death—pulseless her eloquent heart?*
'Tis false as Hell! they lie—the dastards lie!
She, *dropp'd from the immortal heavens*, cannot *die*.
*What head like hers—all golden, dim, and dark?*
*Barken and clotted?*"

Here must certainly have been foul play.

"*Her* voice silent? Hark!
I hear it once again—*solemn and sweet!*
*No—'twas the breeze rating the craggy peak!*
Dread? dared *they* heap the dust, and *I* afar,
And shroud the glory of heaven's brightest star?
Blacken the splendour *of the purest flower*
That *ever lit with beauty forest bower?*

I never heard the church-bell tolling low,
The organ's burial peal, majestically slow;
The moan of prayer over the sullen grave —
The hymn that rolleth as the ocean wave;
*I* saw no virgins, in the summer day,
All robed in white, bearing her form away;
*I never heard the rope, grating and dull,*
*That folded her* — the bright, the beautiful!
*I saw no breaking hearts* —

" I heard no groan
When she was laid beneath the cold grave-stone.
Mine own betrothed! — mine own in dying prayer! —
*They could not lay her in the sepulchre* [chur] —
*They durst not bury her, and I afar!*"

The first entrance of the bard — fit object for our compassion! — upon the scene, is avowedly in imitation of a celebrated passage of Scott, in his Minstrel; and some of the visions of the crack-brained fellow have for their prototype the Giaour's interview with the shade of his murdered love. The measure of the lines is also happily varied, to shew the disturbed state of the bard's mind: sometimes he declaims in stilted heroics; at others, trips along to the time of light-heeled octosyllables. We extract at random a few gem-like expressions.

" There are joys without alloy
Shall clothe thee o'er and o'er."

Only think of a poor wretch with such a surfeit of sweets about him. Again:

" Thy father weeps to see his child
Amid the songs on high."

A locality for a sleeping bard enough to puzzle us, who profess not to be conjurors. The boldness of the figure which endows the winds with the power of rushing by in might, although the bard confesses they are oppressed, is to be admired:

" Loud joy in the winds rushed by in might,
With heatherscent oppress."

Then we are told that sword and spear are armour and mail —

" What wondrous spell doth sorrow bear,
Whose armour is the sword and spear?
She walks mail'd conqueror of a world."

After a further description of sorrow, the Bard describes its operation on "the man of pride" — the stately man:

" Amid the chambers of the brain
The waves of death in madness flow;
Fancy lies dead in hopeless plain,
And slacks her eagle-bow.
Grief's face is pale, her steps are slow,
She ever dreads the crowded walk;
By silent groves, where the streams flow,
She mournful loves *to stalk*."

The charms of this passage are exquisite. After fancy has died "in hopeless plain," she manages to slacken her bow (qualified by the epithet "eagle," without power on our part to set forth the quality involved in that bold term). Grief, with pale, blubbering face, and full of dread, loves, nevertheless, to stalk. Alaric Watts loves to parade his sorrows, and takes care that his wretchedness shall stalk in Spenserian stanzas, and curveting lyrics before a tearful public — but true grief never stalks.

What follows is a vivid personification of Imagination, and the last line the perfection of poetry —

" She rears her radiant brow,
She gathers dreams from every passing thought,
Along the heavens her sounding footsteps flow,
*And silver bells seem tinkling in her throat.*"

After the lark has been made to lay "her daily cup of offering to the morning star," we beg to give this last specimen of poetry from the Land of Cakes:

" 'I, *I* have murder'd her, I have torn out
The saintly life forth from that blessed thing;
I drove her down to hell, and put to rout
The god-like shapes that round her wont to sing
*Virtues that her upheld, as doth an angel's wing.*'

This said, he threw him down upon the ground,
*As torn by bitter pangs of deadliest fear;*
As if he heard some agonizing sound,
Some hideous *shriek*, still *thundering* in his ear."

Enough, however, for this month. Here are ten pages for ten poets, — a poet per page. We shall continue the batches.

## MR. THORBURN'S MS.—THE ORIGINAL "LAWRIE TODD."

MR. ADAM FERGUSSON, in his clever and graphic practical notes, made during a tour in Canada, mentions that he became acquainted with Mr. Thorburn, of New York, "the '*very identical Lawrie Todd;*' and that so far as the first volume of that entertaining work goes, Galt had exactly recorded his life and adventures."

This is not quite correct; *Lawrie Todd* is in nine parts, and only the first part contains the history of Mr. Thorburn. Here and there, anecdotes derived from him are interspersed through the narrative, but the first forty pages of the work comprehend the main part of his communication; and even in it there are fictitious additions introduced.

In the last edition of *Lawrie Todd*, Galt mentions, in the first note, that the outlines of the foregoing pages are derived from Mr. Thornton,* of New York. "I have retained in them," says he, "all the truth and beauty of his original narrative: in the pathetic parts I, have not ventured to offer any amendment, because I could not; but I have dealt with more freedom in those that were lighter. I have enlarged the narrative, and added to the incidents; but I have not presumed to think that I could improve a story which nature had taken so much pains to relate." In this matter our readers are enabled to judge for themselves; we have obtained Mr. Thorburn's original manuscript, which is subjoined.

It is singular that *Lawrie Todd*, which has been frequently compared to *Robinson Crusoe*, resembles in the history of the book so much of that romance. The narrative of *Alexander Selkirk*, on which De Foe's work is founded, is not more like the fiction than the history of Mr. Thorburn is like that of *Lawrie Todd*.

We take this opportunity of mentioning, that our friend Galt has always founded his different novels on some actual occurrence, and drawn his characters from living models. For example, those in the *Annals of the Parish* are a collection of portraits. "The provost" is alleged to have been a magistrate of the town when the author was at school; "Sir Andrew Wylie" is derived from something that was peculiar in the father of the present First Lord of the Admiralty. There was, we have understood, no resemblance in the incidents of the life of the late Sir James Graham and those of the fictitious hero; but he was the moral model of the character, just as a certain noble lord offered to be the substantial model of Satan to a celebrated sculptor. Mr. O'Connell, with all his vituperation of that nobleman, has not gone the length yet of maintaining that he is really the devil.

### MR. THORBURN'S MS.

*New York, 1st Nov.* 1824.

My life has hitherto been a series of such strange occurrences, and, in my view, so marked with the directing hand of Providence, that when I look back it appears as if I have been a mere machine, without a will of my own.

I was born the 18th day of February, 1774, in a small village named West Houses, near Dalkeith, six miles south from Edinburgh. My father was poor, honest, and industrious, and followed the trade of a nailmaker; in his religious principles, was what is now termed a stiff Scotch presbyterian; and since I have had an opportunity of seeing men and their behaviour, in making the comparison, I think he was the most conscientious professor I ever met, and possessed of the greatest share of sound sense, or, as we term it in Scotland, *mother-wit*.

The first circumstance impressed on my mind is the death of my mother; I was then in my third year. I remember nothing of her person or conduct, only the death-bed scene: I yet see the family around her bed in tears. I sat on a high chair by the fire-side, I saw my father give her a drink from a white pint-bowl; he then softly laid her head on the pillow. A cry "She is gone!" and loud lamentation, made

* It should be Thorburn; Mr. G. was unwell at the time the note was dictated, and did not revise the printing.

me ask, "What is the matter?" The answer, "You have no more a mother!" It was true; but then I knew not my loss.

I remember I was cruelly used and neglected by the woman my father hired to keep his house, in consequence of which I lost the use of my limbs, and so, not having exercise, I fell into a weak and sickly state of body; and when I was ten years old, I was not so large as most children are at five.* But in this, as in all the troubles and misfortunes I have as yet met with in life, I now see the goodness of God; for I believe that the means used for restoring my strength, through the blessing of God, gave me an entirely new constitution. For from my twelfth year to the present day, I have been free from any of the hereditary complaints with which my father and sister and brothers were afflicted. That I might recover my strength, I was sent to board on one of the high hills, where the Romans once had an encampment, in the county of Mid-Lothian, nine miles south from Edinburgh. This hill abounded with a small snail, that carried a beautiful shell on its back, striped and painted with all the colours of the rainbow. My employment in the afternoon was to collect a half-pint of these snails. In the morning they were boiled in new milk; the milk, when nearly cold, was given me with oatmeal for breakfast: it was very palatable. I soon regained my health and spirits, but not my growth, my height being only four feet ten inches; and at no period of my life have I weighed over ninety-eight pounds. This, too, Providence turned to my advantage; for my mind was bent, not only to equal, but to surpass all my schoolfellows of my own age, though much larger in body.

With my father I followed the trade of nail-making, and in this, from the same principle, I equalled all, and surpassed many of my work-fellows. I remember a circumstance took place, when in my fourteenth year, which, though a trifle, I have often since thought was a true epitome of my after-life. The oldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch that day had come of age, having arrived to twenty-one years. At night there were fire-works to be displayed in front of the palace, and that the people in the village might join in the festivity, the town-drummer was sent round to give notice that the gates would be set open for half an hour, and all who chose to come in that period would be admitted to see the fun. Something kept me back, and just as I got near, the time had expired, and the gate was shut. I was much mortified, and proposed to some others in my situation that we would scale the walls, which were ten feet high, built of stone, and smooth-plastered with lime. None would agree to this, justly remarking that, should they get on the top, they knew not the dangers of getting down, as there was a deep ditch on the other side; and in many places about the enclosures spring-guns and man-traps were set. However, I was only anxious to get on the top, and could not think of consequences; so, by getting on the shoulders of the tallest in the company, I reached the height, when I began to think of the dangers within: but finding that reflection was only adding to my fears, I dropped at once on the other side, and, as Providence ordered, I fell on a soft bed, collected by the high winds and falling leaves of November, in the ditch. Nothing hurt, I ran through the woods, directed to the spot by the light of the fire-works, and arrived safe, notwithstanding the spring-guns and traps in the way. Spring-guns are fixed with wires running a certain distance, and in such a manner, that, when trod on, the gun wheels round, and fires on the person treading on the wire.

After the fire-works were over, and the company dispersed, I tarried, with other idle boys, collecting the burnt-out rockets, and other fixtures. When I came back to go out of the gate, I

* During this state of confinement to the house I learned something of human nature; those around me, not supposing the mind grows faster in the dwarf than in the giant, did and said many things in my presence, presuming I knew not their meaning. Many droll scenes have I seen among the lads and lasses, who used to assemble at our house when my father was absent, in the long winter evenings; but I was cunning enough not to tell him, as I knew it would only bring trouble on myself. People are apt to forget that children can see and reason, when they cannot speak. Among other things, I had seen all the mystery of nipping and *skarting*, *Scotch folks' wooing*, long before I learned A B C.

found the porter with a horsewhip, roundly chastising the boys for keeping him so long waiting to let them out. I stepped a few yards back, to consider by what means I might escape this discipline, when I observed a gentleman's servant with two of his master's sons, one in each hand; I attached myself to one of the boys, entered into conversation about the fire-works, and so walked through the gates unmolested by holding the hand of the laird's son. I have often thought of my escape since, when, by want of proper caution, I have mounted some difficult enterprise, without considering beforehand in what manner I was to get out.

In the year 1792, when the French Revolution had fairly commenced, and the pulpit and the press were teeming all over Britain with reform, I joined the societies of what were then called the Friends of the People, and in London were termed the Corresponding Societies, whose ostensible motive was to obtain the reform of parliament by a more equal representation; and in the winter of 1793, with seventeen more of the members of the said society in Dalkeith, I was marched a prisoner into Edinburgh. A laughable occurrence here took place, which has often made me smile since.

When we entered the town, marshalled two and two, with a sheriff's officer in front and one in the rear, the scene attracted a concourse of people, and among them a great many women; one of whom observed, or rather loudly exclaimed, in her broad Scottish dialect, when she saw me bringing up the rear-rank, "the Losh presarve us! if the king is afraid of sic a little fellow as that, I dinna ken what will become of him!" After examination by some of their judges, we were all dismissed on giving a trifling bail for our appearance.

A ship, the Providence of New York, was then lying at Leith, taking passengers for New York. My father paid for the passage of my brother and myself, and, after arranging the matter with our bailsman, we sailed for New York, the 13th of April, 1794.

To note all the curious scenes in which I was a party or spectator, during a passage of nine weeks in a very small vessel, with above a hundred persons, crew and passengers, would of itself form a book. Before this, I never had been twenty miles from the house in which I was born; and from the time I was five years old, I do not remember to have slept three nights out of my father's house. Here I was, in my twentieth year, without having experienced or seen ought of the world, set as it were on my own feet, close jammed in a crowd from whom there was no retreating, whose ends, motives, and dispositions, were as various as their faces. It was a sound maxim of my father's, that young people ought to earn money before they got money to spend; however, when he put his maxim in practice on my brother and myself, I had some doubts of its utility. After laying in for us a large wooden chest (which had been a family-piece for near a century), well filled with clothing, and a reasonable stock of such provisions as the ship did not furnish to us steerage-passengers, he gave us 20*s.* sterling for contingent expenses after we might land in America, and to support us before we got into employment.

Thus equipped, we weighed anchor about sunrise. In the morning aforesaid, a boat putting off from one of his majesty's frigates, then lying in the roads, created a considerable bustle in our little ship. A number of our passengers were fine-looking young men, equipped with jacket and trousers for the voyage; afraid of being impressed made them run below, and change their clothes: I being the most insignificant-looking person of all our passengers, had no fears of being impressed, and so stayed on deck to see what was to be done. However, it appeared they were only in search of a deserter; and not finding him, they left us without any trouble. In a few hours after, the man that they were in search of came on board, in an open boat, from near Berwick; he was a fine seaman, said he had been impressed, and now gave them the slip. We were extremely crowded, the ship having only four feet and a half in height between decks, with two tier of berths to sleep in round both sides of the steerage; three persons slept in each berth. With my brother and myself slept a very large Highland porter, and, no matter what tack the ship was on, he would always lay in the front of the berth. Being stowed in the middle, between him and my brother, I was often in danger of being smothered by his enormous weight, when our side was on the lee-

tack. He was subject to the nightmare, and talking in his sleep. One stormy night he dreamt the ship was sinking, and roared, with all the might of his tremendous voice, "Lord God Almighty! help! help!" A large Newfoundland dog on deck took the alarm, and began to bark and roar with all his might. I awoke with his cry for help, and, catching his alarm, roared "Murder! murder!" as loud as I could. A light was soon introduced from the deck, when a scene appeared that baffles all description: men and women rolling out of their berths, some with petticoats, some with pantaloons, and some in a state of nature—children screaming—women wringing their hands—in short, it would have tried the genius of an Hogarth to have given a true sketch of the scene.

After the passengers had got somewhat over the sea-sickness, the captain called over the roll, and appointed every seventh man as head of his mess. His duty was to receive from the mate the provisions for one week for himself and six of his comrades, and give each an equal share. This duty fell to my lot, being one of the seven numbers; it was also my duty to take charge of and keep clean our eating utensils: this, with other duties soon imposed on me, gave me full employment. Each mess was allowed one quart of molasses per day; after some days, the mate neglected to serve out the molasses. This occasioned much grumbling among the passengers; a meeting was held between decks; I was appointed to state the matter to the captain, which I did in a respectable manner next day, on the quarter-deck. The mate was called, and gave as a reason the want of time. I told the captain, if he would allow the mate to give me the quantity every morning, I would serve it out to the different messes; this plan was adopted, and executed by me to the end of our voyage. Again, every person was allowed two porter-bottles of water every morning; one bottle was to go in the ship's boiler, to make our oatmeal-porridge. As we soon got into warm latitudes, many of the passengers, instead of depositing their water in the breakfast-kettle, reserved it for drinking; but when the porridge was dealing out, they also came in for their share. Thus, for several mornings, there was not enough made to supply the several messes; I soon found out the cause, and stated the difficulty to the captain. He gave me permission to stand by the kettle every morning, and see that none received any of the porridge but such as put in their bottle of water. This order I faithfully saw executed during the remainder of our passage, and finally gained me the good-will of all the passengers. I also assisted the cook in the steerage, and steward in the cabin, where there were twenty passengers. By this means I found constant employment, which made the time pass easily, which would otherwise have hung heavily on my hands, and by making the cook and steward my friends, had my share of the best victuals that the ship could afford; so that I lived as well as the passengers in the cabin.

Among so many, there were, of course, some curious characters. As the revolutionary fever had already broken out, which soon shook all the thrones in Europe, we had some hot characters among us, which all the waters of the Atlantic could not cool. We had also some warm contests on religious points, there being in our number, Presbyterians, Methodists, Universalists, Burghers, Cameronians, Deists, and an Antiburgher minister. It was not uncommon to see the minister preaching on the quarter-deck, and singing the old version of David's psalms, and at the same time the Universalists, consisting of eight or ten members, chanting Winchester's hymns on the forecastle. At last the captain put a stop to this public contempt, by declaring the Presbyterian religion to be the established religion of his ship.

On the 16th of June, about ten o'clock, A. M., our ship came to anchor opposite the city, which in those days made a very poor appearance from the water, as the stores were all built of wood; and the only steeples high enough to be seen to advantage were the Trinity Church, St. George's Church, and the new Dutch Church, fronting on Liberty, Nassau, and Cedar Streets. In a few minutes the vessel was surrounded with boats, and I believe every passenger went on shore but myself; I felt a sort of presentiment that I was about entering on new, important, and untried scenes. Many of our countrymen came on board inquiring for friends or news; for in those days, ships arriving with passengers was a

rare sight. I asked an Edinburgh man who came on board, and who had been in New York above a year, if he thought my brother and I could get employment to make nails; he said he thought not, as they had just got a machine set up for cutting nails out of iron hoops. This was a piece of mortifying news, and made me less anxious about going on shore, especially as all the money we had between my brother and I was 6¼ cents; and this was given us by a passenger (who by this time had returned on board), after exchanging a guinea, and was what we charged him for half a pint of wine we gave him for one of his children that was sick; and there was no wine in the ship, they having drunk all up, except what my brother and I had at the time. We had been eight weeks out. I will here remark that one bottle, scarcely containing a quart, was all we took on board; and yet we had the last wine in the ship. About eleven o'clock the captain returned on board, bringing a piece of fine fresh beef and some new potatoes, which he told the cook to get ready for the sailors' dinner; and seeing me look very sober, and finding I had not been ashore, told me to join the mess and not be discouraged: for, added he, "if there is a man on board to make a figure and a fortune, you are the man." With something of a lighter heart, I went about as usual to assist the cook (he was a black man) in getting ready the dinner, being anxious to taste fresh meat; he and I sat down flat on the deck, his feet against my feet, and a wooden bowl of potatoes between our legs, and began to scrape off the skin from the potatoes. While thus employed, a boat came alongside; in the boat was Dr. Kemp, one of the professors of Columbia College; James Anderson, of Broadway; and George Clelan, hardware-merchant of Maiden Lane. When they came on deck, the first inquired for a farmer's servant; the second, for a servant-woman; and Cleland asked if there were any nail-makers on board. I catched the word, and, looking up, answered I was one. He was a tall man, and looking down on me—who no doubt made a very small appearance, sitting flat on deck, with a bowl of potatoes nearly as high as my breast—he inquired, with a tone of surprise, "Can you make nails?" I answered quickly, "I would wager sixpence (all I had) I would make more nails, in one day, than any man in the country." The answer, manner, and speaker, set the company into a roar of laughter, which ended by my receiving a card, to call at his store as soon as we got on shore. As an apology for the above boast I will only state, that a few weeks before I left home, in one day, from six A. M. to nine P. M., for a wager of sixpence, I made 3,320 nails. This was more by 400, as far as ever was heard of among the craft, to have been made by any man in the same time in Britain.

About sun-down we hauled in the ship to the wharf, foot of Governeur's Lane: there I first stepped on shore. Next morning we sallied forth, with the important card in our hands, marked No. 33, Maiden Lane, to find George Cleland. At the head of the wharf we were stopped by a man, whose name, he told us, was Watkins. He inquired if there were any nailmakers on board; we said that was our trade, and informed him we were going to seek 33, Maiden Lane, where we expected to get employment. He advised us first to go and see his shops, and said he would give us employment, and pay us a penny a-pound more for making nails than ever had been given before, as he was much in want, all his men having gone to sea about two weeks before, at the raising of the embargo, when Mr. Jay sailed as ambassador for London. We went and found places in his shops (situate in Batavia Lane) for twelve men to work, and only one man employed. He made us many tempting offers, which we partly agreed to accept; only, as we had first promised to see Cleland, we must give him a call. Our minds being so far made up to go to Watkins', I thought it not worth while to go to Cleland's, but went back to the ship, and told my brother to go to Cleland's, to make good our promise. When he came back, however, and told me Mr. Cleland and his wife were Scotch folk, that we would have the shop to ourselves—and his shop was quite empty—that he said he would do all that Watkins had promised, and also told me he did not curse and swear as Watkins did, and, besides, added that they had no children, we concluded to go with him.

After-experience made us thank Providence, who had directed our choice, for they were Christian people,

and treated us as if we had been their own children; and having the shop to ourselves, we were not exposed to bad company. We engaged board in a house which is still standing, No. 8, Dutch Street; Mr. Banker occupied the ground-floor—he was a shoemaker; and David Brown, a journeyman carpenter, lived up stairs. His wife kept a few boarders, and they being Edinburgh folks, from national feelings we went to board with them. About sundown on the 17th, we brought our baggage from the ship to the said house; it consisted of a large chest, containing our clothes, a box of books, mattrass, and blankets. I suppose, on the whole, we made rather a sorry appearance; for it was quite repugnant to our notions of Scottish economy to put on a Sunday coat on a week day: at any rate, our appearance, and the appearance of a cart stopping at the door loaded with our moveables, drew out the wrath, tongue, and body of Mr. Banker, to the street. He declared that our trash should not enter the house; that Brown hired the rooms above from him, and he should not bring any of his *dirty Irish* into his house, &c. Had he called us lousy Scotch, I would have forgot it; but I could not swallow being called dirty Irish. However, after a parly we were permitted to deposit our bedding and luggage in the garret; but I thought it was a very uncourteous welcome. About seven years after I got my revenge; I then kept a grocery. One morning the said Mr. Banker came into the store—he either knew me not, or thought I did not know him: he asked me if I would credit him some articles; he looked poor; I gave him what he asked, and treated him with kindness. As he seemed thankful, I inquired if he had ever known me before. He said it was only within a few weeks he had seen me. I said I boarded with Brown, when he lived at No. 8, Dutch Street, in the year 1794, and was one of the young men whose entrance into the house he so firmly opposed, as they were bringing their chest, &c. from the ship. He said he remembered, and was much surprised. I told him I now had an opportunity of returning good for evil. He was much confused, left the store, and never returned.

As I stated before, we deposited our luggage in the garret. Brown's people were poor, and as they had not a spare bed, we laid our mattrass on the floor, and made a bed with our own clothes. The weather was hot, the garret was alive with mosquitoes and other domestic animals: I could not sleep. About midnight it began to thunder and rain tremendously; the rattling of the rain on the shingles—a noise I never had heard before, the loud roar of thunder, and bright flashes of lightning—such as I never had heard any thing like it in Scotland, alarmed me so much as drove sleep from my eyes. Tired with tossing on a sleepless pillow, I arose with break of day; after thanking God for his preserving mercies through the night, I thought, by way of passing the time till people began to stir, to unpack our case of books: they had not been opened since we left Scotland. My brother and three of Banker's sons, who slept in the garret, were fast asleep. I felt feverish and low-spirited with heat and want of sleep, and wishing myself again in my father's house, I resolved, if spared, to earn as much money as would pay my passage home again as soon as possible; but He in whose hands are all our ways had otherwise ordained. He knew I was about entering on the active scenes of life, and he promised to be my guide, if I asked his direction. When I opened the box of books, the first thing that caught my eye was a small pocket Bible; it had been placed there by the hands of my pious father. Without any design I opened the book—my thoughts were ruminating about my father; my eyes fastened on the words, "My son, forget not my law," &c. I read on to the end of the chapter like one in a dream. When done, I looked back, and found I had been reading the third chapter of Proverbs.

Now, reader, I request of you to take the Bible and read this chapter; and if you are a believer in a particular Providence, you will not brand me as an enthusiast, when I say that I looked on it as an immediate message from Heaven, giving me instructions how to shape my course, now that I was for the first time entering on the voyage of life, without an earthly pilot, full of hope, comfort, and joyful admiration. I fell on my knees with my face to the east (the sun was just rising), where lies Scotland, the land of my fathers; it was the hour (allowing for the difference of time) when my father's family

were assembled at family-worship. I knew he would not forget his sons in America. I thought I was joining with them in prayer, and rejoiced that, as sure as the same sun shone on us both at the same time, so sure the eyes of the same Lord was on us in all places to guide, instruct, and preserve us. I took the walls of that house to witness, that if the Lord would be with me, and keep me in the ways in which I ought to go, and give me meat to eat and raiment to put on (see Genesis xxviii. 20), and return me again to my father's house in peace,* then, indeed, should the Lord be my God. I arose, refreshed in body and mind, and went forth to earn my first cent in America, with a strong confidence in the promise of God to be my guide and supporter. The impression until this hour has not worn from my mind, and I never pass the house, No. 8, Dutch Street, but I look up to the old garret-window, and remember with renewed pleasure the important transaction, although it is now more than thirty years ago. I know that those who deny the Bible, and say it is not the word of God, will smile at this, and say it was all enthusiastic delusion. Be it so: but before these men take this delusion from us, let them give us something as good in its stead. They offer nothing; they would take away what supports in trouble, and give us a *blank*. In this state of mind, I went to work in Crown (now Liberty) Street, where the house No. 70 now stands, on the 18th day of June.

My mind all day filled with the pleasing impression of the morning scene, I resolved, in God's strength, to take this third chapter of Proverbs as my pocket-compass; and I have found, even to the present day, that in keeping of his commandments, in this life, there is great reward. I have found favour with and from God, and he has given me abundant favour with my fellow-men. I have acknowledged him in my ways, and he has directed my steps; he blessed me with plenty, and in his good and wise providence reduced me to poverty, and again shewed me the truth of his promise by blessing me on every side, and filling my barns with plenty. He hath shewn me many and sore troubles, but has always shewn me much more of his great goodness and kind mercies, in the manner in which he has brought me out of these troubles. I have seen pestilence and death walk our streets for twelve different summers, have seen them falling thick on the right and on the left hand, while neither I nor any of my family were hurt by day or by night; being in every instance, as I thought, providentially prevented from leaving the city. He kept me in perfect peace, enabling me to have my heart stayed on him, and trusting in him.

On the 1st of August, Brown's family, wherein we boarded, removing to the upper part of the city (which in those days extended a little above the jail, or bridewell), we, to be near our workshop, went to board with an old American lady, a widow, and her daughter, who lived in an old wooden shed, where No. 100, Liberty Street, now stands. In those days, the river washed its sloping banks up into Greenwich Street. In this house we learned the secret, that in whatever country Providence may cast a man's lot, if he wants to live comfortable, he must live among the natives of that country; and for the same reason, if he wants to take a wife, he must marry a woman who was born and brought up in that country. We here found the victuals cooked as they ought to be; but in European boarding-houses in the city we found the proverb hold good, that God gives victuals and the devil sends cooks. How can a woman make pies who never saw a pumpkin? How can she make cakes who never saw buck-wheat? The daughter was a big, masculine, single lady, about

* Twenty-four years after this, I did visit my father's house in peace, and found him in the same house in which I had left him, and in most comfortable circumstances. At eight o'clock, A. M. on the 8th of August, 1818, I stepped into the same room I had parted with my father, brother, and sister in, on the 3d of April, 1794—a period of twenty-four years. As was his custom, my father was just opening the old Scotch psalm-book, to commence family-worship before breakfast; the same old family Bible lay on the same old oak-table—the same eight-day clock stood in the same corner—the same bedstead and curtains, under which I formerly slept—the same shovel and tongs stood by the same fire-place—in short, I was at home: had I found my father in a palace, I would not have been at home. I could not speak, but sat down and cried for ten minutes with real pleasure.

thirty-five years of age; she, however, had a child; but where she got it I know not, as I never could find that she had a husband. This child took sick. On the morning after it had been ill four or five days, I was nearly falling into a deep pit, just as I was going to step out of doors. This pit had been dug by the hogs, the night previous. When this was discovered, the child was given up for lost; there was nothing but weeping, lamentation, and woe. Next night it died, and the hogs were set down as the true prognosticators of its death.

You will observe, that Crown Street (now Liberty Street) was not paved where the house No. 100 now stands; it was only a sand-bank at this early period. The rage for moving up town had just commenced; so, on the 1st of November, our good landlady and her big daughter, with a Dutch carman's cart-load of movables, took their departure for St. James's Street, and left us to seek new lodgings, which we procured next door to our workshop, being No. 72, Liberty Street. When my brother and I had pulled our large chest up stairs, and landed it in the attic-story, where we were to sleep, thinks I to myself, it's a stirring place this New York; here we have been little more than four months, and already lived in three different families, and all by theirs, not our movements!

On reflection, I think the three months I resided at No. 100 Liberty Street was the only period that I spent in America in what I may call boyish amusements. The school for the children belonging to the Society of Friends was kept in a small building, on the spot where the meeting-house now stands. Brown, afterwards General Brown, who bore a conspicuous part in what was termed the northern campaign (in 1812 or 1813), was at that time their teacher. The boys before school-hours assembled in our nail-shop, where they used to warm themselves, and amuse away their spare time by feeding a young monkey that I had procured from a Portuguese vessel and kept in the shop. They always brought nuts and apples enough to supply the wants of Jacko and his master too. By this means I formed an acquaintance with many of those young lads, who are now useful and respectable men of business in our city; but, as will be seen in the sequel, I was soon to be occupied with more important matters than feeding monkeys and cracking nuts.

It has always been my custom to rise early, and as the house in which I slept was on the right-hand side in Liberty, a few rods below Lumber Street, I kept on that side going and coming from work. I observed almost every morning, just as I had crossed from Dash's corner,* and set my foot on the pavement of the south-corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, that a young woman, apparently from Nassau Street, met me exactly at the same spot. At first I thought nothing of this; but the same thing continuing many days, I began to think, what can this young woman be doing up so early every morning? Often the clock struck five as I crossed Broadway—observe, this was in August and September—she always turned the corner, and walked down Broadway towards the battery. There was nothing about her that struck me with any other sentiment than curiosity at the circumstance of meeting her always on the same spot, and at so early an hour. Sometimes I would stop for a moment, and look after her. She was rather tall, about five feet seven inches high, and slender made; her face was pale, with sometimes a slight tinge of red on the cheek, as if occasioned by an hectic fever: I thought I could read melancholy in her countenance. Her carriage was very erect, with a slow solemn step, somewhat like an old war-worn soldier walking sentinel before the tent of his general, and meditating on the scenes and dangers he had passed. As was the fashion at that time, she wore a small black beaver hat, with two cords on each side to turn up the rim, just enough to shew the ears; her hair, which was long, and of the colour of flax, was turned up in a broad fold, the extreme ends under the hat and the broad fold resting between the shoulders: her other dress was neat and plain, and denoted neither poverty nor riches.

We still continued to meet and pass each other at the same time and spot; I satisfying myself with the conjecture

* Mr. John B. Dash lived on the west-corner of Liberty Street and Broadway, where he kept the most extensive retail hardware store in New York.

that she was a tailoress or mantua-maker, and rose thus early to walk on the battery for the benefit of her health, before going to work.

One day, about the middle of October, when at work in the lower part of the yard, I observed a number of people in the street, looking earnestly towards Broadway.* Curiosity led me to inquire the cause; at the next door stood a hearse, and I was informed there was to be a burial. Not having seen such a thing in this country, I stopped a few minutes; the corpse was brought out, followed by an elderly lady and this same young woman. I then asked a neighbour who they were, and was informed that was the wife and daughter of the man who was going to be buried; that they were poor, but respected by their neighbours; and the chief support of the family was the daughter by her needle. With her light-coloured hair, black hat, mourning dress, and pale countenance, she appeared to my mind as resembling one of those Eastern ladies, who, having offended their tyrant-lord, are bled to death, and just on the point of fainting before they draw their last breathing sigh.

We continued to meet, turning the corner, early in the morning as usual; but a wish never entered my mind to speak to her. On the last of October we had not yet got a place to board; we did not like to board where there was a number kept, for fear of bad company; and not wishing to go far from our shop, we found some difficulty in being suited. At my work, in the afternoon of that day, I was ruminating on what was best to be done, as we knew not where we were to lodge. On the next day, at once the burial that took place next door came into my mind; I thought with myself thus: The widow is poor, the daughter is of age, they must have had two beds while the husband lived; now the mother and daughter may sleep in one, and perhaps they may board and lodge us, to assist them in getting a living. While I was thus ruminating, John Powell, a coach-maker, who hired in the under part of the same house, came in as he was wont of an evening to see us work at nail-making; I told him our situation, and asked if he thought we could get board up stairs, in the house where he lived. After consulting, he went and made the inquiry; the report being favourable, we carried our chest and entered our new abode next day, being the 1st of November, 1794.

At this period I had not the most distant idea of settling in this country, but intended to return as soon as I had earned money sufficient to carry me back; but in this, as well as in every important period of my life, God was leading me as one that was blind, in a way that I knew not; and though I had often noticed this young woman who was destined to be my wife, yet neither now nor at any former period had I the most distant wish to court her acquaintance.†

We were quite at home in our new lodgings; our landlady, Mrs. Sickles, being a sensible, obliging, motherly woman; and her daughter, about our own age, appeared to us like a sister. We found her anxious about the salvation of her soul, a constant attendant

* About this time (October 1794) they were putting the roof on the City Hotel —this is the first house that was slated in America. When they came to put on the slates they were at a stand—slate-nails were not in the city, as they had never before been wanted; the American nail-makers had never made such a nail, for there was no demand for them (there is an art in making the head of a slate-nail, known only to those who have learned it). In this dilemma they heard of my brother and I; the builder was a Scotchman, and knew we could make slate-nails. They applied to us, to know at how much per thousand we would make them; we promised an answer next day. In the mean time, my brother and I consulted on what we then thought the principles of equity and justice; we spoke of $1 per thousand, but concluded this was too much, and so fixed the price at 93¾ cents per thousand. I often since have wept at our squeamish simplicity; had we charged $2 per thousand it would not have been too much. It was a good day's work to make a thousand, and, when we had the trade and price in our own hands, $2 per day was nothing extraordinary. However, my eye-teeth were not then cut; I found out since, that every one has his price, and makes the best of any advantages that circumstances may put in his power.

† My wish to board there was merely for convenience, being next house to our workshop; I had not the most distant thought of courting her acquaintance.

on the preaching of the Methodists, but perfectly ignorant on the subject of man's ruin by the fall, and of the way of salvation by Christ. Having been instructed from our infancy in the doctrines of the Bible, we endeavoured to point out to her the path which we thought was right.* I soon perceived that she preferred my company and conversation on these subjects to that of my brother's; this made me more industrious to repay her partiality, and she being anxious to learn, we spent all our leisure hours in the pleasant task. She now attended with us on the preaching of the great Dr. Mason: by the blessing of God on these means she got a sight of her state by nature, and of her deliverance in Jesus; and found that rest in him which he gives to all the weary and heavy-laden that come to him.

About the end of the year 1796 she joined the church in Cedar Street, Dr. Mason being minister of the same; and was then and there, for the first time, baptised — it was on the Friday evening preparatory to the administration of the Lord's supper:—that important event deranged all my late plans, and gave a new impulse to my future actions. Before this, my every exertion was bent to forward the projects I had in view of returning again to my father's house; but in a moment my resolution was taken to gain the affections of this young woman, or fly this country for ever.

As I felt a deep interest on the occasion, considering myself an instrument in the hands of God in bringing it about, I took my seat in church where I might get a correct view of what passed. When I saw her tall, slender, erect frame, with slow and measured step move up the middle-aisle, dressed

* About this time, in the spring of 1796, my brother not being in good health, we hired a small store, having saved about one hundred dollars; we laid it out in small hardware, and got fifty dollars' worth more on credit, consisting of pins, needles, scissors, knives, &c. My brother was to attend the store, while I was to make nails to support us both. When I began to place our hundred and fifty dollars' worth of goods on the shelves, I found they would make a very poor appearance; and as I was just beginning to find out that appearances went a great way in this world, I procured a number of brick-bats and round sticks of wood: the wood I sawed in lengths, and covered it with ironmongers' paper, having one shaving-box or snuff-box attached to one end. These, when laid on the shelves, occupied the space and appeared to be six, twelve, or twenty-four boxes, just as the size may be; a brick-bat thus covered, having a knife and fork outside, looked as well on the shelf as two dozen real ones; so on with scissors, &c. &c., till the shelves were decently filled, and the store made a respectable appearance. I procured a glass-case to stand on the counter, in which I kept four, six, or eight of a sort for retailing, and as they sold off, I procured half-a-dozen more by wholesale; so I had no occasion to discompose my brick-bats nor wood blocks. By mistake, I had tied a round shaving-box on a brick; a slikie old Scotchman, who used to step in for a crack, observed it. "Ay, man," says he, "but ye hae unco queer things here: wha ever saw a square shaving-box?" I let him into the secret; we had a good laugh. Say she, "Ye're an auld-farrant chap; na doot but ye'll do very weel in this country." My brother got tired of attending store, and went off to Philadelphia. I was now in great trouble; we were beginning to make some pennies by the store, and did not like to give it up; neither did I like to give up my nail-making, for this was sure. So I resolved to push my courtship, calculating, that if I got married, I would have a shopkeeper of my own, but if not, to sell off and leave the city; for I could not live in New York and see her the wife of another: and in the mean time continued to keep both. For this end I arose at four o'clock A. M., and made nails till eight; opened store at eight; staid in till eight P. M.; shut up, and went to nail-making till twelve: thus getting scant four hours' sleep in the twenty-four. My nail-shop window opened into the yard of the house where I boarded, and where my girl lived. She used to come to the window; I helped her in, where she stayed sewing or knitting till midnight; I working and courting, thus killing two birds with one stone. Time passed pleasant enough in this manner for about two months, when we got married: the room we lived in was six feet by twelve; our furniture was a bed and bedstead, one pine-table (value of fifty cents), three Windsor chairs, a soup-pot, tea-kettle, six cups and saucers, a griddle, fryingpan, and brander. It was enough — it was all we wanted; we were all the world to one another. Now we have carpets to shake, brasses to scour, stairs to scrub, mahogany to polish, china to break, servants to scold; and what does it all amount to? For your own necessity, one bed, one cup, one knife and fork, table, and chair, is enough.

in a white muslin robe, plain made, but neat, and clean—when I saw her stand composed in the face of a vast congregation, and give the regular and distinct tokens of assent to the vows of God laid upon her by Dr. Mason, in a most solemn and affecting tone of voice, while the congregation seemed hushed in the stillness of death—when I saw her untie the black riband under her chin that held on her hat, while the minister was descending from the pulpit to administer the ordinance—when I saw her hands hanging straight by her sides, one holding her black beaver hat and the other a white handkerchief—when I saw her turn up her face to heaven and shut her eyes, as the minister was going to pour the consecrated sign—when I saw her wipe the pearly drops, I thought her face shone like the face of an angel; and I swore in my heart, that, by the help of the Lord, nothing on earth but death should part us. When we returned home, she observed she might thank me, as the instrument under God, for what had come to pass this night. I replied, God can take a feeble worm in his hand, and with it thrash the mountains, and make them fine as chaff. I then told her when and where I first saw her, and the providential manner in which God had brought us acquainted, and added, if it was his will, I hoped nothing but death should part us; and repeating the words of Ruth to Naomi, I said, "Entreat me not to leave thee; where thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Here was my declaration; but the battle was yet to be fought: she looked with pity and concern in my face, and turned away with a sigh. When some days after I learned the cause of this sigh, it awakened all my fears;—it was occasioned, she said, by the pain it would give me, when she was obliged to let me know that she had been addressed by a young man for nearly two years, and was *all but* engaged. As I had seen this young man only two or three times in the house, I had no thoughts of his being a rival. I found he was a man of property—owned two houses, viz. the house on the south-corner of Liberty Street and Broadway, and the house adjoining the corner, both fronting on Broadway; one himself occupied as a jewellery store, which was well stocked with goods. At this time he was computed to be worth $50,000. What a temptation for a poor girl and her mother, whose property, perhaps, would not amount to $100! and how hopeless for me to contend with such a man—I, a poor stranger and a nailer, who, with hard working, could hardly earn 75 cents a-day! He came in the name of his god (the world), making offers of settlement on her and her relations; my trust was in the name of Him who has all hearts in his hands, and can turn them as easy as he turns the gentle-flowing stream; the fifth and sixth verses of the third chapter of Proverbs was now my counsellor.

One day about this time, when I thought my prospects were very discouraging on this subject, which then lay nearest my heart, as I was working with my hands, my mind and heart were going out to Him who knows our thoughts before they are uttered; I prayed that he would give me success in this matter, if agreeable to his will, or enable me to support the disappointment, if he, in his holy and wise providence, should order otherwise. These words, as if whispered by some invisible being, were spoken on my heart:—"He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him." In searching for these texts some days after, I found them in Psalm cxlv. and Psalm xxxvii., 4, 5—"Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart; commit thy way to him, and he will bring it to pass." After this I continued my suit with an inward confidence of success, though all her relations (except her mother) were in favour of my rival; and in the month of June, 1797, we were married. Mrs. Lindsay—that mother of Israel in our church—wife of George Lindsay, long a respectable stone-cutter in this city, whom my wife had made her confidant, knowing we were engaged, proposed that we should get married at her house, as she said, to keep things quiet and prevent expense, knowing our stock was small. On the evening appointed, she invited Dr. Mason and his lady, two young women (distant relations, who lived in her house), Mrs. Sickles and her daughter (my intended), Mr. Lowndes (who at this day is keeper of the Debtor's Prison), and myself, to drink tea at eight o'clock, P.M. As I always liked to save time, this arrangement exactly met my ideas; I stuck to my

hammer till the usual hour of seven o'clock, joined the company at eight, drank tea, was married, and got home before ten o'clock.

It may be well to observe, that as my brother was at this time residing in Philadelphia, is the reason he was not at our marriage.

A circumstance occurred at this time, which (as I could never understand what was meant by any thing coming by *chance*) I have always viewed as a particular Providence. About eight days before our marriage I was walking down Courtlandt Street, with the intention of arranging with Dr. Mason the time and place for our marriage (this was before I knew of Mrs. Lindsay's plan); being on the opposite side of the street to where the house stood, I observed Mr. Castelli knocking at the door. As I knew he was informed we were soon to be married — and report said he took on like a crazy man — I slackened pace, and seeing him go in, concluded to call next day, as I had no doubt his business was someway connected with the affair I was going on. Next day when I called, Dr. Mason told me he had cried like a child, and wanted him to use his influence to put off the match, &c., and added, he was sorry for the man, as he was evidently in a state of derangement. As I said before, I considered this a kind of Providence in so ordering my time; for, had I been two minutes sooner, we would have met in the house, which would rather have been a ludicrous, if not a more serious affair, as he had sworn in his frenzy to shoot me whenever we met. Certain it is, that when he heard we were married, he attempted to destroy himself, and was only prevented by the kind attention of his neighbours, who took turns in watching him for several days and nights. He often exclaimed, had she only married a gentleman, he would have thought nothing of it; but to refuse him, and take a poor black nail-maker, was more than flesh and blood could bear. At last he got over the frenzy, and went and married a poor girl, after a few days' courtship. In a few years he died, leaving one daughter and the widow to heir his property.

As this history looks so much like romance, I will mention the names of James Anderson and Abraham Brouwer, two of his respectable next-door neighbours, who are still alive, and can attest the facts. Indeed, most of the neighbours for three or four blocks round were witnesses of part of the scene, as it was the town-talk for many days. Observe, the town was not so large in those days, twenty-eight years ago.

We went to housekeeping in a small wooden building, No. 22, Nassau Street, having only a ground-floor; this I partitioned off into a store, kitchen, and bed-room, which also served for our parlour. Here we lived in peace and happiness — here, on the 22d of September, 1798, her only child, George, was born. On that memorable day, sixty-three persons died of yellow fever in the city. On this occasion, and through the whole prevalence of that dreadful calamity, I have to record the preserving goodness and mercy of God. The fever commenced about the middle of July, and on the 12th of August it seemed to rage with tenfold fury; the inhabitants began to fly, and in a few days the city seemed nearly forsaken. We having no friends in the country to fly to, and not having money to support us there in idleness, concluded it was our duty to remain, and trust God with our lives and concerns. My employer, George Cleland, before he removed from town, laid in for me a stock of iron and coals; and told me to make and sell the nails if I was able, as all the hardware-stores in the lower parts of the city were shut up. My chief employment now was to make and sell nails for coffins.

On the 25th of August, my brother, living in the family of Rich and Thompson, as their clerk, was taken down with the prevailing disease. By this time there was hardly as many in health as was required to take care of the sick. I considered it my plain duty to assist the family in attendance on my brother: he recovered; and on the first day he was able to rise from bed, Mr. Rich was taken with the same disease. The family having paid the same attention to my brother as if he had been their own child, I thought it my duty to assist them. About this time, two or three young men of our acquaintances, who had assisted in sitting up and attending on my brother, were taken down. When the families with whom these young men resided removed to the country, they had been so imprudent as to remain in charge of their employers' houses; and when they were taken sick, there was none in the

house to give them drink. Presuming they might have caught the disease from my brother, I was doubly bound to attend upon them. In one house, corner of Dover and Water Streets, lay three brothers; in another, corner of Pine and Front Streets, lay two young men; and one in No. 65, Liberty Street. Being all without attendance, I was obliged to go from one to another, by day and by night, for three weeks; I still enjoyed good health and spirits, for God kept me from all over-anxiety and fear. My wife expecting every day to be confined, her mother lived with her for company, as I was most of my time out attending the sick. At last her mother got so alarmed, we advised her to go in the country; I then providentially met with a sensible elderly woman, and engaged her to live in our house and to take care of my wife, whatever might happen. I so arranged matters, that this woman slept with my wife, and I fixed my bed in a garret above.

Often after I went up to bed, have I sat and listened till I found they were asleep, then taken off my shoes and gone out softly, and stayed with the sick all night; and they never knew I was gone. Had they known it, they would not have permitted me to go on any account whatever. The time was awful and melancholy, and our neighbours on the right and on the left hand had all fled or died. From the 25th of August to the 22d of September, I was night and day with the sick; and though, as I said before, my health was good, yet I was almost worn down with fatigue. By this time my friends and acquaintances, whom I was called in Providence to attend, had all got better or died. On the morning of the 22d, about five o'clock, I buried the last; he was the oldest of the three brothers I mentioned, as being sick at the corner of Dover and Water Streets: the other two recovered. He was only twenty-four years old when he died. Their parents died before we left Scotland. We came together from the same town, where we had all sat with our parents in the same pew, in the same church.

When I returned from seeing the remains of my young friend conveyed to Pottersfield, with five or six more, in the solitary hearse, having mingled our tears over the early fall of this promising young man, and I joined in our morning-prayers, thanking God for his goodness, and praying for a continuance of his preserving favour, we took breakfast. I then went to work, thinking that getting again in my usual way would soonest cure me from the effects of late fatigue. At one o'clock (my regular dinner-hour) I came in; I found my wife in better health and spirits than she had been for some days, and had been washing a few things: a Mrs. Hunter, our next-door neighbour, who removed early in the fever, was also there. I was surprised at meeting her, and asked her if she was not afraid. She answered, that for two or three days she had such a continual anxiety on her mind about Mrs. Thorburn, that she could no longer resist her inclination to come and see her. Mrs. Hunter having fled from the fever, was at this time living with her sister, about a mile out of town; she was a widow and a mother of children, and therefore qualified to assist in the emergency at hand. For, about an hour after dinner, my wife was taken with pains, and before sun-down my first child, George, was born.

Let me here observe, how kind and merciful God ordered the time of this event:—1st. Had it happened but a few days sooner, some of my patients would have suffered, as after that I could not leave the house, my wife having only the old woman to assist her; but, as I stated above, on the morning of that day I buried the last I was called on to attend that season. 2. Happening in daylight, I considered it a mercy, when we consider the pestilence that then walked our streets. 3. Had it happened on one of those nights when I was out with the sick, the consequence would have been dreadful, as they knew not of my being from home; and I looking on the coming of Mrs. Hunter, at that critical hour, as an angel sent from God to help in time of need. For although I had first engaged a midwife, and she had fled—a doctor also; yet, when they were wanted they were not to be found: so my wife had no help but those two women. But, by the help of God, all was done well.

A circumstance happened the same hour that George was born, which will give some idea of the desolate state of the city. At that time, in the third house from where I lived, there boarded a respectable physician, by the name

of Dr. Dingly: the family went to the country, leaving the doctor and a young man, his assistant, alone in the house. On the 16th the doctor fell sick, was attended by the young man, and visited by many of his own profession, till the 22d; when, finding he was dying, they ceased coming. When my wife was in labour I walked out along the street, till I came to the house where he lay: the street-door being wide open, I stepped in, and knocked softly. Receiving no answer, I listened; I thought I heard the groans and heavy breathing of one dying. Walking up stairs, I was struck with a sight that might make one's very eyes weep blood. The doctor, a large man, was laid on a cot, in the middle of the room; his eyes, already glazed with the varnish of death, were fixed on the ceiling, but seemed without meaning; his spacious chest was heaving with the last struggles of expiring nature. I spoke; he took no notice. Not yet having seen any person, I called, but received no answer. On a sideboard stood a bottle with some wine, beside it a large silver spoon: I poured out a few drops. When the spoon entered his mouth, he seized it with such force between his teeth, as made the spoon sound through the solitary room: the noise went to my heart—it rung like the knell of death. I lifted a branch of weeping willow that lay on the floor, swept the flies from his face, walked round the cot, put up a prayer for his soul, and left the room. Returning in half an hour, his spirit had fled to God who gave it. Saw no one in the house. Three hours after, the hearse came and took away his corpse.

My wife recovered soon, and enjoyed good health till the month of August, 1800, when she was seized with the symptoms of a rapid consumption; and though every means was resorted to, she died, in the peace and hope of the Gospel, on the 28th of November of the same year. On her death-bed she was often visited by the elders and praying members of our church. Often she told me how thankful she was that God had made her to be acquainted with me, which was the means of introducing her into such society: had I married that man of the world, she would say, what now would have been all his riches to me?—not one of his acquaintances is able to speak a word of comfort to my soul. On the morning of her death the sun rose in all his rich effulgence, so strikingly mild and beautiful at that season of the year; his beams fell on the end of a brick building, in such a position that it reflected its light in her face. I asked her if I should close the shutters. She answered, No; it did not hurt her eyes; it made her think of the glories of Heaven, where they have no need of the sun, neither of the moon, the Lamb being the light thereof. Her mother and I sat by her bedside; she turned her face towards the wall, and in five minutes, without speaking a word or heaving a groan, her spirit escaped from its cage.

*** The whole MS. is too long for us to publish altogether, and we are therefore compelled to divide it. It breaks best in this place, which is very nearly in the middle; and we shall give the remainder in a future Number.

O. Y.

## SPEECHES DELIVERED IN BANCO REGINÆ,

BEFORE OLIVER, LORD PROTECTOR OF THE WORLD OF LETTERS, AND A JURY OF FRASERIANS:

WITH NOTES AND COMMENTS BY MORGAN RATTLER.

### MIRABEAU *v.* DUMONT.

[*Continued from page 526.*]

SIR CHARLES BOTHERALL, KT. JEREMY BENTHAM is dead—and so are his books—and so is his memory,—

"Requiescant in pace!"

I utter not these as idle words, but as the enunciation of a solemn wish; for scurvily have all those things been treated wherewith the immortal part of Jeremy may be presumed to have held sympathy during his mortal pilgrimage. First, his body, after death, was dissected * by one Smith, a surgeon—his bones were boiled and made into a skeleton—another man's skull was stuck upon his shoulders—while his own head was pickled (though not preserved), even as a New Zealander's, and set up for show in a museum, where it may be seen daily by the curious, and by the neighbours is smelt continually. Next, his books, while he was yet living, were slashed, and cut, and cast in fragments on the cold world to perish, by one Dumont, a Swiss (a Swiss alike by birth and calling). And, lastly, his memory has been denied quiet burial by one Bowring, an arch-conjuror.

And yet, ungrateful men, they should have dealt more kindly with aught pertaining to poor Jerry! He was an honest-hearted creature! Unlike the generality of philosophers, ancient and modern, he had "land and beeves;" and the produce of these, in the shape of bread and beef, he was wont to distribute with a lavish hand to a number of undeserving persons. He was curious in animals: he had a Mohammedan reverence for fools: and he regarded every jackass with the respect alone due to that mystic quadruped that bore the virgin Joan into Orleans.

* "You may say that,"—not as much of him was left in the flesh as would bait a rat-trap. Now, so far as he himself was concerned, this may be perhaps all right, (although I am inclined to think that he would have been perfectly satisfied with having his *brain*, and some of the principal organs of his body, subjected to the scalpel;) but the mischief of this utter mangling of the utilitarian is, that it may deter others, who, like his Grace of Sussex, are more curious of science than of sepulture, from consigning their bodies to the surgeons, as Diogenes of old did his carcass to the dogs, his brethren in the spirit. When I mention the old cynic, however, in the same category of body-bequeathers with Jerry and the duke, it is but fair to add that he was not influenced by any magnificent ideas of public benefit, or public praise, or promotion of science, or the like, but simply by a brutal contempt of his earthly tabernacle. His feelings on the subject were very clearly expressed. When he was at the point of death, his friends asked him how he would be buried? He bade them cast out his carcass in the fields. "Then said his frendes: What, to the foules of the aier, and to the wyld beastes? No, by St. Marie, quoth Diogenes againe; not so in no wyse, but laie me a little rottocke harde beside me wherewith to beat theim away. The other eftsoones replied, saying, Howe shal it be possible for thee to doe soe? for thou shalt fele nothing. Why, then (quoth D.), what harme shall the tering, mangleing, or dismēbring of the wylde beastes do unto me, being voide of al sēse and feling?" Once, however, (it is but justice to state,) he seems to have entertained sounder opinions; for when his master Xeniades asked him "Howe his desire was to bee buried? Grovelyng, quoth he, with my face toward the grounde. And to the same Xeniades, demanding the cause why, he said: For ere long time to an ende, it will come to passe, that those thynges whiche nowe lyen downward shal be turned upward." Now this was passing wise in a man who foresaw a coming revolution, and we recommend it to the serious consideration of all persons living in these troublous and uncertain times, and curious of Christian burial, in which it is essential that the face should be upwards, looking towards the heavens. Indeed, too, it would be well for such men as Protocol-Palmerston, Rat-Ripon formerly called Gooso-Goderich, Gibberish-Grant, *cum suis*, to be guided by the cynic's suggestion, even in times the most tranquil and secure. It is impossible to suppose that men, who turned so often while living, must not from very nature make at least one turn in the grave. —M. R.

Therefore was it that he kept a menagerie near Tuthill Street, in which there were many strange birds and beasts, and, above all, a vast variety of owls* and puppies. He had some queer monkeys, too; and a herd of swine, the lineal descendants of the possessed sows.—But why run through a list descriptive of Jerry's animals? Suffice it to say, that amongst the rest this Smith, and Dumont, and Bowring, had their troughs and cribs. This, however, was a mere physical advantage, that demanded only the gratitude which the poet of Cockaygne displayed towards Lord Byron; but in the intellectual department, fortune (or rather their keeper) was infinitely more favourable to them. Smith was permitted to make great physiological and hydrostatical experiments on all the fluids which could be collected in the establishment; Dumont was allowed to Macadamise Jerry's phraseology, on his own account, and to fuse the pulverised materials into a mould which rendered them not altogether ridiculous in foreign parts; while Bowring, from hearing Jerry speak, and copying his tracts, learned the art of multiplying consonants, and was thereby enabled to invent a mass of barbarous poetry, which he afterwards translated into passable English, to the great envy and annoyance of the leading journal.†

Ought they not, then, at the least to have converted him, who while living was Jerry Dives, into Divus Jerry when dead? It was only an affair of two vowels, and a trifle of transposition.—There can be but one answer. And was there, then, an apotheosis in the utilitarian garden, under the sacred shadow of the house of Milton?‡ No such thing!—nothing of the sort! Ever since our Jeremiah ceased to live,

"They've spent their time in getting drunk or idling;§
A life which makes them happy beyond measure."

* I have a fact to relate respecting those philosophic birds, which cannot fail to prove highly interesting to naturalists. It has been hitherto imagined that the wisdom of owls prevents them from indulging in the weakness of affection, and that they are consequently incapable of friendship. This is a decided error: For immediately on the death of Jeremy, certain of these birds, with a courage worthy the famous leaders of that school of philosophy to which they belong—that is to say, worthy of those unfledged bipeds the stoics, such as Cato Utican, Brutus, and so forth—committed suicide; while others, like the tutor of Pericles, refused all food, and so pined and died,—a memorable example of constancy and courage. Jerry's rooks, too, it may be here remarked, are no longer to be seen in Queen Square. George Bentham (who, be it parenthetically observed, is a Tory and a gentleman, and one of the first botanists in the world) broke up the rookery, and drove them forth to prey on any garbage they might succeed in picking up elsewhere. They left in mournful procession, headed by Bowring, who, as chorægus, chaunted one of his own barbarous ballads, written for the occasion, the burden of which was,

"Oh, my eye! how hard our case is,
Us poor rooks as lost our places."

The Utilitarians blame G. Bentham excessively for his cruelty, and talk of indicting him under Dick Martin's act; but the neighbours are delighted at being delivered from the plague of these unclean birds.—M. R.

† The *Times* stupidly said that Bowring was a fifth-rate translator of barbarous poetry. Nonsense! The man who invents the barbarous poetry, and then translates it, is necessarily and undoubtedly the first and the only translator of the same; and, consequently, if he be of any rate at all, he must be *first-rate*. Nobody has a chance with him.—M. R.

‡ Milton lived in a small house looking into this garden: it appears to be tenanted by a cleanser of foul linen, and is fast mouldering into ruin; while, as it were in mockery, a cut-stone tablet, embedded in the worn and dingy brick-work, declares that the domicile is "SACRED TO MILTON, PRINCE OF POETS." Goldsmith's old lodging, in Green Arbour Court, was certainly of late days occupied by several dabblers in soap-suds. I saw it a short time before it was pulled down, and the windows were then adorned, as those of Milton's house are now, with pendant shirts and chemises, swinging like certain of the damned in the cold wind; whereon vide Virgil and Dante. "To what vile uses," &c.—M. R.

§ *i. e.* such as could. Dumont could not—he was previously engaged. I have always exceedingly admired the "or" in this passage. But then, after all, "getting drunk" is a useful occupation.—Vide *Fuseli's Philosophy* passim.

Base, degraded mortals! Have they yet fallen before the unfailing Nemesis? Let us examine. Smith! Smith! Of Smith I know nothing, and determined am I to remain in that respectable ignorance;—nor do I bear him any enmity—I never chanced to be his patient. Let him then vegetate in his obscurity; and if he can defeat the law of nature, even let him flourish without light. The world cares as little for him as for his more celebrated namesake of the spelling-book, the companion of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. He may be dead, or he may be alive—but he never will be both. Nor will Bowring either; who is, however, at present (alas the while!) alive in the flesh, as we are credibly informed by the last Treasury accounts.* But Dumont is dead; and from contriving to make fast the lumber-boat that bears his reputation to

——"a frigate tight and brave,
As ever yet has stemm'd the dashing wave,"

his name is likely to be towed adown the tide of Time. Towed, did I say? —ay, by the immortal Cloud-driver! and toed, too, if I can do any thing for him in that way. But *παπαί, παπαί,*—eheu! eheu! alas! alas!—are these, then, the works of the mighty Nemesis, who, old Orpheus tells us,

*Πάντ' ἐφορᾷ καὶ πάντ' ἀκούει καὶ πάντα βραδύνει—*

Nemesis,

"O'erlooking, hearing, and requiting all."

But why trouble thy head, O man! about such matters—"Tu ne quæsieris scire,—nefas!" As for the two fellows that are in the mire, let us e'en leave them to wallow in congenial filth; and as for the third—why, let us have a kick at him—but let us do it quietly and discreetly, and with all becoming gravity. I will trouble you for a glass of water—thank you—soh! Now I am in that amiable, that philosophic, that utilitarian mood, that, were it necessary, I could impale Dumont, as Isaac Walton did the fly, "gently, as though I loved him." But before I proceed to deal with the Genevese, I am anxious to speak in a graver tone of one who, during his long stay upon earth, would fain have done much good, and did yet only cause some evil.

Jeremy Bentham was a gentleman of ample fortune and great personal good-nature. He was generous and hospitable; and, in the circle in which he moved, did really act upon that "greatest-happiness principle" which he professed. He was unfeignedly charitable; and while his faculties remained unimpaired, his liberality was unstained by the slightest touch of selfishness or sordid pride. Thus was it that for a great number of years he played the part of

"The fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time;"

* Ay, forsooth, and by accounts from Blackburn too! Dr. B. is decidedly a romanticist and a Hungary barbarian; but he has, nevertheless, some classic recollections, whereof he occasionally avails himself with singular felicity. When Tiberius Gracchus wished to have the Tribuneship, which rendered his person sacred, continued to him for a second year, and proposed to offer himself as a candidate, he induced the people to believe (not without good reasons) that his life was threatened by assassins; and the consequence was, that some two or three thousand men continually accompanied him as a body-guard by day, and kept watch around his house by night. Now B. thought this not alone a hint not to be lost, but one which, if adopted, might be considerably improved upon; so it was set forth in the newspapers, not only that he was in danger of assassination, but that an attempt had actually been made upon his patriotic life—that life so valuable to the people. The window in the attic where he slept was, dire to relate, broken at "the witching hour of night, when churchyards yawn," &c. &c., and a stone—*eloquar, an silcam?—a stone sharpened at both ends* was found upon his pillow, within a few inches of his head. The stone, it was perfectly evident, had been sent smack at his sinciput, and straight as Jael's nail, and had only shunned the conflict with the harder body from a wise consideration for it's own soundness and safety. The dreadful implement was produced to the people. Cæsar's robe—Burke's dagger—Medea's dagger, all reeking with her children's blood,—were things incapable of moving men in comparison with this λᾶας ἀναιδής—this immodest, impolite, Hibernicè *undecent* stone; and Bowring was of course allowed an ambulatory mob, who, more happy than the blackguards of Gracchus, saved him from being made a political martyr, albeit they failed in making him a parliament-man. But, alas! what would you?—for, as Lord Bacon hath it, "a crowd is bad company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk is but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no vote."—M. R.

and none the worse, perhaps, that he was a decided humorist. His house was open—his cheer was good; nor were the poor and humble of spirit forgotten when his board was spread. Gentle, too, of bearing, and kind of heart, an extensive acquaintance with men, immortal for good or evil, and with the famous cities and scenes of earth, made him an agreeable companion. For he had many strange passages to relate about these persons, and many odd adventures, in which, with little credit to his common sense, he had been an actor, while "mizzling" through Europe in a philosophic dream. Besides, he was a man of good natural abilities, extensive reading, and a thoughtful turn. But these advantages—his ample fortunes—and, at the last, even his social virtues—were turned to the worst or idlest purposes. Bat-like, his mind was contented only while flickering amidst ruins. He wished sincerely to make mankind happy—to expel the dross which, clogging our nature, makes us miserable; but it was by Medea's alchemy he would fain have done it. Regeneration was to be preceded by destruction. Society was to attain youth, and beauty, and vigour, by being first torn in pieces. This was the aim and object of his existence. To this were his labours and monies all devoted. His books were sent forth to prostrate all fabrics of the human mind—laws—languages—recollections—customs—manners—societies—and creeds; and he, a moral Cadmus, was to sow the dragons' teeth of his constitutions in the fallow of a desolated world. Fortunately, however, he found not the opportunity of proving that, although the fangs might have been replete with venom, they lacked the principle of life. He was a slobbery-minded man; and if he even did engender an idea capable of mischief, in bringing it forth he was sure to smother it in the *lochia* of his oratory. His books, accordingly, did little harm, for the reason mentioned, and for many others not necessary to enumerate; but, amongst the rest, because, like the iron coin of the Spartan lawgiver, they were too ponderous to circulate. His monies, however, were of another character, and they did actually do mischief, for these he lavished in subscribing to promote the cause of freedom, and so forth, in all parts of the world—as "my Lord Biron" did in some—in furnishing the apostle of innovation with funds to forward his attempts upon the existing order of things, and the tranquillity of his native country—or in comforting, harbouring, and ministering to his wants, after the attempt had failed. Jerry's domicile, indeed, for the greater part of his life, was positively a colony of expatriated patriots—French, Italians, German, Greek, Genevese—the most liberal and the most injured of men. What! do you demur to this? Ah! I see you are laughing;—Well, then, the most rabid and ragged, an it so like you—but at least, it must be confessed, the wisest of human kind; for they said unto Jeremiah, "Verily, O Jeremiah! *thou art the wisest*, and therefore the greatest, of created beings—thy gods shall be our gods—and every thing that is thine shall be ours also."

I have hitherto spoken of Jerry only in his palmy state; I now approach the worser time. Towards the close of his long life, his hobby-horsical follies became infinitely more great, and his very virtues were in some sort exaggerated into vices. His mad anxiety for change, his passionate desire to disseminate his antediluvian doctrines throughout the land, induced him to consort with mean and needy men, who worshipped his person with an eastern idolatry, and pandered to his follies with the subserviency of demons. These people infested his house, preyed upon his substance, and daily introduced stranger-hordes to assist them in the loving labour of consumption. "High life below stairs" was perpetually enacting, or, as the fellows themselves would say, being enacted, in every quarter of this "good Athenian's" establishment. And worse than this, the knaves were continually betraying him into some trading or literary speculation, on the plea of promoting science, or extending the utilitarian theory. In a word, regarding him in the only light in which he ever was estimable, namely, as one belonging to a circle of society, it might be truly said of him, in those latter days, were a man to indulge in a Burdettite quotation—

"He turn'd to folly—and he was a bore!"

A dreadful bore, too! How came he, then, to be so lauded? How was it that he so loved it?

"Importunus amat laudari?"

Ay, that he did; and well did his

followers act upon the precept of the epicene philosopher!

——"donec ohe jam
Ad cœlum manibus sublatis dixerit, urge et,
Crescentem tumidis infla sermonibus utrem."

He was always a vain man, and greedy of flattery beyond all measure, as old Cobbett has proved in his *Register* well and clearly, and comically withal; but towards the close of his life, he became a very Lear in his insane passion for lip-honour;—and thus the few learned, and honourable, and true-hearted friends he possessed—the gentlemen, in short, who had been wont to keep him company, and who could not debase themselves to the condition of "heartless parasites of present cheer," or cringing hunters of future emolument—felt it necessary to avoid his society:

"For that they want the glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not;"

and so leave him with those they knew for what they were. With these, accordingly, he died; and of course the crowning absurdity of his life was his will; in which, among many other equally wise and magnificent bequests, he consigned his body to the scalpel of Dr. Smith, and "his life" to the scissors of Dr. Bowring, with something between two and three thousand pounds as a consideration for the trouble of snipping down the one hundred volumes, be the same more or less, which he had himself indited on this most important of all subjects, to perhaps a tithe of the original bulk, which might peradventure serve as a stay-bit to a ravenous public, until in the fulness of time* the complete Jeremiad might come forth, and display to their admiring vision all that the philosopher had seen, done, heard, dreamed, or suffered during his sublunary career.†

Thus is it that our friend Jerry has given us, in his own person, an excellent proof of M. Cleante's judgment, when he declared to the thrice-illustrious Trissotin—

"Un sot sçavant est sot plus qu'un sot ignorant."

And so farewell to Jeremy! I part with him in all kindness;—his charity, warm-heartedness, and good intentions, are alone remembered—his absurdities and follies are forgotten. A man's hobby-horse should, in all civilised countries, be held sacred, as far as may be consistent with the public weal; and therefore it were, now that he is dead and buried—I mean dissected—not merely ungenerous, but base, to nourish pique against poor Jerry for his fantastic doctrines, or the flights to which they led. If a man could at present entertain any touch of dislike to him, it would be upon the principle that Alexander the great king hated Calisthenes the saucy sophist—

Μισῶ σοφιστὴν, ὅστις οὐχ αὑτῷ σοφός.

That wise man I do hate who to himself's unwise.

I have now done with Mr. Bentham personally; I shall have hereafter to allude to him in his relations with others. To some it may well appear that I have introduced him unnecessarily in this cause, and to many that I have at the least dwelt on him too long; but I trust that, before I shall have concluded, it will be manifest to all, that I have not without good reason drawn their attention to the character, and some passages in the history of the Westminster philosopher. I doubt not it will be seen that, to understand Dumont, and to appreciate his character as a man, and his credibility as a witness, it is necessary to know Bentham. Dumont was one of Bentham's revolutionary protegés. He filled an office in his household which

* In half a century, it is said, the world being more worthy than at present, may hope for Jerry's autobiography. Some people indeed insinuate that he has recorded some passages between the Whigs and Jacobins, which he does not care to publish before certain of his noble and right honourable friends are beyond the sanction of public opinion. We will not in these revolutionary times talk of punishment for treason; but there is such a thing as public execration, which is not pleasant to tribunes of the people.—M. R.

† The old Utilitarian was never famous for pleasantry while living, but he perpetrated a posthumous joke which was truly admirable. He bequeathed his *property* in the *Westminster Review* to one of the Smiths or Thompsons, on condition that he was to continue the publication of this lively work! The gift, it will be perceived, was something similar to the shirt of Nessus.

was styled a secretaryship, although the ordinary duties of a secretary were never required from the individual who chanced to hold it. It was (as in Italian houses) scarcely necessary that the *segretario* should read and write; but it was desirable, as a matter of pride, that some one of the household should bear the title. Brissot had previously enjoyed the post, which, although conferring no fixed salary, was far indeed from being a barren one; and other men, natives and foreigners of considerable eminence, have at different times been glad to occupy it.

The labour of the Genevese was to macadamise Bentham's English, and translate it into French; and while in Jerry's service, he acquired fame (we will see by what means hereafter), where fame was sweet and useful to him — pregnant with present flattery, and fraught with tangible advantage. But as in former times the dog of a Celtic chieftain was buried at his feet, so would M. Dumont's fame have been quietly consigned to the silence of the tomb with that of his master, had he not left behind him a work which has attracted the attention of all men for the present, and might peradventure cause him to be remembered for good or evil as long as history continues to be written. He bequeathed to a relation named Duval a volume, entitled, *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau et sur les deux premières Assemblées Législatives.* This book, it is professed, has been written expressly for the purpose of furnishing additional materials, which rested exclusively with the author—authentic and valuable materials for an intensely interesting period of history; and still more with the view of depicting fully the character, conduct, principles, and intentions of the greatest and most powerful individual who flourished at that period, and who belonged to it so essentially, that without him it were an unintelligible mass of events—its story a cipher without the key.

Duval, in his preface, states that it is necessary he should give a sketch of the author's life, for that "Quand on saura quelles étaient ses relations avec les hommes politiques long-temps avant 1789, quelle a été depuis sa place dans le monde littéraire, on comprendra mieux que, quoique étranger à la France et aux grands actes de la révolution, il soit à même de révéler des faits ignorés jusqu'ici, et qu'il ait acquis le droit de juger les hommes et les événemens." And in a subsequent part he tells us: "D'ailleurs, cet ouvrage renferme des matériaux pour l'histoire, et il est juste de les soumettre à l'approbation ou à la critique de leurs véritables juges, les contemporains de la grande époque qu'ils sont destinés à retracer."

Dumont himself, too, commences his book something in the fashion of Thucydides, though not exactly with that nervous simplicity, that unaffected singleness of heart, which is so delightful in the old Athenian. But why pause for a moment? every Fraserian knows and loves Lucian. They all remember the passage of Thucydides, which has been praised in the treatise touching the mode in which history should be written. It would be ridiculous, therefore, to quote it. Let us proceed to the recollection-man. "Je viens de lire les annales de la Révolution Française par Bertrand de Moleville. Cette lecture a réveillé une multitude de souvenirs, a demi-effacés *des événemens dont j'ai connu les premiers mobiles, et des personnages avec qui j'ai eu des liaisons particulières.* Un intervalle de dix ans m'a déjà fait perdre beaucoup de faits; et si j'attendais plus long-temps, il ne me resterait que des notions confuses," &c. &c.

Thus it appears both wrote with pretty much the same purpose; the one declares it simply and openly, the other insinuates it affectedly; but both wrote, lest the memory of mark-worthy acts, scenes, circumstances, and characters, should pass away. And certainly M. Dumont had not an uninteresting period to deal with, or unworthy creatures to treat as heroes. The epoch was, for the generation to which he addressed himself, that whereto every event which agitated Europe might be referred—nay, well-nigh every event which affected each man's position as an individual of a nation, or as one engaged in a particular pursuit. The epoch is the very fountain of the history of our times—

"The fountain from the which the current runs,
Or else dries up"—

dries up as a current, though it leave an aggregation of stagnant pools, in the which sort, methinks, one might well describe a pack of loose and unconnected chronicles.

In the next place, a work such as

M. Dumont professed to be was wanting. The fragment of history which M. Dumont has selected to treat, and promised to illustrate, has always been a sort of riddle to us. The National Assembly * was neither desirous to overthrow the monarchy, nor dissolve civil society—and yet it unwittingly did both. The majority of the individuals composing that body were as sincere patriots, as single-hearted reformers, and far more honest and able men, than the present political heroes of France, or the Britains. They had, in their educations, their prejudices, their principles, their feelings, their necessities, at least as little of the principle of destructiveness—they persuaded the nation, they fondly believed themselves, that they were only anxious to cut the worser part away, that the state might live the purer with the rest. But becoming frenzied in the excitement of their work, they struck those blows that wrought the destruction of their country, and too late they awoke from their mad dream with the feelings of the first murderer.† Ay, and meanwhile their legislative labours, whether to destroy or to create, shew like a wild episode interposed in the history of the kingdom between the ancient despotism of the monarch and the new tyranny of the people—and yet not connected with either, nor in itself intelligible. If the pages wherein these labours are recorded were torn from the book of history, we should be satisfied to think the people of France rose in their wrath against a despotism clogged with the accumulated tyranny of ages, swept it from the earth, and on its ruins erected a monument to liberty, which they cemented with the blood of tyrants. But, as it is, this may not be; for all odious privileges, all oppressive imposts, all unjust taxes, all restraints on natural freedom whereof the social animal fairly could complain, had already been removed. So that the convulsion which followed was as monstrously unnatural, as horrible in its needless destructiveness, as if the balmy promise of a tropical spring were to be succeeded, and not prepared, by a tornado.

Must we not then marvel at this atrocious inversion of the order of events? And can we, moreover, without astonishment observe that none of the *athletes* of the earlier time rose pre-eminent in the earthquake-struggle, but had either sunk, or glided from the scene, or were trampled in the dust? Is not the ancient superstition here no longer a mythic fable, but a pregnant allegory? Did not dragons truly spring from the carcasses of those demigods, and wrap the world in flame?‡

Now nobody has heretofore read us these riddles. The causes of the events, and even their dependence in succession on each other, remain utterly unaccounted for. They are huddled in a heap like grains of sand—together, and yet apart. And nothing with the virtue of a cement has been yet discovered.

The men who wielded those events are still less known: they were, for the most part, exhibited to us in a distorted mirror, or one wherein the image was grimed with hate. The emigrants, poor fellows! had leisure in their exile to become literary, but it was not in human nature that they should be impartial—it was not in possibility that they should render justice in portraying those whose feelings and motives they from the first misconstrued, and

* Be it remembered, the National Assembly was composed of the three estates, and that the great majority in the privileged orders, and for a long time the majority in the third estate, were truly and unfeignedly opposed to revolution, while anxious for reform.

† Vide Byron's *Cain*, Act iii. Sc. 1:—

"I am awake at last—a dreary dream
Had madden'd me."

‡ Sir Charles must mean dragons of the breed patronised by Miss Medea. Plutarch discourses very gravely touching this superstition, in his life of Cleomenes, from whose dead body there sprung a serpent, which was seen wreathed about his head as he hung upon the cross. The old philosopher declared the learned considered this no miracle; observing, "that like as of oxen being dead and rotten there breed bees, and of horses also there come wasps, and of asses likewise beetles: even so men's bodies, when the marrow melteth and gathereth together, do bring forth serpents. The which coming to the knowledge of the ancients of old time, of all other beasts they did consecrate the dragon to kings and princes, as proper unto man."—M. R.

whose principles and objects they never could appreciate, or perhaps understand. Their historical labours, accordingly, as far as these men were concerned, deserved little confidence. Lives or memoirs, by persons friendly (so to call them), were equally undeserving of credit, equally nauseous for another cause: they were the productions of the hirelings of the press, who wrote only for the base lucre of gain, and whose sole anxiety was, consequently, to dispose of their wares. The ready road to this was to hark in with the cry of the hour, and force a market by tickling the ear of the vulgar with some inflated periods, and dazzling their mental vision with some coarse and preposterous panegyric of him, who was haply their idol when living, and whom they were now well disposed to regard as a divinity when dead. These scribblers were spectators when the vilest and lowest only would condescend—or perhaps, in sooth, dared—to be spectators. The actors in the whirlwind of events had no leisure to write; or if they did steal some moments from their soul-stirring avocations for such a purpose, their memoirs, like their views, physical and mental, of necessity extended only to the limits of their own horizon. These memoirs were valuable—the most valuable illustrations of the national records that have descended to us; but still valuable for little more than what regards the men themselves in certain passages of their lives. That is well-nigh to say, valuable in the same degree as a subaltern's account of a general engagement. Men were at that period emphatically in the position, and consequently embued with the feeling, of those ancient Romans, who so far preferred being the heroes of chronicles to compiling chronicles themselves, albeit many possessed literary genius; and while they felt "*pulchrum est benefacere reipublicæ*," they at the same time warmly participated in the opinion set forth in the other member of the sentence, "*etiam benedicere haud absurdum est.*"

But now, seeing that neither the works of the emigrants or the press-hacks, nor even trust-worthy contemporary memoirs, are sufficient accurately to portray for us the men and times to which I have alluded, where should we naturally look for information? Doubtless to the works of the most distinguished actors of the period, compiled in their retirement and at their leisure. But where be they? Let the world weep!—for they are not. A calm and secure evening of life would seem to have fallen to the lot of none of these unquiet spirits. The greater number perished, some by a premature, most by a violent death; and those who, like Talleyrand, yet linger in this phantasmal scene, are still engaged in the busy struggles of the world, where the agitation communicated by the convulsion with which they were contemporary has not yet subsided. Will it ever subside? The question is idle. Yet the touch of anxiety which leads one to imagine it, renders it matter of eager desire to pierce the mist which shrouds the origin—the immediate origin, at least—and the early progress of that multipotent cause. Dull, therefore, must be the mind—duller, indeed,

> "Than the fat weed
> That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf"—

that would not leap responsive at the announcement of a work from one who was represented as the friend, the confidant, the fellow-labourer, the counsellor, the Mentor of Mirabeau, himself the soul of those very difficult times—one, too, who was not alone the friend of Mirabeau, but also of all the other great characters in the French and English world of mind—one who, without flattery, might be designated "*l'ami des grands hommes.*" But of this more hereafter. My own sensations, at all events, when I first seized the volume, were of extreme pleasure. Yet had I read the reviews, and learned that he only proposed to treat the *res gestas* of the period, after the manner of Sallust: "*Strictim, uti quæque memoriâ digna videbantur.*" And yet even this was much; and the volume was, and ought to have been, most welcome to the world. From the work, even such as "*l'ami des grands hommes*" propounded it, all men, however cold, expected some lightning flashes to illuminate the misty period—some disclosures which might solve the enigma of Mirabeau's character and proceedings. And could they have anticipated less from an impartial hand, who was known to have been in the count's service during a stirring period of his legislative labours, and who had always announced important revelations?

But Mirabeau was the great object; he was to us the dominant, and yet the incomprehensible, element of the epoch. While he was yet alive, all men worshipped him, some as a devil, some as a saviour—but all bowed down before the almighty supremacy of his genius. When he was dead, some cursed him in his grave, and heaped calumny and insult upon his memory, while others at once enrolled him amongst the gods, and placed his *pulvinar* immediately beside that of the Olympian Thunderer. And in truth a man not caring to be deemed fantastical, might remark, that Mirabeau's position in the National Assembly was not unlike that of the ancient Jupiter in the council of the gods. The orator stood alone. He had many ministers, many servants, many slaves—slaves of all ranks and degree,—but no friends; no, nor, by Heaven! a single follower. Such was the son of Saturn in the midst of the Olympians—Jupiter, the imbodiment of the power of mind, the concentration of Almighty Will, the incarnation of the Spirit of the Universe—Jupiter, the dreaded and hated of all,—his sister-wife, his brothers, children, creatures,—all into whom there was only breathed that portion of the mighty mind which constituted a certain aggregation of talents, qualities, and faculties, perfected to the standard of divinity—Jupiter, who was to all the ἀνεψιοὺς Κρονίδης, excepting to some gentle nymph or mortal damsel, with whom he wasted an hour in dalliance. But this is idle. Take Jupiter for Genius, and then we shall understand how Mirabeau, in a time of convulsion, came to occupy his peculiar position. Genius is power. Every thing must bow to Genius and Will, which is its symbol. Even when enwrapped in clay, it can bend all things to its purposes—even the frail body which yet clogs it; and in relation with the creatures amongst which it exists, it can exercise most of that sovereign power attributed to the deification of mind in the person of the fabled Jupiter. It can break into the recesses of men's hearts, read their thoughts, rebuke their spirits, and mould them by the impress of its will;—it can even penetrate into that futurity which Fate forbids it to control. But what is the penalty to a mortal for possession of the right royal, but fatal, gift of genius? Alas! it must necessarily separate him from his fellows and their sympathies. He can have no equal, no friend—there can be for him no ἄλλος ἐγω—no other self. He is alone. The Platonists compared their Jupiter, which I interpret as genius, to the sun; and methinks genius is, in the sphere wherein it moves, like the sun to the creatures breathing on our earth,—the object of all, the ruler of all, the director of all—scorching some, shining benignly upon some, glancing feebly upon others, and never receiving due justice until it has been for a time beneath the horizon: for it is then only we can gaze upon its glories with a steady eye.

But to proceed with Mirabeau. As Macaulay expresses it, up to the present period he has been a string of antitheses. M. Dumont has, however, according to the same authority, rendered every thing touching his character perfectly intelligible. What manner of man was this M. Dumont? What sort of production is his work? I quote Macaulay on the subject. He has read the volume most attentively; and has, in bold and forcible language, set forth every thing that Dumont asserts, hints, or insinuates in his own favour.

"This is a very amusing and a very instructive book; but, even if it were less amusing and less instructive, it would still be interesting as a relic of a wise and virtuous man. M. Dumont was one of those persons, the care of whose fame belongs in an especial manner to mankind. *For he was one of those persons who have, for the sake of mankind, neglected the care of their own fame.* In his walk through life there was no obtrusiveness, no pushing, no elbowing, none of the little arts which bring forward little men. With every right to the head of the board, he took the lowest room, and well deserved to be greeted with—Friend, go up higher. *Though no man was more capable of achieving for himself a separate and independent renown, he attached himself to others; he laboured to raise their fame; he was content to receive as his share of the reward the mere overflowings which redounded from the full measure of their glory.* Not that he was of a servile and idolatrous habit of mind: not that he was one of the tribe of Boswells,—those literary Gibeonites, born to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the higher intellectual castes. *Possessed of talents and acquirements which made him great, he wished only to be useful. In the prime of manhood, at the very time of life at which ambitious men are most ambitious, he was not solicitous to*

*proclaim that he furnished information, arguments, and eloquence to Mirabeau. In his later years he was perfectly willing that his renown should merge in that of Mr. Bentham.*"

"But nothing in the book has interested us more than the view which M. Dumont has presented to us, unostentatiously, and, we may say, unconsciously, of his own character. The sturdy rectitude, the large charity, the good-nature, the modesty, the independent spirit, the ardent philanthropy, the unaffected indifference to money and to fame, make up a character which, while it has nothing unnatural, seems to us to approach nearer to perfection than any of the Grandisons and Allworthys of fiction. The work is not indeed precisely such a work as we had anticipated,—it is more lively, more picturesque, more amusing, than we had promised ourselves; and it is, on the other hand, less profound and philosophic. But if it is not, in all respects, such as might have been expected from the intellect of M. Dumont, it is assuredly such as might have been expected from his heart."

I have extracted these passages in the first instance, because it is important to ascertain Dumont's character, to weigh nicely his credibility as a witness, before we proceed to consider his testimony with respect to Mirabeau. If all that Mr. Macaulay says be true,—if he hath indeed painted M. Dumont correctly,—that gentleman is far more than the Grandisons and Allworthys of fiction,—far more than even the hopeless objects of the cynic's satiric search; he is the perfect moral hero, in whom the stiff-enduring will and power to serve his fellows are so marvellously combined: his Recollections are to be received by the world in all humility, as the revelations of a blessed spirit; and implicit belief is to be placed in every syllable he has been graciously pleased to put on record. But if, on the other hand, it should appear that he was not the creature he is painted, but in almost every respect the contrary, should we not be justified in considering his work a matter of reason, not of faith?—in subjecting it to the ordinary tests,—probability limited by dates and circumstances,—probability enforced by strong arguments, conflicting testimony, and the rest?—and then in saying, if we detect him in a wilful falsehood,—

> "an odious, damned lie;
> Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie!"

I will not pause for a reply, for it must be in the affirmative. Let us, therefore, forthwith, run through M. Dumont's life; and in the first place observe what were the parts which he successively filled in this phantasmal scene. He was a preacher in Geneva—an ambulatory tutor in Russia—a stationary tutor, that is to say a tutor in a private family, in England—a *negretario* to Jeremy Bentham—a reporter under Mirabeau—again *negretario* to Jeremy—a sycophant at Holland House—and, lastly, a laborious intriguer about mighty trifles in Geneva, and a sort of fat Sir Oracle, who was honoured with the privilege of sitting in a peculiarly capacious chair, and so forth, in the grand assemblies of that magnificent republic. Now, in none of these, excepting perhaps the first and last, was he in what might be fairly called an independent position; and with M. Dumont, whether in the pulpit, or on the chair in Geneva, the world at large have not the least concern. In all the intermediate stages of his career, he was eating the bread, receiving the pay, or spending the money, of another. And, by the way, even in the first, when, as a preacher of the Gospel, he might appear to challenge fairly a position of genuine independence, yet his claim will not be found a very strong one; for, in the very commencement of his adventures, it turns out that he virtually enjoyed the post upon the tenure of agreeing in all matters of politics and religion with the "powers that be;" and that the consequence of his once venturing to differ with the dominant party of the hour, on some points of doctrine or politics, was his being stripped of his office, deprived of his salary, and left without the means of decent subsistence. So much for his independence, in the first and most respectable place it was his fortune to fill. As to the last, it was in itself so worthless, so ridiculous, so entirely dependent upon the ignorant respect of the moment, that it is scarcely necessary to say, a much slighter cause would have sufficed to push him from his chair than that which originally drove him from his pulpit. We have only, then, to deal with him in the intermediate stages; and how is it that in these he can establish the slightest claim to independence? True! it may be urged, that he laboured hard in most of the employments in which he

was engaged; and this is undoubtedly the fact. It may be, and it has been added, that all the toils of him who possessed such "*an unaffected indifference to money and to fame* had simply for their object the benefit of mankind." This as undoubtedly is false. I have admitted that he worked; but this does not prove he was independent: a man may work, and receive that honourable reward on which he subsists at the hands of him for whom he works; but it is idle to call the man independent, if his master command the market, and can exclude the commodity produced, if it so please him. Thus was it in the cases of Bentham and Mirabeau, the only ones whereof we really have to treat; for in those of the tutoring and toad-eating it would be preposterous to talk of independence. And now as to the toiling for the benefit of mankind. Can he who fills a variety of situations, of a nature altogether different, presume to say that he embraces each successive line of occupation, *seu fortuna dederit, seu fors objecerit*, simply for the benefit of mankind? That he is a sort of moral Quixote, roaming through the world to fulfil adventures not of high emprise, but of loathsome drudgery and dread humiliation, for the benefit of his fellow-men? So be it. But why abandon these adventures unachieved? why change from one to another, under the influence of personal caprice (which, in struggles for the benefit of mankind, it would be base in one so nearly approaching perfection to entertain)?—or else under the compulsion of some Eurystheus, which precludes the idea of that independence which is arrogated, and which alone allows any exalted merit for the labour, since without it there can be no selection of the adventure, no choice of its prosecution, no more claim upon the gratitude of men than might be set forth by a scavenger, who *voluntarily* sweeps the streets for his daily bread. Now, here again we have only two cases to consider. Dumont entered upon the task of expounding Jeremy Bentham's apocalypse of jurisprudence solely with the view of benefiting mankind. Why abandon it? The interests of some dozen kicked-out Genevese, and his anxiety to publish a let in their behalf, which he alleges, or the far more probable misunderstanding with our Jeremy, were not sufficient causes to lead a man, who, in the player's phrase, only "did the heavy business," to go on a knight-errant expedition in foreign parts. And then, again, having happily achieved a reportership under Mirabeau (wherein he occupied himself for the benefit of mankind, doubtless considering it the most widely beneficial occupation he could select), why, for shamefacedness, or a trifle of money, to which he was so unaffectedly indifferent, did he abandon this, with the purpose of once more getting into the Utilitarian tread-mill? Pooh! pooh! the thing is absurd! And, really, I know not whether to be more amazed at the impudence of the man's own assumptions, or the easy assurance of Macaulay's panegyric. In a thousand places Macaulay praises his unaffectedness. How he could have brought himself to do this, I really cannot conceive. The book, from first to last, is written with an air of sleeky affectation and flabby candour; which really is to me the most unmitigatedly disgusting that I ever yet encountered. The author indeed insinuates, and that most plainly, in a thousand places, that every act of his life was devoted to the benefit of human kind. And this Macaulay trumpets forth. But what does Dumont, in written words, assign as the motive of all his actions? Amusement! He does every thing, as the Irishman fights,—for fun! The very volume whereof we treat is written, forsooth, at Bath, to wing away some idle, heavy hours. "Je ne saurais mieux employer les heures interrompues de mon loisir à Bath!" quoth he, when he announces to us that he is about to put on record matters of the highest importance—"des évenemens dont j'ai connu les premiers mobiles, et des personnages avec qui j'ai eu des liaisons particulières;" and he adds, in the same breath, "mais si cet essai m'ennuie, comme je le crains et le pressens, j'en serais quitte pour le suspendre, *ou le jetter au feu!*" Next he legislates for a city during breakfast-time, in a fit of gaiety! "Dans un accès de gaieté, il nous* prit envie d'être les législateurs de Montreuil: nous demandons du papier, de l'encre,

* Himself and another Swiss, by the name of Duroveral, who was turned out of Geneva, and lived for a long time in Ireland, as cook or tutor, or the like.

et des plumes; et nous voilà tout occupé à diriger un très petit réglement, qui indiquait la marche à suivre pour la nomination des députés aux bailliages. *Jamais travail ne se fit plus gaiement; il était interrompu par des continuels éclats de rire!*" Yet so admirable was this laughter-fraught legislation, that mark the result. The assembly of Montreuil was the first in France to complete its election, and in so orderly a manner as to challenge universal praise; and thus unaffectedly does Dumont announce the fact. "*Ce qu'il y a de plaisant*, c'est, qu'arrivant à Paris, nous vîmes bientôt, dans les papiers publics, que l'assemblée de Montreuil avait fini son élection la première, et qu'on donnait de grands éloges à l'ordre qu'elle avait su établir!" My modest Dumont! But there are a hundred instances in the book of similar attempts at a jaunty devil-me-carishness, which are quite as unbecoming the gravity of the philosopher as the worldly wisdom of a fat old smell-feast. I cannot, however, at this moment, recall them all; nor does it need! I only remember, that every thing he does is voluntary; that, for example, he is "a *voluntary* exile," albeit precisely in the same fashion as the polite dog, who *voluntarily* ran down stairs, to save the owner of the house the trouble of kicking him. The cur never once threw away a thought upon the possibility of any pain or injury to his proper person. No; his rapid descent was an act of pure volition! Ay, and thus is Dumont a voluntary exile; and, even while engaged in the vilest drudgery, his spirit never condescends to be clogged by any of the ordinary conditions of mortality. Money* would seem in his *Souvenirs* to be of well-nigh as little import as in a faëry tale, and distance pretty much the same. We hear continually of his being cheated, but only once of his being paid by an employer; and never of his receiving any donations to support frail humanity, or procure material means of transport from place to place. But let all these things pass: there is one piece of affectation so monstrous, that I must for a moment dwell upon it. My gentleman carries the peculiarity of his taste in amusements so far, that he actually declares it was an *amusement* to him and the other Swiss to report the proceedings of the National Assembly for Mirabeau's paper! Well, you may say, what of that? He respected and admired the Assembly, and the labour was a labour of love. By no means! He held the Assembly in the most sovereign contempt, and repeatedly expresses the same in the most unmeasured terms. He must have toiled, then, from an abstract love of the art and mystery of reporting. Undoubtedly he did. Lend him your ears:

"Quant à la composition du journal, *elle devint un amusement* pour nous. Duroverai se chargeait d'une séance, et moi de l'autre. Quelques mots crayonnés dans l'assemblée suffisaient bien pour se rappeler le fond des discours et l'ordre du débat. Nous n'avions jamais prétendu rendre compte de *l'épouvantable bavardage* de la tribune," &c. &c.

"QUANT A LA COMPOSITION DU JOURNAL, ELLE DEVINT UN AMUSEMENT POUR NOUS!!" It was, therefore, an amusement to M. Dumont to sit for several hours in the impure atmosphere and addling din of a crowded and tumultuous and very numerous assembly, listening to "the frightful babbling" of the speakers, and taking pencil-notes of all speeches which bore upon the subject, amidst the shrugs and sneers and hating or contemptuous glances of those he was reporting,†—persons whom yet he himself despised, and who were, sooth to say, in no small part, the mere *sediquars* of society,—the scum upon the surface,—the filth thrown up by that convulsion which disturbed the kingdom from end to end. It was, therefore, an amusement to M. Dumont

* You may say that, Sir Charles. He seems to have rattled through the world like my illustrious countryman the piper, who sings—

"I travelled far without a rap, and that I did right merrily."

But Dumont does not pretend to say that, like Sir Patrick, he was able to pay the people by a duet upon the bagpipes.—M. R.

† From the kindly feelings entertained for a long period towards Mirabeau by a great number of the Assembly, and so handsomely and unequivocally expressed upon many occasions, it may be conjectured with what eyes of favour his hack scribblers and reporters were regarded.—M. R.

to convert his mind into a sort of filtering machine for the ideas of other men, rendering forth the best, and suffering the others to foul* the brain, till it should become a dull slimy mass, incapable of its glorious functions! It was, therefore, an amusement to M. Dumont, after leaving the Assembly, with an aching head, a weary mind, and a saddened heart (as, if he were human, he needs must have done), to go to an office where accommodation for the labourer there was probably little, and comfort there was none; and then to spend more heavy hours than it had already cost him to listen to the speeches he proposed to publish, in writing them out from the notes he had taken, which, from his own description, must have been very imperfect notes, and which must have, therefore, continually left him with only his memory to rely upon; the painful exercise whereof must add terribly to the fatigue of a mind that was already weary. It was, therefore, an amusement to M. Dumont to be brought into contact with coarse and mean persons; nay, more, to be subjected to the control, the caprice, the dishonesty, of a greasy mechanic like Lejay, and a saucy, shameless wanton like his wife. It was an amusement to M. Dumont, first, to be insulted; secondly, to be robbed of the proceeds of his soul-sickening toil; thirdly, to be superseded in his miserable employment; and, fourthly, to be taken back to it with infinite condescension by these people. O, Jupiter, the searcher of the human breast! is not this monstrous? The poor heart-sick prostitute, that assumes a weary smile, and pretends to drive her dreadful trade as a means of pleasure, not as a source of profit to support existence, may be excused; her office is to excite and to allure. There is no excitement, no allurement, in the sorrow of the guilty wretch;—she must seem warm and joyous, or there will be a repelling chill around her; she must seem no reluctant labourer for the wages of sin, or her occupation's gone. But there is no excuse for the beastly affectation of a man who pretends to derive amusement from an employment which consumes the soul and withers the body, which is literally *ανευ βιοτου*—which, too, can never compensate for present injury by future fame—and which, above all, subjects a man to slights, and wrongs, and companionship, and control, which nothing should compel him to endure but the necessity of thus earning an honest livelihood while in the pursuit of better and worthier things.†

* "For Banquo's issue have I *fouled* my mind,"—not "*filed*," (for "defiled,") as those most stupid of all stupid commentators, the commentators of Shakespeare, have it.—M. R.

† I think my friend Sir Charles deals too much in generals here. A man *may* find amusement in reporting his own speeches; else why is it that all the "monstrous clever" senators, such as Sam Bayntun, Liston Bulwer, Richard Shiel, and the like, are to be seen upon any given night of debate in the several newspaper offices, *Penendening* for the bare life? On toddling into an office the other night, to see an editorial friend of mine, and enjoy a little philosophical and physiological chat with him—who the devil should I spy but Liston Bulwer, whacking away at a speech like a steam-engine, with his coat off, and a pot of heavy by his side—

"Which ever and anon he gave his lips and took't away again."

Now he did positively feel amusement in this occupation; for I watched him narrowly, and shiver my timbers if he did not look as lively and as happy as a galvanised corpse. The cases of Spring Rice and Josh Hume, who report the proceedings of the House for the newspapers whenever the ordinary reporters are excluded, I will not quote, since it is not certain (though I myself have no doubt on the subject) whether these shabby scoundrels perform this noisome labour for amusement or for money. Nor will I cite any other cases, but request you now to view the subject in the obverse; and suffer me to remark, that if reports be not an amusement to the reporter, they not unfrequently are so to other men. I do well remember having laughed for a week at a report, which, instead of transmitting Napoleon to posterity with his code in his hand, sent him down laden in the same fashion with Saturn after the successful rebellion of young Jupiter: "I will descend," quoth the emperor, "to posterity with my code in my head." What was the improvement of the reporter? Let me answer in the words of the fair Italian, who was pressed by an English lady to tell her the principal duty of a *cavalier servante*, "I beseech you to suppose it." And now I think on't, *mi vien in mente* there was another report which caused infinite

Had I only this one trait of M. Dumont, I feel I should be justified in condemning him as an oily rogue! I will, however, go on with him; and, pursuing the question of his connexion with the newspapers, propose to inquire into "his unaffected indifference to money," so far as the paper and its owner, Mirabeau, are concerned. How came he to join this paper, and for what purpose?

"Mirabeau, qui avait une grande envie de nous* fixer à Paris pendant le cours de l'Assemblée Nationale, nous proposa une société *qui devait être très-lucrative:* c'était l'entreprise d'un journal régulier sous son nom, dont le produit, dépenses déduites, serait partagé entre quatre personnes, Lejay son libraire, lui-même,† Duroverai, et moi. *Nous devions prélever une somme raisonnable par mois pour notres dépenses.* L'ouvrage devait avoir pour titre *Le Courier de Provence.* Il fut annoncé dans cette 19 lettre;‡ et les souscripteurs vinrent tellement en foule, quoique le prix de la souscription fût très-haut, *que nous imaginions déjà des montagnes d'or.* En peu de jours notre liste était de plus de trois mille. Les demandes des provinces furent en proportion."

Here then, independent of the amusement, which it is now clear was gratuitously introduced by this truly unaffected gentleman as a motive *de plus*, we have excellent reasons for M. Dumont's becoming a reporter. He gets a fourth share in the profits of the paper; and he is entitled, monthly "*prélever*," that is, to take up, before there can be any division or question of profits, "*une somme raisonnable*," which, properly translated, means a handsome allowance for his personal expenses; as the printer was, in like manner, entitled *prélever* the cost of printing, publishing, &c. Well! for four months, he and Duroverai draw their regular salary for their support; but, not having received their fourth shares of the profit, they become clamorous, and quarrel with Madame Lejay, who, according to Dumont, had expended all the profits in stocking her shop. They press her. She, in

amusement, and it was a report of a passage in a speech of Sir Charles's own. He said, "It was a fact well known, that honourable gentlemen did occasionally go to church, not so much to say their prayers, as to hear a *cantilena*." An ornamental or poetical reporter was, as luck would have it, in the gallery—a reporter whose notes of speeches might not be inaptly compared to the magic carpet of Solomon or Mahommed, which might either be so contracted as to serve for a foot-cloth in the king's or prophet's tent, or else expanded so as to afford ample accommodation for the entire army in a journey through the air. The gentleman's notes for this passage were probably "church" and "*cantilena*," which, however, sounded in his ears like unto the name of a fair vocalist; and he wrote for Sir Charles, "that honourable gentlemen were in the habit of going to church, not to say their prayers, but to hear *Braham and Catalani*." What brought Braham there? Pooh, sir, he was associated in the reporter's mind with Catalani as a singer at the oratorios. And happy was it that thus it was, both for the world and the reporter:—the world got the report, the reporter immortal fame, and something besides,—immediate glory and honour. Braham wrote to Sir Charles, stating that he had done honour to himself and the House of Commons by mentioning his (Braham's) name there; but that Mr. Braham must add, he felt the compliment was considerably lessened in being shared with such a paltry squaller as the foreign woman Catalani. With the reporter he dealt still more graciously: "Dans un accès d'enthousiasme,"—in a fit of "*enthusimusy*," he invited him to dine at the Grange, Brompton; and after dinner delighted him with recitations from all the leading tragic characters of Shakespeare,—Macbeth, Othello, Richard III., Hamlet, King Lear, Coriolanus,—from all, in a word, excepting Shylock, which he shied from feelings of delicacy which all men will at once perceive and appreciate. The entertainments of the evening concluded by Mr. Braham's dancing in the most accomplished manner on the slack-rope. The reporter was enchanted; and being poetical, he forthwith indited two sonnets—one addressed, after the French fashion of histrionic nomenclature, (such as Elmire-Mars, Carolina-Sontag, Desdemona-Malibran,) "To Othello-Braham"—the poet had been a week in France, and had acquired a deep insight into the language, customs, manners, &c. of the French people. The other sonnet was addressed "To John Braham, Esq. dancing." Mr. Fraser, of Regent Street, has, I believe, both in his possession, and will probably one day or other oblige the town with them.—M. R.

* Dumont and Duroverai.

† Mirabeau gave his share to Lejay and his wife, as Dumont afterwards tells us.

‡ 19 Lettre à ses Commettants, par le Comte de Mirabeau.

all human probability, did not expect to be so pressed, but calculated on the profits of the year, or half-year, on the sale of the paper, and on that of the stock laid in, to pay the workmen, who were always drawing the *somme raisonnable* for their personal expenses She was then taken by surprise, and had no money to give; or, having the money, she, of dishonesty aforethought, refuses to give it, nor, of course, will she produce the account-books. The reporters appeal to Mirabeau, who has no personal interest in the concern, and he cannot be brought to interfere to any good purpose, or with any particular energy, between his hack-mistress and his hack-writers. So they strike work But Madame Lejay coolly observes, *Nous sommes dans une ville pourrue*, and forthwith employs two other *litterateurs*, whom Dumont abuses for their baseness in stepping into the places of himself and his colleague But he soon has a triumph worthy of a great philanthropist. The new reporters broke down, from not being acquainted with the forms of the Assembly, with the names of the speakers, and from not having any communication with the member, whereby they might be apprised of the movements of the Assembly, and before long, they are glad to return, Madame Lejay to get rid of them, *and our friends Dumont and Duroveray are right glad to bury the past in oblivion, to forego all pecuniary claims upon the lady, and to creep back into their old places.* "*On fit* (says Dumont) *un autre arrangement pour le futur.*" And, as he formally complains no more, I presume he henceforth received his due share of the profits; but these fell off; and at length he tells us that he left the paper in the beginning of March; and that Duroveray, and Reybaz, another Swiss, who was brought in, left it not long after; and that, abandoned by them and Mirabeau, it sunk into a mere compilation of speeches and decrees Now we have seen Mirabeau abandoned it long before, and really never had any connexion with it, except as a vehicle for his harangues, and for such squibs and attacks upon his enemies as he did not choose to utter in the Assembly, so his departure from the journal had nothing to do with its failure, as Dumont would insinuate. but our wonder at the catastrophe, if any we could entertain, will soon cease, when we learn from M. Dumont himself, that "l'ouvrage, malgre quelques morceaux de discussion raisonnable, est très-mediocre, et souvent très-mauvais." He adds, "Je ne suis pas étonné qu'il soit tombé dans le même mépris que toutes les productions éphémères de cette epoque!" Neither am I; and for other reasons besides those that M Dumont enumerates, even although he observes,—reporting did not leave him sufficient leisure for study and meditation to enable him to write good original articles, reporting, which when it failed to fulfil its golden promises, ceased to be always an amusement "*J'etais* (quoth he) *souvent degoûte de ce travail, parcequ'une simple operation de manœuvre comme celle d'abreger des discours, et de rendre compte des seances presque toujours tumultueuses, n'et it pas faite pour me donner de plaisir*" But enough of this Throughout the whole I really cannot see any thing of that unaffected indifference to money The man appears to me to have acted, from first to last, on the principle, *point d'argent, point de Suisse* In another part of his irregular work, he tells us, that he left Paris early in March, just after he had retired from the paper He assigns as his reasons for so doing, that Duroveray and Mirabeau were quarrelling because Madame Lejay robbed the former of his profits in the *Courier de Provence*, because his great anticipations of public good from the Assembly were chilled, and because, adds he, "Duroveray me laissait une part trop grande du travail, j'en etais excede, *surtout lorsqu'il fut accompagne de desagremens de librairie et de tripotages mercantiles*" Moreover, he declares, that his respect for his patron did not improve on acquaintance, that he was attacked in the papers as one of his hack-writers—and that he lost caste by it! Bah! He accordingly, as he himself and his panegyrists would have it, returned to London for the benefit of mankind, and again placed himself in the Utilitarian treadmill We will soon accompany him thither; but let me in the first place pause to remark, that the whole course of his connexion with Mirabeau, and that of the colleagues he names so frequently, would, from his own book, seem to have been sullied by a succession of shabby quarrels about money-matters There was at this period a

set of literary Swisses in Paris, who hired their pens to the revolutionary party, as their countrymen did their swords to the court. Amongst these were Dumont, Duroverai, and Reybaz, whom, as we have already heard, Mirabeau employed on his journal as reporters, and perhaps made useful in the concoction of various of his pamphlets and speeches, as Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Stanley most probably do their secretaries and clerks. Mirabeau employed Clavière too, a person of much higher pretensions than the rest—a fellow who was, like Michael Cassio, "a great arithmetician," and who afterwards became minister of finance under the Girondists. Yet even this man was, we are given to understand, continually at feud with Mirabeau about money-matters. Dumont relates that, upon the occasion of some high words between the count and Clavière, he was trembling lest there might issue from the lips of the latter "quelques reproches sur la conduite privée de Mirabeau avec lui, quelques insinuations sur des bassesses pécuniaires dont il m'avait fait part." And as for Duroverai, we have a very pretty hint at the disinterestedness of his character in a report given by his friend and colleague. Duroverai was, in some capacity or other, attached to the embassy to England, of which Chauvelin was nominally, and Talleyrand really, the head. The three were loitering in Paris; and Dumouriez, then the leading minister, observed to Dumont that the several modes in which they passed their time were as follow:—"M. de Talleyrand s'amuse; M. de Chauvelin boude; M. Duroverai MARCHANDE."

The feelings, however, of this whole Swiss gang may be pretty well imagined from another statement of Dumont's. There were a number of them collected in London previous to the assembling of the Estates-General. They had been banished from Geneva in 1782. In consequence of the Revolution of 1789, Dumont and Duroverai went to Paris, to endeavour to induce Necker to push this revolution still farther, by diminishing the powers of the councils, and altering an arrangement which dissatisfied the exiles in several of its clauses, but chiefly in which, think you? Listen: "La clause qui les choquait le plus, c'est que les exilés, quoique rappelés dans leur patrie, n'etaient pas rétablis dans leurs charges et leurs honneurs!!!" "And I," continues Dumont, "n'ayant point été exilé moi-même, mais ayant quitté Genève *volontairement*, je pouvais parler plus convenablement en faveur des exilés qu'ils ne le pouvaient faire eux-mêmes avec bienséance." So, to aid them in their modest demand, and never, of course, dreaming of creeping back to the honours and emoluments of his own office, he came to Paris, published his pamphlet, visited Necker, took nothing by his motion; and, after reporting for a few months under Mirabeau, he shifted the scene of his exertions, and returned to the shelter of Jeremiah's roof-tree.

And here it would be well to solicit attention to the nature of the "*bassesses pécuniaires*" wherewith Mirabeau has been charged by these persons. Be it observed, the only pecuniary transactions possible between them were when, as literary mechanics, they came to claim remuneration from the Comte de Mirabeau upon account of work and labour done. Now, Mirabeau himself derived his whole income, and for years had done so, from his pen. Let us then suppose that, in the cases wherein he is accused, he selected a subject, as a sculptor might a block of marble, and supplying a model, employed some men to perform certain rough work upon particular portions of it. The coarse chiselling, so to call it, being performed, he takes the yet uncouth and shapeless mass, and forms it into a thing of grace and beauty, or, as it may happen, into a monument and a representation of force and genius. The work is his. Save for his imagination, it would have had no existence even in idea—save for his soul-tingling fingers, it would have had no form more markworthy than that of a vulgar block. It is sold: the creator seizes the lion's share of the price. Who will deny that he is entitled to it? But the mechanics are dissatisfied;—like jackals, they yelp out their reclamations at the scanty portion which has been accorded to them!—But soft!—they may be offended at this comparison. If, however, they have any touch of the lion's spirit in them, why do they not range on their own account? or, if they be even jackals of ability, why do they not forthwith commit their fortunes to a more generous master, rather than continue in the service of one against whom they have so repeatedly to complain? The

questions would be difficult to answer. The fact is, these persons estimated their services and their importance in an inordinate degree. They forgot that there were thousands of common-place men who could do, and were willing to do, what they had done; and that therefore, from the abundant supply of labour in the market, the remuneration must necessarily be small, and the defection of a workman or two a matter of no concern to the employer. They were unwilling, too, in their paltry pride, to remember the philosophy of the good old adage which Butler versified:

"For what is worth in any thing,
But so much money as 'twill bring."

And for the rest, it is idle to suppose that they would continue to work for Mirabeau, as they all did, if they could have procured more for their labour elsewhere. We may therefore conclude that they got the Parisian market-price at the least, and that the complaints were uttered in a spirit of wounded self-love and outrageous vanity. Under these influences, they affected not to be conscious of the difference between their master and themselves—of the distinction between soul and matter—betwixt mind and mud!*

* Notwithstanding the ill success of M. Dumont's first speculation in newspapers, whereof he so bitterly complains, he engaged in another enterprise of the like nature after Mirabeau's death,—for the benefit of mankind, of course, and with the most unaffected indifference to money and to fame. After having paid a visit to his family, now returned to Geneva, he found himself once more in Paris in May, 1791. He had been accompanied in his journey by a hair-brained young gentleman named Du-Châtelet, a military officer—"*un jeune étourdi de la noblesse Française,*" as he himself describes him—and, for the rest, the friend of Tom Paine, and a rabid republican. During the period of doubt and excitement which followed the king's flight to Varennes, Dumont tells us that Paine wrote an address to the French nation. "*Ce n'était* (quoth the Genevese) *rien moins qu'un manifeste contre la royauté, et qu'une invitation à profiter de la circonstance pour former une république.*" This document was to be signed "Du-Châtelet:" and the owner of this name came to our Dumont, with the request that he would convert Paine's English into French; but the Genevese, with a pious horror of aught affecting royalty, refused: "*Je refusai absolument de traduire son affiche. Je resistai à toutes ses prières*" It was translated, however, by somebody less scrupulous, and placarded. The proposition it contained found no favour in the eyes of the principal parties of the state. "*Mais la semence qu'avait jetée la main audacieuse de Paine commençait à germer en plusieures têtes. Condorcet, au moment de la fuite du roi, était devenu un républicain décidé. Clavière, Pétion, Buzot, se ressemblaient pour discuter cette question,*" &c. In another place he says, "Robespierre avait été si épouvanté à la fuite du roi, *qu'il s'était caché pendant deux jours,* et qu'il projetait de se sauver à Marseille. Quand le roi fut de retour, il commença à prêter l'oreille à Brissot et a Pétion, mais avec beaucoup de réserve; et il continua toujours à saper la monarchie sans se déclarer pour la république." Now, all the Frenchmen named in the above passages were constant visitors at the hotel of the minister of the interior. Madame Roland says, "J'avois été frappée de la terreur dont il (Robespierre) parut penétré; *le jour de la fuite du roi à Varennes je le trouvais l'après-midi chez Pétion,* où il disait avec inquiétude que la famille royale n'avoit pas pris ce parti sans avoir dans Paris une coalition qui ordonnerait la St. Barthélemy des patriotes, et qu'il s'attendoit à ne pas vivre dans les vingt-quatre heures. Pétion et Brissot disoient, au contraire, que cette fuite du roi étoit sa perte, et qu'il falloit en profiter; que les dispositions du peuple étoient excellentes, qu'il seroit mieux éclairé sur la perfidie de la cour par cette démarche que n'auroient pu faire les plus sages écrits; qu'il étoit évident pour chacun par ce seul fait, que le roi ne vouloit pas de la constitution qu'il avoit jurée; que c'étoit le moment de s'assurer une plus homogène, et qu'il falloit préparer les esprits à la republique. Robespierre, riant à son ordinaire, et se mangeant les ongles, demandoit ce que c'étoit q'une républlique. *Le projet du journal intitulé Le Républicain* (ET DONT IL N'Y A EU QUE DEUX NUMEROS) *fût alors imaginé. Dumont le Genevois, homme d'esprit, y travailloit. Du-Châtelet, militaire, y prêtoit son nom, et Condorcet, Brissot, &c. se preparoient à y concourir.*"

Now, in the first of these passages, we find, upon Madame Roland's authority, that M. Dumont was romancing when he states that Robespierre hid himself for two days from fright at the consequences of the king's flight. He was visible to his friends, and in consultation with them, on the *first day*; and there were only *two days* during which he could by possibility entertain any apprehension. Louis XVI. fled on the night of the 20th of June; he was arrested at Varennes on the 22d

Now, then, I think I have established that, in the case of the connexion with Mirabeau, there was, upon Dumont's part, no indifference to money, affected or unaffected. We find some fine phrases indeed, here and there, intimating his disregard for money, his horror at squabbles concerning it, and so forth; but the facts prove, even on his own shewing, nothing of the kind. While he worked for Mirabeau, he lived at Mirabeau's expense, and for a long time in his hotel, where all was provided for him, and where he, it is but reasonable to conclude, received from time to time such small sums of money as his services entitled him to, and Mirabeau could afford. I contend that, if this be not expressly set down in Dumont's book, it is clearly to be inferred. Should any body deny it, I ask him how and from what did Dumont derive the means of subsistence? If he hesitate for a reply, I will tell him that, if Dumont did not exist upon the remuneration of his honest labours from Mirabeau, he must have been a spy

of June by Drouet, and brought back to Paris on the 24th of the same month by Pétion and Barnave. Secondly, we ascertain that Mr. Paine's mural literature had not that magic effect upon the minds of men which Dumont attributes to it. Before it could have well—or rather let me say, before it could have possibly—been written, translated, printed, published, and placarded, it appears that Pétion and Brissot were contending in council with their associates, that a favourable opportunity had at length arrived for carrying into effect those designs which the majority of them had long in contemplation, and which were cherished by all,—even by those who could not bring themselves to believe in their feasibility. This is useful, as affording us an instance of the political sagacity and historic fidelity of our author. He has here no object in lying that I can perceive, and yet, with the instinct of the waiting-maid, he volunteers the lie, though unnecessary, and productive of no benefit whatsoever. Little should we marvel, therefore, to perceive that, where his personal feelings are concerned, he dashes into falsehood with still greater hardihood. We learn, from the last passage of Madame Roland's statement, that the project of a journal entitled *Le Républicain* was conceived at this meeting in Pétion's house, the object of the publication doubtless being "*préparer les esprits à la république.*" Also, we ascertain that our Dumont *y travailloit*, and that, as usual, Du-Châtelet len. his prostituted name, which would in itself intimate that the journal was seditious. Condorcet, Brissot, and so on, proposed to be contributors; but Dumont—mark the words!—*y travailloit*;—that is, I contend, he positively and absolutely worked at it—"got it up," in the phrase of the newspaper office: and we are moreover informed, *that two numbers only were published.* It is not easy to suppose (taking for granted even that it were a daily paper) that more than two numbers could have well been published between the 21st and 24th of June. The arrest of the king, the coalition, as it is styled, of Lafayette and the Lameths, and the position in which the supporters of the paper found themselves, must have of necessity forthwith stifled *Le Républicain* on the king's return. Now this consideration ought to weigh with us, even if we had not the authority of Madame Roland, which, upon an indifferent matter-of-fact of this nature, related upon her own knowledge, is absolutely unimpeachable. Besides, she had not waited, like M. Dumont, until the traces of events were, as he says himself, half effaced from his mind (and if it were not for the method in the erasure, I could well believe him). She wrote while every thing was freshly imprinted on her memory; and though many have doubted the soundness of her conclusions, nobody has ever yet impugned her veracity with respect to facts of which she declares herself to be cognisant. I therefore conclude that her account of the circumstances is true. Hear M. Dumont's, and observe that in this instance, as indeed in almost all throughout his book, he has a natural and very intelligible horror of dates. He states, without telling why or wherefore, or when he left Paris, that he received a communication about this journal, which he had got up. "Mes amis m'envoyèrent à Londres *les* QUATRE PREMIERS *numéros du Republicain, ouvrage périodique auquel j'avais promis de co-operer.*" He, however, declines any further connexion with the defunct journal; and he writes "a long letter" to Clavière, and another to Madame Condorcet, to state that the principles of the paper are only those of a faction, and that therefore none but naughty boys would continue to maintain them even by the pen. *Credat Judæus Apella!* But not content with this, he states in a note: "J'avais écrit *un morceau* pour ce journal républicain; il fut imprimé dans *les deux premiers numéros*, mais en mon absence, après mon départ, et avec des altérations qui étaient des infidélités. Ces altérations étaient des additions, des suppressions, et des expressions injurieuses envers le roi qui n'étaient conformés ni à mes opinions ni à mon caractère!!!" Bah! A lie!—upon my soul, a lie!—M. R.

for one or other of the great parties in England, and lived upon the wages of treachery. Nor was this, his first position with Mirabeau, altogether an unenviable one for a person in his situation. He had succeeded in attaching himself in some sort to the fortunes of the master-spirit of the age, at a period when the old world was crumbling into dust, and a new world bursting into existence. His labour was light, and at such a stirring season not unpleasant. He had occasionally to perform (if we may believe him) the intellectual pioneering in various compositions for a man of genius, whose every moment was precious. He may, too, in conjunction with Duroverai, have written, as he says he did, the last eight of Mirabeau's *Letters to his Constituents.* Well, this was no great toil. They merely gave some passages in the debate preceding their date, and a few comments thereon, (which were generally supplied by the count himself,) and the best of them might have been thrown off in an hour. If the reward, then, was very trifling, as it probably was, yet the labour demanded no better. The very advantage of being in a position to watch the unfolding of the spectacle of a people asserting its rights, and challenging its freedom, was in itself a sufficient reward for that labour, without even the all-important vantage-ground afforded to the adventurer, in a convulsion of society, enabling him to stand by, and say, "I bide my time."

No argument, then, in favour of M. Dumont's unaffected indifference to money could be drawn from his conduct in this position, even if he did not receive a single shilling; for the dullest and meanest man well might at that period have a sufficient touch of Alexander's spirit to induce him to abandon every present possession and advantage for "his hopes." Next we see that when Dumont gets into the really laborious position—the reportership—that his motives were not of a very romantic nature, and that none of that outrageously "unaffected indifference to money" for which he receives credit was displayed. Was it exhibited during his connexion, as *segretario*, with Jeremy Bentham? I will answer that in a word: As a reward for labours, which must have been to Dumont an amusement, since they would have been intolerably disgusting to any body else, the old philosopher was perpetually lending him money, until *the trash* so borrowed amounted to a very large sum—I have heard 3000*l.*!—a trifle more, I calculate, than Jerry himself ever received for the compositions which his *segretario* macadamised. Sufficient now has, I conceive, been said touching the Swiss's indifference to money; the which if he had indeed entertained, he must have been a strange fellow, since his habits were exceedingly expensive.

We will now inquire into his "unaffected indifference to fame." Let us begin with Bentham's case. Macaulay says that Dumont, "in his later years, was perfectly willing that his renown should merge in that of Mr. Bentham." This suggests two questions. Had he any renown to dispose of?—was he willing that it should so merge? As to the first, if he had any renown previous to his connexion with Mr. Bentham, he acquired it so silently, and enjoyed it so noiselessly, that it might have merged in the tide of time without leaving a ripple upon the surface. Touching the renown accorded to him after the connexion, it was wonderful in proportion to his deserts, and must have glutted his ambition. The fact, as before stated, was, he did nothing but macadamise Jeremy's English, and then translate it into passable French. This may be clearly proved by a comparison of the French editions published by him with the genuine Benthamite (I will not call them English) editions of the same works; and for this he enjoyed far greater fame abroad than fell to the share of the Westminster philosopher, and a full division of the modicum of praise accorded to that eccentric gentleman at home. To that considerable number of idle persons in foreign parts, who waste their lives in a dull dream, and correspond in a philosophic jargon which they pretend to understand, the Jeremian volumes were delightful. And wherefore this? Because they were utterly unintelligible; and such people, like Molière's marquis,* are always lost in admiration when a matter is perfectly past their comprehension. Now these persons, learning upon all hands that Jeremy

* "Quand je ne comprends rien, je suis toujours dans une admiration!"

was regarded as a crazed metaphysician by every body in England, with the exception of some philosophic tailors, old women, and their parasites—such as Place, Holland, Lansdowne, *cum suis*—and a few of Bentham's own retainers, such as Bowring and Roebuck—

"Quos sportula fecit amicos"—

these people, I say, naturally fell into the error of mistaking Dumont for the oracle, instead of the shrine from whence the oracle did proceed: and mighty, accordingly, was the fame of the Genevese, especially amongst the clock-makers and constitution-mongers of his native city. With the wiser many, who never trouble themselves with the perusal of utilitarian works, M. Dumont had the name of an author. The various productions were announced in the foreign press as his, and the name of the real Simon Pure was rarely if ever mentioned, either in the advertisements, or, I believe, in the title-pages. Certain it is that, on the fly-leaf of the volume I hold in my hand,* I find announced as "Ouvrages de M. E. Dumont (de Genève)" all the works that our poor Jeremy was wont to claim as his own, down even to the treatise on codification. The prices are very accurately affixed to each set of volumes; but not a word is said of Bentham. And really the greater part, even of those who not only may have heard of him, but knew him abroad, attributed the greater portion of these works to Dumont, who was a grave and specious old glutton; and who, although he could tell a story with a quiet humour, like poor Gent,—the humour consisting in the manner, and not in the matter,—yet was he quite dull enough to be the large contributor to such compositions. Thus much for the renown abroad which he so undeservedly acquired. It only remains to say, that at home, wherever Jeremy was famous, there was he famous also. He was lauded in the *Edinburgh Review*, and applauded in the drawing-room of Holland House; and at last the Whigs (the *sirens* of whose good fare had entirely won his heart, though it could not fire his brain with the sacred rage of inspiration) endeavoured to set him up as a rival to the Radical utilitarian. He abandoned the Jeremian garden, and nestled in Holland House, under the *pinnacle* (as the honourable member for Middlesex calls it) of her ladyship's wing; but the old blackbird could not sing without his mate, albeit in a gilded cage; or more seriously to speak, the ministering priest was absent, and M. Dumont remained mute as Osiris' statue when the sounds that made it vocal ceased to be breathed into its stony bosom.

It remains to see if all this honour and greatness was "thrust upon him." Decidedly it was not. While he was yet in Bentham's service, he was wont to reply to such as questioned him touching his share in these Utilitarian productions with a true denial of the lips, but with "a glance of the significant eye," which conveyed the lie in silence; and after he had left the philosopher, he unequivocally laid claim to a certain degree of partnership in the conception and concoction of the books. And now we find his kinsman, who publishes his posthumous work, distinctly declares, "*Il* (Dumont) *a confondu ses idées et ses travaux dans ceux de M. Bentham*; il a livré le tout au public *sous le nom de ce grand publiciste, sans s'inquiéter* de ce qui lui en reviendrait à l'honneur et d'estime." And he adds: "Mais s'il a pu convenir à la modestie de M. Dumont de se contenter *de ce partage inégal*, c'est un devoir pour moi de chercher à lui rendre la place qui lui appartient." This last, however, M. Duval only does by the weight of his own assertion. Dumont, of course, told him the substance of what has been just set forth; but it was false, for the reason I have already urged, and also for another—which is, that Bentham was far too vain a man to endure a fellow-labourer either in the embodying or the enlarging of his dreams.

"Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere:"

no more can two Utilitarians. And Jeremy, moreover, was the king of them all, and most jealous of his dignity. No temporal monarch ever felt more strongly than this would-be autocrat of mind—

"Non capit solium duos."

He only tolerated the co-operation of Dumont as that of a scribbling mechanic. Besides, I may farther remark, that in the volume before us there is not the slightest trace of the meta-

* Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, &c. &c.

physician or the philosopher—not one single symptom of a logical, or even an orderly mind. It contains not one new idea—one original—nay, nor one profound view of human character, human motives, human actions, whether in relation to an individual or the many. It adds nothing to history or to moral science. Much less does it exhibit any, the faintest trace, of that intellect "which furnished information, arguments, and eloquence to Mirabeau." There is not, in any thing proceeding from the brain of Dumont himself, one jot of information, of argument, or of eloquence—there is not one classic, or old historic illustration or allusion—there is not one earnest, vigorous, masculine, soul-inspired and soul-fraught passage—there is not a single poetic phrase—there is no "word of power," no touch of the magic of expression—no characteristic, in short, of the compositions that are claimed for Mirabeau—no approximation even as it were in shadow, which, though flickering, doubtful, and colourless, yet bears something of resemblance to the object wherefrom it is projected—no approximation even in such sort to that enchanting and o'ermastering eloquence, which, like

> "The oracular thunder penetrating, shook
> The listening soul in the suspended blood."

Dumont's work is, in sooth, a mere compilation of unjointed anecdotes, the multitude of which are told elsewhere, and common-place remarks—the whole being as little amusing as any thing can possibly be that relates to such men and such events as those to which these remarks and anecdotes refer. Macaulay feels this: "The work," he sums up by observing, "is not precisely such a work as we had anticipated: it is more lively, more picturesque, more amusing, than we had promised ourselves; and it is, on the other hand, less profound and philosophic. But if it is not in all respects what might have been expected from the *intellect* of M. Dumont, it is assuredly such as might have been expected from his heart."*

M. Duval, the editor, is evidently impressed with a similar conviction. He *says* that he has been left divers works by Dumont, upon various subjects; and he affects to make a merit of selecting this particular work, because it is so different from what might have been expected from a ripe scholar and profound thinker, in the very same breath that he informs us none of the other works were in a state that would admit of publication. "Parmi les divers ouvrages inédits de M. Dumont, j'ai choisi de préférence celui qui m'a paru être le plus propre à le faire connaître sous d'autres rapports littéraires que ceux qui lui ont acquis jusqu'à présent une si honorable réputation." And afterwards he says: "Enfin, des autres ouvrages posthumes de M. Dumont, les uns ne sont pas terminés; les autres, écrits par partie et à différentes époques, ne sont pas en état d'être livrés à l'impression." Not content with this, in a subsequent part of his *avertissement*, he returns to the charge with another style of apology for the character of the work. "M. Dumont, je dois le dire, ne régardait point ces *Souvenirs* comme un ouvrage achevé; il n'en parlait que comme d'une ébauche, qu'il avait l'intention de revoir et de compléter; c'était pour lui des notes sur les choses et les personnes, des matériaux pour un travail historique d'un ordre plus élevé que des simples mémoires." Now this in the ears of some may sound prettily; it is, however, "but a tinkling cymbal." What matters it whether the work was or was not a collection of notes? Supposing it to be so, is it not therein specially that we should look for the scattered limbs, the *disjecta membra*, of the poet or the philosopher?

In the mechanical fact of embodying our divine thoughts, surely we can add little but illustration. The critics seem now to agree that the treatise of Tacitus *de Moribus Germanorum*, was simply what M. Duval would represent this work of his friend's to be. But in this ancient aggregation of loose notes, is there not the essence of all that ever distinguished this great moral limner of the olden time? Have we not there condensed, roughly perhaps, the evidence of all the powers which won the scourge of *the* Cæsars immortal fame—the same intensity and depth of thought—the same concentrated magic of expression—the same glorious facility of throwing off a per-

* True, Thomas; but not in the sense you would fain convey.

fect likeness of an individual in a few lightning touches—and the same God-like mastery of the soul and senses, in making one present at the scene he sketches, and a partisan for the time in the feelings and passions that he portrays? Idle, therefore, most idle, I would say, is the special pleading of this *membre du conseil représentatif du canton de Genève.* Besides, there is no appearance of haste or negligence, or the like, in this volume. On the contrary, every sentence seems to have been weighed and polished; and the author strikes me as having striven most laboriously to write easy and idiomatic French,—an attempt in which I do not think he has succeeded. If, as a foreigner, I may presume to offer an opinion, I would say, that in my mind the style is what a native might call *tortillé;* and that his language, if always pure and well chosen, is not exactly such as would be used by a well-educated Parisian. But this is of little matter. What I contend is, that we have, in the fashion after which the book is composed, a proof that that composition was a work of time and labour.

In the next place, I would observe that the book is literally what Dumont unwittingly describes it to be,—a collection of stories made by an intellectual posture-master for an Amphitryon's table—the trick of which of course is, that the narrator take right good care to lay the *scenes* at an interesting period, and to introduce famous actors—that he be himself extremely modest, but at the same time so mould his tale as to appear, if not the hero, at least one of the most exemplary and greatest of mankind, and the intimate friend and companion and Mentor of the hero—and when he is applauded for this, "he is to blush to find it fame" —and the whole narrative is to be conveyed to the ears polite of the audience in "holyday and lady terms"—and the *pius Æneas* who details it, is to be the greatest of low persons who live without an hereditary fortune; and the aristocratic mob who listen and laugh are to be immortalised for their condescension. I will now quote the words in which Dumont confesses, without perceiving the weight of the confession, that in writing this book he has committed to paper the stories that he used to tell his friends in England—that is to say, the people who fed him. The words are: "Mes amis m'ont souvent pressé d'écrire les détails que je leur communiquais en conversation." And, notwithstanding his excessive modesty, on which he then enlarges, he consents to their prayer; and so here are the stories.

And here I close that portion of my case which relates to "the unaffected indifference to fame," so far as the connexion with Bentham is concerned. If it be not evident that Dumont not only sacrificed no renown of his own in favour of his employer, but that he has been from the first obtaining an ever-increasing renown to which he had no just title—a renown established and enlarged by his own slippery arts —I have failed.

I now approach the great question between him and Mirabeau,—the question of fame. And here let me, in the first place, remark, that whatever might have been Dumont's unaffected indifference to personal renown, the result of his labours has been, for the present, to lower Mirabeau considerably in the world's opinion, and to exalt himself in a proportionate degree. Nor can we hesitate to attribute this to design, since it is obvious, from the nature of the relations between them, that he could only establish his own reputation upon the ruin of some portion of his patron's great renown. Let us then ask, if his book was not written for the purpose of raising himself at the expense of Mirabeau? If not, for what other purpose was it composed? This is an inquiry on which we shall have to dwell hereafter; but, in the first instance, I beg to apply some general considerations to the position in which M. Dumont has for once *voluntarily* placed himself.

The life of a man of genius can be well and truly written by a man of genius alone,—by one who is in mind the ἄλλος ἐγώ,—the other self of his hero; one who, at the least, penetrating as it were into every recess of his hero's heart and brain, can enter into all his feelings, passions, far-reaching designs, and grand conceptions; and one too whose heart leaps alive within him in the imaging forth the achievements of his hero, as that hero's did in their performance. Thus it is that the high-souled genius of Homer—the mirror of chivalry—the almighty lord of poesy, might have furnished forth the life of Alexander,—the first of men,

— the greatest, the most kingly of conquerors; but Alexander thought— and in this opinion all must concur,— that the bard of the goddess-born Achilles could have alone done justice to "Jove's thunder-bearing minion." When then a common man attempts to write the life of a contemporary, whose deeds form a page in the world's story, which must be conned over till time shall be no more, nothing, I say, can justify him, except the fact of his having undertaken the task in the pure spirit of lovingness. Posterity will, assuredly, not fail to brush away any exaggerated or undue praise; and the traits of character, and the facts related, will remain for the future historian of the period in their fair and natural hues, undistorted by malevolence, ungrimed by hate, unadulterated by vicious misrepresentation.

And this is the more desirable, because all must feel, that to deceive is not only as easy, but infinitely easier, than lying. Deception can assume a thousand forms, of which many shall be most seeming fair: the very truth may be so told as to convey a false impression. But this is so obvious, that it were idle to dwell upon it. I would only add, that where there is not love in the biographer, every fault, and folly, and failing,—every touch of ignorance and stupidity in his own nature,—is prolific in crimes against his subject, and in delusions to the world at large. I beg just to quote one notable example of this which now occurs to me. Bourrienne, in his *Memoirs of Napoleon*,— that false-hearted work, from the which, notwithstanding its bitterness and venom, some future historian will be able to extract, like the bee of Hymettus, the most useful matter,—in these Memoirs he states a simple and natural fact, on which ignorance has led him to found a reproach, and malevolence has seduced him into the indulgence of a stupid sneer. In describing the habits of Napoleon on board ship, during the voyage to Egypt, he remarks, that the band sometimes played, *but only on the gangway;* and adds, that Bonaparte *did not yet sufficiently admire music to hear it in his apartment*. So far there is only a grand exhibition of stupidity; for every body will perceive, that there was nothing marvellous in the general's not preferring to hear a ship's band in his own apartment to receiving the harmony from the gangway, mellowed and blended by the distance. But the comment follows, and in it we find ignorance and malevolence mingled together, and strong in an extraordinary degree. He adds something to the effect, that Napoleon's admiration of music increased with his power, and only fully manifested itself when he had attained the empire; and concludes that the whole was a species of affectation upon his part, to prove that he had not only the genius for governing men, but the inherent love of those aristocratic pleasures which are considered exclusively the attribute of kings. Now here the ill-feeling is obvious, but nevertheless is sure to have its full effect upon the minds of the million, because the ignorance is not equally apparent. If Bourrienne knew that the taste for music is altogether an acquired taste; and that, contrary to the general rule of attachments, our love for Polyhymnia begins in familiarity, and is ever and ever increasing from enjoyment, he would have felt no astonishment, or ventured upon no sneer, at an event so natural as that which he relates. The schoolboy at Brienne, the lieutenant of artillery at Toulon, the companion of Bourrienne at Paris, had little opportunity of hearing any music whatsoever. The general, however, had the advantage of bringing his ear acquainted with the best which Europe could supply. And when we consider the fine imagination of Napoleon, and his deep sense of the beautiful in all things, the wonder really would be if he had not in due time proved an enthusiastic admirer of the sweet science.

Next, I would observe, that it is with the mighty men of earth that the spirit of kindliness, the influence of affection in the biographer, is especially required. Diogenes was wont to style conquerors and statesmen, orators and poets—all great men, in short, living in the eye of the world, and toiling for the idle love of present power or eternal glory, τριπάνδημους; that is to say, thrice-men. And so they are,— thrice in their strength, thrice in their weakness. No comments therefore should we have, except in pure lovingness, upon deeds or words in hours when the mass of clay, worn by the throes of the fiery soul within, operates upon its divine companion with the sickly and fearful energy of reaction, convincing the

demigod of his mortality, and reducing him, to the vulgar eye, below the level of ordinary men.

And farther I would say, that the man who voluntarily selects the life, or passages in the life, of a man whereof to treat, and is influenced thereto in any degree, however slight, by a spirit of hostility, is a rascal, and deserves the universal execration. No such thing ever yet existed as an impartial historian; and yet such there might be. Many have found themselves in the position which Tacitus claims for himself: yet he was the fiercest of partisans; and all other historians have been so in a greater or less degree.* But nobody ever yet expected to find an impartial contemporary biographer. All men presume that he is partial—and, of course, partial to the individual on whose memory he is expending his time and thoughts. Everybody assumes that, if there were even a tinge of hostile feeling in his mind towards his subject, he would neither venture to write his life, or any passages of it, but would take the manly course of assailing him so far as he thought fit, and of making, if he had been wronged or misrepresented by him, such reclamations as he believed he could establish in a publication avowedly for the purpose. If he adopt the other course, he is really an assassin, and "hews down with an unsuspected sword" the individual whose friend he is presumed to be. You weigh nicely the evidence adduced by the enemy of a man, and at once dismiss any charge founded upon his own uncorroborated testimony. But you receive implicitly as truths, and without examination, the admissions, ay, and insinuations, of one friend touching the faults, foibles, follies, crimes, of another friend, even though these *admissions* and insinuations be more strong than the *accusations* of avowed enemies. This evidently should not be; and yet it is. The world is compelled to render justice at one time or other between enemies, whoever they may chance to be. But, on the contrary, where a man of genius is a party, it loves to be misled by the insinuated damnation of his character through the medium of a pretended friend. Hence it is that such books as Dumont's are always popular. And wherefore so? O! upon a most intelligible principle. Mirabeau observes, "The esteem we have for an author is in proportion to the analogy between his ideas and our own."

Now this is true; and true, likewise, is the extension of La Rochefoucauld's maxim, that there is something pleasing to us in the misfortunes of our fellow-men: for, decidedly, the million do delight in the misfortunes, the errors, and the sins, of genius. The world loves scandal: it loves to degrade the good and great, whether they be dead or living. The many always feel towards the exalted few, as the rascaille rabble of Rome did to him who fluttered the Volscians at Corioli. They are ever anxious to drag the illustrious down to their own level—to strike an average, as it were, of human kind—to prove that the most glorious were mere men—greater than their fellows in some respects, but borne down as creatures in God's image, by counterbalancing defects. The filthy selfish pride of the Pharisee pervades the mass of mankind. The dull paltry creature who can perform none but the animal functions of our nature, wallows in the mire of self-contentedness, because some inherent vice or taint of blood misleads the man of genius, making him a drunkard or a debauchée, or, in the cold world's worldly language, a madman. Nay, even the physical defects of men of genius are a matter of soothing satisfaction to the many. It is delightful to the swinery of earth to hear that Homer was a blind old beggarman.

I now resume——But no; I have already trespassed long upon the attention of the court, and shall reserve the farther statements I have to make for a future occasion.

The Lord Protector then adjourned the Court during pleasure.

* "Sine irâ et studio quorum causas procul habeo."—*Annalium*, lib. i.

## GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS.

### No. XXXVII.

#### THOMAS CARLYLE, ESQ.

HERE hast thou, O Reader! the from-stone-printed effigies of Thomas Carlyle, the thunderwordoversetter of Herr Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. These fingers, now in listless occupation supporting his head, or clutching that outward integument which with the head holds so singular a relation, that those who philosophically examine, and with a fire-glance penetrate into the contents of the great majority of the orb-shaped knobs which form the upper extremity of man, know not with assured critic-craft to decide whether the hat was made to cover the head, or the head erected as a peg to hang the hat upon;—yea, these fingers have transferred some of the most harmonious and mystic passages,—to the initiated, mild-shining, inaudible-light instinct—and to the uninitiated, dark and untransparent as the shadows of Eleusis—of those forty volumes of musical wisdom which are commonly known by the title of *Goethe's Werke*, from the Fatherlandish dialect of High-Dutch to the Allgemeine-Mid-Lothianish of Auld Reekie. Over-set Goethe hath Carlyle, not in the ordinary manner of language-turners, who content themselves with giving, according to the capacity of knowingness or honesty within them, the meaning or the idea (if any there be) of the original book-fashioner, on whom their secondhand-penmongery is employed; but with reverential thought, word-worshipping even the articulable clothing wherein the clear and ethereal harmony of Goethe is invested, Carlyle hath bestowed upon us the *Wilhelm Meister*, and other works, so Teutonical in raiment, in the structure of sentence, the modulation of phrase, and the round-about, hubble-bubble, rumfustianish (*hübble-bübblen, rümfüstianischen*), roly-poly growlery of style, so Germanically set forth, that it is with difficulty we can recognise them to be translations at all.

Come, come, some reader will impatiently exclaim,—quite enough of this! A whole page of imitative Carlylese would be as bad as the influenza. In human English, then, Thomas Carlyle,—like Dionysius, of Syracuse, among the ancients; and Milton and Johnson among the moderns,—formerly instilled the prima stamina of knowledge into the minds of ingenuous youth; but for some years past has retired from what Oppian calls, or is supposed to call (see Bayle *in voce*), feeding the sheep of the muses, to the rural occupations of a Dumfriesshire laird, in a place rejoicing in the melodious title of Craigenputtock, an appellation which must have delighted his ear, from its similarity in harmonious sound to the poetical effusions of the bards he loves. Here he occupies his leisure hours in translating Goethe, or in corresponding with the *Edinburgh Review*, or *Fraser's Magazine*, the *Morning Post*, or the *Examiner*,—in all, donner-und-blitzenizing it like a north-wester. To his credit be it spoken, he gave a Christian and an honourable tone to the articles of the *Edinburgh*; but he came too late. The concern was worn out and gone, and not even Carlyle could keep it from destruction, particularly when he was associated with Thomas Babbletongue Macaulay, whose articles would swamp a seventy-four. He has a more congenial soil in *Regina*, where he expounds, in the most approved fashion of the Cimbri and the Teutones, his opinions on men and things, greatly to the edification of our readers. Of his contributions to the forty-eight feet of diurnal or septimanal literature which are set before the industrious eyes of the readers of newspapers, we know nothing.

He is an honourable and worthy man, and talks the most unquestionable High Fifeshire. Of our German scholars, he is clearly the first; and it is generally suspected that he has an idea that he understands the meaning of the books which he is continually reading, which really is a merit of no small magnitude, particularly when we consider that nobody ever thinks of publishing a translation from the German without prefixing thereto a preface, proving in general in the most satisfactory manner that his predecessors in the work of translation made as many blunders as there were lines in the book, and that of the spirit of the original they were perfectly ignorant. Even-handed justice is sure to bring back the chalice to his own lips, and he receives the same compliment from his successor.

## THE COMMISSION FOR PERPETUATING FACTORY INFANTICIDE.

The appointment of this Commission, the objects of its inquiry, and the mode adopted for giving it effect, are among the instructive signs of the times. A tedious and expensive examination had already taken place before a committee of the House of Commons, to ascertain if the nature and duration of the labour in flax, worsted, silk, and cotton factories, were such as could be imposed upon children without any serious injury to their health and growth; and if the restrictions as to the age of the children to be employed, the time of working those who were not eighteen years old, together with sundry regulations for securing the due ventilation of the chambers, and for the prevention of accidents, by boxing off the machinery, as contained in Mr. Sadler's bill, were or were not fit for the adoption of the legislature.

On all these points a large body of evidence had been collected, the result of which was the fullest establishment of the affirmative. Practical men, of various classes, among those inhabiting the manufacturing districts, described, with frightful accuracy, the debilitating and wasting effects of prolonged labour on the infant frame and constitution, and the irremovable depravity of mind and conduct for which its exhausting influence prepares the youthful population. Clergymen came forward in crowds, to testify that children employed in factories were so overworked as to place their moral faculties and perceptions in complete abeyance, and to render the business of instruction impracticable. Many who had examined Sunday schools in those districts declared, that the effects of their employment stamped a character of sickly feebleness on factory-children which it was not possible to mistake; that it was to be detected in their meagre aspects, and in their inferior weight and stature, compared with the scholars engaged in other employments.

Finally were heard a phalanx of medical witnesses, of the first eminence, who explained thoroughly, from the structure of the bone in infants, the law of its increase, the posture of the muscles, and the circulation of the blood, why the effect of such labour had been, is, and must be, to disfigure the body, bend the longer bones, and soften and relax them at the joints; rob the frame of its muscle and blood, spread the taint of scrofula, and lead to the propagation of a feeble and degenerate race.

To this case, which must be already decided by every man who retains any recollection of the health and joyousness of childhood, and of the indulgences by which its ever-regretted sensations were kept alive, a cold, blank repulse was given, by two classes of reasoners.—with the first of these it is not our desire to quarrel; but with the second we hold no parley. The former class, who oppose the Ten Hours Bill purely from considerations of political economy, may deserve our compassion, though we cannot concede to their arguments our respect. They believe themselves in search of the public good, peradventure of "the greatest happiness principle." Though they hunt after it with a most unhappy singleness of view, though they reckon with the Change Alley tables of political arithmetic, and have no idea of a people save and except as tax-producing and money-gathering animals of the unplumed biped species; though they leave the dignity of human nature and its powers of affection and contemplation wholly out of the reckoning, and cannot understand how and by what means the whole species is degraded by the vileness and destitution of a single class, or even of many classes; —yet they believe themselves right; and that the misery spread over the mass, which must be concomitant with that affluence, heaped up here and there, which they adore, is one of the designs of "eternal Providence," intended for the especial good of our race. This is the milder form of that covetousness which at present so manifestly stains our policy and public morals. "Let capital alone—don't interfere—you know not what you do." And this is accompanied with fulsome suggestions of a separate and exclusive system of wisdom, with which the elect are to be visited after the effectual stifling of the voice of humanity, and the rejection of all computations of vulgar reason from their minds. Such are the least guilty upholders of the factory-system. But what shall be said of him whose heart is corrupted

by the present profit which he is making from the sufferings and destruction of hundreds of little children; and who is able, with an untroubled face, openly, and in sight of an astonished nation, to demand these infant hecatombs as a necessary sacrifice to the spirit of manufacturing avarice? They may excuse it as they will, disguise it they cannot, that this was the naked proposition contained in that disgraceful proposition, which originated a royal Commission to inquire into the national expediency of torturing and destroying the infant labourers of England.

The motion was carried — if we are to believe the lively and loquacious secretary of the Treasury—with the full concurrence of ministers, under a pledge that its labours should be so speeded as not to prevent the bill from passing, if necessary, in the present session of Parliament. Of the appointments, it is now too late to speak with any effect, except to observe that another pledge given to the house by Mr. Spring Rice, that they should be such as would give general satisfaction, is wholly unredeemed. There is not a name in the list upon which the public consent, in any general sense, can be presumed. Those who were avowed friends of the bill have been left out on what is called principle; the government being unable to perceive that, by the adoption of such a principle, they have tacitly declared a sense of disinterested humanity to be incompatible with justice. From what events in past history did they imbibe this precious doctrine?

When the Athenians were consulting in public assembly upon the question of introducing the Roman gladiatorial shows into the city games, Demonax, the last and most worthy of the cynical sect of philosophers, rushed into the midst, and implored them, before putting it to the vote, to pull down the altars of compassion and mercy. The story says, that the citizens repented, and put away the evil thing from them. How stands the account between these pagans, degenerate as they were, and those who contend, on behalf of mercantile and superfluous wealth, for the liberty of mangling and degrading their species, and that in the nineteenth century, after the world has been taught to reason rightly upon "righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come?" How stands the policy of the country and the government with respect to that favourite and boasted attribute of consistency? We laugh at the doltishness displayed in the rule of Spain, and other crazy authorities which have fallen into the second period of nonage. What does the remnant of "all the talents" expect posterity to think or say of it, when our successors shall read of their virtuous zeal in the abrogation of black slavery, and the deadly liveliness of a commission, appointed on the advice of the malefactors, to justify or contradict (they care not which, if their parliamentary declarations are to be trusted) the imposition of labour, longer in its daily endurance, worse fed and rewarded, and more pestilent in its character and effects, upon the lisping infants of Great Britain, than the same government will allow to be inflicted on soldiers, negroes, or felons? Pharaoh himself was not blinder, fatter of the heart, or harder, nor was his punishment more swift and certain, than will be that of the government, and of those rich men who urged it to this detestable use of its protective power, if the Commission should unhappily answer the views of those who planned and contended for it. Never was the spirit of justice more insulted among any people than by this course of proceeding. Among all the honest fellows who have been toiling, after their hours of protracted labour, to rescue the rising race from the injuries and ignorance of which those gone by have been the fated victims, there is not one who does not feel the appointment of this Commission and its present doings like the bite of a serpent! They believe the gentlemen of the Commission to be innocent of any direct design against the lives, health, and liberty of the children; but they have heads and hearts under the guidance of nature and Christian compassion; they are not to be hoodwinked by professions. They know that, at the best, those Commissioners have been appointed because of their supposed indifference to the questions of infant suffering, and their great capacity for political calculation, without any liability to any misgivings on the score of human kindness; and that the dry question which they are to decide is, whether the merchant's gain does not more than compensate for the unpa-

ralleled wrongs and injuries done to the children. And this calculation is to be gone into among a people who believe, or rather pretend to believe, that "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our heavenly Father's notice;" who weep over the imaginary pains and sufferings of the novelists; who have laws to punish cruelty to animals; who will open Shakespeare, and read to you, with the voice of sensibility, how

"The poor beetle that thou tread'st upon,
In corporal suffering feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

What impudence is it in us to pretend repugnance to the sordidness and throat-cutting of the black shambles of the African coast, to whine and cant over the oppressions of West India slaves, and in the same breath to give up, without remorse, entire provinces of little children to a state of labour wholly destructive of health and morals, of body and of mind! Labour, too, let it be remembered, that has to be performed in an atmosphere, and under circumstances of terror, which make the ancient Bastile a vision of ease, salubrity, and pastime, compared with what the most innocent and helpless of human beings have hourly to endure!

It is in this light that the operatives view the transaction, as we shall see presently by the protest which they handed in to Messieurs against the existence and proceedings of their Commission; but not before they had discovered that those proceedings were to be conducted without even the forms of justice, and without the remotest probability of any true or beneficial result. The plan of inquiry, of which we have now to speak, is one which for absurdity and partiality was never exceeded. It will be in the recollection of our readers, that the friends of factory slaughter, in answer to the evidence of ruined health, neglected instruction, deformity, mutilation, cruelty, and vice, complained that the evidence was *ex parte*. This melancholy foolery originated with a sordid, heavy-headed set in the country, whose merit in this particular is not known to the public. The case was one of emergency. Any thing more stupid and fatuous could not have been advanced; but there was no other argument to be found. The Jury sat—they viewed "the body of this death"—the facts were all undeniable; the robbery of human nature, in its least protected state, of every thing comely for ornament either of body or mind, was plainer than the treachery of Judas. A vast recess of national crime is discovered, where infanticide is habitually, and with impudent pleas of justification, perpetrated, and as soon as the veil is lifted up, the principals and their accessories cry out that the evidence is *ex parte*. Granted; and so when six respectable men saw Bellingham shoot Mr. Perceval through the heart, their evidence, too, was *ex parte*. It sufficed to hang the murderer, however; and the only reply attempted was a plea of insanity. Perhaps it might be worth the factory owners' while to try a similar line of defence: we recommend it to their consideration.

However, the Commission comes down; and their first labour, to get at independent and impartial evidence, such as is not *ex parte*, and can be subject to no charge of prevarication or falsification, is to send a series of questions off sheets of paper, with large vacancies for the honest and indubitable answers which they are sure to collect, to the owners of the mills. The wisdom and policy of this course will be seen at a glance. The questions relate to the evils and atrocities detailed in the evidence taken before Mr. Sadler's committee. The master is required to annex his answers—upon oath? no: the want of an oath did very well as an objection to the evidence of the operatives, though subject to cross-examination, which was most unfeelingly applied to them. But we have now to deal with those who, either wilfully, or by the agency of their property, have inflicted and continue to inflict upon the children the very injuries which are the subject of complaint.

"Clothe sin with rags, a pigmy's straw
disarms it;
Plate it in gold, and the strong arm of
justice
Turneth aside."

Some of the questions thus cunningly put, to be as ingenuously answered, are harmless enough, having no perceptible use but to fill the paper and look like business and attentiveness. Of the expertness evinced by the Commissioners, and by those who gave the formal directions for their inquiries, the reader shall judge for himself. We must, however, be careful to place the

——— on the right horse. The questions to which we now allude were invented and classed by "the Central Board of Commissioners," who are of course to be considered as "the brains" of the system. Besides taking the labour of investigation out of the hands of those who are to make the ocular and auricular examination, these central wisdoms have issued some "preliminary instructions," of a most profitable tendency. *Par exemple*:

"It should be directly understood, that the inquiry is in no respect to be narrowed to the views of any class, or party, or interest."

Good—very good; it is to go "broad and general as the ambient air;" it will take in all facts and demonstrations already ascertained and determined. Will it? Listen to the sequel:

"Nor are any prior measures, or proceedings having relation to such measures, to be considered in any other point of view than as part of the means for rendering the present inquiry, and any measures which may be recommended in consequence of it, as complete and satisfactory as possible."

This, again, looks exceedingly profitable unto truth and righteousness in the investigation, though there is little prose in any language which has a more confused and indefinite meaning. It is from the succeeding instructions that we gather that the evidence already taken is to go for nothing. Those instructions, with a great seeming of original acuteness, plagiarise most heavily the course of the evidence taken before the committee; and we pledge ourselves to the fact, that there is not one head of inquiry to which they are directed, which is not answered fully and systematically by that previous evidence.

Now for the questions. In order effectually to penetrate the whole matter in dispute, the Commissioners have formalised each separate article of alleged abuse. The masters are directed to state the nature of the business carried on, the temperature, the means of ventilation, and who has the control of them—the lowest age of the children employed, the usual number and the greatest number of hours during which those under twenty-one years old are worked — whether any excess of hours is avoidable, and *if it tends to reduce the cost of production?*

Question 29 is too exquisite for any abridgment:

"What do you believe to be the inducement to the manufacturers to have their work protracted, whether by children or adults, to extra hours, or through the nights, without any intermediate change of hands, in contravention of any existing law or general regulation, or understanding of the trade?"

This is what the chancery men call "fishing." Observe the categories:—"Some of you are breaking the laws of the land, and the regulations by which you are bound to your fellow-traders—you are pursuing a course of labour which is said to blight and shrivel up the infants, and make the factory population 'an incarnation of disease and debility,'—will you be so kind as to tell the Commissioners what you conceive to be the motive which makes you or your neighbours so reckless in your violations of the laws of your country, and of those of humanity and religion?"

This we pronounce to be the *ne plus ultra* of judicial and inquisitorial good-breeding. We respectfully recommend the plan to the judges of the land. No one can dispute the fitness of it in sifting the consciences of the accused, in "the issues joined between our sovereign lord the king and the prisoners at the bar," with whose persons and liberty the law has made free, hitherto, with such deficient politeness. "Mr. Johnson, you are accused of having been out in an armed vessel, running contraband goods; will you be so kind as to tell the court what you consider to be the motives you had for so doing, and also for firing into his majesty's revenue-cruiser the Viper, and wounding the lieutenant, killing two able seamen, and spoiling the dinner which was just coming up from the galley-fire?" Or, "Mr. Tomkins, your hand was found in the prosecutor's pocket; will you be good enough to explain to the court your motives in preferring Mr. Hoyle's rich bandana handkerchief to your own cotton rag, value threepence?" Or, "Mr. Giles Crabtree, do us the favour to shew the reasons why you prefer the Duke of Wellington's pheasants to mutton purchased at the shambles; and, if not too much trouble, say also why you shot the keeper, when he told you to go off his grace's grounds?" The answers to these questions, as well as those of the

Commissioners, might all resolve themselves into contrivances for the public good. There is not one essay put forth, either by the factory masters, or their liberal and enlightened advocate, the great friend of suffering negro humanity in the *Westminster Review*, which does not prove the whole of the mischief done to the children and the coming generations, to be designed for the particular good of the families whose youngest members are thus slain and dwarfed and depraved, and also for the general good of the nation at large. Any thing more purely disinterested, patriotic, or philanthropic, is not to be found, if we are to believe their deliberate and published opinions. The discovery of such a fund of good nature has given us as much surprise as the seraphic Father Francis is said to have felt upon a particular occasion. Now we look again, with the spectacles of a perfect charity, we discern the benevolent intentions of various other classes of law-breakers. Smuggling is carried on chiefly with the view of keeping the conscience of the finance-minister in check. The proof flashes upon us: did not Lord Althorp lately declare his object in lowering the soap-tax to be that of knocking up the smuggler? That innocent nobleman little dreamt that he was yielding the point for which the contrabandist had for years been toiling with such devotion to the public interests. Who would keep game-keepers — who could have the benefit of their guardianship for the land, its crops, and flocks, and herds, if the poacher did not devote himself, at the risk of life and liberty, to the task of arousing their jealousy in the preservation of game? Has any body counted the profit to honest tailors, in securing moveables by extra pockets, from the dread of men of the light finger? or set off the vast gains of lock-making against the occasional cutting of a throat, and a few insignificant burglaries in dwelling-houses? We are not so bad as some folks think; there is virtue in the slave-trade, and much comfort and convenience arising out of larceny,

"If men, inquiringly, would find it out."

This is the temper of mind which we witness in the Commissioners.

Q. 33. "State your opinion as to the probable effect of a reduction of the working-hours, and the grounds of that opinion."

The answer will be "The ruin of the trade, the ruin of the town, and the ruin of the nation." It is so given, or surmised, in at least half-a-dozen pamphlets, written within the last twelve months, by manufacturers, and writers of the *Westminster Review*.

The questions as to the ages of the children — corporal punishments, by whom inflicted, and at whose bidding, direction, or regulation — also what, if any complaints, have been made to the masters and the magistrates — against whom, and if against the masters, then for what breach of the law, and what penalties were incurred — and, finally,

Q. 76. "Was evidence readily obtained?"

Q. 77. "Have you reason to believe that the workpeople are afraid of displeasing the masters?"

are all in the same candid and urbane spirit; and if not answered to the credit, or, at any rate, without discredit to the masters, the greater fools they. Once for all, we excuse the Commissioners. They have been sent on a ridiculous errand, and it is not discreditable, according to the present fashion of politics, to follow the amusement of seeking the mare's nest, at the public cost for time and labour so expended.

To suppose that these inquiries could overthrow the six hundred folio pages of evidence, was to suppose that the ordinary economy of nature, and the principles of medical science, would give way to the stratagems of politicians. But there was another point which the framers of this scheme — we mean the ministerial framers, not the mill-owners — seem to have lost sight of. Neither Mr. Wilson Patten, nor the Ministers, nor the Commissioners, had ever thought of the hazards the operatives had to run, if they ventured to give evidence against the feelings and opinions of their masters. It is true that the Commissioners gave the mill-owners directions to hang up the queries in their mills, with their answers written in by the side, for the inspection of their hands; and a pompous boast of impartiality will be framed out of that device for salting the rook's tail, whenever parliament shall discuss the report. These itinerant wisdoms were astonished and perplexed, when the

men asked them how they were to be secured from being discharged, and from the persecution by a great body of mill-owners, which had been known to follow the witnesses on this bill, that of Sir J. Hobhouse's, and that of 1819, through the extent of their lives. The world has talked of being *immured* in the prisons of Turkey, or Prussia, or France;—the full import of the word was never known till the factory-system built, furnished, and organised its houses of sighs. Secrecy is one of its most secure and inviolable gauges. To look at the board upon which these questions and answers were fixed, would loosen the frail tie of confidence which connects the men and their owners; and it is a certain fact, that some of the operatives have incurred suspicions most dangerous to their present and future means of life, even from mere surmises that they have given evidence before the Commissioners in secret. The mention of such cases, of course, puts a stop to any communication between the parties. In vain did the Commissioners assure them of secrecy, and that no one should know the names of the witnesses besides themselves and the home-secretary. Without knowing the story of the wife of Midas, or how the neighbours learnt that he had asses' ears, they determined to abide by the resolution of the general body of delegates, held here a fortnight before the Commissioners came down, and to have nothing to do with them beyond delivering the following respectful protest:

"*To the Commissioners appointed by the House to inquire into the condition and sufferings of the Factory Labourers.*

"Gentlemen,

"We, the undersigned, acting under the direction, and on behalf of the great body of factory labourers in the town of Manchester, beg leave to present this our respectful remonstrance. First, however, we would declare our unfeigned loyalty and attachment to the king and constitution as by law established; next, we would express our no less sincere respect for yourselves, as well as for the authority under which you appear amongst us. Having premised thus much, we make bold to declare our unconquerable aversion to, and suspicion of, the effects of any inquiry so instituted; and our reasons are those which follow:—The evidence obtained before the committee on Mr. Sadler's bill was called for on the suggestion of those factory masters, and their friends and dependents, who have avowed their heedlessness of the waste of infant life and strength, and the degradation in every way of the factory population, when put in competition with the profits of capital invested in steam-mills. That evidence is now admitted, by the intelligent part of the public, to be conclusive proof of the fact that the factory system, as at present worked, does tend to deprave and degrade the labourers employed in it; and, what is our most especial cause of grief and despair, that it shuts out infancy from the chance of any human instruction, dwarfs their bodies, twists and bends their tender bones, and deforms their figures. The numerical statements of deaths, deformities, and disease, furnished to parliament, leave no room for doubt upon these heads.

"That evidence, taken before a competent and ordinary court of inquiry, is violently and without reason put aside, to make way for a mode of inquiry chosen by those whose interests are openly opposed to the physical and moral well-being of the factory labourers; and these very parties, as we perceive by the series of questions issued to them, are, in their own counting-houses, without the responsibility of an oath, or the restraint which would be imposed by a face-to-face examination and the chance of a cross-examination, to give such answers as they think fit, which answers, as we cannot but suppose, are to be placed in opposition to the unanswerable body of evidence alluded to above. On the other hand, what are the labourers to do? Past experience has proved to them that there is no danger more directly threatening the very means of their existence than giving evidence of the facts as they exist. The minds of the masters must have undergone a complete revolution if any such attempt on the part of the labourers will not only cause the loss of their places, but also the posting of their names in the entrance-hall of every mill far and near, for the purpose of insuring their exclusion from any such employment in any other place.

"For these reasons,—because the mode of inquiry is useless, its effect inevitably partial, its course unusual and unsatisfactory to the ends of justice, and one side of the evidence cut off by intimidation, expressed or implied, and in any case not to be given with impunity, we respectfully take leave to protest against any proceedings which may be taken in the course of your inquiries, being used as counter-evidence to that taken before the committee on Mr. Sadler's bill."

Subsequent rumours have abundantly justified the jealousies of the

workmen. A paragraph has peered out from the *Bolton Chronicle*, professing to have the authority of these precious inquiries, for the fact, that there are eleven mills in Stockport where the wages for all the hands, including the youngest, average 10*s.* 8*d.* per week! Let no one flatter himself that these monstrous fallacies will pass without correction and rebuke. It may take time to confront them with particulars, but our readers may rely with confidence on a formal refutation of it. But what if it were so? Granted, that it is a high price to set upon young blood,—will that excuse a religious nation, and that not of the religion of the Ashantees, in carrying on manufacture as the Indian trade used to be carried on, by crimping and kidnapping? By the way, the humane reader will not fail to perceive what a near resemblance there is between the gentle policy of that African court and some of the reasoners on the Ten Hours Bill. "You seem to forget that your bill will reduce the labour employed in factories from a fifth to a sixth. Cannot you see that this must increase the weight of rent and the loss of interest on the capital invested?" Even so does the king of that polite people arouse the sluggish mind of his prime minister, when looking on the roof of his palace, and finding that the skulls of his last enemies are half wasted away, he says, angrily, "don't you see that it wants thatch?"

What less than crimping and kidnapping is it to take advantage of the misery of the parents, and the absence of reason in the children, to draw them into those abodes of toil and pain, to stifle their intellects, and inflict disease and deformity on their bodies, for a recompense which in some branches of manufacture does amount to one shilling weekly?

For the present, we will attempt no investigation of the whitewashing and burnishing to which the expectation of the Commission and its actual approach have led in the factories. Let us hope that the report will have the effect of satisfying the humanity of the country, and that the scarcely-to-be-tolerated arguments for this most pernicious and destructive system of infant slavery, will be eternally silenced by the decision of the legislature. Happy should we be, though we cannot be more ready than the operatives shew themselves to be, to sink the past in oblivion. Many of the masters know and admire this spirit in them. Let those who are not yet converted pause and think of the advantages of a reconciliation based upon the laws of mutual respect;—of the labourers, for the property and proper gain of the masters, which they most heartily desire; of the masters, for the health, instruction, and well-being of the labourers. Let all criminations and recriminations be kept in reserve for the present; and if the report of the Commission should happily accord with the spirit of protection for the helpless, breathed by the laws and called for by the country, let them be buried in oblivion for ever.

The operatives designedly barred themselves out from giving evidence by the delivery of the above protest. It was considered advisable, however, to give the Commissioners a view of the children in mass, just in the state in which they daily quit their work, and that a memorial should be presented by them, praying for the kindest consideration of their case. The 4th of May was fixed upon, as they leave the mills earlier on Saturday. It was thought that if the Commissioners could only get such a view of the children as was presented to the gaze of the town, when Mr. Sadler made his public entry into Manchester, after the prorogation of the last parliament, it would be a document of proof in reality, worth a fortnight of their groping inquiries. The weather was particularly fine. The children gathered from different quarters, on the field called Peterloo, the place of general *rendezvous*. Here they formed in order of procession, having gathered all the flags, ribands, pieces of coloured cloth, printed bills, and printed hat-bands, that a short notice of three days enabled them to collect. The names of their chief advocates, Sadler, Oastler, Bull, Ashley, and Fielden, were upon these hat-bands. There were flags and devices alluding to the subject of factory labour and its sufferings in different ways, such as "A Muzzle for the Steam Giant," "Manufactures without Child-slaying," &c.

Before we come to the effect of this spectacle, it is to be noted, that the Commissioners had sent word that they would not be at leisure to receive the memorial. The letter did not reach the secretary of the operatives time

enough to postpone the meeting. The children moved on with drums and banners, and occasional bursts of noise or hilarity, suitable enough for younglings who had escaped from work on a fine summer's afternoon. Their reception was by no means gracious. It is a sad thing to be driven to particulars apparently so captious; but this happens to be a question of personal demeanour, which touches the subject-matter vitally. What occasion for any shew of moroseness or reserve? Is there such a danger of familiarity existing between the ragged and suffering populace and those who call themselves their betters, that every single functionary should feel it necessary to notify the distance necessary to be kept

"Betwixt the wind and his nobility."

Very despotic governments sometimes make a shew of receiving petitions, and allowing complaints of grievance to be stated to them. Would a kind reception of the five or six children, who went into the York Hotel to deliver their harmless appeal in person, have degraded the Commissioners, or lowered the popular respect for those who appointed them? As we view it, in so trifling a matter they could scarcely have blundered more egregiously. Think, reader, of George III. on the terrace at Windsor, and the crowd which followed his steps to and fro without hinderance, and the excess of (what shall we call it?) independence in these deputies of the crown towards the objects of their inquiry. *Tempora mutantur!* Mr. Simeon Cundy, a man of respectable habits, who had raised himself to a station of independence from the condition of a spinner, and has repeatedly spoken out without spleen or reserve on the injurious tendency of the employment on children of a tender age, contrived to make his way into the room, and presented, on behalf of the repulsed addressers, the following memorial:—

"*To the Commissioners appointed by the King to inquire into the state of Factory Labour.*

"Gentlemen,

"We, children employed in the factories of Manchester, beg leave to present to you this our humble and respectful memorial. We implore your pity and compassion for our sufferings, for the great weight of labour thrown upon our young limbs,—for the long duration of that labour daily, mostly in the close air of a heated room,—for the weakness it brings upon us while we are little, and the sickness and deformity which fall upon many of us,—for the overwhelming fatigue which benumbs our senses, and for the shutting out of any chance of learning to read and write like children of our age in other employments.

"We respect our masters, and are willing to work for our support, and that of our parents and brothers and sisters; but we want time for more rest, a little play, and to learn to read and write. Young as we are, we find that we could do our work better if we were to work less time, and were not so weighed down by the long continuance of our daily toil.

"We do not think it right that we should know nothing but work and suffering from Monday morning to Saturday night, to make others rich.

"Do, good gentlemen, inquire carefully into our condition. Let not a respect for wealth disguise from your view our severe wrongs, nor restrain you from declaring what measure of justice is due to us. Indeed we tell you no lies when we say that our bodies are wasted, and our strength sinking, under our daily tasks; and that we are without any time for amusement or learning. Surely the king does not intend that his youngest subjects should be worked the hardest, and suffer the most. We throw ourselves upon your mercy and justice. Look at us, and say if it is possible that we can be disbelieved! Do your duty faithfully to us. Tell the king the actual state in which you find us. So shall you cause relief to come from our rulers; and you will be repaid by good wishes from the grateful hearts of thousands of little children like ourselves."

Notwithstanding this rebuff of their loftinesses, which, as may be easily conceived, was lost upon them, the heedless little army passed in review before the hotel, occasionally giving way to the flow of spirits which their absence from work, open air, and fine weather, naturally produced among them. Will it be believed, that there were wretches so lost to every impulse of that nature whose form they bear, as to catch at these temporary bursts of joy as a proof, inferentially, that the poor little victims could not in any way be oppressed? One grave local editor, of the most intractable school of corrupt noodles, thought to make his court to the masters, by declaring that they made more noise than was natural to such a crowd. For ever honoured be the fine towering ears,

which will scarcely allow the pyramidal cap of paper to sit quiet above those brawny shoulders! Then their employment has a natural tendency to make them sprightly! Oh! that we might thin down that elegant figure by three months' exercise in spinning No. 200, in a heat of 90°! What a miracle of an editor would the admiring world see then!

The fact is, that some of the most detestable butcheries recorded in history have been seasoned with jests in the perpetration. What was the humorous war-cry of Herod's troopers in their gallant assault upon the infants, is not now known; but nothing in the transaction could exceed the cold-livered, dastardly, ravening cruelty of him who watched that line of young victims, and drew arguments of their happiness from such a symptom. They were, in sober truth, "the incarnation of disease and debility." Leaving out the stench of oil and cotton-wool, with which their effluvia filled the surrounding atmosphere, and which could leave no doubt as to the kind of air they habitually breathe, their appearance would have softened any heart not hardened by the most heart-hardening of all crimes,— the greediness of riches. There was not one face that was not of the saddest complexion. The tiny bulk, the features seemingly careworn, among chits whom you would scarcely expect to walk; the want of any thing that could satisfy the eye, in search as it usually is of forms and appearances of beauty; the languid air and gait of the greater part so eloquent of the extreme fatigue to which they are accustomed,—were evidences of the system which would have settled the question for ever, had the spectacle occurred in London. And then their rags and filthiness! But on this head the operatives have taken the wisest course. Instead of seeking elsewhere for terms to describe it, they give those of the adversaries of the bill, who declared, in most amusing simplicity as to the nature of truth and her manifestations—that the urchins had dressed themselves in those appalling designs of misery to impose on the Commissioners!

One more word at parting to these last-named gentlemen. It is to be hoped that they have not imbibed any of these nefarious prejudices. Far be it from us to attempt any interference with public authority, however ridiculously occupied. But, from hints which have come to us, we cannot help expressing a hope that they are not participators in the cruel sentiments expressed above. The matter will not end there. This is not a question in which professional or official tactics can prevail. The evidence of the medical witnesses who opposed the bill of 1819 should warn them what to expect. It rises now with snaky horrors curling round its head, from its unblessed sepulture, "to push the authors from their stools." The laws of nature will not obey a royal Commission, nor can any *dictum* of their report convert the present system of factory labour, unaltered, into one consistent with health and long life. Should they attempt such representations, they will be marked by the scorn of all the medical skill of England. The operatives will rise to a man, and insist, in hundreds of petitions, on being allowed to refute them at the bar of the house; and their unlucky speculations, their good-for-nothing inquiries, their very names and reputations, will be blown away by the breath of an indignant nation into the limbo of public contempt and neglect. "And what is a man profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

## SIX WEEKS ON THE LOIRE.*

*Six Weeks on the Loire* is a pleasant book, written by a lady of quick observation, much reading, and possessing a sound and wholesome philosophy. The language is pure and elegant, and proves the fair author to have a mind not only alive to the varied charms of nature, but overflowing with charity and universal goodwill. She travelled through the country in stirring times. In June last year, all was bustle in the departments of the West and the South. The Duchesse de Berri, with the spirit of a true heroine of romance, was employed in ceaseless operations to revive the cause of the drooping lily; the telegraphs were working in every direction; no carriage was allowed to move without rigorous search; and individuals of eminence were arrested on the most frivolous pretences. Regiments were proceeding with despatch for La Vendée; and the Chouans had put a stop to the navigation of the Loire. Notwithstanding every impediment, the fair traveller purchased a boat at Tours, large enough to accommodate eight persons; for which, including oars, chairs, table, and awning, she paid fifty francs. It was not a splendid affair, but sufficient for her moderate views. The next matter for consideration was how to get her passport *visée* for Nantes. Unfortunately, St. Malo was the place of destination named in the document, and inserted by the authorities of Blois. M. le Maire declared, that as St. Malo was set forth in the passport, there she should go. After much entreaty, the functionary's heart melted towards the lady, whose appeal brought forth from M. le Maire a growling assent, like that accorded by the melting executioner to Madame Roland; when, in yielding precedence to her companion in misery at the guillotine, she asked the grim officer if he could possibly refuse the last request of a lady? This was a surpassing condescension; for so strict were the orders of government, that, at the same time, a French gentleman, of some consideration, was, on returning to his own château near Blois, obliged to go on the right-hand side of the river, instead of the left. This compulsion roused all the susceptibilities of which a high-bred Frenchman is capable. He stamped and shook his clenched hands, and uttered his *sacrés* with impetuous indignation; then, after tearing his passport to pieces, and casting the morsels into the faces of the portly mayor and his clerks, he declared, while his pale lip quivered and the fire darted from his dark eye, that he would appeal to the Chamber of Deputies for redress. The neighbourhood of Blois is conspicuous for Carlists; so the mayor left the irate gentleman to take his course.

The travellers floated down the Loire, alive to the influences of sun and sky, and gazing with eager joy on the lovely banks of the river. Gardens followed in quick and lively succession, apricot and almond-trees scattered fragrance from their clustering blossoms, while the peasants, "doux comme l'air qu'ils respirent, et forts comme le sol qu'ils fertilisent," presented the aspect of a contented and happy people, who blessed the sway of Charles X., and knew nothing of the feverish dreams of innovation. De Vigny has well described this happy region. "Do you know that part of France which is justly called its garden?—that province, where you breathe the purest air in verdant fields, watered by a noble river? If you have traversed the beautiful Touraine in the summer-months, you will have followed the peaceful Loire, for a considerable distance, in a state of enchantment; you will only have regretted not being able to determine, betwixt the two shores, which you would choose for an abode, where, with some beloved object, you might forget the ways of men. In coursing down the gentle waves of this fine stream, we are perpetually tempted to fix our eyes on the smiling scenery on the right: the valleys thickly interspersed with pretty white houses, peeping through the groves by which they are surrounded—the banks embrowned with vines, or whitened with the blossoms of he cherry-trees—the old walls covered with honeysuckles, bursting from their buds—the gardens of roses, from the midst of which often suddenly rises a lofty tower;—every thing speaks

* Six Weeks on the Loire, with a Peep into La Vendée, London; W. Simpkin and R. Marshall. 1833.

either of fruitfulness or antiquity, and every thing is interesting in the labours of the industrious inhabitants. To them nothing is useless or neglected: it should seem as if, in their attachment to such a beautiful country—the only part of France that has never owned the yoke of a stranger—they are unwilling to lose an inch of its ground, or a grain of its dust." The travellers passed along the river till they came to the romantic heights of St. Cyr. There they stepped on shore, and allowed their boatman, Jean, to take a parting kiss of his wife and children. Attracted by the choral sounds that were borne from the little church on the eminence above them, they scrambled up, and entered. It was entirely full of peasants hearing mass, before proceeding to their daily labours. "It was a pretty and soothing sight," writes the amiable tourist. "The contrast between the snow-white caps of the women, and the curling black hair and embrowned complexions of the men, seemed to fill the place with light and shade. The countenance of the venerable priest was full of benevolence: he seemed as if he had grown old among the same humble flock, and returned their respectful homage with looks of love. Whenever I have thus seen the willing devotion of the common people, and the attention of their priests, at any rate, to their outward duties, I have asked myself why it is that Protestants have so little of either in their daily routine; and have almost felt inclined to wish that the ancient forms should remain." This picture of happiness and good-will between pastor and peasant, is very different to the state of such matters at Candes on the Vienne. The people there had been for two months without devotional public service. Their former priest was an old *emigré*, who during the first revolution had fled to England. He had returned with Louis le Desiré. The people loved him for his sanctity, his simple manners, and his paternal solicitude towards his flock; they therefore submitted, during his lifetime, to hear the mass in Latin, as in times of old, when the fat priest mumbled the office, and the ignorant peasantry understood not one word of what they uttered. When the old man died they dismissed his curate, declaring that they would for the future have the service in French, and not Latin. "We are Frenchmen, and we understand French," they said, "and we do not understand Latin; and *le bon Dieu*, we imagine, likes French as well as Latin: and therefore we will worship him as we like best." But the bishop would have nothing but Latin, and sent another priest, with orders to that effect. The peasants, however, dismissed him as they had the curate. The bishop sent a second, but he was favoured with less ceremony; for he had to carry back a message to the diocesan, that if he sent a third, they would send him back with their *pantoufles*. The bishop lost his temper—which is not the first time a French bishop has done so, though the days of Jansenism and Molinism have passed away—and in his wrath he vowed that the good people of Candes might go "the downward path," as they chose to do so, at their own gate, but not under the guidance of one of his priests; and so the good people of Candes have been left to their own contumacy, without the faithful bishop troubling himself more on the subject. Near to Candes, however, a very different picture offered itself; and the scene is set forth in such simple yet lively colours, as to make us fancy ourselves to be of the party enlivened by the presence and conversation of the fair tourist. "In returning down the Vienne, the beautiful village of St. Germain appeared under new forms, and with new attractions. The bell was ringing for vespers, and the aged priest and his attendant train were winding between the trees in full processional pomp, with banner, crucifix, and lighted tapers: next came the Sisters of Charity and the young communicants, who here, as at Chinon, were arrayed in white, expressive at once of the innocence of their age and the holiness of the ceremony. The labouring people followed with their wives, all in their best attire, with countenances full of interest for their children.

'Combien je préférois la pompe du village,
Modeste, sans apprêts, et même un peu
sauvage.'

I went into the church with the rustic crowd: so reverently they knelt, so fixed was their attention, so respectful their demeanour to the silver-haired teacher, from whom they had in all probability learned every thing they knew of the sublime consolations of

religion, I grieved to think that every day's events were contributing to shake the fabric on which their faith and hopes had so long hung, without any thing being given them on which they may rest in its stead: for there is always between the laying down of one opinion and the taking up of another a fearful interval, which leaves the minds and actions of men like a ship without a rudder, at the mercy of every gale." There are various other passages, written with the same fervour, yet delicacy of thought, and pure feeling. "We stopped," she says, "at the village of La Chapelle Blanche. Our landlady complained much of the nobility not residing on their estates; as in consequence, she said, the old had no aid, and the young no employment: but she excepted from the charge of indifference to the interests of the humbler classes the Duchesse d'Oudenot, niece of Prince Talleyrand, who, dividing her time between London, Paris, and her château de Rochette, is the delight of her equals, and the support of her inferiors. Our house hung over the river; the moon shone on the water with a soft radiance suited to the stillness of the scene, which for the time borrowed something of solemnity from a long train of boats floating down the tranquil Loire, with troops going to La Vendée. From these boats were wafted patriotic songs, which were returned by delightful strains from the French horn on the shore. I exclaimed with Thalaba—

'How beautiful is Night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist, no little cloud obscures
The vault serene of Heaven.
In full-robed glory the majestic moon
Rolls through the dark blue depths:
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean girdled by the sky.
How beautiful is Night!'"

For the same reason that we have given the above passage, we include the following pleasing description. The tender sonnet at the end is the production of the tourist, who has set forth her pages with graceful pieces of poetry, having reference to her own unhappy state of mind during this excursion.

"We breakfasted at Les Rosiers, a little town on the right-hand side of the river. Opposite we had another beautiful subject for a painter, in Gennes, with its pretty boats and vine-clad hills, and the ruined church of St. Eusebius, formerly a Roman temple, on the summit. We next came to Toureil, remarkable for the remains of its ancient 'Tower of the Gauls,' as tradition names it; and a little further is the village of Juigné, through which ran the Roman way from Angers. Vestiges of it are still to be traced, and near it are the ruins of the ancient Abbey of St. Maru, formerly the rich abode of more than one hundred and fifty monks.

"Though anxious to reach Angers this evening, we could not resist the temptation of walking a league to see the château de Mont St. Jean; I did not however set off without some trepidation on my part, for there had been an engagement close by that morning with the Chouans: we had heard the firing whilst we were going down the river, and I was afraid some of the discomfited rebels might hide themselves, for shelter, in the woods around, and take their opportunity to start out on any accidental passers by. Nevertheless I took courage, and was repaid by a delightful walk, through meadows and corn-fields, where the quails started up before us, and hares ran across our path, until we arrived at the 'deserted hall.'

"And here again it was impossible not to acknowledge the extraordinary fidelity of Sir Walter Scott's graphic delineation, in the preface to his *Quentin Durward*, of a French château falling into dilapidation and ruin during the emigration of its owner. I almost expected to see the Marquess de Hautelieu himself, as exquisite a delineation as the scene in which he is placed, looking over the ancient walls, flanked with towers, and deep moat of the château—all that remains of its feudal dignity—or pacing the neglected gardens, where the roses were strewing their solitary sweets upon the earth, and the fruit-trees bending under their own wasted luxuriance. Every thing told the story of desertion; yet the delightful coolness of the stately alleys and verdant canopies, impervious to the sun, laid out with the tranquillising regularity of former ages, sometimes terminating in a bower, sometimes with a fountain, sometimes opening into vistas that revealed the panoramic scene around, tempted us to prolong our meditations among the

'Arched walks, of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,'

until warned to depart by the blackbird's parting song.

"The evening was exquisitely beautiful. The smooth Loire lay like one vast sheet of burnished crystal beneath the setting sun, reflecting its crimson

glories, and shewing the still poplars, and motionless abeilles in its waters, with a depth, a clearness, and solidity, that seemed to make them exist with even more of reality in the liquid element below, than on the banks and islands around. It is this tranquil beauty that peculiarly accords with the gentle Loire; and it was the hour when the feelings best harmonise with the contemplation of such beauty.

" 'C'était l'heure que j'aime, celle des rêveries; celle où le cœur se serre toujours un peu, en pensant que voilà un jour de plus de dépensé! Dans le monde, dans les villes, cette heure mystérieuse, et solemnelle, passe, presque inaperçue; mais à la campagne le soir exerce toute sa puissance; avec le calme il ramène les souvenirs,—et dans la vie, la plupart de nos souvenirs ne sont-ils pas des regrets?' Alas! too truly did I feel the force of these sentiments, at the quiet moment when they came into my mind. Separated by painful and anxious circumstances, for an indefinite period, from the dearest objects of my affection, uncertain as to the success of the plans by which their interests were to be promoted, I seemed to have no possession left but remembrance; and, too surely, no remembrance without regret!

" Strange contrast to my state, the tranquil stream,
Its surface calm yet glowing, and impress'd
Only with beauteous images of rest!
Whilst o'er my memory, like some troubled dream,
Comes the sad past, awaking each extreme
Of hope and disappointment that possess'd,
Through many a varying year my anxious breast;
And forms beloved through fancied vistas gleam!
O did this little bark those forms enclose,
No more my drooping spirits would complain,
My disappointments hush'd in meek repose,
My hopes all bright and blossoming again,
My feelings blending with the soothing scene,
And I, myself, like all around, serene.

" We had intended to reach Angers this evening, but we unluckily got upon a sand-bank, which detained us till it was nearly dark before we reached Ponts-de-Cé."

The complaint made by the landlady of La Chapelle Blanche, regarding the non-residence of landlords, is amply borne out by the testimony of the tourist. The castle of Langeais, where Anne of Brittanny was married to Charles VIII., was formerly a stupendous structure: enough of it remains even now to make a commodious residence for a very large establishment. The proprietor, M. Moisan, however, only visits it once a-year, to collect his rents. An air of gloom has settled on the walls of the château, which is fast falling to decay. At the Chute de l'Indre the travellers landed, to see the Château d'Ussy, once the residence of the famous Vauban, and afterwards of Louis, marquis de Valentinois. Tressan has made it the scene of one of his romances — *Le petit Johan de Saintré* —and describes it as the "château des seigneurs de Saintré." It is now the property of the Duke of Duras, who, like M. Moisan, visits it once a-year for a week, to collect his rents. This residence has every qualification for increasing the pleasures of a country life. Its situation is exquisite; it has woods, streams, fountains, noble terraces, winding walks, and cultivated gardens: yet the whole are without attraction in the eyes of the noble proprietor. If the abominable charge brought by Mademoiselle Kirkabon against the English have any truth in it — ("Voilà comme sont ces maudits Anglais!" criait Mademoiselle de Kirkabon, "ils feront plus de cas d'une pièce de Shakespeare, d'un plum-pudding, et d'une bouteille de rum, que de Pentateuque"*), — they certainly are exempt from charges involving their goodness as landlords, and their not being alive not only to the pleasures of a country life, but to the earnest desire to add to the comforts and happiness of their rural tenantry. A noble avenue, a mile in length, leads from the Loire to the château, to which the visitor ascends by terraces, "rich in the formal parterres and vases, with lines of orange-trees, and jets d'eaux of the sixteenth century." The eminences around are covered by thick woods, amidst which, yet in the immediate vicinity of the château, rises the thin spire of a small church, of exquisite architecture, and rich interior decorations. The exterior of the great building has, with its flanking towers, a venerable and imposing effect; but within its walls is presented a sad and melancholy ex-

* See Voltaire's *L'Ingénu*, ch. ii.

hibition of the p and pride, and all the glorious cir stance of feudal greatness, falling beneath the numbing touch of time. The rooms are full of interesting portraits; beauties of the court of Louis XIV. exhibit their graces in vain to the unconscious sunshine and the flaunting air. Where, alas! are the admiring eyes and glozing lips that made the heart-blood leap beneath their impassioned glances and envenomed flatteries? The lips have long been hushed—the eyes have long been rayless, socketless—and the portraitures are following their frail yet beautiful originals into an effective oblivion. The *Halle de Spectacle* presented a sad sight: on one side it had been originally decorated with portraits of female beauty; on the other side, by representations of ancient poets and philosophers: but sabre-cuts had been with wanton barbarity drawn across the faces of Ninon and her gay contemporaries — poet and philosophic sage. The Duke de Duras has one hundred and twenty-eight tenants, and *four servants!* The German Prince, after rioting in the halls of our rural proprietors, describes the entertainment lavished on him with reckless generosity in terms of sarcasm; what would he have to say to such a specimen of noble munificence as is set forth in the person of the Duke of Duras? Instead of dwelling a portion of the year among their tenantry, and by the dispensation of trifling favours and consideration among a peasantry, drawing close the links of attachment between the lower orders and themselves, the nobility of France flock to the capital, to spend their incomes in the thousand ways suggested by selfishness; while the tenantry are left to the hard mercies of intendants. The working-classes look on themselves as having no community of interests with the aristocracy, which is hated for its pride, arrogance, and love of extortion; and which, in all times of civil commotion, is the mark for popular vengeance. It is easy to suppose that men of honour, feverish and restless with ambition, or however stimulated by the love of pleasure, or the desire to gratify sense, would be happy to leave the reeking atmosphere of the city to obtain intervals of repose in the solitude of the country. But this simple and natural philosophy is excluded from the circle of a Frenchman's thoughts, feelings, and actions. One of the most touching passages in biography is where we read of Madame Roland decorating, while under condemnation of death, the bars of her prison with flowers, on which she loved to gaze, because they brought vividly to mind the remembrance of bright skies and sunshine, the blithe carol of birds, and scenes of early tranquillity. "On ne pouvait," she says, "plus me distraire que par des bouquets. La vue d'une fleur caresse mon imagination, et flatte mes sens à un point inexprimable; elle réveille avec volupté le sentiment de mon existence. Sous le tranquille abri du toit paternel, j'étais heureuse dès l'enfance avec des fleurs et des livres: dans l'étroite enceinte d'une prison, au milieu des fers imposés par la tyrannie le plus révoltante, j'ai oublié l'injustice des hommes, leurs sottises, et mes maux, avec des livres et des fleurs."

In Mr. Inglis' book upon the Tyrol are the following remarks: "In travelling through France, we cease to feel any surprise at the preference shewn by every Frenchman for Paris, as a place of residence. Exclude Lyons, Bourdeaux, Marseilles, Toulouse, and perhaps Rouen and Nancy, from the list of French towns, and there is scarcely one of which we might say, in passing through, 'This is a town I could live in.' The gentry who do not live in Paris, or in the few first-rate towns, inhabit their *maisons de campagne*, which are either entirely apart, or are situated near some small village; but scarcely any of the gentry live in towns of the fourth, fifth, or sixth-rate order. In these are to be found neither society nor amusement of any kind; there are, in fact, no towns in France which may be likened to our county towns and provincial cities—there are no Yorks, Leicesters, Chesters, Maidstones, Canterburys, Herefords, Derbys, &c.: so that, unless a Frenchman be an inhabitant of one or other of the first-rate towns, he has no resource but in Paris, where alone he thinks it possible for a man to spend his days; and if a country life be excluded, he is perhaps in the right." We are not of the opinion, in his conclusion, of Mr. Inglis, nor is the fair tourist of the Loire. We travelled once along the same route selected by Mr. Inglis; and on another occasion we went from Paris to Metz, and diverged thence by Sarrabruch to

Mentz; and, as far as France is concerned, we do not remember to have seen a single château from the road, with the exception of a solitary one in Lorraine.

After the melancholy picture afforded by the Château d'Ussy, we must, as a contrast, present a picture of another kind. At Clermont there is a château built by the great Condé, who, after the troubles of the Fronde, wished in momentary disgust to fly from the world. When the building, however, was finished, Condé would not inhabit it. It stands on the brow of a lofty eminence, commanding the full sweep of the Loire, with its winding shores and many lovely islands, and the whole of the surrounding country from Ancennes to Nantes. The delightful walks which serpentised about the acclivity, and were shaded by birch, fir, and mountain-ash, and sometimes diversified by fragments of rocks, sometimes by flowering shrubs, tempted the tourist and her party to the summit. It was impossible to loiter or hang back, when every step developed new attractions. The sound of music greeted their ears from the open casements of the building:—

"It seemed as if the strains awoke some kindly sympathies that told us that refinement, benevolence, and courtesy dwelt within; nevertheless, as sympathies and suppositions do not justify intrusions and impertinences, we were turning away at the sight of a lady coming across the lawn, in the front of the château, with a little basket of flowers in her hand. It was Madame la Baronne des J——s herself, and advancing with an expression that heraldod to us a welcome, she begged we would walk round the gardens, if agreeable to us; adding, that as we might find ourselves fatigued by the ascent, she hoped we would come into the saloon afterwards, and take a cup of coffee, or a little fruit. It was singular enough that I, who have a dislike, absolutely amounting to folly, of presenting myself among strangers, or taxing, in any way, their time or kindness, in this instance felt immediately desirous of availing myself of the politeness offered. We accordingly walked round the gardens and the grounds, and then, presenting ourselves in the saloon, found coffee prepared for us. We were introduced to M. le Baron des J——s, to a son and daughter, and two or three visitors; we in return introduced ourselves, which, as Sterne justly observes, is always 'pour le moment quelque chose embarrassants,' but never could it be less so than in the present instance, with a family full of ease, vivacity, and good breeding. The conversation immediately became general, and two hours flew away unperceived. At length I recollected poor Jean, who waited, I thought, begin to imagine that we had either tumbled over the rocks or fallen into the hands of the Chouans. I rose, but on offering to pay my parting compliments, I was overpowered by many voices, all joining in the friendly entreaty that we would stay and dine, and proceed to Nantes in the cool of the evening. I read in the countenances of my companions a wish for my compliance, and, too happy in the conversation of a party at once so polished and so unaffected, I willingly yielded to the entreaty which afforded me a little more time to profit by it. Accordingly it was settled that the gentlemen should stroll through the woods, whilst I remained with Madame des J——s and her lovely daughter.

"The bill of fare for dinner was discussed in my presence, and settled, *sans façon*, with that delightful frankness and gaiety which in the French character gives a charm to the most trifling occurrence. Mademoiselle Louise then begged me to excuse her for half an hour, as she was going to make some creams and some pastilles. I requested I might accompany her, and also render myself useful. We accordingly went together into the dairy, and I made tarts *à l'Anglaise*, when she made confections and *bon bons*, and all manner of pretty things, with as much ease as if she had never done any thing else, and as much grace as she displayed in the saloon. I could not help thinking as I looked at her, with her servants about her, all cheerful, respectful, and anxious to attend upon her, how much better it would be for the young ladies in England, if they would occasionally return to the habits of their grandmammas, and mingle the animated and endearing occupations of domestic life, and the modest manners and social amusements of home, with the perpetual practising on harps and pianos, and the incessant efforts at display and search after gaiety, which in the present day render them any thing but what an amiable man, of a reflecting mind and delicate sentiments, would desire in the woman he might wish to select as his companion for life.

"But it was not only in the more trifling affairs of the *ménage* that this young lady acquitted herself so agreeably; in the household, the garden, the farm, among the labourers, their wives, and children, with the poor in the neighbourhood, and the casual wanderer, every

where she was superintending, directing, kind, amiable, the comfort of all around, and the delight of her family; her cheerfulness was in proportion to

'——That sweet peace which
bosoms ever.'

She flew up and down the rocks with the lightness of a mountain-roe; she sprang into a boat like the lady of the lake, and could manage an oar with as much grace and skill;—with all this, her mind was thoroughly cultivated. She had an elegant taste in the authors of her own language; understood Latin, Italian, and English, and charmed me with her conversation, whilst she employed her fingers in the fancy-work with which the French ladies occupy the moments some call idle, but which with them are always sociably and generally carefully employed. After a day spent in all the agreeableness of country life, under its most engaging aspects, evening came, and with mutual adieus, we parted; but scarcely had we proceeded half a league upon our way, when we saw a little boat in full speed after us; and as it had the advantage of a sail, it soon gained upon ours enough to allow us to perceive that it was the baroness, and her son and daughter. We rested our oars until they came up to us; they then told us, that after parting with us they had considered it would be so late before we could reach Nantes, that they resolved to bring us back again. It was impossible to resist so friendly an invitation. We accordingly put about, and all returned together; our oars keeping time to the songs of our party, and flutes and guitars making up the remainder of our evening-concert. In this hospitable manner we were kept four days voluntary prisoners; for it was indeed the talent of this amiable family

'With winning words to conquer willing hearts:'

and within their hospitable walls I saw the domestic life of the French shewn to so much advantage amidst all the *agrémens* of the country, that I regretted still more to think how few of the châteaux with which the banks of the Loire are crowned are thus worthily inhabited by their possessors, diffusing happiness and protection to all around them. It is indeed scarcely possible, and no way desirable, to imagine more requisites for enjoyment than this residence comprises: exquisitely situated, the most varied and delightful scenery attracts the eye on every side—alone in its ancient dignity, it retains all the extended liberty of feudal times, whilst its proximity to Nantes, and the steam-boats passing twice in the day to and from that city, afford an easy opportunity of procuring every thing necessary for refined and intellectual gratification, and the constant exchange of social intercourse. The domains indicate that happy mixture of the useful and ornamental, which is equally free from the satiety of more luxurious indulgence, or the anxiety of undivided attention to matters of profit; the land is cultivated close to the garden; the labourers live on the premises, which are abundantly spacious to afford dwellings for them and their families; and it is delightful to see the indulgent condescension with which the young people are permitted to look on, and often to join in the amusements out of doors, and the respectful hilarity with which this indulgence is embraced. The rocks and woods afford an enchanting variety, in which nature has just done enough to encourage art to do more—a grotto, a dell, an overhanging rock, or a self-planted bower, or a little rippling stream, perpetually invite the hand of taste to mark the spot for rest or contemplation; and the river below, with the little boats so temptingly drawn up close to the osier-fringed banks, as constantly invite to fish, to row, and encounter all the mimic dangers and difficulties, which it is an inexhaustible source of healthy exertion and cheerful exultation to overcome. When to these pleasures and pursuits we add a large family circle, bound together by the most endearing affection, and continually varied by the addition of friends who present themselves without ceremony, assured of room and welcome, we may well exclaim—

'O, friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to ease,
Domestic life in rural leisure passed!'"

Angers is well and fully described. The vast tower of its cathedral, its innumerable spires and ancient edifices rising in every direction, the bridge with its old buildings, the busy scene on its river, the antique houses on its quay, its fair, its market, its *poissardes*, its library and museum, containing some rare medals and some exquisite paintings—its botanical garden, concerts, and theatre,—are severally brought under notice. The author witnessed the ceremony of the *fête Dieu* in all its imposing ceremony. She also visited the Château de Sérant. Here the country begins to assume the characteristics of La Vendée, as described by Madame La Rochejaquelein. The cross-roads, deep, narrow, between rugged hedges and pollard oaks, and other overhanging trees, run in every direction. These roads are rough in

summer, bogs in winter, and often, when down the declivity of a hill, serve for the bed of a rivulet. At the end of almost every field, a sudden turn leaves the traveller in doubt how to proceed, for there are no guide posts; and the inhabitants are puzzled themselves, whenever unexpected business takes them two or three leagues from home. When the tourist and her party arrived, after endless meandering, at the château, they found it shut up, not only in consequence of the absence of the family, but because of some recent incendiary attempts of the Chouans. The steward, however, on learning that the party was composed of English, and had a slight knowledge of some of the connexions of the Duc de Sérant, readily opened the chapel for inspection. "A solitary cushion of crimson velvet before the altar was the only sign of its ever having been resorted to for purposes of devotion." The château, flanked by two cylindrical towers, with walls twelve feet thick, is considered one of the finest in France. The late Duc de Sérant was preceptor to the Duc de Berri; and the assassination of his pupil completed the nobleman's affliction, who had already lost his two sons on the field of battle, and his grandaughter by fire. The family name is Valsh, and the ancestor went from Ireland with a regiment of his own raising. For his eminent services, his loyalty and valour, the château and title were conferred upon him. One of the family, a captain in the navy, conveyed James II., on his abdication, to France; and another fitted out a vessel for Charles Edward, the Pretender, whose portrait, a gift from himself, is in the château. The situation of the building is unfavourable, as it is shut out from the river, and has only a home view; but the gardens are magnificent. There were four hundred and fifty orange trees in pots, the fruit of which was remarkably fine. The vineyards produce the best white wine in Anjou. The duke had sent his gardener and steward to England, that they might be instructed in gardening and agriculture. They had resided in the households of the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Coke, the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Fitzwilliam, and were impressed with a due sense of the munificence and liberality of the establishments of our aristocracy. "Madame," said the intendant, "vos nobles sont des rois." "And so they are," truly remarks the fair tourist, "in every desirable sense of the word; a body, collectively taken, of which a country must be proud, and which affords innumerable examples of individual excellence, combining the public power their wealth affords them with the private virtues which turn that power into a source of general good."

A party of Chouans had attempted to surprise the little town of Chalounes the night before our tourist's arrival: but the *générale* was beaten, and such speedy means of resistance manifested, that the assailants retired. The Chouans had also, a few days previously, had a smart engagement at Mont Jan with the National Guards. The people were quietly following their respective occupations, when a peasant came in breathless haste to inform them that a strong body of Chouans were advancing across the valley. They ran to the windmill to reconnoitre, when they saw three or four hundred men, with white scarfs round their hats, and two white standards. The National Guards were in number only seventy-five, and very ignorant of military tactics; but, notwithstanding this, they fought with bravery. The Chouans at first made a halt, and sent a message, saying that they only came for arms, and had no wish to proceed to hostilities. The people of Mont Jan replied, that if they wanted their guns they must come and take them *par le bon bout*. The Chouans advanced—the Mont Janers defended themselves with great courage—and the assailants fled when they saw the wounded fall. One of their leaders, a curé, armed like a brigand with pistols in his belt, received a ball in his neck, which glanced through his side. He was placed in a pannier and taken off the field; for they had brought horses and mules, with panniers, to carry away the wounded or dead. Four *vicaires*, and three or four nobles, commanded the troop. From all that the tourist gathered on the subject, it appeared that the insurrection only interested the highest and the lowest—the nobility, whose honour is by them considered inseparable from legitimacy, and the Chouans, the refuse of the provinces, who came into La Vendée in the hope of plunder. Times are altered with respect to the priests since the first Vendean war. Madame de la Rochejaquelein repels the charge of

their having taken any active part in the field of battle. "It has been falsely asserted," she says, "that the priests fought; they came to the field of battle only to confess the dying, which they did in the hottest fire; and it was from this cause that their bodies were occasionally found on it. They at times carried pistols for their personal defence; but none of them ever thought of any other duty, except exhorting and rallying the soldiers, or inspiring them with courage and resignation under their sufferings. Had the peasants seen them depart from their holy character, they would have lost all veneration for them. So decided was the general opinion in this respect, that M. de Sonleim, who had long fought in the Vendean army, having been discovered to be a subdeacon, was sent to prison." The following reflections by the tourist are very appropriate to the occasion:

To what, then, shall we attribute this increase of the militant spirit in the church in the present day? Is it that the cause is more desperate, or are the priests more pugnacious? In Portugal, we are told, there are thirty thousand monks, all trained to the use of arms. Is it that they mean to revive the holy wars? or is it that, foreseeing the approach of times when one calling may fail, they think it prudent to be acquainted with another? Whatever it may be, we think that for the time being in France, at any rate, the presence of those ghostly comforters in the field, armed cap-à-pié, and ready

'To prove their doctrine orthodox,
By dealing sundry blows and knocks,'

is not very serviceable to the party whose interests they would be thought to advocate. Certain it is, that the zeal of the peasantry, and of the *métayers* or farmers, is no longer the same. The victory preponderating on the side of the smallest number, in such an unequal contest as this related to us, and which is only like that of almost every other actual meeting of the parties, is a sufficient proof that the tenantry of the Carlists nobility are not generally interested in the successes of their leaders, or the result of their intrigues. During the interval of tranquillity which France has known for the last twelve or fourteen years, the small farmers, on whose assistance the Carlistes in La Vendée principally rely, have saved a little money, and finding themselves in peace and comfort, they are very anxious to remain so; indeed they were honest enough to confess repeatedly to us, that they cared not who held the reins of government, provided they were held with an equal and moderate hand, and that they themselves were left in peace to enjoy the fruits of their own industry. Neither is it probable that the present cause itself, in its origin and motives, should inspire any thing like the enthusiasm, the undaunted courage, the sublime devotedness, that the original Vendéan war called forth, in men who saw their very hearths violated, the altars of the Almighty profaned, and every tie, human and divine, set at nought by frantic innovators, who, intoxicated with the freedom from all restraint, which they termed liberty, made it the instrument of greater atrocities than a Nero or Caligula, in the darkest ages of despotism, would have dared to commit.

"The people themselves have now nothing to complain of but the poverty of the country, which is not likely to be remedied by the continuance of political dissensions; and in all the villages through which we passed, we found the predominant feeling among the men, indignation at being thought capable of joining the Chouans, whom they stigmatised as a set of deserters and marauders of the vilest description; and among the women, fury against the Duchesse de Berri, whom they repeatedly said they would tear to pieces, if they could lay their hands upon her, for being the cause of their husbands and sons being dragged into the field against their inclinations, and at the peril of their lives. The Carlistes of rank to whom I mentioned these conversations treated them with incredulity and contempt, as merely held to deceive us; but it is the fate of the great to deceive themselves, and there is one argument, at any rate, they cannot get over,—if their tenantry and dependants be really sincere in their opposition to the reigning government, if they really go into the field with a desire to face and conquer the enemy, and not from a mere outward compliance with the commands of those on whom their leases depend, how is it that they invariably turn their backs on numbers so much smaller than their own, and quit the scene as soon as they have faced and returned a few random shots, as was the case at Mont Jan, and in every other place we heard of? That occasional straggling parties of Chouans have shewn courage enough when they have fallen in with those whom they could plunder, is not to be denied; but these are not the good, honest, regular peasantry of La Vendée, 'qui ont l'ame droite comme une ligne,' but the refuse of all other classes, who are always ready to ravage wherever there is a chance of prey. The Carliste

nobility and gentry are in themselves a high-spirited and noble-minded band, for they stand ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in the cause of legitimacy, which in their eyes it appears their sacred duty to maintain; and this duty the majority of them are ready to maintain with their blood, without hope of distinction or emolument, as past experience must have sufficiently convinced them that monarchs, newly replaced on their throne, are more intent on maintaining themselves in their seat by conciliating their enemies, than rewarding their friends; and they have ever the generosity to acknowledge that this must of necessity be the case. But the common people are not influenced by such chivalric feelings; they are now sufficiently their own masters to consult their own inclinations, and had rather plough their own few acres, and gather in their little vintage, than

'Follow to the field some warlike lord,'

they know not why or wherefore; and however beautiful the gleam may be, which the spirit of departing chivalry would seek to throw over the more calculating temper of modern times, yet if that gleam would guide us back to the cells of superstition and the dungeons of despotism, reason would warn us to avoid the treacherous light, however brilliantly it might dazzle for a moment."

From the want of communication, the peasants are very ignorant of events. At Treves, a small village, a decent-looking man, who was cultivating his own ground, and seemed one of the most important personages in the place, asked the travellers, "If there had been a revolution in Paris, and if the cholera was any better?" remarking, at the same time, "how hard it was that the people should be poisoned in that manner." The tourist and her party felt indignant that the minds of the people should be impressed with such a calumny, and asked him "if M. le Curé had told him such things?" "No," replied the man, "we don't want the curés to tell us any thing; but our own sense tells us that if all the poor people die, and none of the rich, there must be some reason for it." The party combated this argument, by shewing that the rich had died as well as the poor. So new was this exposition to him, that the man called to a neighbour and said, "These gentlefolks say that there have a great many rich people died of cholera in a fine hotel that they knew of!" The party next attempted to shew the absurdity of imagining that fountains, and wine, and bread, could be poisoned, without equal risk to all parties,—friends, foes, Carlists, or Republicans: but the impression was deeply rooted. observed that "Every body thought so." "It is certain," says the tourist, in conclusion, "that the clergy and the Carlists diffused the doctrine in every channel they could poison with falsehood." This hardy observation is not based upon any evidence, and we cannot on any account bring ourselves to coincide with the fair opinionist.

The following short scene shews with what suspicion every breast was labouring.

"We had crossed to the left of the river to see Treves, and by so doing we avoided passing St. Martin on the right, as the current would otherwise have brought us. Some small vessels were moored there, and a man, apparently an officer, with Stentorian lungs, called from one of them to Jean, to demand 'why he had not come on that side?'

"'Because it did not suit me,' replied Jean, feathering his oars with a *nonchalante* air.

"'Who have you got on board?' he called out, with powers of voice seeming to increase in proportion to the distance we got from him.

"'What is that to you?' demanded Jean, in his turn, pulling away at the same time.

"'You have got somebody you do not want us to see.'

"'Then you had better come and look;' still pulling away.

"'Trim this way, or we will instantly fire upon you.'

"'*Sacre!*' said Jean, 'fire if you dare.'

"I, hearing a contention, and not knowing what it was about, popped my head at that moment out of the little cabin, wherein I was sitting writing, like the lady in the lobster: instantly shouts were sent forth, 'Ah, you have a lady on board! Come to—come to; shew your passports. You have got Madame la Duchesse de Berri there!'

"We all burst out a-laughing; so they laughed too. Nevertheless, they reconnoitred us suspiciously, till a winding in the river took us out of sight.

"A little fellow, about ten years old, springing on a wall upon the bank, called out to us, 'Are you Carlistes? are you Carlistes?'

"'Yes, yes—we are, we are!' we called out, laughing.

"'I will throw you into the river!' the little fellow bawled out, with all his

might. We laughed still more heartily, and quite forgave him for his threat."

Ingrande, "*la ville aux deux nations*," was formerly the boundary of Anjou and Bretagne. A large stone in the middle of the street, with the arms of Anjou on one side and Bretagne on the other, marked the barrier of the provinces. The two sides were friendly or inimical, according to the behests of their liege lords; and it is natural to conclude that transitions from one extreme of feeling to the other were very frequent. In the time of Anne of Bretany, the Bretons were exempted from the tyrannical tax, the gabelle, or salt duty, while the Anjouins, on the opposite side of the street, paid thirteen or fourteen sous on the pound. Sometimes the people on one side were making merry, while those on the other were making *maigre*, according to the dispensations or indulgences of their respective bishops. The characteristic distinctions have now, however, disappeared with political differences. Still a peculiarity exists between the western side of the town, belonging to the department of the Loire Inférieure, and the eastern, which is a portion of the Maine-et-Loire. There is a variation in privileges, arising from the mode of administering certain judicial processes.

Nantes, Clisson, the Garenne, and the circumjacent scenery, are severally described with an easy pen and lively style, sound views of life and manners, and a delightful minuteness. From Nantes the party of travellers departed by the Diligence for Rennes, taking the road to Chateaubriand, with the intention of seeing the Abbaye de la Trappe de Melleray. "A pretty Gainsborough scene," writes the tourist, while passing through Corquefou, "was presented here at one of the cottage doors — a young girl preparing her aged father's breakfast, and her own, with a soldier leaning on his arms beside her. The people were kneeling round the door of the church, which was too much crowded to admit of their entrance, and at the same time a man seated on a chair in the very middle of the street, was getting his hair cut by the village barber, who had probably, as well as himself, taken his mass somewhat earlier than his neighbours." The towers of the Abbaye de la Trappe rise from the midst of woods of tall chestnut trees near Chateaubriand. Melleray received its name from two English monks of the order of St. Bernard, who set out from the Abbaye de Poictou with the intention of founding a religious house, and the circumstance of finding a hoard of honey in the hollow of an aged oak decided their selection of a spot. The community of Trappistes consists principally of English and Irish, sixty of whom came from Lulworth, in Dorsetshire, in 1817, and purchased the very house founded seven hundred years before by their countrymen. Although following the austerities, and maintaining the dogmas of their predecessors, from the time of the establishment of their order, they are far from living as drones in the community. They are the best agriculturists in France, and have introduced the English methods of managing land and stock, with profit to themselves and the inhabitants of the district. "They have their horses from Dorsetshire, treat their cows and calves with *hay tea*, astonish the natives with the perfection of their machinery, and neatness of all their arrangements, more especially of the *vacherie* and the *laiterie*, and command their respect by the superior excellence of the cheese, butter, beer, and vegetables, with which they supply the neighbouring markets." Their garden is the only source of individual gratification. It abounds with exotics, is in admirable cultivation, and occupies much of the time of the members of the order. They are not only the best agriculturists, but the best mechanics in the country, and make every thing which they require for their own use — for each individual brings his avocation to the cloisters: the only sounds which break the dead repose of the edifice are those of devotion and industry. Silence and meditation, poverty and labour, prayer and praise, are their fundamental principles. The rigidity of their lives is well calculated to secure their acquiescence in one of their favourite adages:

> "S'il parait dur de vivre ici,
> Il est bien doux d'y mourir."

The following very sensible remarks by the tourist are worthy of insertion:

"This indeed is the great error of monastic life in general, and of the Trappistes in particular, that they make death their 'being's end and aim.' In the hope of it they place their happiness, in the impatience for it their glory. But after all, they forget that they are only longing for that eternity which is already begun,

in every one of us, at the first moment of our existence; that though we lay down the body, we retain the soul, which if not contented in one place, it by no means follows will be contented in another; that therefore we may still be said, when we remove from one state to another, to carry ourselves along with us; and that loathings of the scene whereon we are placed, and impatience to quit it, are not the best feelings wherewith to resume our parts in another, any more than the desire of a finite being, hastily to rush into the more immediate presence of the Divinity, can be deemed any proof of wisdom, when we reflect that it is the gradual approach to, and comprehension of, that Divinity, which is to form the occupation of eternity; and which not eternity itself will fully and finally accomplish; for could the finite ever comprehend the Infinite, one would be equal with the other. However, notwithstanding I cannot look with the enthusiasm of M. de Chateaubriand on the *beau idéal* of that unnatural and irrational abnegation of self, which finally leads to the concentration of every thought and faculty in the very self it professes to relinquish, yet my feelings of respect and sympathy for the community, many of whom I know to have emanated from the same soil with myself, were so far interested in visiting them, that it was a great disappointment to me, on our arrival at Chateaubriand, whither we were obliged to go first, to have our passports examined, not only to find permission to visit the Abbaye positively refused by the commandant of the troop there, but ourselves very nearly put under arrest for asking it; the holy fraternity being, it should seem, in disgrace with government for certain interferences either ascertained or suspected in the political events of the world which they had the credit of relinquishing so entirely. And indeed so serious was the accusation against them, that they would have been sent out of the country had they not pleaded the same privilege as the St. Simonians, that they had bought the property they held, and could not with justice be deprived of it. I could not help expressing my regrets to the commandant, but he sternly said, looking at us all most suspiciously from head to foot, and comparing us with the description in our passports, 'You, at any rate, Madame, can have nothing to complain of, for you could not possibly imagine that the monks of Melleray were going to admit you within their walls; if they had, you would have been the only woman that ever has seen the inside of the Abbaye, except the Duchesse de Berri.' I had not a word to reply, and he,

'Dressed in a little brief authority,'

appeared so dissatisfied with our declaration that we were travelling solely for pleasure, a kind of amusement that the French have very little notion of, and interrogated us so closely, and consulted so mysteriously with his mate, and in short 'seemed so fierce, and looked so wondrous grim,' that I felt quite thankful when we were permitted to take our seats again in the Diligence, contented to proceed on our journey, instead of stopping at Chateaubriand, as we had intended."

This disappointment to both the tourist and to the reader is remedied by the contents of Mr. Richer's description, who visited the abbey, some time since, with a friend. "Never was solitude better chosen for a cloister, never to me did place appear more romantic. The woods encircled the whole horizon, and in the middle of the space between them was the liquid expanse, which reflected in its transparent waters the darkening colours of a stormy sky; whilst its banks, darker still, were embrowned with the lengthened shadows of the trees and the gray walls of the monastery." As they proceeded, they heard the measured chant of the brotherhood; and, after ringing at the outer gate, which was opened by the Frère Portici, they traversed the long arcades of the cloister, where only the white garments of the Trappistes relieved the dark colour of the walls. They were left in a *parloir*, where hung a portrait of St. Bernard, the founder of the order,—the Trappistes being Bernardines, reformed under the rule of the Abbé de Rancé. Two aged *religieux de chœur* slowly entered the apartment; they were dressed in long robes of white wool; their heads were shaved, and covered with a hood; and, approaching in silence, and prostrating themselves before the visitors, they made signs to them to follow, and led the way to the church; whence, after allowing time for prayers, the guests were reconducted to the *parloir*, where one of the two guides read a chapter aloud from the Imitation of Christ. On their retiring, the Père Hôtelier, whose office is to receive and entertain strangers, and who has permission to speak, entered, and, after some conversation, requested the strangers to assist at *complies*. They returned to the church, and the

first *religieux* who entered rang the bell; all on entering did the same. The *religieux du chœur* took their places at the upper end of the nave; the lay brothers, habited in brown, remained at the entrance. The cross, chandeliers, and ornaments of the altar, are of wood; only the lamp and *encensoir* are inlaid with brass. All the fraternity wear the same simple garb; the abbot's sole distinctive marks are a cross of box wood at his breast, suspended by a violet riband, a ring on his finger, and the wooden cross of the ancient bishops. Silence was broken by a deep solemn chant: this is the time when the voices of the brethren are heard; for, in obedience to their vow of silence, they are never heard to speak, except at the foot of the altar. After service, all these prostrated themselves in the middle of the church in profound silence, broken only by the sound of the clock. They afterwards chanted the *Salva Regina*. One of the brethren at the bottom of the aisle began alone with deep intonation, and all the others, still bending towards the earth, answered him in low and lengthened notes, "as if the accents of grief had succeeded to those of triumph." They then went to the chapter house, where, on a signal by their superior, they fell with their faces to the earth, and remained completely immovable. The *Miserere* finished, they arose and passed to their dormitory, and were sprinkled with holy water by a friar, who gave each his blessing. The strangers went to the *parloir* to sup; their repast consisted of vegetables, eggs, and milk. They then retired to rest, and were awakened by the bell that called to *Matines*. From time to time the solemn sound of prayers echoed through the cloisters, and then all was hushed in deep repose. At break of day their *Père Hôtélier* came to lead them to mass. The priest who officiated wore a plain cope of woollen, bound with the same material, of a different colour. After the ceremony, he embraced the deacon at the altar. On *fête* days, all the fraternity embrace each other in the church in the same manner. During service, some of the monks left their places and knelt on the steps of the sanctuary, as a public penance imposed on them by the rule of their order. When they are too late for prayers, or have fallen into any negligence, they prostrate themselves before the altar, and do not rise except on a sign from the superior;—he subjecting himself to the same rule, though the period of genuflexion is at his own discretion.

After mass, the guests breakfasted in the *parloir*; and after an interview with the prior, in place of the abbé, who was absent, the *Père Hôtélier* shewed them the monastery. The dormitory is a long gallery, both sides being divided into small separate cells without doors. A couple of planks, a pillow of straw, and a worsted coverlet, form the bed of each Trappiste. The abbot's cell is in the middle of the dormitory, but differs in nothing from the rest. On these couches the brothers throw themselves without taking off their clothes. The use of linen is strictly forbidden. They retire to bed at eight in summer, and seven in winter, and rise up at half-past one o'clock. In the hot months they have one hour for repose after dinner. The chapter is a large hall, where, at stated hours, the monks attend devotional readings, and to accuse themselves to each other of their faults. At one end is a Christ, with the words, "*Soli Deo honor et gloria*," and round the walls sentences from Holy Writ. "In going through the convent," says Mr. Richer, "the kitchens, the bake-houses, the brewery, the cow-houses, the dairy, the stables, the gardens, the fields—among smiths, pewterers, masons, joiners, carpenters, cartwrights, bookbinders, tailors, and shoemakers, we did not hear a single word spoken." In the garden is the cemetery; but each brother does not go in every day, as it is erroneously supposed, to dig his own grave. A trench is solemnly opened and hollowed out in the presence of a general assembly, to be in readiness as a grave for the first who may die. When one of them is at the point of death, he is carried into the church to receive the last sacrament, whence he is reconducted to the infirmary, and there he lays extended on straw and ashes till he breathes his last. Then he is wrapped in his woollen robe, and laid without a bier in the grave which is open for his reception. After *Sexte*, the strangers were conducted to the refectory, at the head of the community, and allowed to dine with its members, a rare favour. Their dinner was served at the abbot's private table, upon a platform a little above the rest. The

Trappistes were about one hundred and twenty in number. Before each was placed a soup of vegetables, boiled with water and salt—rice milk, half water—some potatoes, and half a pound of black bread. Butter is strictly forbidden; water is their sole beverage; and every thing is served on pewter. At the side of each monk was a napkin, a wooden goblet, and salt-cellar. The napkin was a morsel of coarse cloth, six inches square. During the repast, first a Frenchman, and then an Englishman (nearly one third of the community being English and Irish), read a portion of Scripture in their respective languages. Several of the brothers reserved a portion of their meal till the evening. In the summer they are allowed a slight repast at six o'clock; but in winter they have only one meal a-day. From time to time, the friars' bell warned them to be on their guard to prevent their thoughts from wandering. That instant all was still; the reader stopped suddenly; and the brethren in profound silence lifted up their souls to God. After dinner, the strangers went from the refectory with the *religieux de chœur;* and the lay-brothers, ranging themselves on each side of the hall, bowed profoundly as they passed.

We wish our space allowed us to introduce a description of the Hospice de la Providence at Saumur, kept by a small sisterhood of *religieuses,* for orphans, the aged, and the insane. A more gratifying picture of the working of true charity was never exhibited. Pass we to a scene of another description at Cinq Mars, which the tourist has described in her usual lively manner.

"'Madame, il y a une seule famille, qui ait ici il y a six ou sept ans.'

"At the idea of an English family alone, insulated, stationary for six or seven years, in a spot so secluded from the world, all my sympathies awakened. 'Ont-ils des enfans?' I inquired.

"'Ah, oui Madame, ils sont des gens fort honnêtes, et ils ont des enfans.' This was enough. I will call on these English people, I said; my companions laughed at me. 'What!' they exclaimed, 'do you intend do call on all the English people you may chance to hear of, wherever you go! We must take a year, instead of a month, in that case, for our excursion, and you shall be called '*La Quichotte Anglaise,*' and publish your adventures.' I bore the raillery *tout en philosophe.* 'If I had had a formal letter of introduction to these people,' said I, 'you know very well that I should never have delivered it; had they been along with a hundred others I should not have gone near any of them; but a single family living in retirement, never hearing the sound of their native language, oh! it is *toute autre chose,* and call I will.' This manner of winding up the argument, so thoroughly womanish, was not to be disputed, and accordingly we marched up to the massive gates of an old-fashioned house, somewhat between the château and the monastery of former times, but more like the kind of residence which in England, a century ago, we used to distinguish by the title of Grange. We rang the bell, and were answered by the barking of dogs, in so many notes of the canine gamut, that I drew back in dismay, and half repented my patriotic curiosity. The gates however were opened by the owner himself, and a greyhound, and two other beautiful English dogs, came up to me gently, as if to join in the welcome that was most cordially given us by the family. The gentleman had been thirty years in the Bank of England, and having retired upon a pension of two hundred a year, he had been induced, by the representation of a friend, to come to France, to make the most of it; and certainly, as far as economy was concerned, he had no reason to complain, for he only paid ten pounds per annum for his house, with gardens, field, and extensive out-houses; and had every thing he could wish for, except society, of which he certainly had not *l'embarras du choix,* for he had none at all; he finding himself too old to acquire the French language, and no one within his reach speaking English; for his friend and he quarrelled in consequence of seeing each other too often: books or newspapers he had none, and no desire to have any. The insulation of a family so situated may be judged of when I add, that he had not heard of the Reform-bill in England, or of the disturbances in Paris; and the son asked me if Charles the Tenth was still in France, and what it was that the Duchesse de Berri wanted. They had not, however, forgotten old English hospitality, and in the spirit of it, they insisted on our staying to partake of a piece of 'roast beef,' which was at the fire when we entered; and on our taking leave, after a very agreeable and cheerful day, the lady warmly shook me by the hand, and thanked me for my kindness in coming, adding that none but those who had been, like herself, away for years from their country and connexions, could conceive the pleasure it was to hear the sound of their native language once more. It

is wonderful what privations we can submit to, when they are of our own choosing. If the majority of the self-expatriated English in France were *émigrés* of necessity, we should rather be inclined to land them for their patience and self-denial, than envy them for the pleasure of 'living abroad.'"

With this extract we must conclude. The volume is a very delightful one, take it altogether; and we accordingly recommend it to the *purchasing* public, if such noun of number be yet in existence.

## MISERRIMUS; OR, THE THELLUSON JOB.*

A SKETCH of the contents of the will of the late Peter Thelluson, Esq., and a short account of the success of his scheme of posthumous accumulation, will furnish a better moral lesson than a thousand essays against avarice and vanity.

The feelings of a miser on being recalled from his grave to see his heir squander his property, would be agreeable compared to the emotions of Mr. Thelluson, if he could now be made conscious of the issue of his dream of posthumous wealth.

This gentleman, by his will dated April 1796, gave all his real and residuary personal estate (in value about 600,000*l.*) to trustees, upon trust to accumulate the whole of the annual proceeds in the way of compound interest, during the lives of all his male descendants living at his death, or born within nine months after. The accumulations were from time to time to be invested in the purchase of land. At the end of the period of the accumulation, the trustees were to divide the whole estate devised and purchased into three parts; one of which was to go to the eldest male descendant of each of the three sons of the testator, with cross limitations to the male descendants of the others, if any of the sons had no male descendant; and on failure of male descendants of all the three sons, the whole of the estate was to go to the sinking fund (no longer in existence), to pay off the national debt, which it is probable will be in existence at the time appointed.

Mr. Thelluson was of Genevese extraction — one of his brothers being a Syndic of Geneva, the other the partner in trade of the celebrated M. Neckar.

The obvious abandonment, in this case, of all the motives of affection which usually actuate men in the disposal of their property, naturally gave rise to surmises; and we remember that a very ingenious theory was broached, to account for the strange provisions of this will. It was stated that a considerable part of Mr. Thelluson's fortune was made up of sums intrusted to him by French royalists who were suddenly cut off during the progress of the French revolution, and that the accumulation was directed in order that a fund might at all times be in readiness to answer any demands against his estate in respect of the deposits in question. This account of the matter is very plausible, and goes some way towards accounting for a very perplexing moral anomaly. It is therefore much to be regretted that this should labour under the common defect of theories — namely, being destitute of any foundation in fact. There is not the slightest evidence that Mr. Thelluson was ever intrusted with any such mysterious deposits, and we never heard a hint that any claim of this nature against his estate has ever been made.

The testator died in July, 1797, leaving thirteen persons—two of them, the present Lord Rendlesham and his brother, unborn twins—during whose lives, and the life of the survivor of them, the trust for accumulation was to continue in operation.

The distress and anxiety which this abuse of the rights of property has entailed upon the family of the testator, was probably foreseen by him;—at all events, it was disregarded. As no one was to taste of his bounty whose existence, even in an unconscious state, had its inception before he had ceased to breathe, it is clear that he thought of the property and not of the persons who were to enjoy it. In the prosecu-

* Miserrimus. London, Hookham, 1833. 12mo. pp. 207.

tion of his insane project of accumulation, his Midas' dream of gold, all the claims of natural affection, and even of human charity, were disregarded, and all the purposes of property perverted.

As soon as it was ascertained, by a legal decision supporting the trusts of the will, that a testator was not prohibited by the law as it then stood from such a monstrous abuse of his rights, an Act of Parliament was passed to prevent such occurrences for the future; and the law now stands amended in this respect But as the Act could not have a retrospective operation consistently with the rules upon which legislation has hitherto proceeded in this country, the Thelluson trust is still in full operation, and what follows is a slight sketch of its progress and its present condition

In the year 1801, when the present management of the property commenced, the gross yearly receipts exceeded, as it is stated, 22,000*l*, one of the arguments used against the validity of the trusts was, that from the ordinary duration of human life, it was probable that the fund, when the accumulation ceased, would amount to sixty or seventy millions, that if the whole centred in an individual who happened to be a minor, by the time he attained his full age he would possess a revenue exceeding the civil list, and would be able by the mere power of wealth to derange the civil polity of the country It has been justly remarked, that "the waking reality has proved somewhat different from these magnificent dreams, and so far as the ultimate issue can now be guessed at, there seems no ground for the alarm above suggested No descendant of Mr Thelluson will be richer than the king, and even if schedule A were still in existence, it is to be doubted if the most judicious application of the Thelluson property, when full-grown, would purchase a step in the peerage."

In one word, the gross annual proceeds in the year 1801 exceeded 22,000*l*, as above stated; and the gross proceeds in the year 1831, after thirty years' accumulation in the way of compound interest, amounted to 22,000*l*. and a fraction. The net sum paid into the accumulating fund in the year 1828, was 16,000*l*. and a fraction; in the year 1829, it was reduced to 12,000*l*. and a fraction; and the addition made to the accumulated fund in the year 1830, had shrunk to 10,540*l*.*

Such are the wonderful results of an accumulation of 600,000*l*. for the long period of thirty years. There is no reasonable doubt that the year which preceded the death of Mr. Thelluson his own original property produced a larger income than is now realised from the whole of the original property with the addition of all the intermediate accumulations

The conclusion—the instructive, the never-to-be-forgotten conclusion—is this: that if Mr Thelluson had devised his property to his eldest son (the first Lord Rendlesham) for his life, with remainder to his grandson (the second Lord Rendlesham) for his life, with remainder to his other grandson (the present Lord Rendlesham) for his life, each of these noble persons would have been magnificently provided for, the fee simple of the testator's property would have been not sensibly less than it is at the present moment, and would have been as secure against being disposed of away from his descendants. Indeed, it is highly probable that if any of the tenants for life had been disposed to make permanent additions to the family property, the voluntary application of savings of income would have created a larger estate than the absolute and compulsory application of the whole income to the purpose of accumulation has hitherto been able to accomplish.

It appears, then, that the whole of the produce for nearly forty years of the testator's magnificent fortune, has been simply thrown away; it has no existence as part of his property, it is not heaped up for a remote heir, it is not fructifying as a fund to pay off a third of the national debt, it is not *in rerum naturâ*; it has been cast into the sea, it is *in nubibus*, or, perhaps, to come nearer the mark, as we are now using legal phraseology, it is *in gremio legis*.

* We have seen a letter in the *Times* newspaper, denying the accuracy of a statement similar to that contained in the text. We believe, however, that the statement is accurate, at all events, an opportunity will shortly be furnished of correcting any error, from the returns ordered by the House of Lords from the Court of Chancery, in the cases of Thelluson *v.* Woodford, and Woodford *v.* Thelluson.

The reader will be incredulous unless some particulars be stated as to the means by which the millions which were to be hatched by this notable project of accumulation have all been crushed in the egg.

In the first place, the testator disposed of all his furniture which should be at Brodsworth at the time of his decease, "except such parts thereof as my said trustees shall think necessary to be kept for the purpose of receiving any of them, or my sons, who shall choose to go and spend a little time there occasionally."

Perhaps the reader of the words in inverted commas will not be able to guess how much meaning they concealed. Lord Hardwick, on some occasion, said that there was no magic in words; but it is clear that his lordship was mistaken, for the simple words above cited have had the magical effect of occasioning an expenditure of about seventy thousand pounds. The testator expressly allowed some part of the furniture at Brodsworth to be retained; this was all that he expressed, but it seems he intended by implication that new furniture should be purchased. He expressed, as a matter of expectation, that his trustees or his sons might choose to spend a little time at Brodsworth; he expressed no more; but here was an implication that he intended that an establishment should be kept up, suitable (that, we believe, is the phrase) to the dignity of the trust. In short, upon this affair 70,000*l.* of hard money, and in direct outlay, has been, as it is asserted, expended. How many potential millions have thus been suppressed, we will not venture to calculate; but in a case of this description, it is clear that the true way of looking at the money now laid out is to consider how much less the ultimate accumulation will be by reason of the present expenditure. We have heard that Mr. Thelluson was curious in the selection of his wines, and, in fact, that he left a large and choice stock at Brodsworth: we really see no good reason why the same parties for whose convenience the 70,000*l.* was expended should not have kept this wine for their own personal delectation. The drawing the testator's green seals would have afforded a pretty amusement, and been eminently suitable to the dignity of the trust.

Another item of expenditure is the cost of passing the receivers' accounts before the master in the Court of Chancery, and also the payments of the receivers' salaries, all of course consistent with the dignity of the trust.

Then comes the expense of surveying the lands to be purchased. Even if the lands should not after all be purchased, it is very gratifying to know their value, and the trust can well afford the cost, and thus the expense of surveying lands amounts to a pretty sum.

A gentleman of the name of Mr. Peter Peebles, of litigious celebrity, remarks, that it is delightful to think how well considered all law questions are in Scotland, where a suit touching a cabbage-garden (in the language of the country called a kale-yard) lasted forty years. If we err in ascribing the above speech to Mr. Peebles, it is immaterial; it was uttered by him, or by some other person imbued with a like reverence for the law. With similar feelings, we pronounce that it is delightful to think that the law is so highly estimated in this country, that more, it is believed, than 100,000*l.* of the property of Mr. Thelluson has been expended in the purchase of that invaluable commodity. This sum does not include the expense of investigating titles and taking conveyances, the amount of which we do not pretend to guess at; but it has no doubt assisted to keep down the exorbitancy of the wealth of the future Thelluson.

The above are expenses which have been incurred in this case in addition to the ordinary outgoings in the management of an extensive landed estate. All such ordinary expenses remain to be added to the sum.

When the expenses above enumerated are considered, and when it is borne in mind that the whole matter is managed by strangers, who have no interest in keeping down the expense, and who, by permitting a free expenditure, increase the value of their own patronage; and when the most important of all considerations is adverted to—namely, that the trust is carried on under the superintendence of the Court of Chancery—if all wonder at the smallness of the addition which an accumulation of one-third of a century has made to the original property do not cease, we at least get a glimpse at the means by which the accumulation has been kept down. But how im-

portant is the moral lesson derived from the utter failure of this portentous scheme! Mr. Thelluson was a man well versed in human affairs, and, above all, well acquainted with the management of money, and it is clear that he attached to it at least a sufficient value. He bent the whole energy of his mind to the single object of creating an immense estate; for the sake of that object he sacrificed every human feeling—he was not satisfied with the limits which nature has prescribed to endeavours after acquisition; he converted the laws of his country into an engine for perpetuating, for an unheard-of period, the work of accumulation. And the end of all this energy and care has been to occasion a waste of property altogether unexampled in the affairs of an individual. Mr. Thelluson has not succeeded in creating the immense estate he expected; he will not succeed in enriching a remote descendant; he has succeeded in nothing except in placing his children and immediate descendants in a position of unexampled difficulty. It is true that he has, at an enormous cost, been a benefactor to his country, but a benefactor without merit and without thanks. The litigation which followed upon his preposterous will exhibited the defective state of the law with respect to trusts of accumulation, and the consequence has been the passing of a most beneficial statute, which must for ever prevent the recurrence of a similar act of folly to that perpetrated by him. The will of Mr. Thelluson was an act without example, and the legislature has taken care that he shall have no imitator. But while we contemplate with complacency the failure of his schemes, it is impossible not to feel the peculiar hardship of the situation of his family. It has been their lot to be tantalised by having suspended over them a prodigious mass of wealth which will one day fall to be distributed among them, but in the mean time they are not permitted to touch it; they are doomed to sit with a very slender provision (in fact, with the fatality which attended all the views of this testator when he made his will, the sources from which he thought that some provision would come to his family utterly failed), and see the annual produce of their ancestor's property wasted upon objects for which he never intended it.

The only end at which the testator aimed was accumulation: to reach this object he was willing to impoverish his immediate descendants; but there is no reason to think that he *wished* to impoverish them, only that he was willing to encounter that evil for the sake of his grand object. Indeed it is worthy of remark, that throughout his will this testator does not betray the slightest symptom of displeasure with any member of his family, or any dislike to or distrust of any of them.

In the great object of the testator —the accumulation of a portentous fortune for his remote posterity— he has signally failed: the intermediate evil which, for the sake of that object, he was induced (we hope reluctantly) to encounter, has been too certainly realised—the distress of his immediate descendants.

*** We hope Lady ********** will be satisfied with the above. We really cannot at present do more for F. Mansell Reynolds and his romance; but we trust the Rendleshams will consider the case when all is over.—O. Y.

# THE EARLY DAYS OF EDMUND KEAN.

"Nature's false knowledge was *his only art.*"

EDMUND KEAN was born in the year 1787, in the precincts of Orange Court, Leicester Square. His birth—or at least his parentage—is, even to this day, involved in some degree of mystery,—to which, as there is something romantic involved in whatever is mysterious, he submitted with the best grace imaginable. It has been said—and was at one time the generally received opinion—that his father was Aarop Kean, the brother of Moses Kean, the celebrated mimic; and his mother was the daughter of George Saville Carey, an actor, dramatist, lyrist, and lecturer of considerable repute in his day. Kean, we believe, had little faith in this account of his progenitors; but, holding with *Faucon-bridge*, that,

"I am *I*, howe'er I was begot,"

inclined to the more ambitious notion of a noble descent, even *à la main gauche*, from "all the blood of all the *Howards*:" upon what grounds, or with what probability, this conjecture is cherished, it is not for us to question, much less to decide. Certain it is, that so little attention was paid to Kean in his infancy that he contracted a weakness, or deformity of the limbs, which was suffered to increase to such a degree, from his attempts to imitate his youthful companions in pantomimic tricks, that it was at last found necessary to use bracing-irons to restore them to any thing like their natural shape and proportions. Whatever degree of affinity there did actually exist between him and his reputed mother, this much is certain, that her theatrical avocations rendered him a constant frequenter not only of the theatre, but of the stage, where he may be said to have almost lived behind the scenes; to have eternally "smelt of the lamp;" to "have breathed, and moved, and had his being" on the boards, or at "the wing," or sported like a "gay creature of the elements" amongst "the *flies*." Thus early, thoroughly, and practically, initiated into "*the* profession," we find him, when scarcely four years of age, a candidate for "histrionic honours" and popular applause. When the opera of *Cymon* was produced by Michael Kelly, Kean was selected to represent the *Cupid* recumbent at the feet of *Sylvia* and *Cymon*, in the enchanted car. The veteran vocalist thus records the circumstance in his *Reminiscences*: "Before the piece was brought out, I had a number of children brought to me, that I might choose a *Cupid*. One struck me with a fine pair of black eyes, who seemed by his looks and little gestures most anxious to be chosen as the little God of Love. I chose him; and little did I then imagine that my little *Cupid* would eventually become a great actor:—the then little urchin was neither more nor less than Edmund Kean." The next mention we find made of his dramatic doings is still more memorable, as connected with, and productive of, the failure of an experiment made by John Philip Kemble, to introduce urchin-imps sporting round the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*. Kean was one of the urchins selected for this service; and the attempt—preposterous as it was—might have been persisted in, had not Kean—who seems to have entertained a shrewd suspicion of the mummery of the whole affair, contrived to trip up the heels of some of his fellow-phantoms. Kemble—as may well be imagined—was excessively annoyed; whilst Kean appeased his offended dignity by the readiness with which he begged the manager "to consider that *he had never appeared* IN TRAGEDY *before*." Yet, even then, the tragedian's spirit was at work within him, and dawnings of that genius which was to restore its waning splendour to the Drama, were clearly discernible, how little soever they were regarded by those who saw in the weak and infirm boy an object of compassionate sympathy, rather than of admiration. His perceptions of the beauties of poetry, the force of diction, and the graces of eloquence, were, even at that period, more vivid than those of many men who then enjoyed theatrical celebrity; and it is, as we are well assured, a fact, that in the sixth year of his age his recitation of the *Tent-scene*, in *Richard III.* was marked by a judicious spirit, and a clear conception of every passage.

But, though the indications of great

natural abilities were thus put forth, the hope of turning them to any profitable account, or indeed to any account whatever, seemed precluded by those personal defects to which we have before alluded, and which now seemed irremediable.

When the holyday pageant of *Blue Beard* was first produced, it was deemed necessary, for scenic illusion, to place a miniature representative of the unloveable "*Lady-killer*" in the palanquin borne down the mountains by the wicker-work elephant; and Kean was promoted to the post of honour. So earnestly, however, did he enter into the absolute self-will of "the great bashaw," that the moment he descended from his exalted station—"accoutred as he was,"—in the trappings of the minor bashaw, with a short cimeter by his side, he strutted to the stage-door, and was "wending his homeward way," when the door-keeper unceremoniously arrested his progress, led him captive to the wardrobe, and, little heeding the little hero's brandished weapon, or his threats of vengeance, disrobed and disarmed him.

In these circumstances his reputed mother seems to have taken no part, beyond, perhaps, the receipt and appropriation of the trifling emolument derived from his services. He was ignorant of the first rudiments of education. This neglect of his mental faculties was at length pointed out, and it was reluctantly resolved that he should be sent to a day-school. The stage, however, was his only school; for even at that early age he had acquired a repugnance to restraint of any kind. The little that he did learn of the dry rudiments of education—though drilled into him with the birch-rod—was soon unlearned; whilst the longest and sublimest passages of Shakspeare, caught up behind the scenes, were vividly impressed upon his memory. Disgusted at last with the formalities of school exercises, and the still more irksome inflictions of scholastic severity, on the one hand, and of rebukes and reproaches at home, on the other, he determined, like *Launcelot Gobbo*, to "take to his heels and run." He did so, and entering the merchant-service as a cabin-boy, he sailed to Madeira,—where the little strength he then had, failing him, he became so ill as to be removed to an hospital at Funchal. He remained there on "the sick-list" for some months; and then "worked his passage" back to England, where he found himself "high and dry ashore" it is true; but penyless, homeless, almost houseless,—and, for aught he knew, friendless. His reputed mother, Miss Carey, had joined some strolling company—no one knew where,—or he, it may fairly be presumed, would have followed her footsteps. But though thus deserted by her whom he then considered his only parent, he was not utterly "cast away." Miss Tidswell, of the Drury Lane company, whom he had from his infancy been taught to regard as his aunt,—and for whom he himself entertained, even from his earliest hour, a perfectly filial affection,—received and sheltered him; and under her anxious care he might have escaped many of those vicissitudes and sufferings to which his waywardness exposed him in the subsequent "days of his youth." She, it seems, sent him once more to school. With what success the experiment was now tried we have no means of ascertaining; but soon after this period it was, we imagine, that the spirit of independence, which seems to have been the actuating principle of all "great geniuses," rendered the sense of continued obligation, coupled with the restraint of "pedantic pursuits," irksome to him; and his adroitness recommended him to the particular patronage of "the show-folk,"—the *Richardsons* and *Saunderses*.

The hospital-treatment at Funchal, and the quiet imposed on him there, had done much to restore the strength of Kean's limbs; the homeward voyage had not less braced his frame, and re-established its vigour; and under the scientific tuition of tumblers, posture-masters, rope-dancers, equestrians, and puppet-show-men, his proficiency in the new and more congenial course of his studies was worthy of the most versatile genius that ever graced the stage. Such were the haunts—such the associates, the instructors, the guides, of a being who was afterwards to burst upon the world as a prodigy of theatrical talent.

At this period, an incident occurred which, as related by Kean himself—though he was not the chief actor in the strange scene,—is calculated at once to interest and to pain,—to excite our admiration of extraordinary genius, and our disgust at the wanton debase-

ment and degradation of a mind so eminently gifted as that of his associate. Amongst the qualifications which Kean possessed for that profession which fate as well as inclination seems to have marked out for his pursuit, he was endowed by nature with an exquisite taste for music, an excellent ear, a melodious voice in the lower tones, and a *falsetto* of uncommon sweetness. These qualities, whilst they recommended him to the notice and favour of musical men in the theatre, inclined him to their society, wherever it was to be met with, or however enjoyed. He admired their skill; he profited by their instructions, or their hints; and they felt pleased in imparting some knowledge of that skill to so apt a scholar. Of those to whom the waywardness of his fortune seems to have particularly attached him, there was one man of great, of surpassing genius, but whose inveterate habits of dissipation rendered those talents a curse to him. This was Denman. What Morland was amongst *painters* and Dermody amongst *poets*, that was Denman amongst musicians:—admired for his genius, but despised for its abuse. One morning, as Kean was wandering through the suburbs, on the Surrey side of the water, in passing by one of those low public-houses, the scene of Denman's repeated debaucheries, he observed his unfortunate instructor stretched at full length on a form in front of the "tap-room," where it seems he had lain for the greater part of the preceding night—having been turned out of doors by "mine host" when in a state of riotous intoxication. As Kean approached him, he seemed just rousing himself from his stupor—whilst the mechanical movement of his fingers on the side of the form, as if sporting over the keys of an instrument, indicated that he was engaged in some effort of musical composition. He was so. Having ascertained that Kean had a few pence in his pocket, he despatched him to purchase a sheet of paper; then, borrowing from "Boniface" a pen, ink, and "ruler," he presently converted the "pure and unspotted page" into music paper; and down he sat on the bench that, he said, "served him for *bed* and *board*," and committed to paper the composition with which it was evident his mind had been occupied in a state of seeming insensibility.

"And what was that composition?" may now very naturally be inquired. "Some ribald rhapsody, doubtless; or Bacchanalian chant; some maudlin melody of moody mirth and melancholy;—some wild, fantastic, and unmeaning jargon of 'sweet sounds;'—some reel, or roundelay;—a strathspey, or a song?" Neither the one nor the other,—nor any of all those. Strange as it may seem, the drunkard, in rousing himself from the lethargy of the past night's debauch, had actually turned his thoughts—distracted and confused as they were—to prayer; and as he lay 'twixt sleeping and waking, had chanted *The Lord's Prayer*, until, as if inspired by the sublimity of the subject, he had composed an accompaniment to the words of that divine supplication for grace and blessedness, which though too little known, might well be classed with the most eloquent and affecting passages of sacred music. When he had completed the transcript, and qualified his thirst with a copious draught of his favourite beverage, Denman requested Kean to take the composition to some music-shop, and try what he could obtain for it. Kean, proud of the mission, made his way to Williams's, in Paternoster Row, a musical establishment of some eminence in that day; but, on presenting the scroll, the unseemly sight of the paper, blurred and blotched with ink and drink, had nearly decided its fate in a manner little proportioned to its deserts. A second glance, however, convinced the professor that it possessed intrinsic excellence; and after playing it over once or twice, he purchased the copy and copyright for the sum of one guinea! With this treasure, which far exceeded his own anticipations, Kean—who had no notion of its actual value, but would have been well content to have carried back one-fourth of the amount, which was all that he supposed Denman calculated upon to meet the present and pressing exigency—returned to the bemused musician who seems to have prized his own talent only as the means of administering to his confirmed habits of dissipation.

As an equestrian, it is certain that Kean was distinguished by the boldness, even more than by the grace, of his "surprising acts of horsemanship!" And so reckless was he of danger,—as

indeed he has shewn himself in every situation throughout his whole career, —so confident of his own strength and agility, and so determinedly eager to carry off the palm of superiority in every trial of skill, that on one occasion, whilst exhibiting some extraordinary exploit in "the Circus" at Bristol, he lost his equipoise, and, falling on the sharp boards that formed "the Ring," fractured both legs. The consequences of the accident were always after discernible. But no misfortune could damp his ardour in the pursuit of that profession which he seems to have embraced and followed with a passionate, a devoted enthusiasm, that adversity could not quell, nor suffering or privation subdue. Through all his trials —in every vicissitude, his predilection for Shakespeare and the regular Drama abated not one jot; but, on the contrary, he seems to have inspired even his Bartlemy brethren of the booth with some portion of his better taste and feeling; and though to-day necessity forced him to ape the comical buffooneries of Mister Merryman, to-morrow he might hope to wipe off the humiliation in the glory of representing some portion at least of his favourite *Richard*, *Shylock*, or *Othello*.

We recollect once hearing Davies, the former manager of Astley's Amphitheatre, describe the occasion upon which he first saw Kean; and as the circumstances cannot be more impressively related than in his own graphic detail, we shall content ourselves with transcribing his words from our notebook:—

"I was passing down Great Surrey Street one morning, when, just as I comed to the place where the Riding House now stands, at the corner of the 'Syleum, or Mag-dallen, as they calls it, I seed Master Saunders a-packing up his traps. His booth, you see, had been there standing for some three or four days, or thereabouts; and on the boards in front of the paintung—the *prossennem*, as the painters says,—I seed a slim young chap, with the marks of the paint—and bad paint it was, for all the world like the raddle on the jaw of a sheep—still on his face, and a-tying up some of the canvass wot the wonderfulls't carakters and curosties of that 'ere exhibition was painted upon. And so, when I had shook hands with Master Saunders, and all that 'ere, he turns him right round to the young chap wot had just throwed a summerset behind his back, and says, says he, 'I say, you bloody Mister King Dick, if you don't mind wot you're arter, and pack up that 'ere wan pretty and nimble, we shan't be off to morrow, so we shan't; and so, you mind your eye, my lad.' That 'ere 'bloody Mister King Dick,' as Master Saunders called him, was young Kean, wot's now your great Mister Keam"

From this way of life—this state of regularly irregular "vagabondising," he was soon afterwards removed, by the ever-anxious care of his "aunt," as he always gratefully termed Miss Tidswell. She at length succeeded in convincing him that the booth and the ring were alike incompatible with the successful pursuit of the Drama; and not only pointed out to him the danger of the course he was pursuing, but aroused his ambition to the attainment of higher objects; and, by procuring him an engagement in some small theatre in Yorkshire, an opportunity was afforded of giving scope to his abilities. He was still a mere boy; and yet he acquitted himself in many leading characters of tragedy with considerable success, and in such a way as to give promise of becoming eventually, if not a very great, at least a very clever, actor. After some little time, a circumstance occurred which may be said to have given him the first prospect of distinction. He was engaged to perform at Windsor; and, by the talent he manifested, attracted the notice of Dr. Drury, who was so pleased by his style of declamation, and struck by the indications he gave of strong original genius, that he determined on giving him the advantages of a classical education, and he accordingly placed him at Eton. The regular system of a public school, or indeed the formal restraint of any school, was as irksome to Kean in these days of his advance to manhood as it had been in his infancy or early boyhood; and though he submitted with all possible grace to the fagging and discipline of Eton for two years, it can scarcely be supposed that the utter independence which he fancied the life of an actor bestowed, had not greater attractions for a young mind so ardently attached to that profession. These attractions were no longer to be resisted. The college was abandoned for the theatre —the study for the stage—themes for

tragedies—classics for comedies—and the cap and gown for the "forest of feathers" and the tinselled tunic. He was now fairly thrown on his own resources; but he had yet many years of severe probation to pass through, after he had thus, as one of his biographers observes, "launched finally into all the wild and adventurous vicissitudes of a strolling actor's life." Following the same authority, we may state that, "changing from company to company, he now traversed nearly the whole of the kingdom; and his ardent mind and good spirits seem to have borne him lightly and manfully through many of those scenes of distress and difficulty, mortification and despondency, to which such a life is exposed." What the infatuation may be that binds men of talent, feeling, and even of spirit, to "such a life," we pretend not to determine; but the charm must be strong indeed, and the attraction powerful beyond our conception, that can attach such men to a course of existence surrounded on every side by difficulties,—and, in that stage of initiation and probation through which almost all who have ever yet attained to eminence seem to have been alike doomed to pass,—denied the sympathy and respect which in any other sphere their talents might, nay must, have commanded. Some notion of the vicissitudes to which the followers of Thespis are but too often subjected may be formed from the fact we are now about to record, just as we have heard it from the lips of Edmund Kean himself.

At the time of which we are now writing, there was scarcely a village in the immediate vicinity of London, or indeed within twenty miles of the metropolis, that could not boast of theatrical representations of its own, at some period or other of the year. Kean became a member of one of the corps of this *arrondissement*; and, as the success of their exhibitions was too precarious to justify any manager in undertaking the serious responsibility of stipulating for the payment of regular salaries on these "circuits," the company formed what was then styled "a commonwealth" (which too often proved a state of common-poverty),—dividing the spoils at the end of every week, but suffering the manager to appropriate certain additional shares to his own proper use, in consideration of his defraying the rent, supplying the wardrobe, rushlights, and incidental charges. In the corps to which Kean was attached, the weekly receipts of the individual performers amounted on an average to the immense sum of *three shillings and sixpence!!* out of which the actor had *only* to find himself in bed, board, washing, clothing,—in short, in all the necessaries of life, and almost all the tawdry trappings of the stage; and yet, as a proof of the extraordinary infatuation which such a life possesses for its followers, we have repeatedly heard Kean declare, even in the zenith of his success, that he was a happier man in those days, when he received but *three shillings and sixpence weekly*, as the reward of his performances, night after night, in tragedy, comedy, farce, pantomime, and song, than at the head of his profession, and in the receipt of thousands.

But to resume. The pretty town of Croydon was the head-quarters of the "commonwealth," the members of which found themselves, in the middle of Passion Week, pennyless, provisionless, and pitiless. Kean and the *chum*, or, in his own phrase, "the *pal*," who clubbed his mite with him, were now in absolute destitution. Money they had none—credit they had none; and, as a melancholy consequence, food they had none. For two days they had not tasted food; their drink was water from the running stream. A third day dawned upon them in their misery. Their hunger became almost insupportable. At length, as a *dernier ressort*, Kean resolved to sally forth, and try whether food could not be had "for love," since "for money" it was clear they could not have it. At some distance from their lodging there was a butcher's shop, in which the blooming daughter of the butcher sometimes officiated. Kean, whose heart was ever susceptible of the tender passion, had oftentimes admired the buxom girl, and as that elderly gentleman, George Colman the *Younger*, says somewhere, had "cast his sheep's eyes at her," and, it may be, had even gone so far as to "whisper soft nothings in her credulous ear." Thitherward he now bent his steps. He reached the shop; beheld his charmer sentimentally leaning her cheek upon her red right hand, whilst her elbow was supported by a rump of beef! The moment, the maiden, and the mood, seemed alike auspicious to his suit;

but just as he approached, the butcher, who had once or twice before had his paternal solicitude and suspicions excited by the too marked attention which Kean seemed to pay to his "fair daughter," stalked to the door, looking as black as thunder. Kean affected to whistle, and passed the shop, apparently regardless of beef, the butcher, or his daughter. The father went his ways; and Kean, in due time, returned to the charge. In five words he told his tale, asked for provender and credit, and obtained both,—first signing and sealing his "*I. O U*" upon her pouting lips. A pound of prime steaks was cut from the very rump of beef on which her arm had rested. But how to get them conveyed home? There was no messenger to send; and if there had been, the circumstances of the bargain and the credit must thus be exposed to the unfeeling and incredulous butcher, whose faith in such customers was not "even as a grain of mustard-seed." Love and hunger are never at a loss for expedients. The fair one fastened the beefsteaks on a skewer, and our hero, thrusting them under his coat, returned homewards, plodding slowly along, as if in deep meditation, with his hands behind his back, but with an unconscious air of triumph, which the success of his enterprise might well inspire. He reached the door, rapped, and his foot was on the threshold—but, at the very instant when he thought his prize secure, the butcher's favourite bulldog, that had slunk unseen and unheeded behind him, step by step, snatched beefsteaks, skewer and all, from his grasp, and ran off as fast as legs could carry such a brute. Pursuit could only end in exposure; and Kean was about to resign himself to all the horrors of hunger, thus aggravated by his disappointment, when the means of relief, as welcome as they were unexpected, presented themselves in the arrival of a parcel from his aunt. In this parcel he found a supply of clothes and linen, of which, thanks to her constant care, he stood little in need; whilst he and his "fidus Achates" were in woful want of supplies of a more substantial, though less enduring, kind. For better security, "my *aunt's* parcel was consigned to the charge of 'my *uncle*,'" were Kean's words.

In this same town of Croydon it was, that, some twelve months afterwards, Kean, by one of the happiest retorts on theatrical record, evinced the consciousness of his own mental power, and triumphantly repelled the ignorant and invidious attack of "the cant of criticism." He was announced for *Alexander the Great*, and the triumphal car in which the hero was drawn in mimic procession had just reached the centre of the stage, when, as it passed in "slow and solemn state" by the foot-lights, some supercilious coxcomb in the stage-box exclaimed with a sneer, "Alexander the *Great!* Alexander the *Little!*" Kean, with admirable presence of mind, turned his head deliberately round, without altering his position, and fixing his eyes with a look of ineffable scorn upon the self-sufficient sneerer, replied, "Yes! but with a *great soul!!*" The spirit of the actor roused the audience to a just sense of the insult that had so unworthily been offered to him, and whilst they applauded the promptitude and manliness of the retort, his mortified assailant slunk away from the scene of his triumph.

Notwithstanding all the grievous hardships he encountered, Kean never seems to have lost sight of the great business he had in hand; but to have applied himself — how, when, or where, it matters not — to the intense study of his favourite Shakespeare. He also acquired with singular avidity every accomplishment that he was then taught to consider, if not absolutely indispensable, at least essential in no ordinary degree, to the attainment of histrionic eminence. With the professors of all such accomplishments he lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself; and thus he acquired from Denman, as we have shewn, a knowledge of music; by D'Egville he was so far initiated in the mysteries of dancing, as to be enabled to combine in himself the duties of ballet-master with those of the sock and buskin; Angelo rendered him "cunning of fence;" and Charles Incledon, for whom he ever cherished the warmest regard, imparted to him all the skill that he himself possessed as a vocalist. The very perseverance manifested in the pursuit of these acquirements indicates the conscious power of a mind endowed with qualities of the highest order. Of his early skill as a fencer, one anecdote must be recorded, as marking not only his quickness of eye and dexterity of

hand, but also his firmness, intrepidity, and self-command. He was one day, when quite a stripling, opposed in the academy to a black man who was celebrated for the rapidity of his passes and the certainty of his hits. Kean, however, baffled all his attempts to evade or beat down his guard; but, on the contrary, had the mastery in several passes; which so enraged his opponent, that in a sudden paroxysm of wrath, he struck his foil on the ground so as to break off the button, determined, by a sudden and desperate assault, to inflict summary vengeance upon his conqueror. Kean perceived the movement, and at once saw his danger; but with perfect composure awaited the attack, and disarming his assailant, he caught the foil as it sprung from his hand; then presenting it to his treacherous antagonist, "unbated" as it was, he bid him "keep his own secret," and turning upon his heel, left the academy. This circumstance he never mentioned till many years afterwards, when the death of his opponent, whose name he even then concealed, removed all scruple as to the disclosure of the fact itself.

From Croydon we must now trace him to Birmingham, where his then proudest hope was gratified by enacting *Hamlet*—to the study of which he had quietly devoted many years; and indeed it was during the same period of most painful probation, that his memory became so thoroughly and perfectly embued with not merely the letter, but the spirit, of *Shylock*, *Richard*, *Lear*, and *Othello*, that when his mental powers relaxed, and all his other performances were partially obliterated from "the tablet of his brain," these characters still retained their hold upon his faculties. His "*study*," as it is technically termed by actors, was always slow,—a fact which would in itself have been a bar to any other man; but with him it only served to develop all the hidden beauties of the character, from the process by which alone he could succeed in "engrafting" the language of the poet upon his own mind. At Birmingham, then, he enacted "the royal Dane" with so much success, as to occasion the frequent repetition of the tragedy during his engagement, at the close of which he proceeded to Scotland, where he became the leading member of Moss's company. From Scotland, Kean passed over to Belfast, where Mr. Atkins then wielded the theatrical truncheon; and there, soon after his arrival, he was called upon, with the brief notice of two days, to study *Osmyn*, in *The Mourning Bride*—the tragedy in which Mrs. Siddons proposed commencing an engagement of three nights. In vain did he confess his utter inability to render himself master of the words, much less to enter into any delineation whatever of the character; in vain did he remonstrate against the cruelty to him, and the injustice to such an actress, of thus forcing upon him a task to which, at such a notice, he was utterly incompetent. The manager, like *Major Molasses*, "was resolute, and would not be ruled." Kean had engaged to play the first tragedy business; and play it he must. The bewildered actor had previously engaged to dine on the Sunday with a young friend of his, who was then on board a sloop of war, lying in Carrickfergus Bay; and thither he proceeded late on Friday night, determined to remain on board till the dreaded hour. On Monday afternoon he returned to Belfast, nearly perfect, as he hoped, in the words at least;—but the moment he beheld the "Queen of Tragedy"—the moment the plaudits of the audience broke upon his ears as they hailed the *entrée* of the matchless Siddons—the moment he stood upon the stage, he felt as if all his powers were paralysed; his memory forsook him; and having delivered the two first lines allotted to him to speak, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth,—he was bewildered—his brain a chaos—and he spoke "an infinite deal of nothing," but not one word of what the author had set down for him. At length, to appease the rising indignation of the house, he came forward—explained all the circumstances, and removed the blame from his own shoulders to those of manager Atkins. *Venice Preserved* was the next play in which Mrs. Siddons was to appear; and prior to rehearsal on the following morning, she inquired who was to represent *Jaffier*? Atkins informed her that "Mr. Kean was the *Jaffier*." "What! Mr. Atkins," replied she, "surely not that horrid little man who destroyed the tragedy last night?" Mr. Atkins then explained, and took, as he was bound to do, the failure of that attempt entirely upon himself;

but he assured her that Kean was not only perfect in *Jaffier*, but would, he was convinced, play the part extremely well—and so it proved; for at the fall of the curtain she complimented the young actor on the talent and feeling he displayed; and even gratified the manager by predicting the future success of "the horrid little man." Her engagement closed with the performance of *Douglas*—in which she, of course, was the unrivalled *Lady Randolph*, and Kean sustained "the blooming *Norval*" to her entire satisfaction. And so they parted; never again "to meet on trophied stage." Our hero soon afterwards returned to Scotland, where he had the proud satisfaction of enacting *Hamlet* for several nights in succession,—and subsequently acquired much favour as *Octavian*. But a new scene of promised triumph—though, as it proved, of bitter trial—awaited him. Whilst flushed with his temporary success, he received a letter from his aunt, announcing to him that she had succeeded in procuring him an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, and requiring his immediate presence in London, as the season was about to commence. He lost no time in obeying this summons; which he looked upon as the result of his northern exploits; and, confirmed in this notion by observing the play of *The Mountaineers* placarded as the opening performance at the Haymarket, he paused in joyous anticipation of seeing his own name announced as *Octavian*—the fame of his representation of that character in Edinburgh, having, he flattered himself, reached the metropolitan managers. But who shall describe his disappointment and mortification, when he discovered that Mr. Rae was to enact the hero of the piece, whilst, nearly at the fag-end of the *dramatis personæ*, he read—

"Ganem . . . by Mr. Kean,
*(His first appearance at this theatre.)*"

This was, indeed, a blow that might have overwhelmed men of more philosophy than poor Kean possessed; but the same stern necessity that seemed from infancy to have controlled his destiny, reconciled him even to what he now deemed "the unkindest cut of all!" Humbled and chagrined as he was, he nevertheless did his duty to the manager and to the public. He dmore: he retrieved the unmerited degradation of the position in which he had been so unexpectedly placed, and by the touching delivery of some half-dozen words uttered in the act of kneeling to *Bulcazim Muley*, he aroused the sympathies of the whole house, who rewarded the unlooked-for burst of energy and feeling by three distinct rounds of applause. Finding, however, that no advantageous opening could be made for him without interfering with the engagements and interests of others, he determined to present himself to John Philip Kemble,—to whom some friend of his in Scotland had given him a letter not merely of introduction, but of such recommendation as his talents justified. He had no difficulty in obtaining access to the stage of Covent Garden,—behind the scenes, at least,—and there did he station himself for upwards of half an hour, waiting till the great man should be at leisure to give him an audience. Kemble was about to perform *Penruddock* that evening; and though it was then so early as that the usual preparations for the admission of the audience had not yet begun, there, in the centre of the stage, sat "Black Jack," absorbed in contemplation—which no one ventured to disturb. At length he roused himself from his seeming reverie, and having given some orders to the mechanists, it was announced to him that a gentleman who had a letter for him, was then waiting to see him, and Kean was ushered into the presence, and presented his credentials in due form. But his reception was so chilling, so repulsive—so little like what he expected, that though he had previously resolved upon abandoning his Haymarket engagement, and accepting whatever terms Mr. Kemble might proffer him, he retired from the interview determined to endure any mortification to which he might be exposed elsewhere, rather than subject himself to the managerial authority of the great John Philip. But painful and humiliating, in some sense, as the failure of his friend's good offices proved, it had at least the effect of stimulating his energies in the undaunted pursuit of that course to which his genius impelled him; and soon was the frigid *hauteur* of the dramatic dictator forgotten in the resolve to contest with him at some future day the supremacy which he had so long asserted over the taste and feelings of

the play-going public. Having patiently fagged through the summer season at the Haymarket, Kean next became a member of Mr. Watson's company, whose "circuit" then extended through the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, &c. During their sojourn at Cheltenham, Kean, who was the principal tragedian, and though well versed in Shakespeare, was as little versed in the ways of the world as a school-boy, imagined that a prudent matrimonial speculation would, by securing personal independence, facilitate his access to the goal of all his ambition; and whilst his mind was busy in these calculations, it occurred to him, that such a prize was now within his reach.

In Miss Chambers—who then played the heroines as an experiment of her qualification for the arduous profession of the stage—he fancied he saw the realisation of all his newly-wakened hopes. He saw that she had discrimination, for she admired his acting; and he persuaded himself that with such an education as she evidently possessed, and with the apparent independence of the profession in which she and her sister lived, that a union with such a woman must place him above the reach of those pecuniary difficulties with which he had hitherto had to contend, and open for him a way to fame and fortune. It is due to the lady, however, to state, that she not only was no party whatever to the self-delusion under which he laboured, but that she was utterly unconscious that with the avowed admiration of those mental qualities and personal attractions which he ascribed to her, any feeling so sordid as that of pecuniary advantage was mingled. The deception (if deception it could be called) was all his own;—not so the suffering by which it was succeeded: its bitter fruits were more than shared by her. He deceived himself in the anticipation of acquiring, with a prudent wife, that wealth which existed only in his own imagination; and both were deceived in the anticipation of that domestic happiness which nothing but the pure, unmingled, and disinterested impulse of affection can secure. Thus far we have thought it right to advert to the circumstances attending a marriage, which, though it might have proved the source of every earthly comfort to both, brought with it nothing but disappointment and enduring wretchedness. Kean was little more than twenty years of age when he became a husband; and as he was soon convinced that, as far as money was concerned, instead of realising the golden dream in which he indulged, he had but entailed upon himself the additional expenses of an establishment befitting a married man, he discovered that, so far from expediting his attainment of the great objects he had in view, he had only added to the obstacles which before appeared but too formidable in themselves. Dissatisfied with himself, he was still conscious that he could blame none but himself; yet he wanted that reflection which can only be found in a mind very differently attempered and regulated from his, to point out to him the injustice of visiting his own error upon the head of another, and the impolicy of rendering his disappointment still more bitter and more disastrous by seeking for that solace in dissolute and dissipated society which the good sense and devoted affection of his wife might have secured to him at home. And yet it ought rather, perhaps, to excite our pity than our censure, to see such a man—so young, so inexperienced, so long buffeted about the world, exposed to so many vicissitudes, and so utterly unaccustomed to the slightest restraint upon his conduct or his actions, unable to appreciate that domestic enjoyment which was so little in unison with all the erratic habits and predilections of his youthful years—now forsaking his newly-established home, and launching out into those intemperate excesses which are the actor's too easily besetting sin.

Soon afterwards an incident occurred which, as refuting one of the errors of hypercriticism, and evincing the actor's close observance of nature in every scene where the human frame was agitated by conflicting passions, is worthy of notice. Kean one day accompanied a brother actor, named Giles, on a fishing excursion in the immediate neighbourhood of Stroud, some dozen miles from Cheltenham. They had, it seems, unintentionally trespassed on the grounds of a farmer, who was of a churlish, quarrelsome disposition; and, happening to encounter them as they crossed a ditch, he began to abuse them in the coarsest terms. Giles, in the hope of mode-

rating his warmth of temper, apologised to him, assured him they were quite unconscious of having done wrong, and added, that as they were strangers in the neighbourhood, being members of the company of players, he trusted they might be excused. On hearing that they were "player-folk," the insolence of the farmer became unbounded; he even threatened to have "the vagabonds put in the stocks." Giles, though one of the best-tempered fellows in the world, unable any longer to endure such unprovoked and scurrilous abuse, struck the farmer, and, instantly stripping off his coat and waistcoat, charged Kean not to interfere, as the quarrel was entirely his, and he was the more equal match for the ruffian, and, moreover, the person directly abused. Kean was thus compelled, though sorely against his inclination, to remain a passive spectator of the fight, which the muscular prowess of the farmer soon decided, by beating Giles to a stand-still. But though physically overpowered, his spirit was unsubdued; and in the paroxysm of defeated wrath, which convulsed his whole frame and seemed all but suffocating him, he dragged open his shirt-collar, and tore it almost to ribands. This incident was not lost upon Kean, who was at that time studying *Sir Giles Overreach;* and in the terrific struggle of the last scene, when all his energies are paralysed by passion, he profited by the observance of nature in a similar trial, by adopting the phrensied action of Giles in the most appalling *coup de théâtre* that the modern stage has witnessed. And yet, strange as it may seem, to this very incident some of his critics have objected, as being strained and unnatural; although, as we have shewn, it was suggested by nature.

At the close of his second season in that district, Kean left the Gloucestershire circuit to join the Swansea company, of which Mr. Cherry — one of the cleverest comedians and one of the worthiest men that ever trod the stage — was then the manager. Our tragedian had now the additional stimulus to the display of his versatile talents, which the expenses of a domestic establishment — considerations which had never before entered his contemplation — entailed upon him. He was a husband and a father; but even the relative duties of these ties have failed, in the instance of men very differently constituted and as differently circumstanced, to effect that reform which can alone secure domestic comfort, peace, and happiness.

We are not the apologists for the errors of any man; but still less are we disposed to single out from the wide range of dissolute husbands and inconsiderate fathers, a man whose early years had been past in the uncontrolled pursuit of his own wayward moods, — and who had neither the rigid discipline of education, nor the influence of domestic example, to restrain or guide him in his path.

With Cherry, who was then at the head of as excellent and efficient a company as we have ever seen in the English provinces, Kean went to Waterford, where full scope was given to the display of those talents which no man knew better how to appreciate than his new manager. As one proof of the *éclat* that attended the display of his genius in Waterford, we may state the fact, that so powerful was the impression produced by his personation of *Reuben Glenroy*, in the comedy of *Town and Country*, as to induce the members of the Kilkenny Amateur Society to visit the *urbs intacta* for the express purpose of witnessing the repetition of the performance, which they patronised; — and be it remembered, that *Reuben Glenroy*, though written expressly for John Philip Kemble, and originally played by him, was amongst the almost forgotten myriads of characters, when Kean thus restored it to light and life. His next triumph was as *Luke*,* in *Riches, or the Wife and Brother;* and of its effect, personal observation enables us to speak. The soliloquy in the last act, where the crafty spoiler revels till he grows wild

* In the second year of his London triumph, an elderly lady, whose sympathy had been excited by his forlorn condition in boyhood, but who had lost sight of him in his wanderings till his sudden starting into fame astonished the world, was induced, on renewing their acquaintance, to pay a visit of some days to him and Mrs. Kean, at their residence in Clarges Street. She made no secret of her intention to evince the interest she felt in his welfare, by a considerable bequest in her will; but, on accompanying Mrs. K. to the theatre to see him perform *Luke*, she was so appalled

in the contemplation of his ill-acquired piles of wealth and treasure, was one of the most powerful efforts of art that we had then ever witnessed; and the sensation it excited in the audience was almost electric: they expected no such burst of talent,—they were taken completely by surprise; but they acknowledged the mastery of genius in simultaneous and long-protracted thunders of applause.

In *Richard*, in *Octavian*, *Shylock*, and many other characters of as varied attributes, Kean was not less eminently successful; and it was admitted by all who had the slightest pretensions to critical acumen, that, had his personal and physical equalled his mental qualifications, such a man had then had but few rivals near the tragic throne. By a coincidence to which the modern annals of the stage can furnish no parallel, it happened that James Sheridan Knowles was, at that very time, a member of Cherry's company; and at Waterford he produced, for his own benefit, his first acted drama. It was a musical piece, entitled *Leo, or the Gipsy*, abounding with passages of pure poetry, and with descriptions and imagery worthy of the author of the *Hunchback*. Kean played the hero, and with much applause. But to render the coincidence to which we have adverted still more extraordinary, in that same season, and a few nights after Knowles's successful essay, Kean, too, added the character of a dramatist to that of a tragedian, by producing a melodrame, of which the dialogue, songs, and music, were of his own composition. The title of this melodrame has escaped us; but it was very effective. A short time after its performance, the author, in order to gratify his aunt, Miss Tidswell, wrapped the manuscript in a large envelope, and despatched it through the post-office to her address in London. The postage, however, amounting to nearly three pounds, she declined purchasing such an unanticipated gratification at so dear a rate, and it was returned to the dead-letter office, where it was doubtless committed to the flames. Though he had, as occasion required, disported, during the season, as first tragedian, low comedian, principal vocalist, ballet-master, comic singer, and harlequin, the most singular effort of his eccentricity was reserved for the evening announced as the benefit of Mrs. Kean, who appeared as *Elwina*, in the tragedy of *Percy*, Kean himself enacting *Douglas*, which he followed by singing a comic song, between the play and farce, and closed the evening's entertainment as *Champanzee*, the monkey, in *Perouse!*

From Waterford, the company proceeded to Clonmel, whither we shall follow them merely to notice an incident which still further illustrates Kean's observance of nature in every situation. He was engaged one day in giving instructions in fencing to a young officer stationed in that town, when the handle of the foil that the latter used becoming loose, he snatched up a small sword that lay on the table, and continued to practice, till, by some accident or other, he hit Kean on the breast with such force as to inflict an alarming wound; the blood gushed forth, and Kean fell insensible on his back, as if he had been mortally hurt. Thus practically convinced of the effect of a stab in that part of the frame, he was thereby taught the natural position in which *Othello* should fall, and which, although as in the instance of *Sir Giles*, it at first seemed ungraceful to the fastidious, he ever afterwards adopted. During this visit to Ireland, Kean proffered his services to the patentee of the Dublin theatre, Mr. Jones; requiring for the exercise of his talents as tragedian and *maître de ballet*, the trifling remuneration of three pounds per week; yet, strange to say, that offer was not accepted. Little did the prodigal patentee imagine, that in less than four years afterwards he should himself be the first to proffer *carte blanche* to the tragedian, as a star of the first magnitude, whose humble proposition he did not then think worth his notice!

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by the cold-blooded villany of the character, that, attributing the skill of the actor to the inherent possession of the fiend-like attributes he so consummately embodied, her regard was turned into suspicion and distrust. She left London the next day, and dying soon afterwards, it appeared that she had even altered the testamentary disposition of her property, which had once been made in his favour, and bequeathed the sum originally destined for him to a distant relative, of whom she knew nothing but by name.

From Waterford we may next trace Kean to Weymouth and Exeter, where he became a great favourite, especially amongst the Devonians. At Exeter, as the chief test of his ability at that time, he played *Cato* on the night of his benefit. The house was crowded, and the applause such as none but a performance of extraordinary merit could elicit or warrant. But enthusiastic as the admiration of the audience really was, the success of the attempt was fraught with circumstances not only of present pride and gratification, but of incalculable future advantage to Kean. Amongst that audience there was no warmer admirer of his assumption of the Roman father than his old and steadfast friend Dr. Drury, whom not even his wayward desertion of Eton had rendered indifferent to his welfare. By that distinguished man such a representation was soon afterwards made to the committee of Drury Lane Theatre as must have commanded their immediate attention, had they not been so encumbered by their previous arrangements as to have at that time no vacancy even for such an actor.

From Exeter Kean accompanied Hughes to Guernsey. And here we are bound to controvert the statements of all those who have asserted, in biographical notices of the tragedian, that his reception was ungracious, and the treatment he experienced illiberal. Indeed, so far was the very reverse of all this the fact, that his reception in *Octavian* was all that he himself could have desired or anticipated; and no actor was ever held in more favour by the islanders, as well as by the English residents and the military, than he was, until his irregularities occasioned general disappointment and disapprobation, in consequence of the postponement of tragedies in which he was announced to appear. But when, even after these vexations, he personated *Othello*—though it is true they would not suffer the play to proceed until he had made the *amende honorable*—they hailed every display of the master-mind with enthusiasm, and endeavoured to obliterate all recollection of their constrained severity by the fervour of their acclamations. Amongst the many by whom his talents were highly—and as deservedly as highly—appreciated, was Mr. Savory Brock, brother of the gallant General Brock, who was killed in the American war of 1814. At the house of Mr. Brock, Kean was a frequent guest; and his friend lost no opportunity of asserting his claims to public favour, and indeed to the highest distinction the drama could confer. The gallant and amiable General Sir John Doyle, the governor of the island, was also one of the ardent admirers of his genius, and patronised his last performance there with a liberality worthy of his generous and enlightened spirit.

But, under the influence of one of those eccentric moods to which the very susceptibility of genius peculiarly exposes its possessors, Kean was led at this time to indulge a romantic feeling in wandering by the sea-shore, and contemplating from the rocky eminences the manœuvres of smuggling vessels making their way to the English coast; and thus he fell in with some men engaged in the Preventive Service, who were stationed on the north of the island, and whose "tales of the sea" amused and gratified him so much, that, with a spirit disdaining all sympathy with aristocratic prejudices, but flying, in the warmth of its own popular predilections, to the opposite extreme, it may less be wondered at that he should neglect the opportunities that were then open to him of cultivating an intimacy with members of a higher grade of society, whose admiration of his talents he suspected might not be wholly untinctured by a desire to exact that homage which is to true genius the most oppressive and irksome tax upon its success or its celebrity. The night of his benefit at St. Pierre's was rendered attractive, not merely by the acknowledged merit of his own performances, but by the appearance of his "first-born," Howard, as the infant *Achilles*, in a ballet of action got up for the occasion, and entitled, *Chiron and Achilles*, in which Kean himself personified *Chiron*. Howard was then about five years old, and as fine, as handsome, as intelligent, and as interesting a boy as ever gladdened the heart of a parent. There was a singular beauty and expression in every feature of his fair face—an intellectual joyousness and spirit in his bright eyes; his finely formed head seemed wreathed all over with clusters of flaxen ringlets; and his form, which was perfectly symmetrical, was thrown at will, and without an effort, into the most graceful attitudes. Impenetrable indeed must the heart have been to the best and

most generous impulses of nature, that the appearance of such a child, in such a situation, could not interest.

At this critical juncture, Kean was beguiled into a vortex of dissipation which had nearly proved fatal to his professional prospects. His resources were quickly exhausted; he was embarrassed by debts that he had then no means of liquidating; and, beset by difficulties and distress, from which he saw but little chance of extricating himself, he plunged from one excess to another, to drown the consciousness of present misery. He lost his engagement; and his brother comedians departed for England, leaving him in an almost desperate condition at St. Pierre's. At length the necessities of his wife and children restored him to himself. He announced an evening's entertainment, somewhat in the style of Bannister's *Budget;* and the receipts enabled him to make arrangements for leaving the island.

From Guernsey we must follow the erratic movements of our hero into Somersetshire, where he became again "the actor of all work," under the management of Henry Lee. At this period, his son Howard was, as we have stated, five years old, and his second son, Charles, little more than three. His finances were almost at their lowest ebb; and his prospects so gloomily overcast, that, hopeless of ever attaining to competence or comfort as the country tragedian, he made up his mind to submit rather to the fag and drudgery of a minor theatre in London, with some certainty of a regular stipend, however small, than to the precarious employment which his provincial engagements afforded him. He, accordingly, wrote to Mr. Elliston, then manager of the Olympic Pavilion, by whom he was engaged as pantomimist, ballet-master, and harlequin, at the enormous salary of *two guineas per week!* When this arrangement was concluded, he was about to remove with Lee's company from Taunton to Dorchester, in the depth of winter; and, to add to his distress, his poor boy Howard was seized with an illness so severe as to render it necessary for Mrs. Kean to remain for some days after the party, and even then to follow them by easy stages. Having drawn upon the manager's treasury in advance, to furnish her with supplies, poor Kean, accompanied by his son Charles, and two of his fellow-comedians, set out on their journey in a return-chaise which was to convey them half the distance; but before they had proceeded many miles, the chaise broke down, and there was he left with his child in his arms, and with little more money in his pocket than would suffice to procure him sustenance on the road. Carrying his young boy on his back, he plodded on his weary way, through all the inclemency of the season, until he reached Dorchester, penniless and exhausted. Manager Lee had, however, luckily arrived before him; and so he speedily levied additional supplies, recruited his system, and prepared, as best he could, for the reception of his wife and their sick child. The campaign commenced; and Kean, with his scanty salary diminished by drawbacks for the treasury advances, was but little consoled by the applause of such an audience as their small temporary theatre could accommodate, for the gathering gloom that now obscured the horizon of his hopes; when, at the fall of the curtain after a night of excessive fatigue, consequent upon the performance of *Alexander the Great*, and the subsequent exhibition of the representative of "Macedonia's madman" in the motley garb of *Harlequin*, he was surprised by the announcement of "Mr. Arnold," then acting manager of Drury Lane theatre. That gentleman immediately communicated to him the purpose of his visit to Dorchester, which was, at the instance of the committee, to satisfy himself that Dr. Drury's report of Kean's talents was not exaggerated by the partiality of personal regard; and, in that case, to enter into such arrangements with the tragedian as he might consider expedient. Despite the manifold disadvantages under which Kean was labouring, Mr. Arnold saw quite enough to justify him in proposing to him the option of an opening part in London, in the first range of the Drama, leaving the terms, in the event of his success, open to the committee and to the actor; but securing to him, "if he should fail," a subsequent appearance as *Faucon-bridge*, with a salary of eleven pounds per week, for three years. Kean, having apprised Mr. Arnold of the position in which he stood with respect to Elliston, requested that, before any thing definitive was agreed upon, the acting manager of Old Drury would

remain for one night longer in Dorchester, that he might be able to form a more certain criterion of his talents from his performance of *Octavian*, which had been previously announced. Thus far, like his own *Richard*, he might be said to "sail before the wind;"—the prospect that opened upon him almost aching sight was great and glorious, as it was unexpected; but he had much of sorrow and of bitterness to encounter ere he could reach the goal. In two days after this unexpected turn in the tide of his affairs, his beloved Howard died—just as the certainty of being enabled to rescue all from the misery in which they had long been "steeped to the very lips" was secured to him. The trial was a severe one; but he had an ordeal still more formidable—inasmuch as it did not depend upon the mastery of his own feelings—to undergo. He had to make his way up to the metropolis in absolute poverty; to support himself, his wife, and the son still left them in a style of apparent competence, till the arrangements of the theatre afforded him an opportunity for putting his talents to the test of a London audience. He had to endure the heartless sneers and the cautious impertinence of other actors, who, without one grain of his merit, had superfluity of assurance to support their pretensions to the notoriety they enjoyed;—he had to contend with the captious objections of some members of the committee to his want of height,—the avowed doubts of others of his chance of success,—and the fears avowed by more of the certainty of his failure! Through this fiery ordeal he had little more than the consciousness of his own power, and the unshaken confidence of Mr. Whitbread in that power, to support him; and, goaded almost beyond endurance by the annoyances to which he was thus subjected, he determined to put an end to all suspense, by insisting upon the performance of that part of the arrangement by which the choice of a character for his first appearance was guaranteed to him. When, therefore, it was proposed to him in the committee-room, that he should at first try the pulse of the people in a second-rate character, he walked deliberately up to the table, and looking the chairman of the committee steadfastly in the face, replied, "*Aut Cæsar, aut nullus!*" His appearance in *Shylock* was immediately decided upon; and the necessary preparations and announcements made. But even in the brief interval that intervened, he was subject to every petty annoyance that professional jealousy or apprehension could devise. As he entered the green-room, or walked behind the scenes, the most invidious remarks reached his ears. "Poor little man! who could possibly have engaged him!" would one exclaim. "I wonder when the unfortunate little man goes back to the country?" was the pleasant conjecture of a second. "When will the managers be tired of trifling in this way with public feeling and public opinion?" asked a third. Exposed almost daily to such annoyances, and rendered nearly hopeless of success by the apparent apathy of the committee—his slender resources utterly exhausted, and his mind fearfully excited by the dread of the embarrassments in which a failure must involve him, whilst even partial success seemed to him little better than the destruction of his last hope—he had well nigh abandoned the undertaking altogether, and made up his mind to return back to the provinces as the hour of trial approached; had he not accidentally encountered an old friend, even on the morning preceding his first appearance in *Shylock*, who succeeded in stimulating him to the decisive effort:—and decisive it was. The house, though not crowded, presented no "beggarly account of empty boxes;" but after greeting the new *Shylock* with such applause as is customary, the audience was painfully silent, until he uttered the words, "I *will* be assured," &c. then!—as he himself expressed it—"Then, indeed, I felt, I knew, I had them with me!" From that moment to the close of the trial-scene, the applause that crowned his exertions was enthusiastic—it was tumultuous. He appeared as "the very Jew that Shakespeare drew," six times, with increased and still increasing fame, before his personification of *Richard the Third* set the seal upon his triumph.

Having thus traced "the early days of Edmund Kean," from his boyhood, up to his triumphant entry upon the London boards, we should here conclude our notice of this extraordinary man, did we not feel, that, as we have not screened his errors from public view, so are we the more bounden in justice to set forth some of the better

and brighter traits of his character. The esteem in which Byron held him is too well known to all the world to need our assertion at this moment. It was more than esteem for the merit of the actor; it was sincere regard for the man, whom he sought to attach to his own aristocratic "set," and to render more alive to the duties of the station which he now occupied in private society, as well as in his profession. With this view, Byron lost no opportunity of making Kean the intimate associate of his own circle of friends of all ranks. On the return of Lord Kinnaird from Greece, Kean was invited to meet his lordship and a party of noble and distinguished names. We have before alluded to the grateful attachment which the tragedian cherished for Incledon, and which sprung from the kindness the latter had invariably shewn him when he scarcely knew what it was to have a friend in the world. Now it unluckily happened that the very day fixed upon for the dinner of Lord Kinnaird's friends, was also the day that had many weeks before been set apart for a merry meeting of the friends of Charles Incledon, at Cribb's tavern in Panton Street, Haymarket. Kean had, from the first, been pledged to his old friend to preside over the convivialities; and when invited by Byron to join his "set," he had pleaded a previous engagement; but Byron, suspecting that he had only some tavern orgy in view, would accept of no excuse, and Kean sat down to the festive board with his noble friends. Greece, politics, and Parisian small-talk, had but few charms for him; and soon after the removal of the cloth, Byron perceived that there was one chair empty. "Where was Kean?—was he ill?—was he gone?—was he in the house?" All doubt was soon at an end, for the servants announced that his carriage had remained in waiting for him from the time he entered the house, and immediately after dinner he had taken his departure. The noble bard felt this seeming slight so severely, that for some months afterwards he scarcely spoke to Kean; nor was it till he witnessed his extraordinary performance of *Sir Giles Overreach* that his resentment was appeased. As Kean was carried off the stage, he felt once more the pressure of Byron's friendly grasp, as the noble bard exclaimed, "Great, great, by Jove! that *was* acting! But, hang it! you should not have treated me so scurvily by running off from the Kinnairds, to such a place as Cribb's!" Kean then explained to the "wayward Childe" his early obligations to Incledon; and Byron pardoned the offence for the kindly gratitude of the motive. On another occasion the steadfastness and sincerity of his regard for his old friend were put to the test by the remonstrances of a noble lord, who had manifested the most generous desire to promote his interests. He received a note from the Earl of Essex requesting him to favour him with a call at his earliest convenience. On entering his lordship's library, the earl prefaced the observations he felt bound to make as an admirer of so much talent, and from the esteem in which he held Mr. Kean, by saying, that from the distinction which those talents had acquired for him, and his reception in the higher circles, he was sure he (Mr. Kean) must feel how anxious his lordship and all his friends were that he should maintain that position in society to which his own merits had raised him. "But," continued the earl, "I have just heard, with much concern, a circumstance which would interfere with all our intentions and views in this respect; and I have sent for you, in the hope that you may enable me to give an immediate contradiction to the report, which is, that you have been seen walking in Bond Street arm in arm with Mr. Incledon. Now, although Mr. Incledon enjoyed considerable celebrity as a vocalist, yet, as he never did belong to our 'set,' and as his popularity is now quite *passée*, it is a duty which I conceive I owe to you, as well as to myself and our friends, to say, that your continued intimacy with him may militate against your own reception in the circles in which you have hitherto been a most welcome guest." Kean's reply was as prompt as it was ingenuous and manly—"My Lord, Mr. Incledon was my friend, in the strictest sense of the word, when I had scarcely another friend in the world; and if I could now desert him in the decline of his popularity, or the fall of his fortune, I should little deserve the friendship of any man, and be quite unworthy of the favourable opinion your lordship has done me the honour to entertain of me." And so saying, he rose from his seat, and bowing to the noble earl, left the room.

Kean died at his house in Richmond on Wednesday, May 15, in the forty-sixth year of his age. His dramatic career closed prematurely and unexpectedly, but a few weeks before, in the performance of his favourite *Othello*, at Covent Garden theatre, under circumstances as unprecedented in the history of the Drama as they were deeply interesting in themselves, and painfully affecting to all who witnessed the extraordinary scene. And here we must recur to the fact, that Kean's experience of the vicissitudes of fortune, and the caprice of public favour, to which even the actor most successful in the attainment of celebrity is exposed, had determined him to discountenance any desire on the part of his son, Charles Kean, to embrace that profession in which he himself had risen to such eminence. At an early age, therefore, the lad was placed at Eton, where he remained for three or four years; and then his anxiety to enter upon the world, and work out for himself a way to independence, induced his father to procure, through the interest of his friend, Lord Essex, an appointment for Charles as a cadet in the service of the East India Company. But when Kean imagined that every arrangement was completed, he found his son's anxiety for the welfare of his mother was so great, and his apprehension so strong, lest, by any reverse of his father's prospects, she might be exposed to misfortune or suffering during his absence from Europe, that he had resolved, firmly and immovably, to remain in England, and seek for reputation and wealth on the stage. To this measure Kean was rendered still more repugnant by the ungracious necessity thus forced upon him of returning to the Earl of Essex the appointment his lordship had exerted considerable interest to secure; and it was not for some years, nor indeed until, in consequence of some misunderstanding with the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, he withdrew from that establishment, and hastily concluded an engagement with M. Laporte, that he ever became so far reconciled to his son's adoption of the theatrical profession as to consent to appear in the same play, or even on the same boards with him. But Laporte, rightly estimating the attraction that the appearance of father and son, as the representatives of two such characters as *Othello* and *Iago* would prove, rendered that condition the *sine qué non* of the arrangement. They were accordingly announced; and a house crowded in every part justified the most sanguine anticipation of their success. The scene in which the Moor appeared, followed by "mine ancient," can never be forgotten by those who beheld it. The applause was tumultuous — the spirit of enthusiasm pervaded all — and never, perhaps, were the generous sympathies of an audience more vividly displayed than at that moment. It may well be considered as an era in the annals of the stage; for we should vainly trace through those annals for a parallel to that scene. It was not merely the fact of father and son having attained to such excellence in the histrionic art as to be thus qualified to assume, in the same play, and on the same occasion, the two most difficult characters in the whole range of the tragic drama, unprecedented as that fact really is—it was not the mere novelty of a new *Iago;* but there stood Edmund Kean, the only *Othello* of the modern stage, no longer opposing the bent of his son's genius, but in ~~losing~~ all his repugnance to that son's attention of a profession in which he saw so much even to embitter the very enjoyment of supremacy and success — and entering with him upon a trial of skill in that play in which so many a *Iago* had proved but "a foil;" making

> —— "his skill like a star in the darkest night,
> Stick fiery off indeed."

It was a spectacle never to be forgotten, to see the great tragedian leading forward that son—attesting, with a father's pride, their perfect reconciliation — enjoying the paternal triumph which his success at so early an age could not fail to excite in such a heart as Kean's — presenting him to those from whose hands he had himself won the meed of high renown, as a worthy competitor for the garland of dramatic fame which they had conferred upon him, whenever the hand of Time should snatch it from his own brow. But if all hearts beat high with joy and exultation in that scene, what were the sensations with which, after the delivery of that passage in which Kean breathed, in tones of soul-subduing pathos, the anguish—the all but mortal agony of an "o'ercharged heart,"

giving its last sigh of desolation and despair to the wreck of all its hopes, of all its happiness — the last "farewell" to the hero's ambition, to the soldier's glory, to the husband's cherished bliss, to the human weakness, the sympathies, and the affections of the man — the mournful melody of his voice coming over the spirit like the desolate moaning of the blast that precedes the thunder-storm — he faltered forth the words "Othello's occupation's gone!" and sunk almost exhausted on the arm of his son! A sudden and a saddening conviction smote every heart that the last effort of the tragedian was then made; and that the stage had lost its brightest ornament. Thus did we behold him, sinking powerless at the very goal of his ambition, and, like the Spartan, resigning to his son the torch he could no longer wave aloft in its splendour.

In every circumstance attending the close of his career, there is matter of serious and of solemn reflection. The hand of "a special Providence"—that Providence which

> "doth shape our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we may"—

was surely visible in the "last act of all," that devolved upon the son the melancholy but filial duty of bearing the exhausted father from the scene of his former triumphs, and from the eyes of those whom he had so often moved to enthusiasm, to admiration, to wonder, to pity, and to tears—but who then looked their last upon their favourite tragedian. But an awful admonition was thus conveyed to the hearts of all, by the "small still voice" heard in that death-like silence, to remind them that

> "Life's little stage is a small eminence,
> Inch-high the grave above"

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## A WIND-UP FOR OUR SEVENTH VOLUME, LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND ANTI-PEELISH.

Here, then, we have arrived at the final end and concluding consummation of our Seventh Volume. Heartily do we rejoice that we have brought our work triumphantly forward on its career up to the present period, even to the "leafy month of June" of the thirty-third year of the nineteenth century, according to the vulgar computation.

At first, it was most decidedly prophesied, by friend as well as by foe, that we had not the slightest chance of success; that we had too many rivals in the field longer established and most firmly rooted in public affection and esteem; that the market was full; that we had not the ability to command public attention; —with many other premonitory compliments of the same kind, which we suppose are usually supplied to those who are about to embark in any new transaction, literary or otherwise. We nevertheless held forward on the tenour of our course,

> "Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,"

like Abdiel in Milton; and though, like the poet himself, we at first found audience, no doubt fit, but few, the fewness has given way to multitude, and the fitness has in no degree diminished. We have deceived nobly the senate of our advisers, and we may boldly claim a pre-eminence in the periodical world for FRASER'S MAGAZINE quite unprecedented, when the duration of its existence is considered,—to say nothing of the many excellencies, far too numerous to be inserted in as many pages as we can afford to spare at this waning period of the month.

We claim no merit in demolishing rivals, or humbling competitors—for we have none. We act on what used to be the old British principle, of "live and let live;" and do not desire in any degree to depreciate the merit of other persons who may be labouring in the same field as ourselves. We cheerfully admit that there are many clever fellows writing for other magazines beside our own, and only say, "*cùm tales sint, utinam nostri essent.*" Nor do we quarrel with the management of brother concerns,—they have their own way of doing business, we have ours. Those which are sinking in sale, as the *New Monthly*, —struggling with all kind of difficulties, as the *Metropolitan*,—jealous at a successful intruder into what was once thought a peculiar preserve, as *Blackwood*, —they may grumble or look sulky,—*we* have no feelings arising from such sources to make us sour or bitter, and we therefore go on our path rejoicing. In

this humour we purpose to continue, perfectly satisfied with our own position, and, we think, able to bear with equanimity the appearance of any new candidate for public favour. We cannot say we are much afraid.

We have, we flatter ourselves, done one literary good. We admit that *Blackwood* did the state some service by his demolition of the Cockneys; but we claim superior merit to ourselves for our demolition of the Puffers. The Cockneys were a small and rascally, though pestilent and fetid sect, and their influence could not be of any wide-spreading nature. But the Puffers had poisoned the whole blood of our literature, extending their infection over author, bookseller, reader, critic. All was either corruption or mystification, quackery or deceit. Three years ago it appeared to be so deeply rooted, and so decidedly triumphant, that any opposition to it seemed hopeless; yet, like all systems of deception, it crumbled at a touch. Where are all the great authors, whose praises rang from the *Literary Gazette* to the *New Monthly*, and pervaded the country papers and periodicals in such flowing streams? All gone, and no memorial left. Who now would give a baubee for a bale of Bulwer, when we began our labours the topmost man of the province of Puff? Nobody. He is obliged to sneak into the market in a mask, and to suppress his name, in the hope that its absence may contribute to the sale of Godolphin. This is an alteration with a vengeance, for which the reading public ought to be infinitely obliged to us. A monument should be erected to the glory of the feat; and the materials are at hand, in the thirty thousand volumes of novels, sold, in consequence of our demolition of the system, at *nineteence* per volume,— being, except for the sake of the paper, eightpence-threefarthings too much.

If such has been our literary, we have had no less reason to be pleased with our political career. We started in opposition, and we still find ourselves in opposition. We opposed the cabinet of the Duke of Wellington, we are now opposing the cabinet of Lord Grey. The Roman Catholic question made us the enemies of the duke; the revolutionary designs of the cabinet make us hostile to his successor. In this there is nothing inconsistent. We are church-and-state-men, and he who, from what motive soever, hurts either church or state, is our foe. In general, also, we profess the most profound disdain for the whole tribe of trading politicians,—the ingenious and accurate folders of official notes. Against them—and they are the regular Swiss of both parties—we have ever lifted our voices, and shall continue to lift them. It is to them, above all others, that the miserable policy of the last eighteen years is to be traced. To them, who had no principle, or pretension to principle, it was perfectly indifferent what was the line of conduct recommended by their chiefs. Easy is it to them to follow Wellington or Grey in any suit that they may wish to lead; or if the play is arbitrarily changed, to change with it. As long, therefore, as these men continue the regular army by which "public business" is carried on, so long we cannot be thick-and-thin ministerialists, even if our own party should happen to come into office; but when placemanship is combined with Whiggery, the composition is so odious that nothing can be more disgusting. What is more horrid in the whole history of Nepotism than the proceedings of Lord Grey, with his fifteen relatives foisted on the public? And now this moment, we find that Ellice has not been a week appointed to the situation of secretary at war, before he confers a place upon his own son. Perhaps they are acting on the principle of the Forty Thieves, in poor Sherry's song,—

> "So let's be merry here, boys,
> And let's be merry here;
> For who does know
> Where we may go
> To be merry another year!"

Sir Morgan O'Doherty, in that rash and reckless manner in which he generally writes, said, in this Magazine, last month, that Lord Althorp would be floored by the malt-tax. Sir Morgan did not know the complexion of the House of Commons. Scared at their own act, they voted back on the Tuesday the tax they had repealed on the previous Friday; and the ministers are on their legs again, keeping the assessed taxes also firm in their gripe, in spite of pledge and promise. But though they have the House of Commons in their hands more securely than the most servile house that ever ducked, they have lost something

else. *They have lost the country.* There is not a class of men out of the house that does not abhor them. We always said, that a reformed house would far less reflect the opinions of the people than that assembly of which Gatton and Old Sarum were the bywords; and the first reformed parliament confirms our assertion. Sir Robert Heron's motion is a plain confession of the fact. He moves, that the old custom of vacating the seat on the assumption of certain high ministerial offices by members of Parliament shall be abolished; and that the acceptance of place is not a voidance of the seat. How plainly does this say, that no member of the government can dare to meet any constituency! What a craven confession of wholesale unpopularity! The fate of Hobhouse floats before the eyes of all the Whigs; his rejection, accompanied as it was by all the insults that contemptuous scorn could devise, has supplied a word to the language which before it wanted; and to the end of the English tongue, a recreant apostate from his principles, who, after skulking for lucre behind a faction which it had been the labour of his life to denounce, is flung forth by his former constituency amid a cloud of cabbages as rotten as his politics, and a storm of the filthiest missiles of the street as polluted as his public career, will be said to be "Hobhoused." Gentlemen of Staffordshire, will you let your county be insulted by the return of Littleton? Nay! take even Sir Charles Wolseley, cracked as he is.

If the unpopularity of ministers wanted a staggering blow, it has been supplied by the late affair in the Calthorpe grounds. Nothing could exceed the cowardice and cruelty of their arrangements to get rid of a paltry rabble, which a beadle could have dispersed; and the police—we denounced them from the first—unpopular before, are now trebly hateful. The bakers of Cromer Street have pronounced a verdict against the ministers, and to them that verdict is of vital moment. To us, we own, it is nothing. Had it been given in Tory times, we should have despised the seventeen fellow- who returned it with the extremity of scorn, and proceeded as if nothing of the kind had occurred. Small, indeed, in our eyes would have been the importance of Mr. Samuel Stockton, doughbreader, and something else *in commendam*. But to the Whigs—to them [illegible] were carried into office by the voice of the town rabble—is not this verdict a sound of mortal woe? The mob of London is against them—the ten-poundery of London (thanks to the assessed taxes) are against them—the Birmingham Unions are against them—the rascal rabblement of Dublin, stirred by O'Connell, are against them;—and where but in these quarters had they any support? The clergy? the universities? the West India interest? the colonists? the East India people? the mercantile interest? (ask those concerned in the Bank, in Dutch trade, in shipping in general)—the factory children, consigned by Lord Althorp to another year of soul-destroying and life-quenching labour? No, no, no—look where you like, a cry of hatred or contempt against the Whigs sings in the gale. As the Duke fell before the braying of Sir John Key, so shall Lord Grey fall beneath the jaw of Stockton the baker. The parental earl will be felled by the same weapon as that with which Samson smote the Philistines in the field of Ramath-Lehi.

And then, who follows? We know not. But one thing we know, that the Tory party, or the Whig party, or any party, will be ruined by the contact of one man—of the man who has betrayed and deceived every body—of the man who at this moment is meditating some new stroke of political treachery—of the man whose whole career has been a career of duplicity and deceit—of the man whose only talent is cunning, and a knowledge of the paltry common-places that will sway a paltry assembly.

Who is he?

PEEL!

—— *Cuncti se scire fatentur,*
—— SED DICERE MUSSANT.

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